

# Sophie Schmidt Portfolio

Selected works 2025-2013



*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.

Sophie Schmidt, Artist Statement

## Content

Augustnachmittag in Paris	11
Beim Frauenarzt	13
Grisaillen from the series Bauchvorhangöffnung	33
MALEREIPLAINAIR	35
Tondos from the series Bauchvorhangöffnung	47
Mothertongues in Carrybag	49
Blätter, Finger oder Zungen	71
Brutality of Spring	73
From the drawing series Sotto Marina	89
Tingling Entanglements	91
Little Odessa, New York, Manhattan and Brighton Beach in Brooklyn	105
Die Raddicchiofrau and the Brooklyn Based Crab	107
From the drawing series In boca al lupo	125
Ein schweres Herz muss man sich leisten können	127
From the Alaska sketch book	153
So weit wir auch fahren, so nah wir auch kommen	155
From the drawing series Vulven	179
Luft zu Haut	181
Tryptichon und Schneehuhn	191
Moby Dick in Cologne	193
In the Hands of the Ptarmigan - Schneehuhnleuchten in Knokke	199
Schwindelaquarelle	213
Bauchvorhangöffnung	215
How much Venice water do you carry in your legs, still?	
And how much Taipei water do you feel in the fields, now?	219
Venedigvogelmaschine	231
Knieberge	243
One Last Glory of the Legs	259
Da warf sie ihre Zunge raus, es gab keinen schöneren Vorhang - Eine Oper über die Tragik des menschlichen Körpers	275
Isar Aquarelle	289
Einsiedlerkrebs ohne Haus	291

Nose-hole-scars and Zonenglühen dazwischen	301
From the sketch book Lungenflügler	309
Über die Tragik des menschlichen Körpers	311
Blutende Bäume in Maastricht	323
Gurkenfresserzahnung vor der Urmuttermilchlegung	325
Engländerin im Empfängnissitz	331
Blaue Tafel	337
Lungenfüßler	339
Tausendlünger	351
Körperweitungen	353
Fortbewegungsmaschinen	363

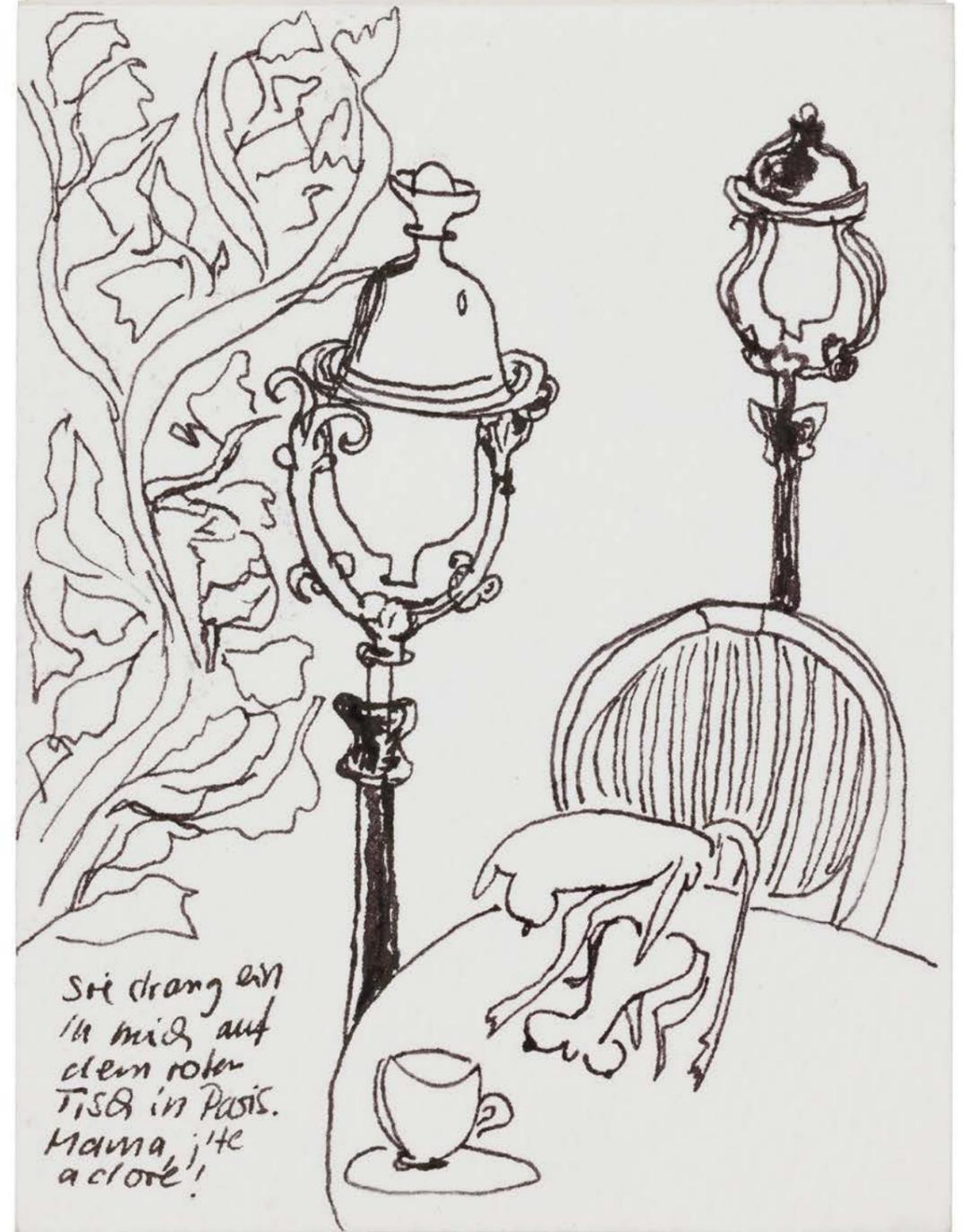


*Complexification I, becoming mosquito*

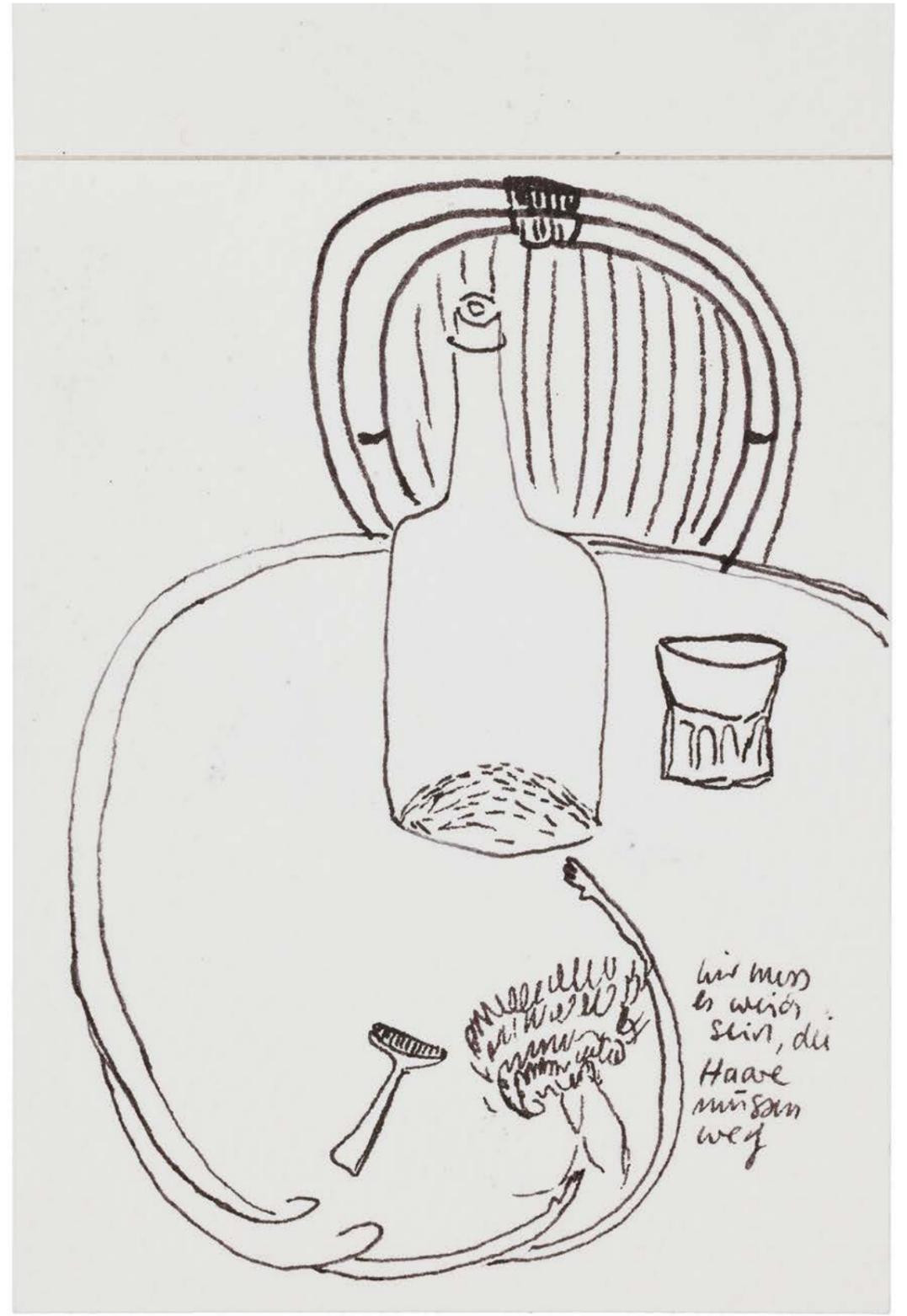
Performance mit Objekt

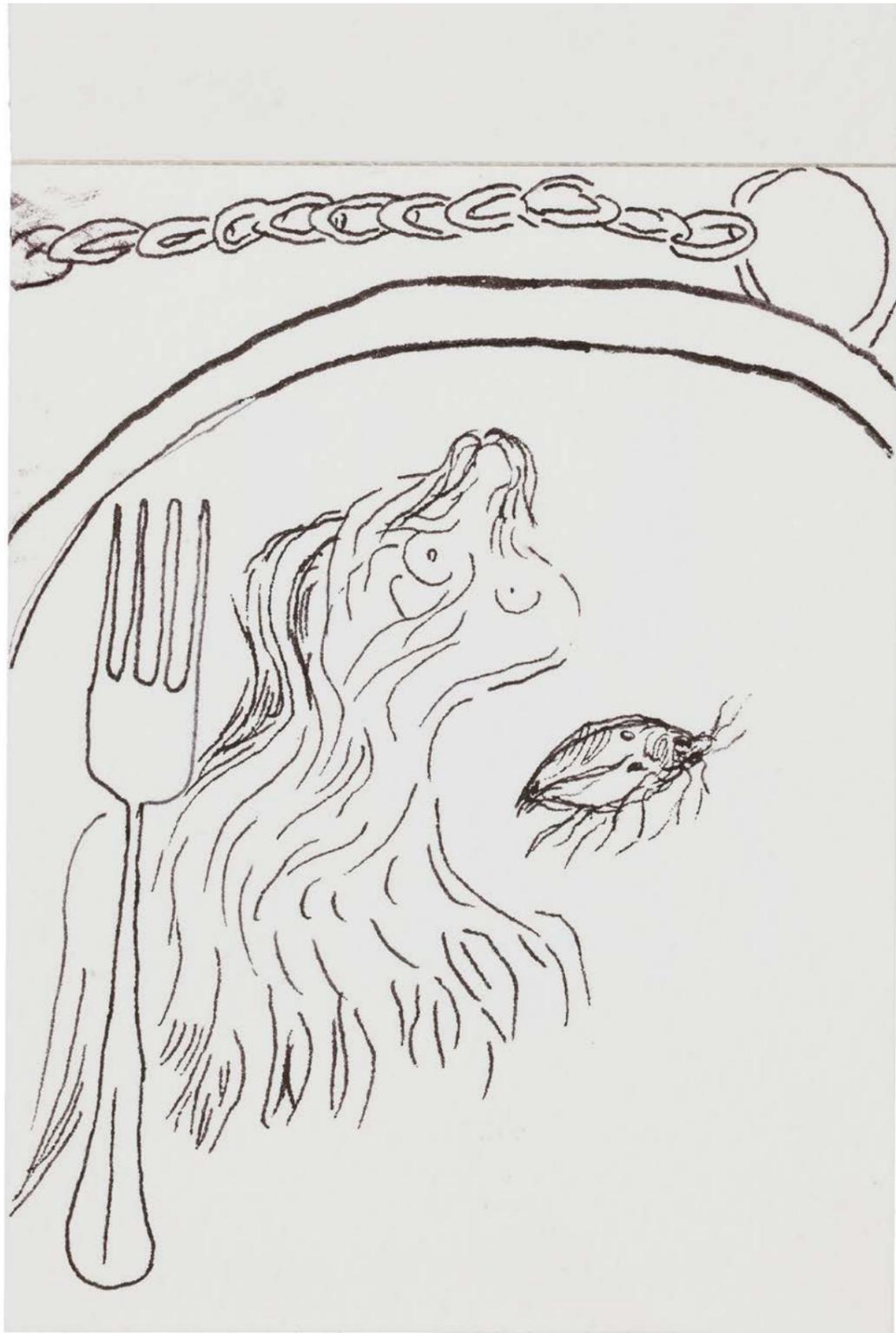
Äste, Gips, Klebeband, Plastiktüten, Schlauch, Lippenstift, Tampons, Gabel, Kaffeemaschine und Schuh  
2022

Foto: Thomas Splett



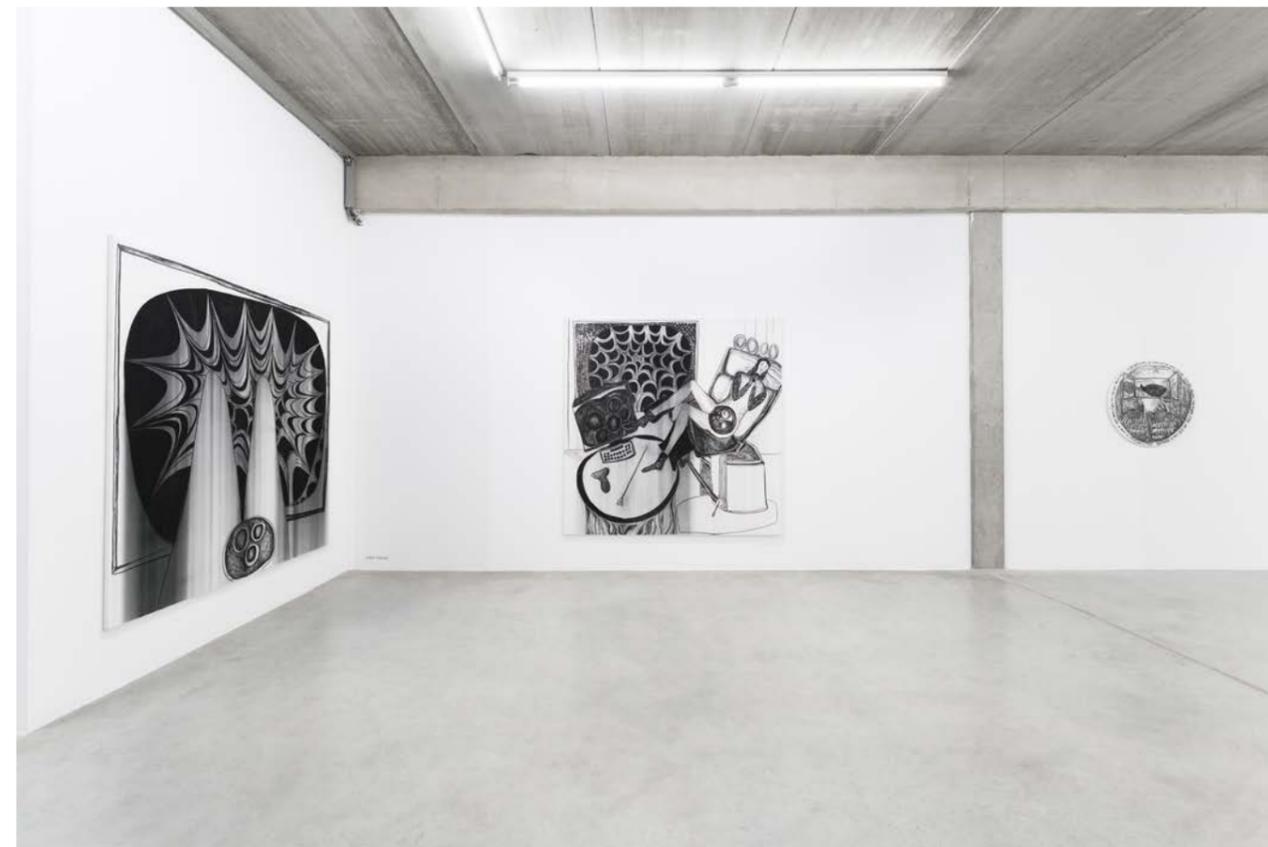
Sie drang an  
in mich auf  
dem roten  
Tisch in Paris.  
Mama, je  
à clore!





## Augustnachmittag in Paris (August afternoon in Paris)

Drawing series  
each 21 x 8 cm  
Fountain pen on sketch pad  
2025



## Beim Frauenarzt (At the gynecologist)

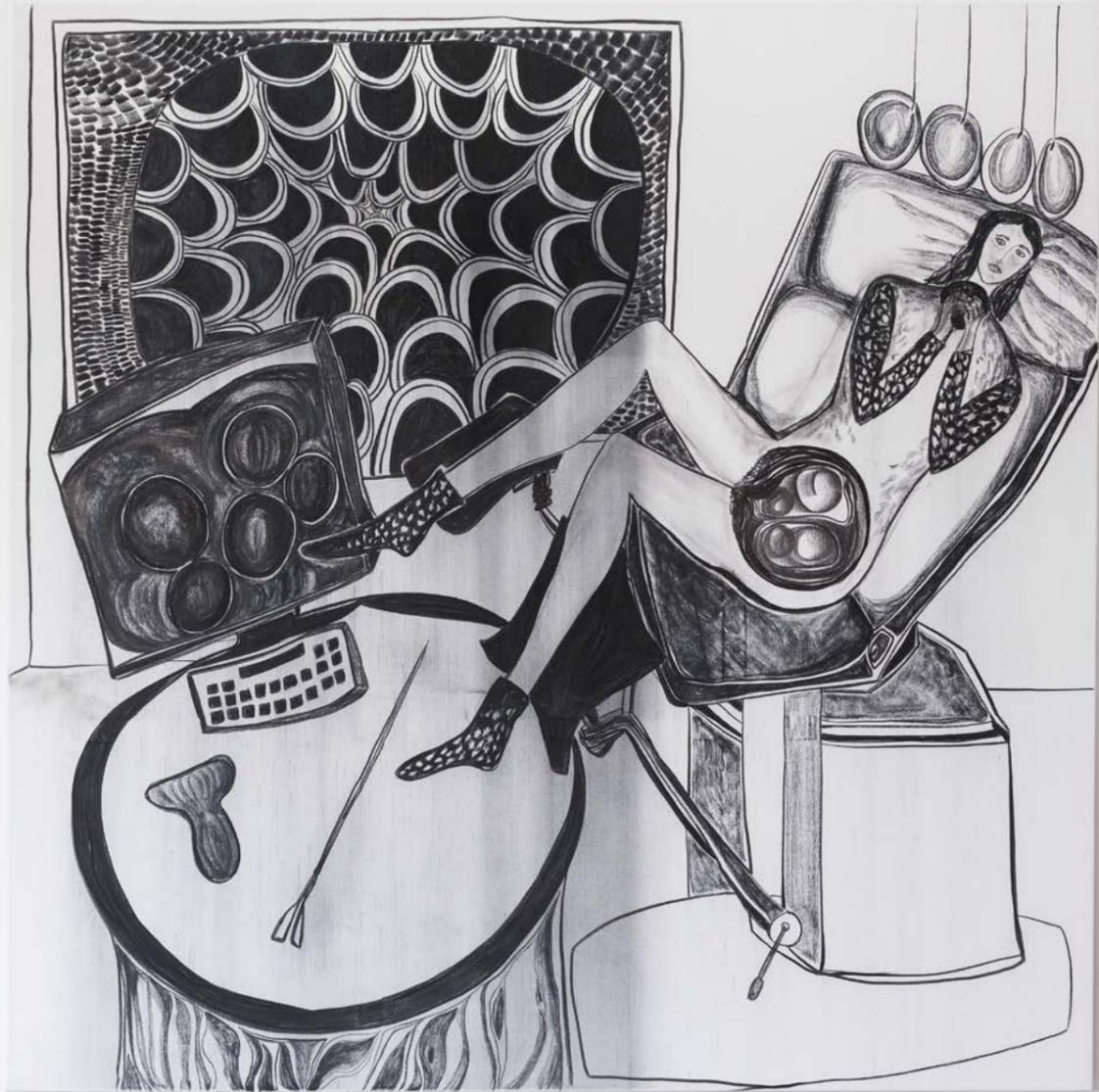
IKOB-Museum für zeitgenössische Kunst, Eupen, BE  
Group show, feminist art prize  
Two-part painting series with objects and performance  
2025

Photos: © IKOB - Museum für Zeitgenössische Kunst, Lola Pertsowsky

left:

*26. September 2024, Operation beim Frauenarzt*  
Diameter 80 cm  
Charcoal on canvas  
2024









up:  
*Frau im Ziegenzyklus*  
140 x 120 cm, Kohle  
Acrylic and watercolor on canvas  
2024

right:  
*Sex im Ziegenzyklus*  
140 x 120 cm  
Oil, pastel, and watercolor on canvas  
2024





up:  
*Mothertongues in carrybag*  
Variable dimensions  
Sticks, forks, tea bags, spoons, plaster, paint, and paper  
2024

left:  
*Drei Frauen im Ziegenzyklus*  
140 x 120 cm  
Charcoal, acrylic, and watercolor on canvas  
2024











In my new series *Bauchvorhangöffnung*, I process and reflect on my everyday life—analogous to the *Alaska* series. The real and the fictional intertwine, creating autofictional pictorial spaces. Literary references also flow into the works; central to this series is *An das Wilde glauben* by Nastassja Martin. At the core of the works is the body, opening and connecting. The “belly”—or more precisely, the womb—becomes a stage on which intimate spaces unfold and the interior emerges outward.

The images navigate the boundaries between reality and dream, day and night, man and woman, human and animal. Scenes from classrooms overlap with moments from operating rooms in a fertility clinic and Munich Central Station—the place from which, over the past two years, I have repeatedly departed to complete my teaching internship at various schools in Bavaria.

Experiences of violence and powerlessness also resonate here. In these pictorial spaces, the oppressive atmosphere of clinical environments, the threat posed by medical instruments, and the fragile extension of fantastical body fragments condense into an ambivalent, emotionally charged scenario.

The series presents a wild interplay of human, animal, nature, and energy, conveying the power of transformation. In the tingling entanglement of bodies, the organism as a separable unit loses its significance. Our bodies, ourselves, depend on the other; the self remains unavailable.

Sophie Schmidt

## Grisailen from the series *Bauchvorhangöffnung* (Abdominal curtain opening)

Drawing series  
Charcoal on canvas  
Diameter 60 or 80 cm  
2025



## *MALEREIPLAINAIR*

Wanderhalle, Bad Tölz

Group exhibition, an outdoor painting exhibition

Eleven international artists present paintings created specifically for the project on billboards in a public space: an open-air gallery accessible year-round.

2025

Photos: Florian Hüttner

up:

*Weil sie Kraft haben diese Unterirdischen Kanäle*

50 x 48,02 cm

Acrylic, ink, and photo on paper

2025

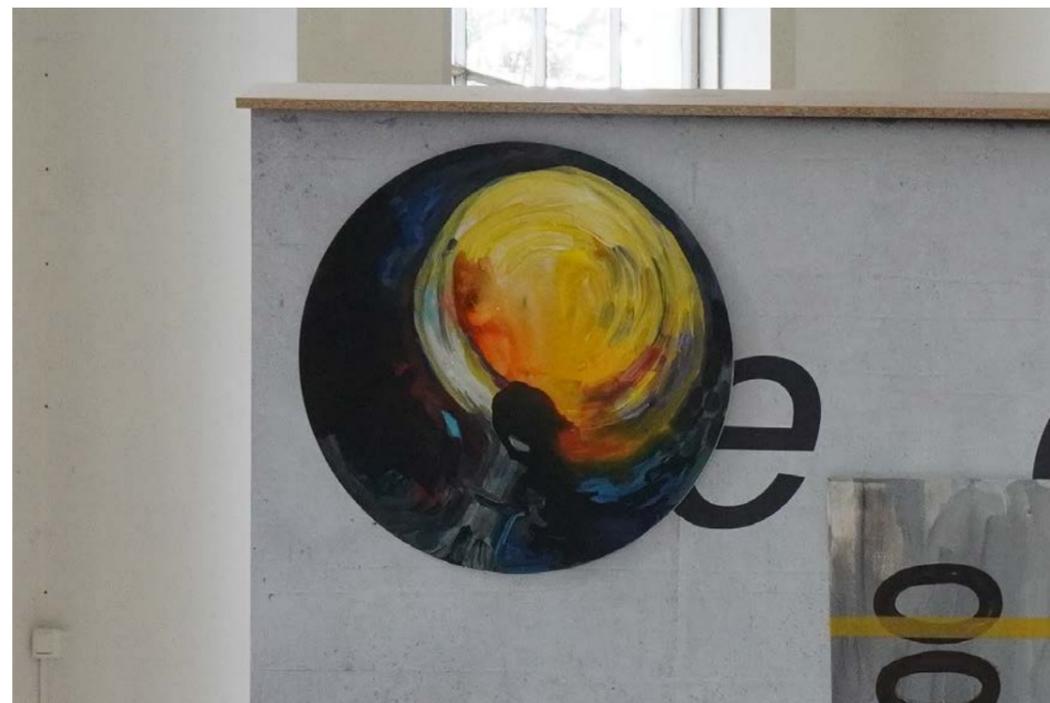
left:

*Straßenlaterne Alpmareparkplatz*

Diameter 80 cm

Ink and acryl on canvas

2025





Schmidt's painting is often conceived physically: as in her performances, hybrid bodies also emerge here. Human, insect bodies, and prosthetic-like everyday objects transform into new, sometimes abstract forms. Their potential "activations" generate resistance, emotion, and disruption—they stumble, slow down, and fail productively. Drawing, text, and pictorial surface intertwine into fragmented narratives that can be connected with language, voice, and gesture.

Stephan Dillemath

left:

*Königin der Nacht* (oben)

*Population genetics* (unten)

Each diameter 80 cm

Collage, ink, acrylic, and UV varnish on canvas

2025











## Tondos from the series Bauchvorhangöffnung (Abdominal curtain opening)

Collages  
Collage, ink, acrylic, and UV varnish on canvas  
Diameter 40 or 60 cm  
2025

Painting series  
Acrylic, and UV varnish on canvas  
Diameter 60 or 80 cm  
2025



## Mothertongues in Carrybag

Galerie Knust und Kunz, Munich  
Solo show  
Performance with objects, paintings, and drawings  
2024

"...and still the story isn't over.  
Still there are seeds to be gathered,  
and room in the bag of stars."  
(Ursula K. Le Guin)

left:  
*Metro Card*  
78 x 105 cm  
Ink and watercolor on paper  
2023

*On Sophie Schmidt's Mother Tongues in Carrybags*

The current group of drawn and painted scrolls and screens by Sophie Schmidt is diaristic in nature, recording in the artist's own words and imagery her time in the US during a scholarship that took place in 2023 and included periods in Los Angeles, Alaska, Chicago and New York. But the notion of the diary does not fully capture the function of these works within Schmidt's oeuvre and the way they operate as part of her artistic strategy, since it situates them as side works running in parallel to her multi-disciplinary performative practice.

A wider scope through which the current group of works should be observed would characterize them as Schmidt's experimentation in *Écriture automatique* (automatic writing) and automatic drawings recognized with the work of surrealist artists such as André Masson (1896-1987), whose practice examined altered states of consciousness and the expressive discharge of the unconscious beyond the grip of rationalized output. The framework of automatic writing and drawing anchors the current works at the heart of Schmidt's performances, and as performances in themselves. It also allows us to view them in relation to drawn and painted imagery by performers of previous generations, such as Guenter Brus (1938-2024) and Carolee Schneemann (1939-2019), meaning as part of a performative practice, as well as performative relics.

More than anything Schmidt's recent production is a sort of hieroglyph consisting of logograms, a hybrid of words, characters and images. One could also suggest these works are palimpsests, i.e., a multi-layered arrangement of painted and inscribed surfaces superimposed one on top of the other. These connotations stage the works as an active process replayed and continues through their deciphering by the viewer/reader in the 'here and now' of the exhibition, which therefore becomes an all-encompassing performative event.

Ory Dessau







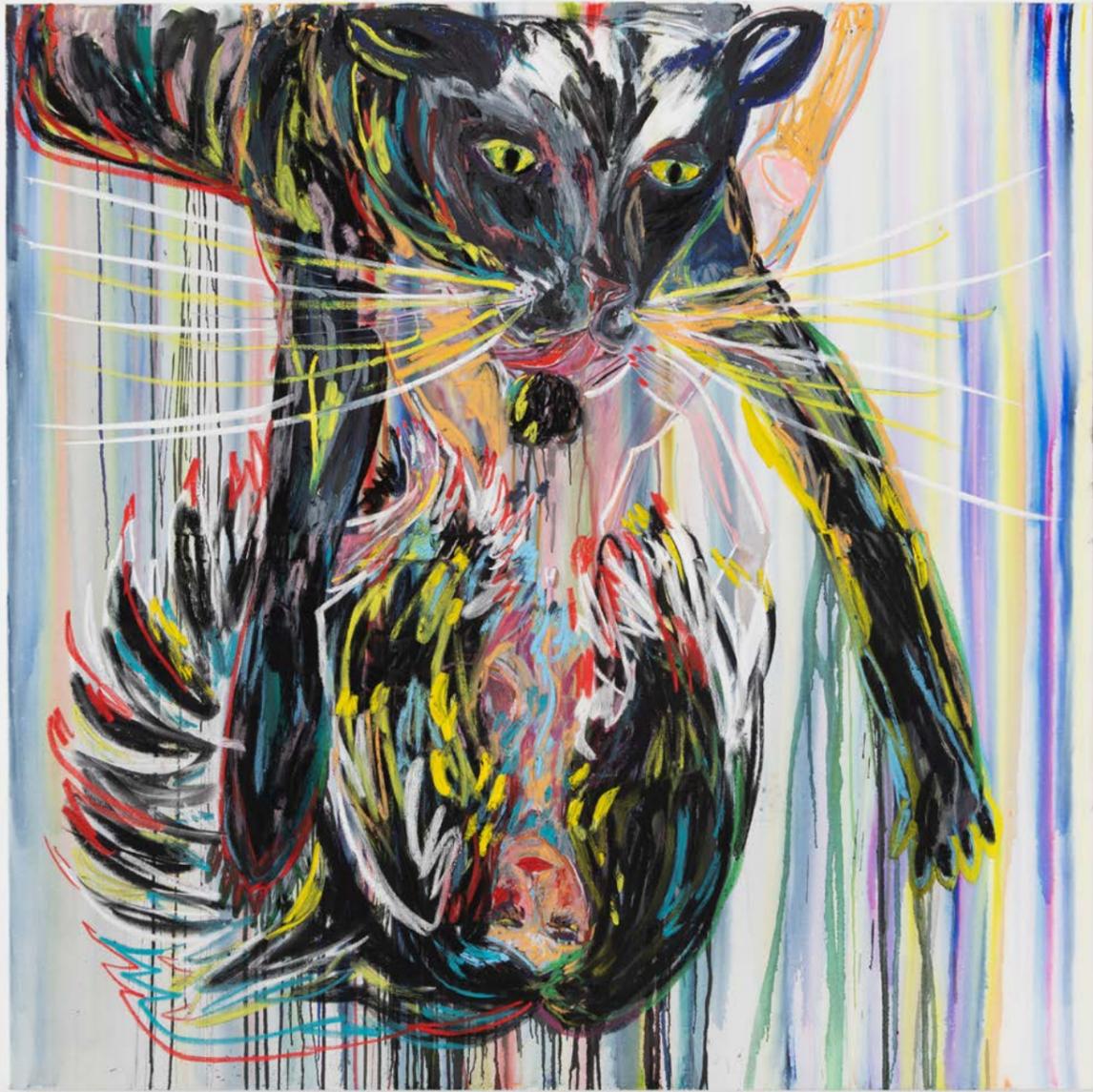
previous and up:  
*Anleitungen des Alltags*  
 900 x 140 cm  
 Ink and watercolor on paper roll  
 2023

*Der Zyklus der Ziege Evi und mein  
 Zyklus und immer wieder Blut*  
 900 x 140 cm  
 Ink and watercolor on paper roll  
 2023



left:  
*New York Rolltreppe*  
200 x 200 cm  
Oil, pastel, and watercolor on canvas  
2023

up:  
*One Million Dollar Smile*  
160 x 200 cm  
Oil, pastel, and watercolor on canvas  
2023



Sophie Schmidt describes her paintings as “encounters.” She speaks of the erotically hybrid meeting of a woman with a panther, the appearance of the long-extinct woolly rhinoceros, the bursting plumage of a ptarmigan, or the unnoticed radiance of an escalator. These encounters move fluidly between imagined and real space. At the same time, the encounter takes place directly on the canvas, for the painting process is always physical for Schmidt. She describes the painting surface as open skin, a porous surface full of openings into which everything imprints itself. It is these bodily impressions, from which we cannot protect ourselves, that allow Schmidt’s paintings to become encounters for us.

Nikolai Gumbel

*Manhattan, Monday, May 29*

Today I was lying on a bench and was twice asked to leave public spaces. In New York, they just clear you out. You have to stand as straight here as the skyscrapers do.

*568 Grand Street, in front of the elevator on the ground floor, Thursday, June 8*

“Looks like coming back from a long trip,” says an older gentleman as I step out of the elevator, loaded with three suitcases, rolls of drawing paper, paints, and bags full of olive oil, salt, milk, and muesli. The man is coming from the building’s basement laundry room. He is also loaded, pushing a cart full of carefully folded shirts. “I am moving to Brooklyn,” I reply. “What does Brooklyn have that we don’t?” he asks. Then he smiles and says goodbye: “Yeah, we all have to move one day.”

Sophie Schmidt, Translated excerpt from travel diary, New York 2023

left:

*Panther und Frau in New York*

200 x 200 cm

Oil, pastel, and watercolor on canvas

2023

following:

*Urwoollnashorn in Regensburg* (rechts, 200 x 200 cm)

*Urwoollnashorn (Regensburg)* (links, 140 x 120 cm)

Oil, pastel, and watercolor on canvas

2023









Blätter,  
Finger,  
oder  
ZUNGEN?

Er fragte mich  
ob ich ihm  
wolle mich  
Rollen sagen  
Stavros weiß  
gesagt hat  
am hüllt, den  
weissen  
Bewusstseins  
habe  
von ihm  
ganz  
80 Jahre alt  
ist



Am 7.3.2004  
erzähle ich den S. Kianan,  
dass ich im Oktober 2011 den Duft  
des Schreibstiftes in Hammladen-glasen  
versteht er Kianan. Als ich  
wenn war nicht beliebt war.  
Ich wollte seine Eisenstift  
ein sammeln, behüte  
das er in  
verschwände  
spät 2011 mit  
mit großen Auf  
dann beendet hat  
die bei bespür  
eine Schmelze.  
Alle Tage die er malt  
haben blau Augen wie er blau Augen  
hat.

Wie dem Blick  
du hinter gekommen  
Arzt sich Anil,  
fragen wir uns  
beide.

Das Bild des Kunter ist ein anderer geworden. Er hat an  
Schärfen verloren, ist milder geworden, übersieht Dinge,  
in mehr mehr anweisen. Aber zu Blick, ihr Blick an  
meiner Handlung wird nicht vergah. Er ist mit mir in  
Cham am Schreibtisch, klopft mit was ich spreche.

Ich war seine Sekretärin gewesen. Seine Frau in der  
Fingerringe. Oropov und meine Schaffnerin lag im Bett bei mir  
beide. Für unsere Nächte. Tagelänge war ich an dem Posten.  
Auf seinem Spiegel im Bad stand, ich liebe dich Anouk.  
Im Herbst 2011, stand er in meinem Handy, ich habe dich Seph.  
Ich lag viele Nächte wach und wartete, dass es um Schreiben würde, das habe  
er immer im Morgengrauen getan, dann verblühte er leuchtende Strahlen. O wie die mich  
er hat mich  
dürfte ich im  
seinem Bett  
schlafen und  
er las die den  
Arzt um mich  
er machte mich  
seine Privaten  
auf dem Schreibtisch  
des Schreibtisch wurde  
noch lange von  
mir bewacht,  
auch so es schon  
ausgegangen war.  
Ich habe ich  
wie mich bei ihm.  
immer wenn ich es  
sagen hatte, klopft  
es wieder wieder  
er wartete bis  
er entschieden hatte  
er mit zu kommen,  
immer wenn ich  
das reine Tag begonnen  
habe, ich sah mich  
hoo diese schmerzlichen  
Stimmen der Übersetzung hatten  
am Morgen wachen wir uns. Im Treppenflur sehen wir sie steht seine  
Lila, Braun und umschlingt mich mit mir in den Armen, die Parallelstraße, in meine  
Wohnung, dem für mich hart Du nicht aufgehört als er Tag wurde.



Ist es Ihre Sommer 58?  
Mein Frühling 2001 als  
die Nacht auf den 1. Mai 2011.  
Es gab mir seine Sonnenbrille,  
damit wir immer im Dunkeln unter der  
Tür der Poreen bleiben konnten.  
Schon am Nachmittag bekam ich eine  
Nachricht am drei Treppen in London.  
Es wusste mich. Ich lag in meinem Bett, in der  
Ausgangsstraße 4, habe die Vorhänge gezogen und meine  
Sonnenbrille an. Die Nacht ging bis fast  
ein Jahr lang. In der Nacht vom 31.4. auf den 1. Mai 2012  
kam er nicht. Die Sonnenbrille läuft jetzt auf dem Grund der  
Isar, nahe der Wittelsbacherbrücke.



Die große Ls in meinem  
Coban habe auch blasse Augen. Die große Ls in meinem  
genau am Kuffenacht, ein ich habe  
mit dem grünlichen Augen  
Es gibt eine Blume  
in Cham, ich nehme sie  
den Cham Goldhuhn.  
Sie blüht auf die  
Schulter, ich bringe  
sie die 16. Klasse mit  
Kochanordnungen stellt  
bei 1912 Finger fassen  
wird bei den  
Witzel deuten Zahlen  
sagt prof.

Ach, es war doch  
nur die Kisten sich um  
Cham

Ein literarisches, ich habe man wenn man die  
Dinge so sieht als wenn man sie  
A. Braune in einem 2008 Heftchen, das man  
Es war am 8. März als ich mit  
dem William von Mark Erdboden  
zu dem gab.  
Am 8. März hatte ich Anil  
ERLICH und die 14. März Sonntag  
sagen mich 12. April H.





## Blätter, Finger oder Zungen (Leaves, fingers, or tongues)

Drawing series  
57 x 76 cm  
Ink and watercolors on paper  
2024



## Brutality of Spring

GIG München  
Duo exhibition with Anna Łuczak  
Installation with painted ceramic plates  
2024/25  
Photos: Thomas Splett



A person has died.

Andrea Éva Győri is dead.

These two statements are not the same, though they might seem to be very similar. When I say, E. is dead, I think of her and how she was, someone I never met but heard so much about: the tone of her voice, her laugh, her enthusiasm and strong personality. She is someone with a consciousness, a memory, a personal identity. But when I say a person has died I mean something different. The logic is different because it is impersonal. It has nothing to do with E. and yet everything to do with her. A person is singular - the one - yet not particular. I cannot say anything specific about a person. A person is dead is an indefinite statement, because a person is a life, and life is indefinite, singular, impersonal.

How can I describe a life? Without talking about E. who lived? Deleuze was right, this requires an empiricism, an empirical kind of thinking, an almost scientific kind of rigour. I keep making lists:

- There is the Marzanna, an effigy out of twigs and straw that Polish children drown in a nearby river as spring approaches.
- There is the life cycle of the salmon, swimming upstream and spawning, then dying and their bodies fertilising the river.
- Did you know that skeletal muscle stem cells continue living up to 17 days after all other cells have died?
- That scene in Dicken's novel, "Our Mutual Friend," when the Rogue lays dying in Miss Abbey's first-floor bedroom. While he barely breaths everyone tries to help, but as soon as his eyelid trembles, his nose twitches, the doctor and the four men grow distant and caution returns.

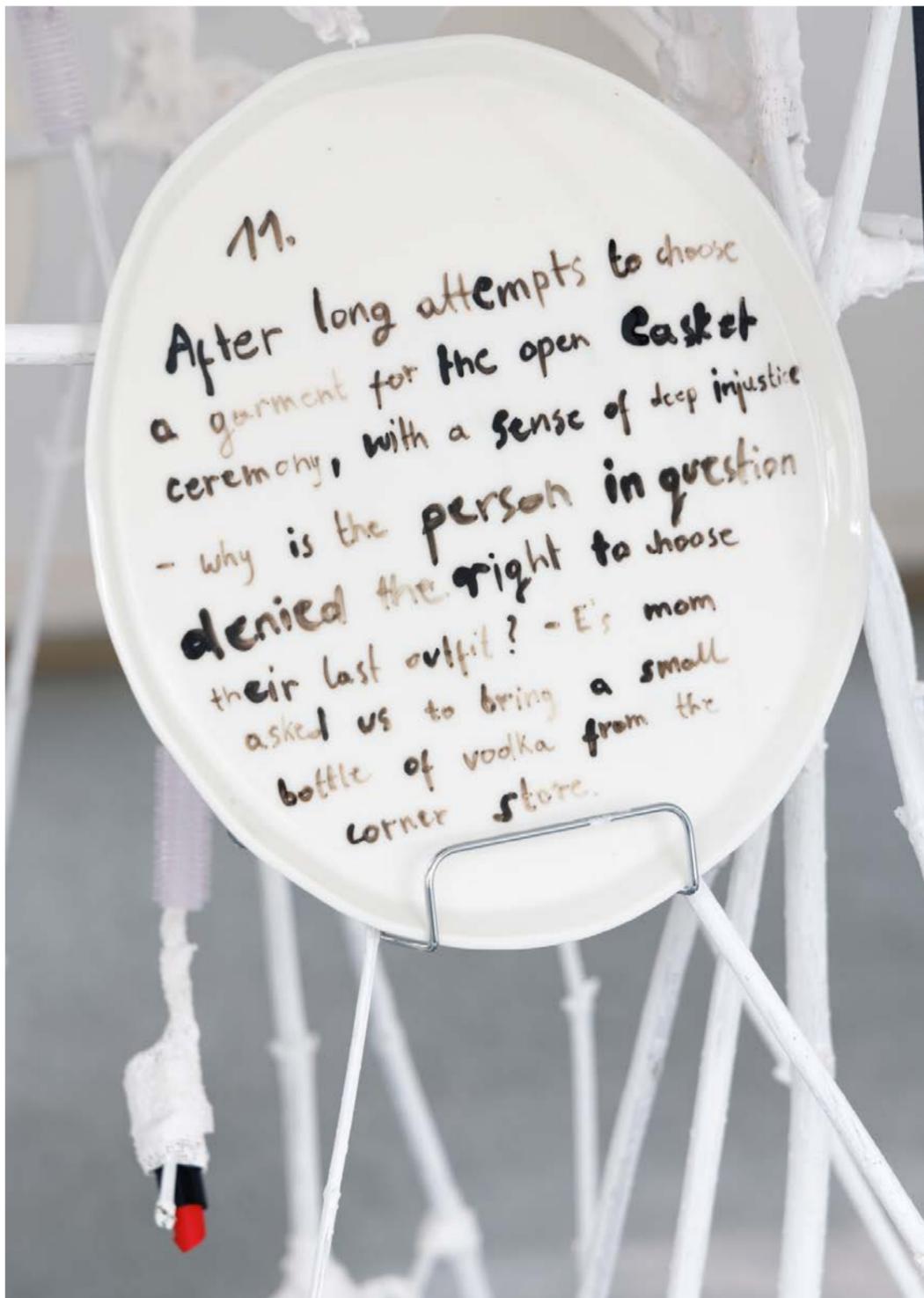
Anna Łuczak and Sophie Schmidt made a series of porcelain plates together, as individual responses to E.'s passing. Anna wrote texts, Sophie painted images:

- There is the day of E.'s diagnosis. The breast cancer.
- There is the day at the crematorium.
- And the time just after, laying on the floor.
- There is salmon spawning, seeds germinating.

The plates refer to the domestic language of the vanitas. We eat on them with fork and knife, we wash them and we put them away. The colourful ribbons belong to the "kapliczka," the wayside shrine found on nearly every road in Poland, equally catholic and pagan. Sophie Schmidt's wooden structures hold everything together ever so precariously, extensions of the body, with the body's fragility, strength and breakability.

Magdalena Wisniowska





1. In ancient Slavic rites, the death of the Goddess Marzanna at the end of winter becomes the rebirth of Spring. In Eastern Europe until today during spring equinox a procession consisting of men, women and children carries handmade Marzanna dolls, to the nearest river, lake or pond. The participants sing songs and throw effigies of Marzanna into the water. Sometimes the effigies are first set on fire, or their clothes are torn. As a child, I used to take part in such processions, always feeling sorry for Marzanna, not quite understanding why she has to be burned away?

2. The life cycle of the salmon is dictated by the magnetic field of the earth. They travel from the fresh water to the ocean, and then back up stream to spawn. Short-

ly before their death, they use all the energy to return to home river where they lay the eggs. Their decomposing bodies are fertilizing the water for the next generation to thrive.

3. 'I gave you life, but I also gave you death' - my mother's first thought when holding her newborn.

4. atoms, molecules, cells. Body  
 can produce.  
 (storage of energy)  
 strange burden of responsibility.

5. I am looking at Munch's painting.  
 The one depicting his sister's death bed and the room full of mourners.  
 ghostly faces of those who have to live with her death.  
 It is an archetypal image. We have all been in this room.  
 Yet, in one of short stories of Isaak Bashevis Singer I read that a human's life changes irrevocably after witnessing death firsthand.

6. I still recall the strong feeling of incompetence when Eva passed away.  
 Surreal filling of my absolute incompetence.  
 'Now it is your turn'

7. Shortly after E. passed away I was afraid of the dark rooms. I always had to put the light up before entering any space. She is looking at me because I did not pick up the last two phone calls. A. said she must have become a good, friendly ghost.

8. Sunrise Sunset

9. My mother called the priest.  
 She is not really religious, but for every problem, there must be a solution.  
 E. was diagnosed with terminal cancer. The priest, an old family friend and high in the catholic hierarchy,  
 promised to hold a mass for her intention. I am not religious either, but I do remember a sense of relief. That day, everyone in Zgierz County was praying for E.'s recovery.

10. After long attempts to choose a garment for the open casket ceremony, with the sense of deep injustice - why is the person in question denied the right to choose their last outfit? - E.'s mom asked us to bring a small bottle of vodka from the corner store.

11. Recently I heard Lisa Robertson's reading on dust. She says "we're all of us the fallen material of some dream or another. Whose dream dreamt us? Like the houses built from the fallen materials of old walls crumbled, and the walls built of the fallen material of razed houses or long abandoned ones or bombed ones or the fallen stuff of neglect, we've been dreamt by dust. We are fallen material.

12. She did not have a calm facial expression.  
 The one thing that could have been giving us, the living - some sort of relief..

13. On the day of the diagnosis. I thought we will return home calm.

14. Suddenly there were two sides.

We were on the other side.  
Between us, the wall.  
The sun hurt.  
It was merciless with us.  
It was spring.  
We had to keep living.

We lay on the living room floor.  
In just a few hours, we had grown old.  
We were thirsty.  
We were dried out.  
We were in a desert.  
It was bottomless.  
There was nothing we could do.  
But father tore his shirt.  
It was an act of luck.  
The only one.

Must live:

1. Speed wins.
2. Growing or dying.

15. Mother held onto me, digging her fingers into me. A stylish woman entered the room, turned on lounge music, and politely asked: “Do you need anything I can help you with?”

The funeral took place in the industrial area of Rotterdam. We gathered in front of a warehouse. The spring sun shone brightly. I embraced the mother of the deceased. She held me tightly, enveloped me completely, dug her fingers into my body. Eva lay in her coffin. Father had nothing to hold onto. So he tore his shirt. Mother reached for me, held me tighter and tighter, sank her fingers deep into me.

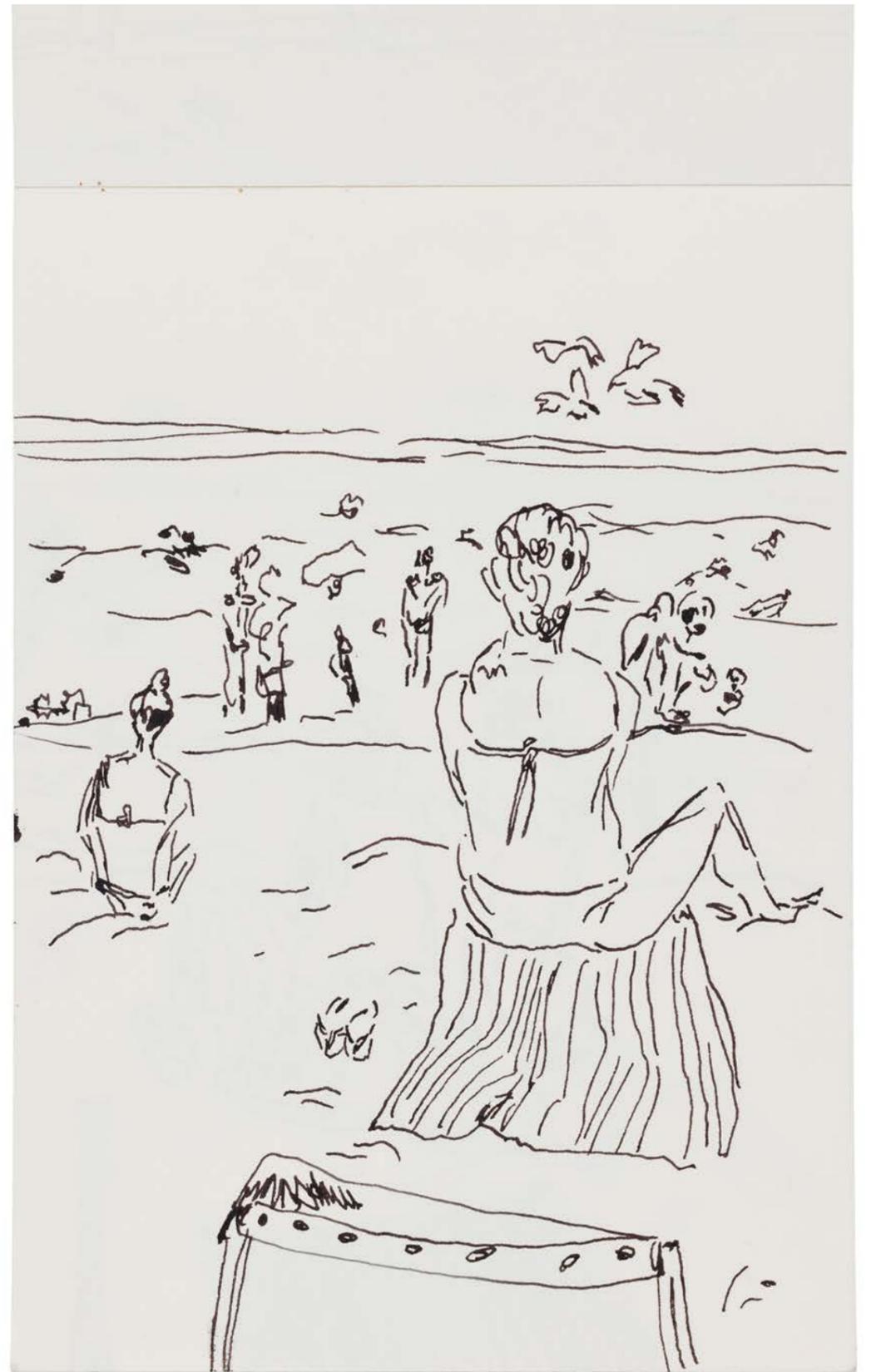
If only we had had something to hold onto. There was nothing: no song, no blessing, no words—only lounge music from a small speaker.

Sophie Schmidt and Anna Łuczak











## From the drawing series Sotto Marina

Painting and drawing series  
each 21 x 14,8 cm  
Ink, watercolor, fineliner on paper  
2025



## Tingling Entanglements

Strobe, New York City  
Solo show  
Performance with objects, paintings, and drawings  
2023  
Photos: JSP Art Photography



Das Recht es schonen  
geben als baumende  
knoten in der 5th  
Avenue. Gold sind es bunte  
seelen? Das spricht doch gerade  
keine Rolle mehr. Alles ist  
Chemie, ist verbindig, ist  
Kette. Lass uns die  
Küsse - 5th - Avenue - Seele -  
New York - Kette werden!



In the series of drawings shown in the exhibition, real encounters and incidents of the city mix with fictional narratives. A character from Octavia Butler's science fiction novel *Fledgling* plays a crucial role in this. The protagonist of this book, Shori, is a vampire, and, with their tender bite, they opens the bodies and hearts of their partners for symbiotic relationships in interspecies communities. Similarly, hybrid bodies are created through a bite into a cherry in my drawings on 5th Avenue. As mentioned in the drawing in the text miniature, "(...) everything chemistry, connection, chain. Let us become a 5th Avenue New York chain". So, addicted to connection and touch, Butler's protagonist has infected me with the need to enter an interspecies, erotic relationship with the streets of New York. In this way, a fan from a bar on Washington Square can result in an erotic incorporation and can lead into the becoming of a cyborg.

These tingeling entanglements came about during a seven week stay in the most different places in New York, for instance in a laundromat on 8th Avenue in Brooklyn, a fan on Washington Square, a Baptist church in Harlem, a pizzeria on Luna Square. The tingeling came also about through the ropes of the skyscrapers, the biggest swings in the world, and through Shori, the Black vampire from Butler's *Fledgling*, who loses their memory completely after a violent racist attack and must again interrogate and learn being a vampire and a human and the mutual, interspecies dependency.

Sophie Schmidt



previous (double page):

*Cherry-5th Ave-Chain*

76 x 56 cm

Watercolor and ink on paper

2023

previous:

*I bite you tenderly* (links)

*Besuch der Wölfe im Sunsetpark* (links)

each 22 x 30,5 cm

Watercolor and ink on paper

2023

up:

*Highest Swings of the World* (links)

*My dust dances in the sun, I enter through the gaps, in all mouths, fill every hole* (rechts)

each 57 x 76 cm

Watercolor and ink on paper

2023

right:

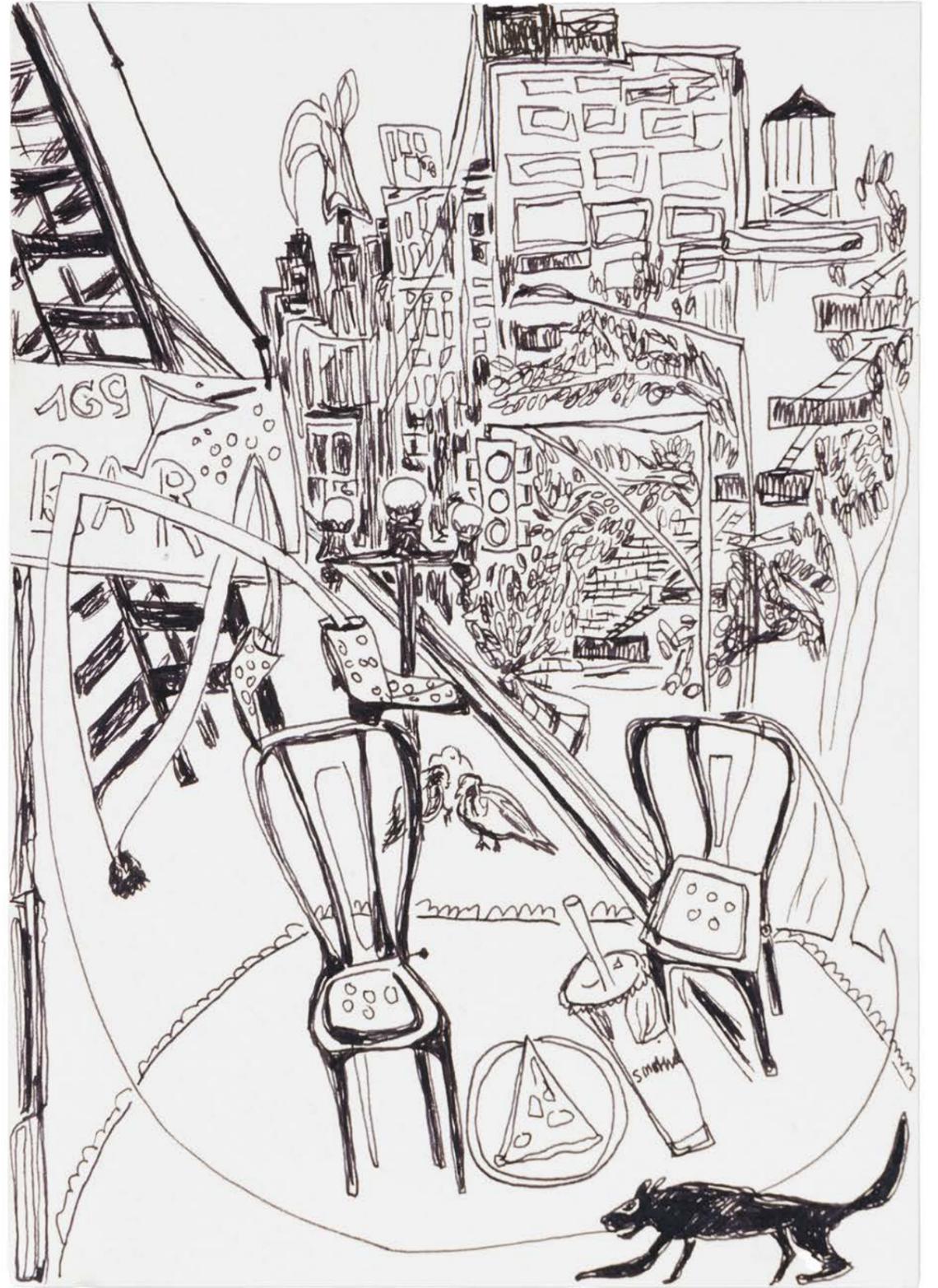
*Cat meets woman*

57 x 76 cm

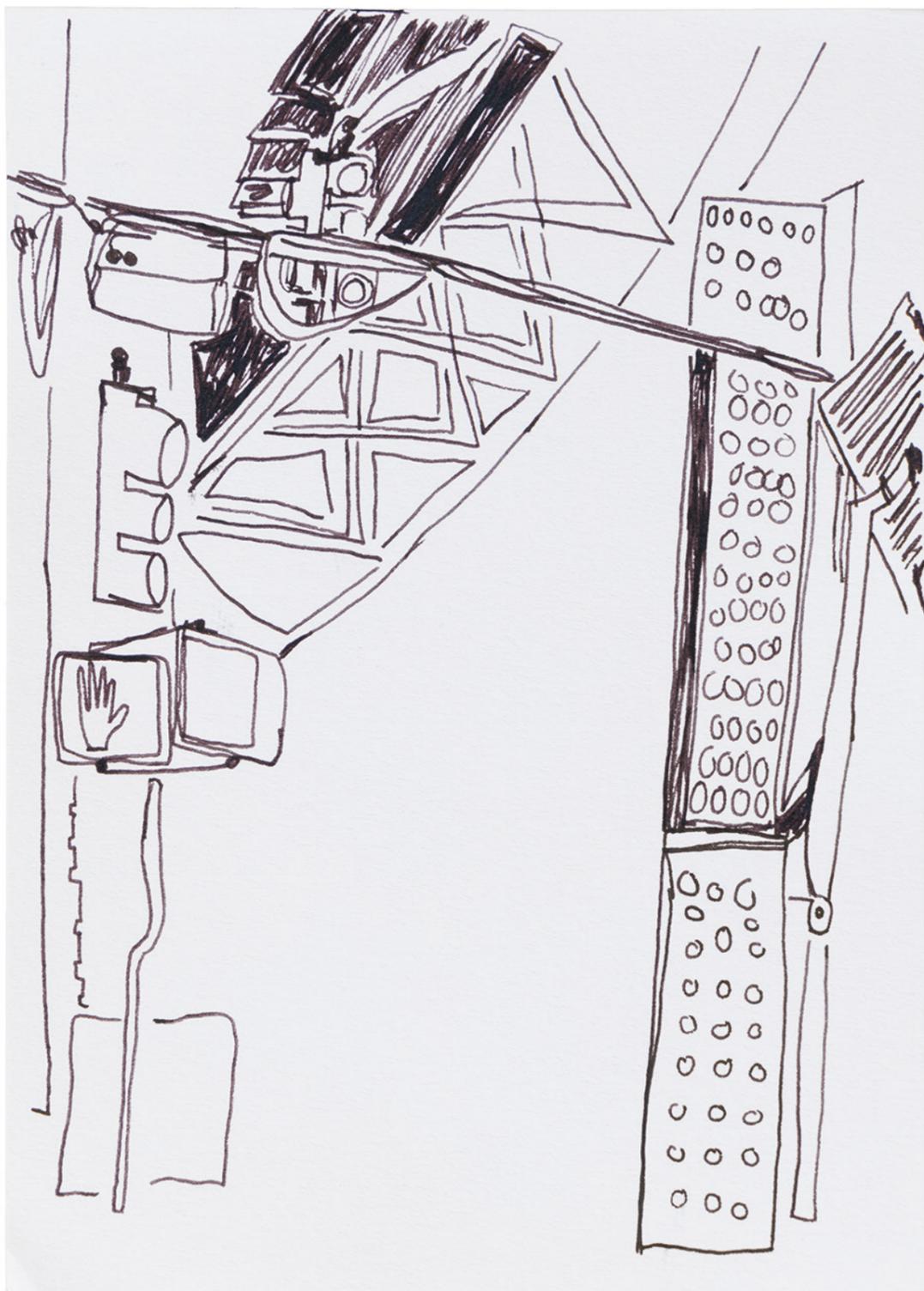
Watercolor and ink on paper

2023









## Little Odessa, New York Manhattan and Brighton Beach in Brooklyn

Drawing series  
Watercolor and ink on paper  
each 17 x 24cm  
2023



## Die Raddicchiofrau and the Brooklyn Based Crab (The Radicchio Woman and the Brooklyn Based Crab)

DG Kunstraum, Munich  
Performance, paintings and installation as part of  
*Rosa Immergruen – Zeitgenössische Kunst und lyrische Zeitreise*  
2023  
Photos: Thomas Splett

Link to performance documentation: <https://vimeo.com/857062289>



*Die Raddicchiofrau and the Brooklyn Based Crab  
(The Radicchio Woman and the Brooklyn Based Crab)*

Sophie Schmidt shows in her work connections to Donna Haraway's statement "nothing is connected to everything, but everything is connected to something". Accordingly, species entangle in her works and the artist enters a relationship with the individual works. In her performances, sculptures also become new prostheses. On the large canvas, human limbs can be found on two flower heads glowing in red and black. The cyborg 'Radicchio Woman' continues the series of works that were created during her stay at the Deutsches Studienzentrum in Venedig (German Center for Studies in Venice).

In the exhibition a sculptural ensemble complements the canvas; "Tränengewei" and "Tränengeweihtologie" were developed in the Kunstverein Friedrichshafen and give first impressions of her stay in the USA, mainly through integrated photographs. The sculptures turn out to be material assemblages that range from elements typically associated with femininity like tampons, domestic appliances, and drawings in the shape of dragonfly wings to building material and branches. The artist will connect to these sculptures during her performances.

Benita Meißner

I am telling you the story of the Brooklyn based crab. I met the Brooklyn based crab this summer on 8th Avenue in Brooklyn in New York City. He was in a plastic box surrounded by thousands of his kind. I could hear him scraping at the plastic boundary between us. I looked at him and he looked back at me. His claws were tied together. I knew that I had to go on walking, and I knew that he had to stay and wait. And I never saw him again.

Sophie Schmidt

up (detail)and following:

*Radicchiofrau*

200 x 300 cm

Ink and watercolors on canvas

2023





previous:

*Ombra martu Di vegetabile, Cara ed amabile, Soave* (left)

200 x 200 cm

Charcoal, watercolor, and acrylic on canvas

2023

*Bauchigung mit Knospenberührung* (right)

200 x 200 cm

Charcoal, watercolor, and acrylic on canvas

2023

right:

*Bauchigung mit Knospenberührung*

200 x 200 cm

Charcoal, watercolor, and acrylic on canvas

2023





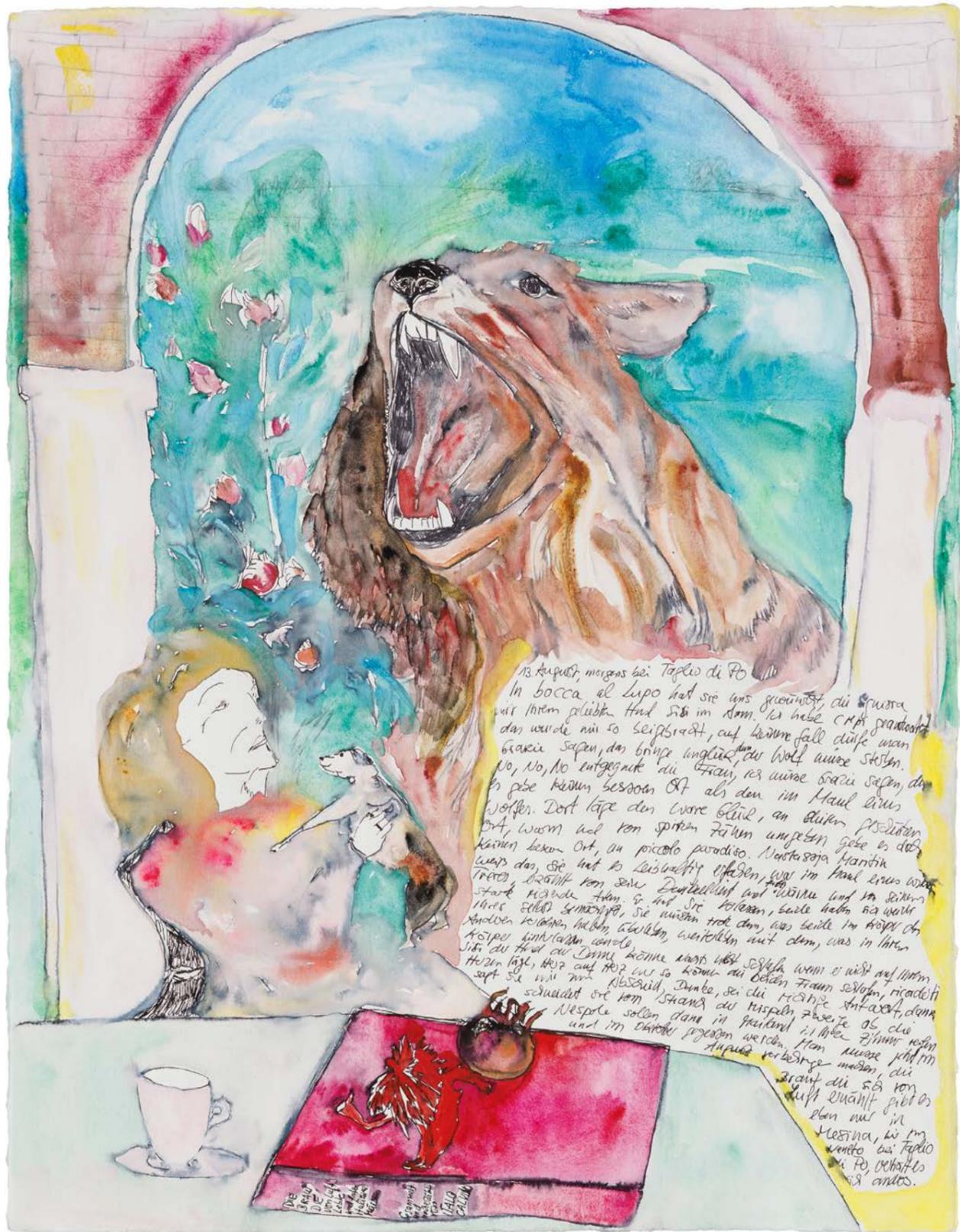


2. Wenn wir zu Qualen werden, auf dem Weg dorthin,  
 wenn die Knochen also weis werden, ist unsere Blüte  
 zu florierender Rändern auflösen und dem Kreis ein  
 Heil geben, wie also vom Kreis begleitet werden,  
 verlassen sich damit auch die Hände in unser Bündel  
 und am Ende der Kriem umregnet. Schmelzen dringt  
 der Wasserstrudel in unsere Vagina ein, umspritzt die  
 Kinnreihen des Schwanzes in dem sie die Urvarian-  
 ischen Finstertbögen spritzeln, durch einen Spitzbogen gelangt  
 das Warme bis in die Gebärmutter. Ebbe und Flut  
 waten darin, sie Atmet peßt Schwanger mit  
 Handlung große Qualenbetag, die sie durch ihren  
 Schlund ausspricht, dann  
 viel ersucht, sich  
 von ihnen auf eine  
 Befruchtung lässt, wenn  
 der Samen eine sexuelle  
 Zone oder Glückes pflanz-  
 100.



ausstrahlt mein  
 Hahn zähnen du  
 bewegen, im  
 Raden voller Kriem, rehm an  
 sich dem Sehlung Zuffang  
 von warm, durchspulen lassen  
 den Strudel andersvoll, s. raringa-lamen.

2. Im Weltraum und in der Logare  
 Schimmeln, Rändern, zu einer drossichten  
 gleichzeitig umläuft. lauft uns in unser  
 Schwere im Kreis gleiten, sie doppelt  
 tunen, aufsteigen in dem Baumraum  
 ansamt, dorthin wieder  
 Vorrecht's Braudt man keine Knochen mehr, sie  
 Keimstran die dem Wasser eine Form gibt  
 Wasserleib besogen die Licht-achen bis in die  
 und wehren und als Tentakeln unter wüchm  
 Hand Rist, offnd und sich  
 die Füße spüren, die jüht





Unsere Dackelbrüder sind  
 auf den Bergen mit Höhlen voll  
 Nischen mit Eiern und spitz geformt  
 sie legen sich alles den Tieren, umstrahlen  
 sie entlang seiner Flanke bis sie auf  
 die Gabel und den Teller springen treffen,  
 haben amplatz von einem Bräutigam  
 der sich als der kundigste einer  
 Hauptarbeiten ergibt, die zarteste Bräutigam  
 die sie fühl in der Mache anzuordnen, dann  
 sie schlief in der besänftigten Dunkel, der Capitan  
 paragonend, teilte sich an ihre Suchen in drei Capitan  
 Baum von Süden in Fußspitze brüderlich wandeln,  
 sie an die Bettende schliefend, seine Kopf rathend,  
 während links davon Langenflügel aus der Baum  
 an Flügelstücken flügel, in ihres Struktur den Tieren  
 verwannt, an ihre alle pahnreihen.

Du ist es doch  
 die gewichte mit  
 die gerade noch  
 geschick wurde.  
 sie lag auf ihre  
 seite, vor ihr die  
 Teller mit den  
 Nudeln dastehen.

Alles weite nun  
 nicht abtät wurden.  
 Die Halme sah  
 die hohe Tisim  
 von Tomposa  
 sprechen zu sich.  
 und schlief die wurd  
 sie auch die Krebs  
 mit seinen Fühlwerk  
 durch das Gefähr tauchen  
 nutzen, ob es die  
 Halme pahnre Kötter sind,  
 bleibt ungewiss.

Sie schlafen sich, stehen sich  
 bis ranken auf dem Teller,  
 legen sie auf die Häupter  
 die beide schlafenden,  
 über das ihre Stirn,  
 sie mune sich in  
 Wolken, die Kopf in  
 Wolke stehen, doch  
 sind die Ruhe  
 unzufrieden die  
 ihre eine beurlaubend  
 suchen bröckeln. Mit leiten,  
 die dies weite Gefährte voll  
 den Kopfgeschichten, dahn  
 sich aus und reiten sie  
 in die Gefährte ein.



From the drawing series  
 In boca al lupo  
 (Good Luck)

Painting and drawing series  
 Ink and watercolor on paper  
 each 50,5 x 66 cm  
 2025





*Ein schweres Herz muss man sich leisten können  
(A heavy heart has to be affordable)*

Sophie Schmidt is a border crosser in many respects. Her expansive multimedia installations transcend all genre boundaries. Starting with drawings, collages, canvas paintings and murals, into which she often integrates her own texts, they also include sculptures made from all kinds of everyday materials such as sieves, branches, hoses, old wheelbarrows, or oil drums. The artist's impressive performances often push her to her physical limits as well. Trapped in fragile, usable sculptures – which she calls prostheses – she recites her, with personal experiences imbued texts, sometimes speaking timidly, other times singing fervently.

In her works, Sophie Schmidt translates her view of the world into a universal poetry that lends a fleeting encounter, a smell, existential human feelings such as fear, joy, loneliness, or desire, and even the most banal everyday situation a poignant profundity.

For her first institutional solo exhibition, *A heavy heart has to be affordable*, the artist has once again created an expansive installation that is also the stage for the opera of the same title, which will be performed at the exhibition opening. In diary-like sequences, Schmidt lets us participate in her poetics of the Everyday, for which in turn various borderline experiences collected on a trip to the United States are decisive. A travel scholarship took her first to Alaska and then to Chicago.

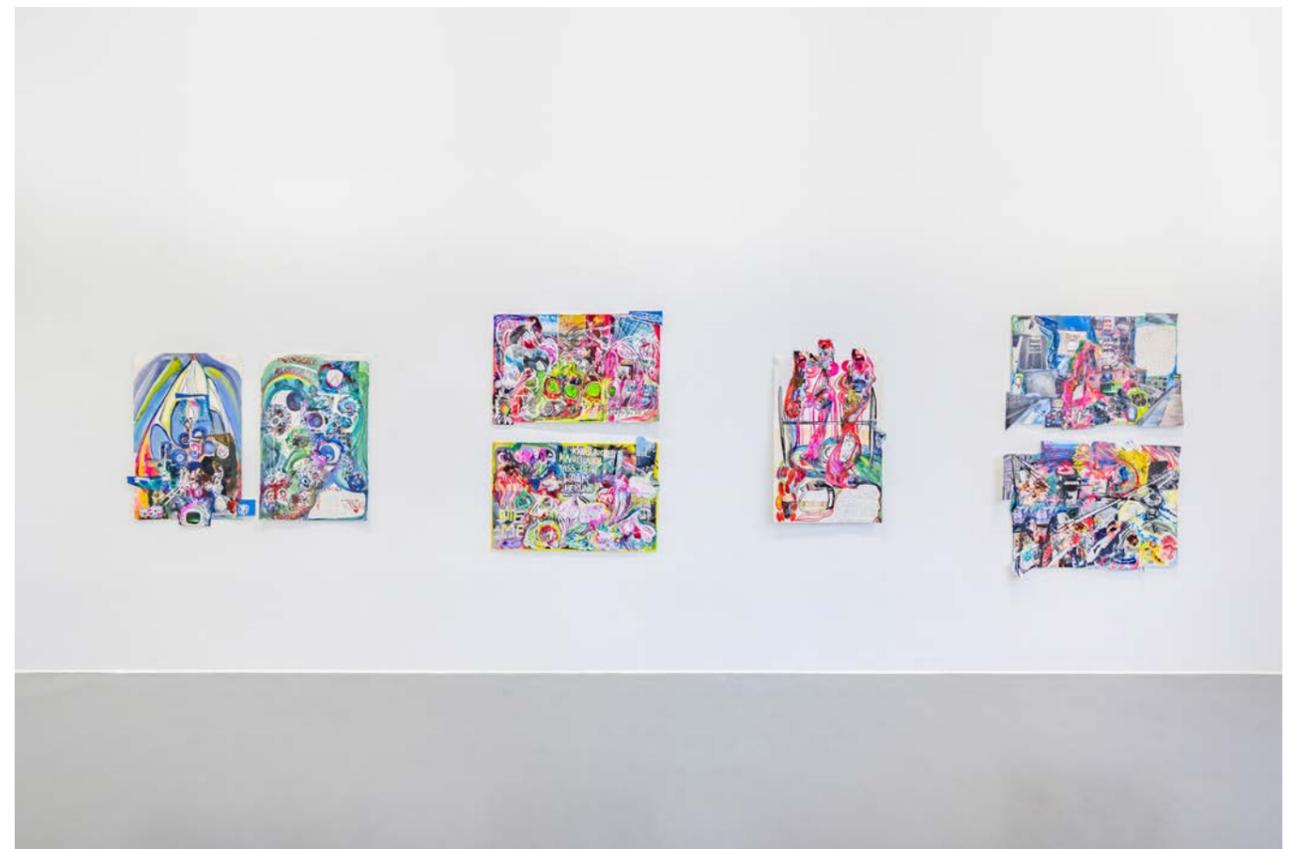
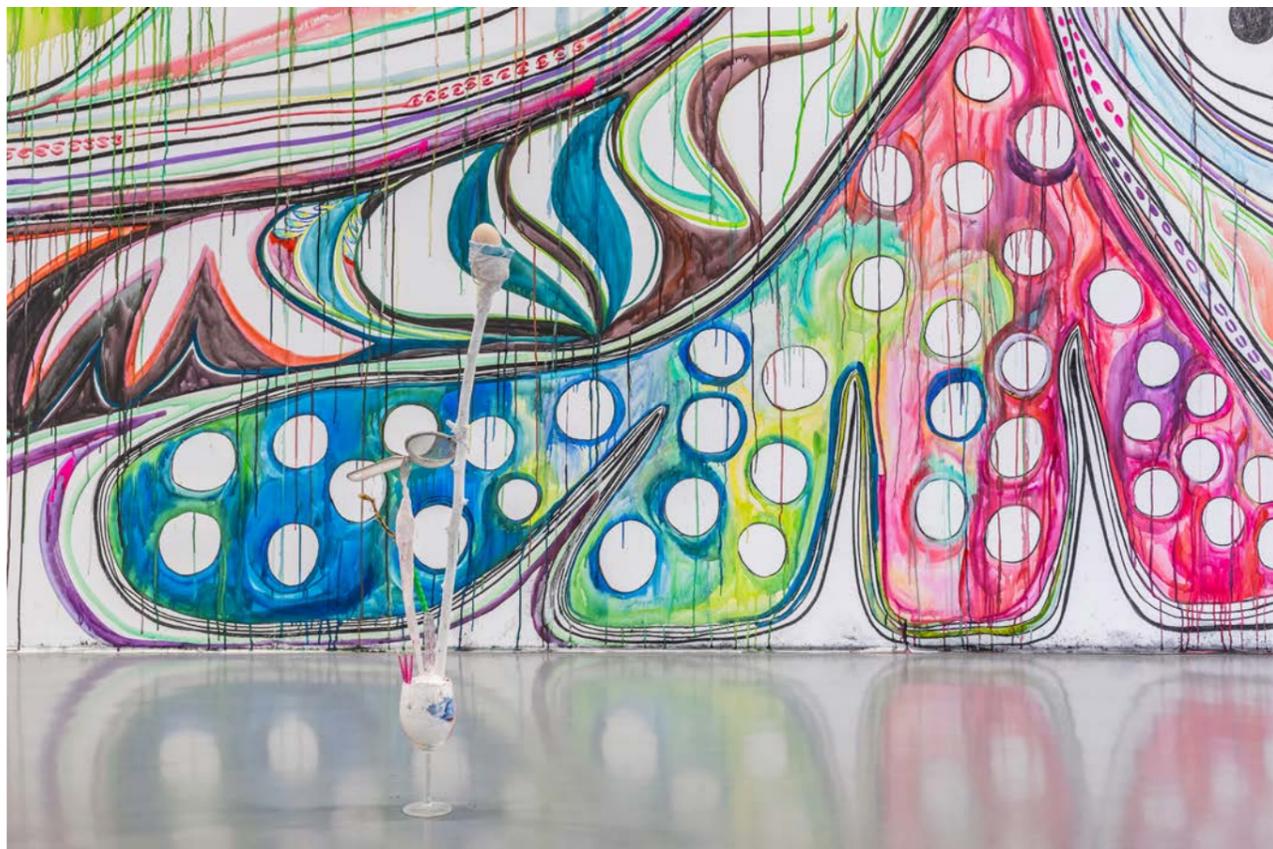
She has already processed the impressions she has gained on numerous journeys in her exhibitions and artist's books before. And this time too, she takes us to one of the most remote places in the world, to Anchorage, Alaska. „At the edge of the Round Lake. At the edge of the Round World.“ as written in one drawing of the exhibition. She takes us to her Airbnb on the Malibu RD, onto the eternal ice that centuries ago connected the continents and makes us feel the forces of nature in this place so pristine, so hostile to life, that humanity hasn't been able to subdue it.

Arriving in Chicago, everything that civilisation has to offer culminates. The American Dream collides with poverty and crime, no-go areas with a glittering skyline, and America's colonial past also manifests itself in the shocking contrast between the rich north and the poor south of the city.

The artist describes all this on a pictorial and textual level in the exhibition's collages, and drawings, interweaves it with texts by other literary figures, notes and an letter exchanges, and transforms it into an opera in which moods, body parts, organs, tear-antler prostheses, moose, snow, trees, architecture, Anchorage and Chicago take on a life of their own.

From the Pacific Ocean we thus follow Sophie Schmidt to Lake Michigan, to finally find ourselves at Lake Constance. During this journey, she shares with us her multi-layered and profound *world poetry*.

by Hannah Eckstein





up:  
*Meine Tränen werden zu Schneekristallen in Alaska* (left)  
*Who am i? Whay am i? Where am i? What am i?* (right)  
 je 105 x 78 cm,  
 Watercolor and pencil on paper  
 2023

right:  
*Ich bekomme ein Wimperngeweib aus Schneekristallen*  
 105 x 78 cm  
 Watercolor and pencil on paper  
 2023

following:  
*Jetzt ist es eben so, ich in Alaska*  
 57 x 76 cm  
 Watercolor and pencil on paper  
 2023





Jetzt ist es eben so!

16. in Alaska  
mit Trainingsboot

Es wärst mir am den Augen und ich  
ertrage die Kälte in der Malibu RD damit,  
von der Quad Wägenmaschine bis zur Hiarowelle  
wie du Moos bist in mich hinein geschossen, erst in  
jetzt spare ich dein "Beispielwasser" in meine Stirn  
Dort kann wie der Essstollen im Ocean spinnen und probieren, wie sie sich unterirdisch wenden, wie du Olaven immer mehr eis in sich auf nimmt, hab alle  
greift es bei uns in unser Gewehr sehen können wie in ein Boot würde es uns tragen? Das würde es sich nicht weiter verhalten in das hier es war  
Träne, Wasser, Salt warm, das warm der Olavens. Vor kommen hat, an die sind wir gefahren, zu die Nähe von untere in die steigen von wieder luhem.  
Aber erstmal muss ich damit umrecht kommen, dass du Moos in mich gestreift ist und der meine EC-Karte im Alaskaschnee relativ leicht und ist noch  
25 Dollar Bargeld habe, dann ist selber, heute gibt es Pass mit Öl und Salt danach könne von uns dann wird der Ozeanische zuwende.

Wenn es so dunkel war, das kannad sah was du in mein Blut eingestiegen bist, nach aufgefördert hast Dich zu Lieben,  
Schnee mit tragen "Berge" auch die Berge, folgen den Vogelspuren bis zum Eisrad auf dem Meer  
spinnen ande probieren, wie sie sich unterirdisch wenden, wie du Olaven immer mehr eis in sich auf nimmt, hab alle  
wie in ein Boot würde es uns tragen? Das würde es sich nicht weiter verhalten in das hier es war  
Vor kommen hat, an die sind wir gefahren, zu die Nähe von untere in die steigen von wieder luhem.  
Alaskaschnee relativ leicht und ist noch  
22. Januar 1994 ich sehe an die Käse-bis.





previous:

*Knoblauch, Knoblauch, lass dein Haar herunter* (68 x 100 cm)

Photo print, watercolor, and ink on paper

2023

up and right:

*Chicagobochhausobring* (up, 86 x 60 cm)

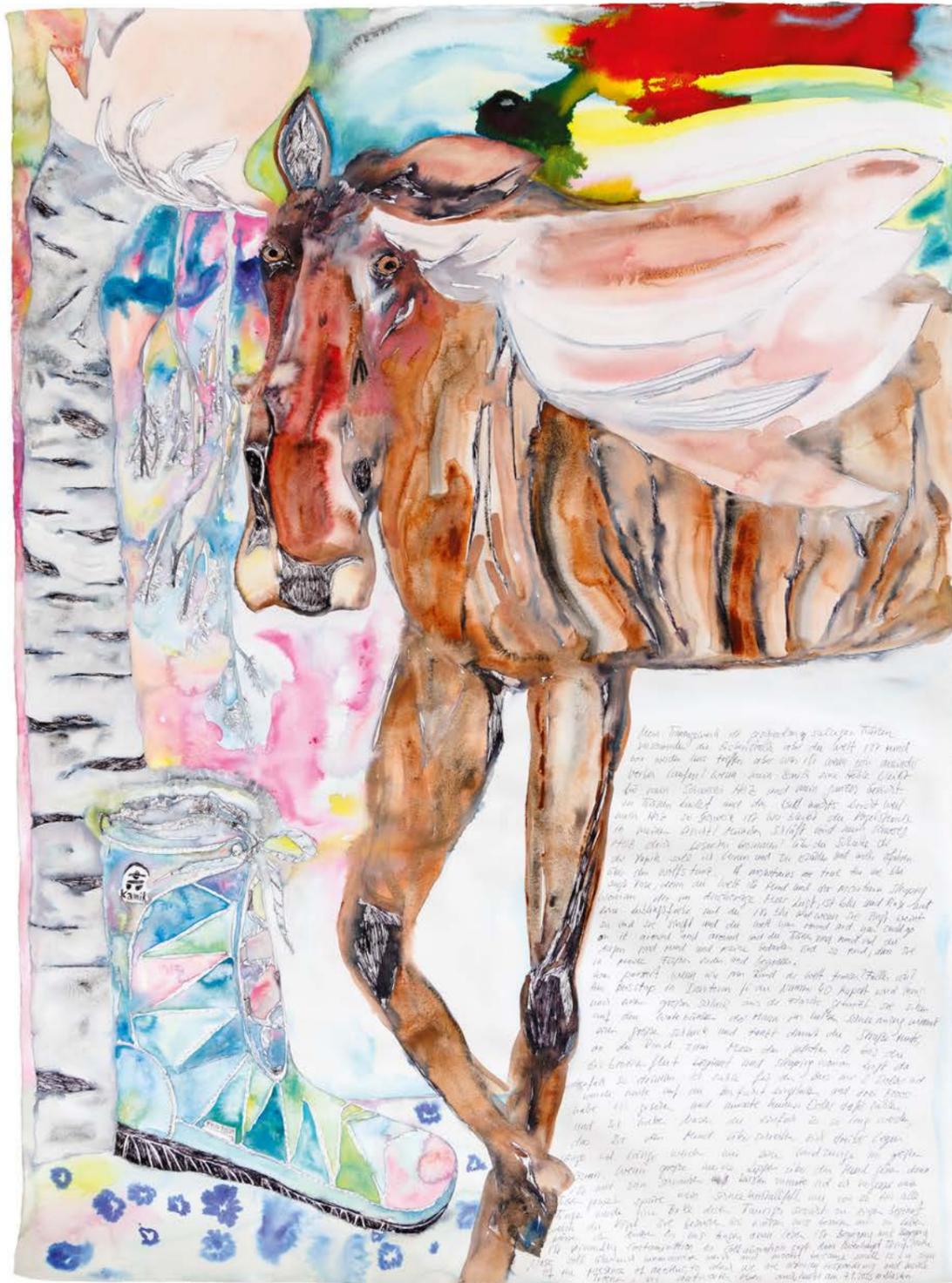
*Fingernagelglück am Chicagosee* (right, 100 x 66 cm)

Photo print, watercolor, and ink on paper

2023

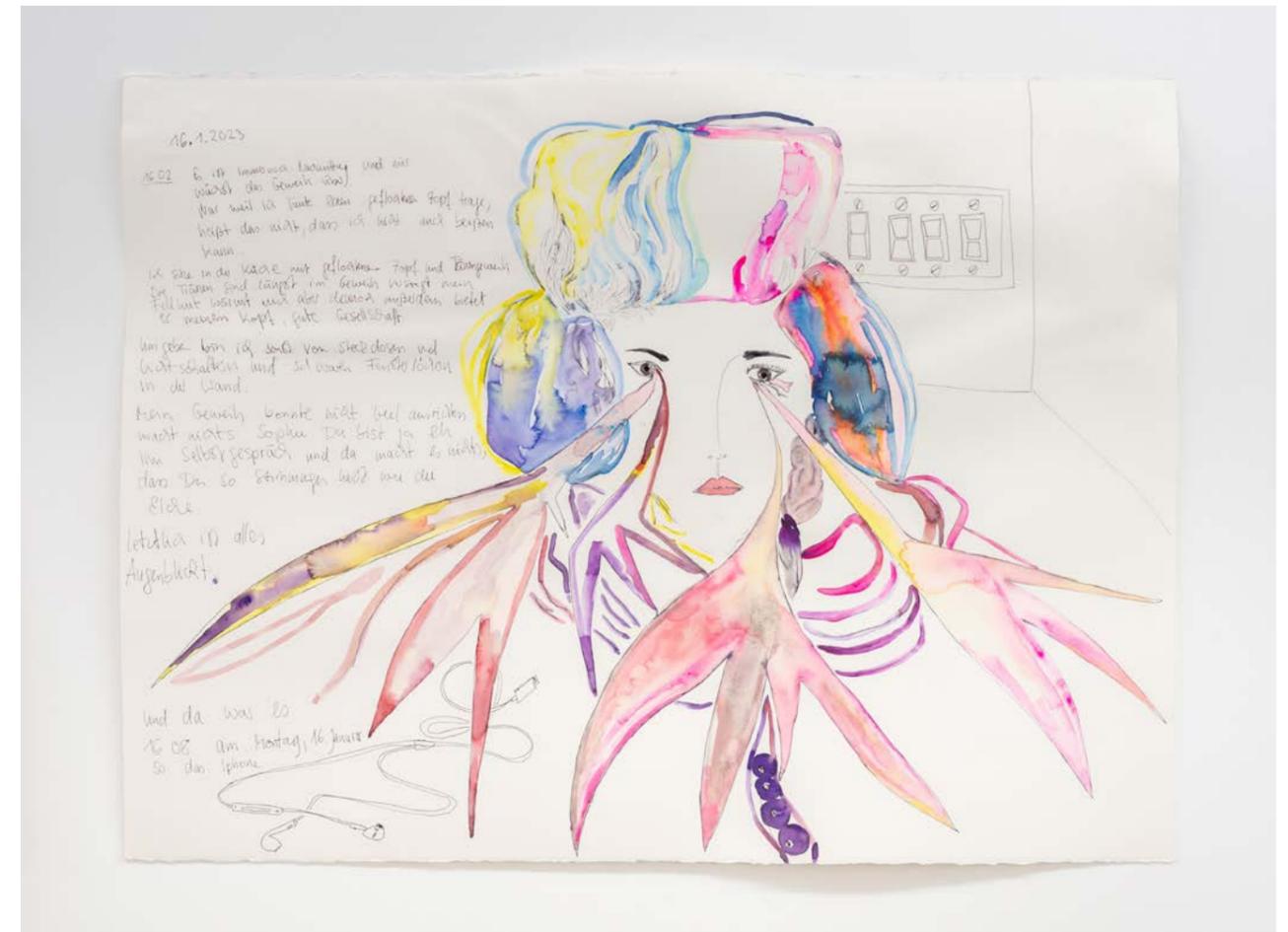






up:  
*Am Rand des runden Sees, am Rand der runden Welt*  
 Watercolor and pencil on paper  
 78 x 105 cm  
 2023

right:  
*Es ist immernoch Nachmittag und mir wächst das Geweih über*  
 57 x 76 cm  
 Watercolor and pencil on paper  
 2023



*Anchorage, Malibu Rd, in the kitchen, Monday, January 16, 2023*

She woke up in the moose bed today, January 16, 2023. Her foot still bathes in that beautiful vulva-lake, softly wrapping around her. Her tear-antlers touch another woman—or is it herself? Her head is covered with a fur hat, from which more and more fur flows out, spreading over the snow.

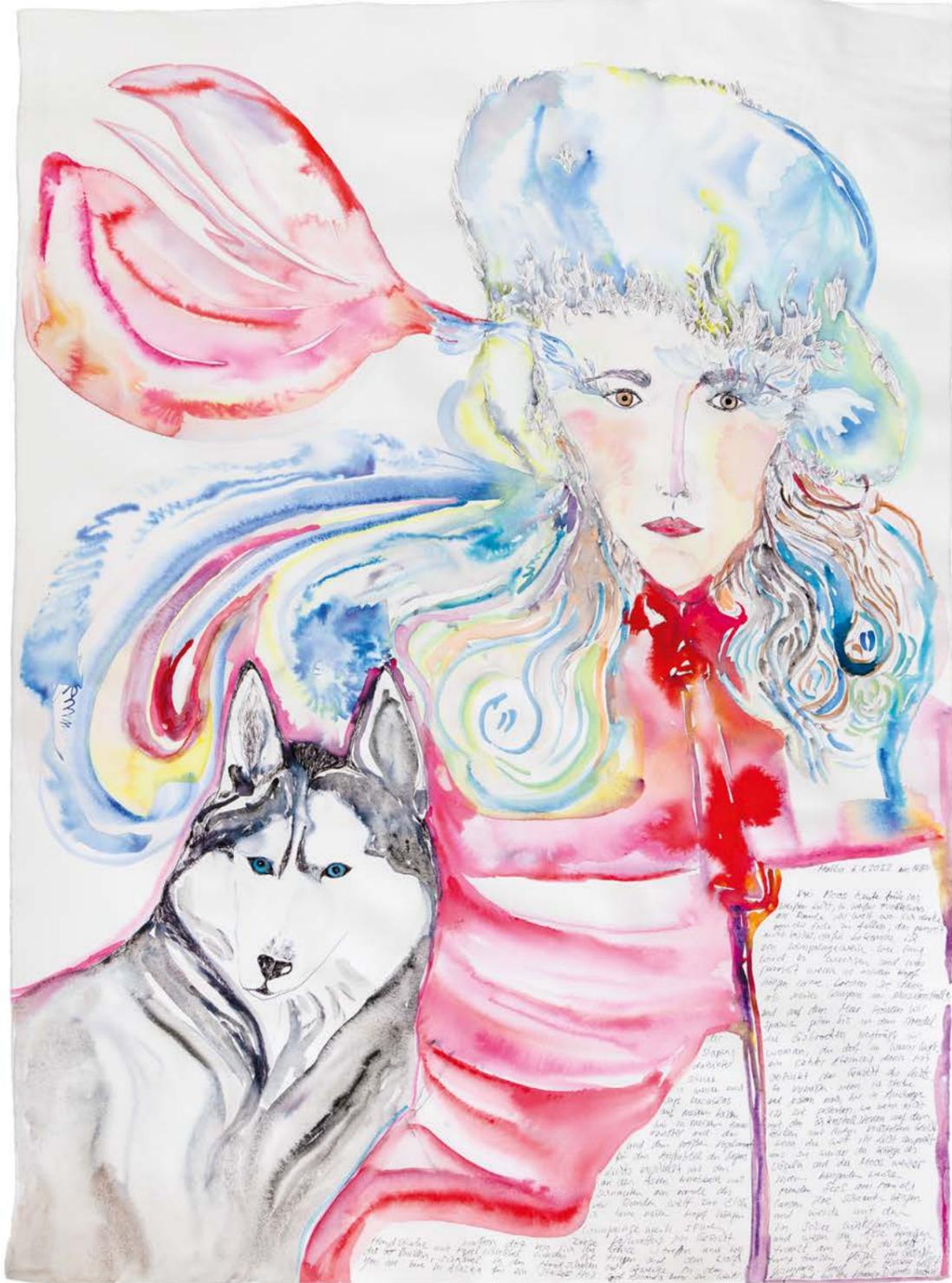
Lie down on it, beautiful, soft body, I want to press myself into you.

With headphones in my ears, Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness* leads me to her winter planet: The inhabitants of this winter planet differ from us in their sexuality. They are androgynous and sexually inactive, except during the period called kemmer. During kemmer, they assume a previously unknown, random sex, and are sexually active. Kemmer occurs in monthly cycles. The peak phase of kemmer lasts two to five days. Yet no stable sex emerges. Thus, a mother of several children can also be the father of several others.

Where are my big hands? Where is my big nose? I was a moose and turned into a woman for your pleasure. Are we entering kemmer together?

“There is no myth of Oedipus in winter,” says Ursula K. Le Guin in *The Left Hand of Darkness*.

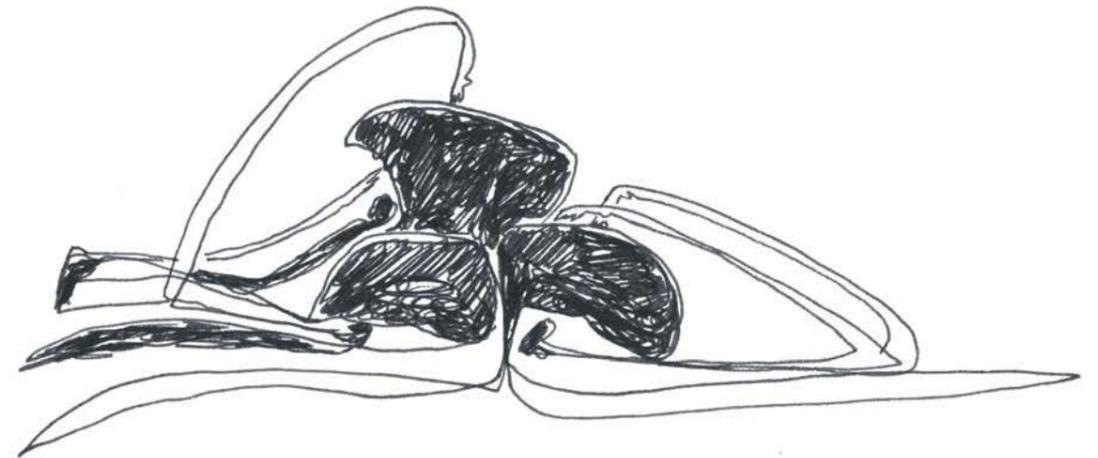
Today, the kemmer days begin in Anchorage. Come, give me your foot, I want to kiss it. Then he lowered his head, and the large snout begins to kiss her foot. His kisses turn into loud snuffing, then into a powerful gnawing, and her foot is incorporated.

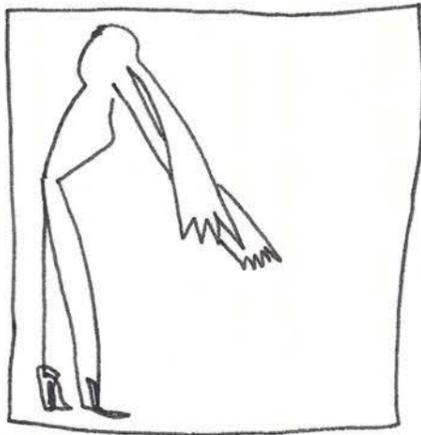


left:  
*Meine Tränen werden zu Schneekristallen in Alaska*  
 Watercolor and ink on paper  
 78 x 105 cm  
 2023

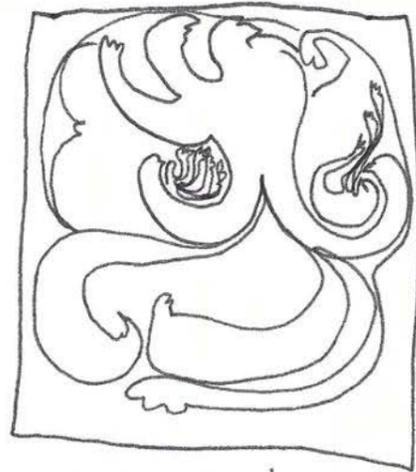


Sprache des Überlebens  
leben.  
Füße über Köpfe legen.  
Das Lied über das Oatmeal.





For a man the  
Tonge is a weapon  
Sprache als Waffe  
am Anfang war  
die Waffe  
le Guin sagt

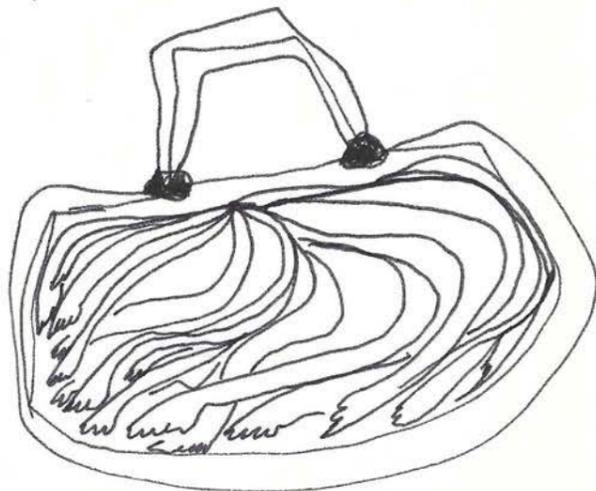
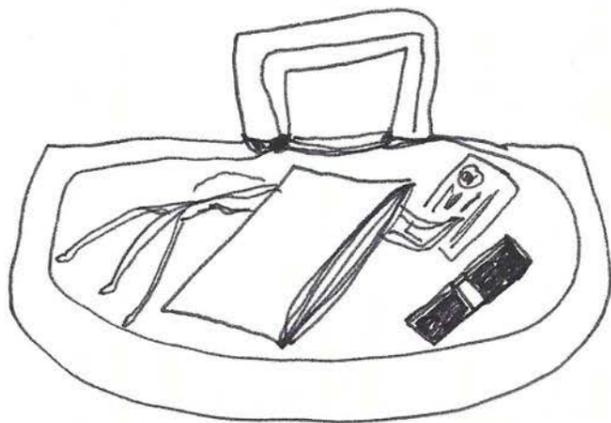


sind merkwürdig,  
Muttersprache  
Taschen?!  
ach, das ganze Leben  
ist doch eine  
ernüchterte Tasche.

Am Anfang  
war die Tasche

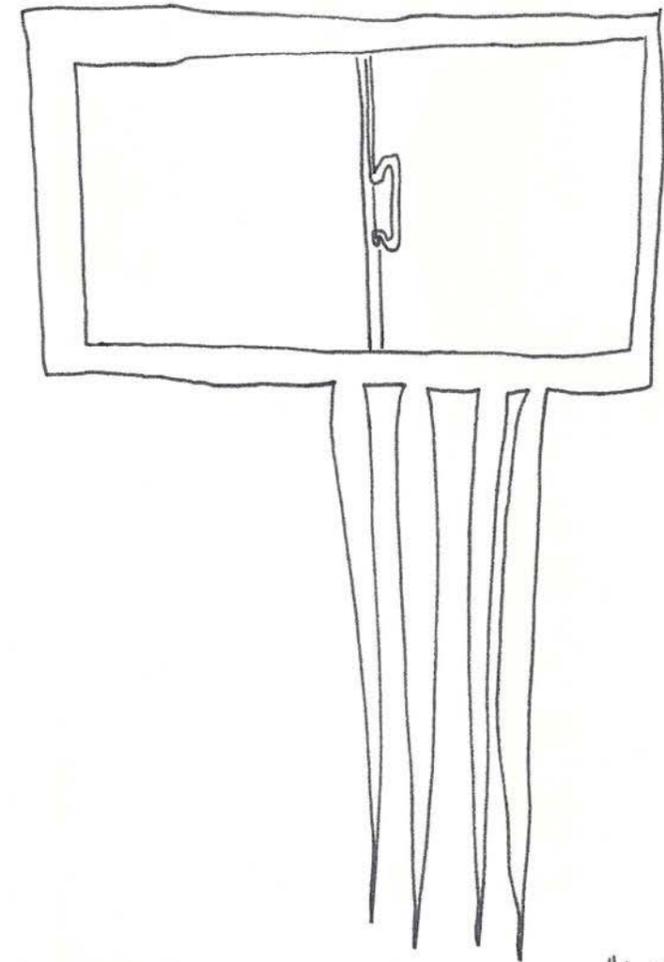


Was sammelt sie  
in deiner Tasche?



Ach, es sind Händtaschen-  
Verstrickungen, der Lippenstift  
und die Le Guin liegt drinne  
mit der Kreditkarte, Doleuse...  
und der 2. Lippenstift.

Achso, bei mir kommt  
es in Taschenbezugung  
tausend Zungenfüße hüten  
nach einer Standpunkt, gelingt  
natürlich nicht weil sie  
Zudatort werde vol weil die  
Le Guin sagt, sieht ein Held in einer  
Tasche an, es muss sich



Mein  
Alaskafenski  
weint  
Spitze  
Tränen  
wie ich



1. Moosbegegnung  
Downtown  
Anchorage  
am 1.1. 2023

## From the Alaska sketch book

Drawing series  
each 21 x 29,7 cm  
Ink on paper  
2023



So weit wir auch fahren, so nah  
wir auch kommen  
(We drive so far, we come so close)

Galerie Tobias Naehring, Leipzig  
Solo show  
Painting, object, performance  
2022-23  
Photos: dotgain.info

*So weit wir auch fahren, so nah wir auch kommen*  
*(We drive so far, we come so close)*

Wonders of the world point us back to the verb *mirari*, to wonder at, or to marvel. But nowadays the relation or thinking that unlocks the world commences not in wonderment or awe, but in fright and even horror.

Whether Patent Leather Shoes in Europe or a Venice Beach Roller Skate in LA, be it more black and white or more glowing red: a woman or a man dons it not to return home, but to exist outside. Sophie Schmidt fills that which is called format no more and no less than the Yellow Macchinetta fills her studio or the Coyote fills a street in Pasadena. It's not that her large-format paintings and then post-cards bring back the Blaue Reiter. On the contrary, they bring to bear the fact that the site of painting is as undetermined as the site of performance, that where the body ends and the prosthesis begins remains an open question. What's more, the things in the gallery are set at a distance. In Munich, the canvases were inhabited by things that clothe the body, like a jean jacket and shoes, things that expand the body, like kitchen appliances, or that nourish the body, like a coffee pot. After a residency in America, however, beings took the place of things: a cactus, a butterfly, trees, and quasi-beings like the vitally charged (more so than the Munich shoe) roller skate and a hat that protects its wearer from skyscrapers like a tent. The European pictures are smaller (200 x 150) than the American ones (200 x 200), the former are more realistic and drier, the latter, more dionysian, if you will. Not only does the new exhibition distinguish itself from the former pictures, its very composition illustrates this difference: the Knee Mountains from 2020 were made with charcoal only, while in 2022 they are enhanced through watercolor, and to a degree which escalates on the way from Munich to LA. All the pictures emerge on pre-stretched and pre-grounded canvases. On this type of painted surface, the limit between the heteronomous and the self-determined seems to become tangible. Or it turns out to be a screen on which the dawn of Nietzsche's quality-measuring dynamometer is depicted quantitatively, extensively. And thanks to qualities that are more than just opposite as in drawing and watercolor, line and plane, with a performance or a life that truly penetrates into the image, the painting becomes humongous, a monster, which Virgil regards as no less than sign and miracle – or it becomes a world.

The store-bought white canvas is not emptied but rather filled. Realia come into relief, and it's no longer just an objective affair that objects are joined by beings and black is joined by color, but it's still a sequence. As far as it goes, this addition can be understood as an art after the end of its autonomy. Moreover, Wolfgang Ullrich would be hard pressed to read the expressiveness which characterizes all of Sophie Schmidt's formulations and harkens back to Hans Bellmer's puppets and Rebecca Horn's kinetic objects not as demurral, but as evidence of an outlier in which the autonomy of art depicts itself historically and contemporarily. But are we not perhaps even reading Roman art of an intended imperiousness: heteronomous, autonomous, especially in terms of form? And when the author appears as *The Last of the Mohicans*, then doesn't the world emerge as a monster, and the monster as animal, then as sign and then once again as miracle? Ullrich's "art after the end of its autonomy" can begin, now that the monstrous has entered, albeit into a memory.

So weit wir auch fahren, so nah wir auch kommen. We drive so far, we come so close: the pictures that Sophie Schmidt shows under this title always exceed for-

mats like painting or performance, Europe or America. Yet they can be brought into a sequence which is determined by the artist and thereby autonomous. Since it is sequential, it is also patently clear why the first exhibition at Tobias Naehring is black and white and the second is also in color. The horizon is not set in stone; it's time itself which is the future, and time is still open, even if it seems threatening:

And so we left the Alhambra and went into the desert, to the Joshua trees and into the valley of death, for days we drove through oceans of sand, and this endlessness was almost too much, and everything was too vast.

Berthold Reiss









*Los Angeles, Pasadena, Aug. 30th*

The cactuses bloom at the midnight hour. Midnight fruit. We ate you when the coyote came, cut through your red skin, thrust our tongues in, rolled them in your flesh.

The coyote prowls through the city's buildings at night, cactuses cast their shadow on the walls of houses, their long trunk branching into several tongues, they lick the tar of the blacktop, they lick the coyote's fur.

His howling presses its impression in the fat pillows of the city. They're big and plump when heavy heads sink down into them by night, when dreams don't find their flow, cause air conditioners keep them frozen there.

What happens if we open buried wounds, if the tar tenderizes and uncovers its deep layers. If the earth narrates its wounds, if she cries and we demolish our knowledge, layer by layer, so we can discern her voice. If we listen, and if the AC is unplugged for dreams. If we thaw out our dreams. We have to thaw them out now.

by Sophie Schmidt,  
translated by Whiliam Locke Wheeler



previous:

*Gelbe Caffettiera, 19. Juni 2022* (left)  
Charcoal, watercolor and ink on canvas  
2022

*Kojote, 5. Oktober, 2022* (right)  
200 × 200 cm  
Charcoal, watercolor and ink on canvas  
2022

left:

*Blauer Schuh mit Reißverschluss und Erdbeeren, 9. August 2022*  
200 × 160 cm  
Charcoal, watercolor and ink on canvas  
2022

following:

*Lackschuhe, 30. August 2022*  
200 × 160 cm  
Charcoal, watercolor and ink on canvas  
2022





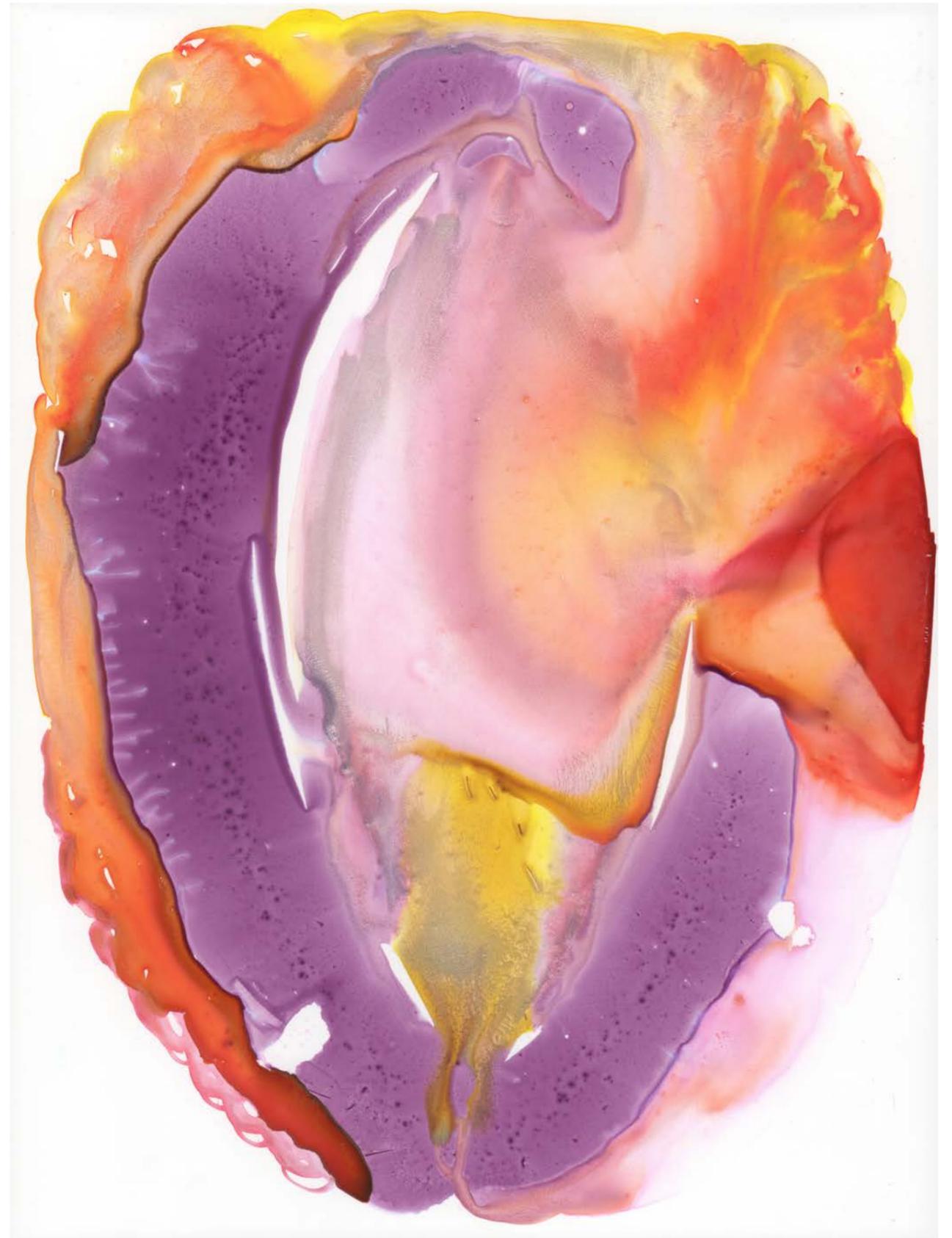
up:  
*Pastasieb mit Erdbeeren, 3. August 2022*  
160 x 200 cm  
Charcoal, watercolor and ink on canvas  
2022

left:  
*Küchengeräte, 1. August 2022*  
200 x 160 cm  
Charcoal, watercolor and ink on canvas  
2022

following:  
*Kaktus im Liebesakt, 23. Oktober 2022*  
*Gelbe Caffettiera, 19. Juni 2022*  
200 x 160 cm  
Charcoal, watercolor and ink on canvas  
2022











From the drawing series  
Vulven  
(Vulvas)

Drawing series  
each 21 x 29,7 cm  
Watercolor and ink on paper  
2023



## Luft zu Haut (Air to skin)

Beacon, Munich  
Solo show  
5 Paintings (Acrylic, colored pencil, chalk, charcoal, and snow on canvas)  
each 200 x 200 cm

2022  
Photos: Thomas Splett

up:  
*Schneehuhnfrau V (Wir müssen Butterstücke essen)*



*Luft zur Haut  
(Air to skin)*

Sophie Schmidt moves between worlds. The artist is at home in painting, sculpture, performance, and text. In her work, these modes of expression intertwine, creating a dense narrative fabric. A fantastical world emerges, from which Schmidt reports to viewers: her encounters with water saints and the martyr San Gennaro, Radicchio and tomato women, knee-mountains and crab rites, ptarmigans, mosquitoes, lung-breeding birds, zonal glows and fringe lights. For Schmidt, it is always also about the body in motion, about its extension through prostheses she has developed—not to support an injured body, but to allow it to expand in intriguing ways (Schmidt calls this “body extension”).

In the exhibition Air to Skin, the body is again the central theme. The title evokes the idea that air can become a kind of skin, that the atmosphere surrounding the body becomes part of bodily perception. Here at beacon, fully focused on painting and text, the works speak of internal body images seeking expression, of motility, and always of symbioses between humans and animals.

The “starting image” for this presentation is Nothing Lies Between Us Anymore, That Separates Us: in it, Schmidt depicts her physically sensual tracing of a suddenly glowing nasal bridge, drawing attention to the narrow ridge between the nostrils. The abstraction on the canvas allows the nostrils and nasal structures to be recognizable as motifs, yet it remains entirely free of fixed meaning. The accompanying text, a typical example of Schmidt’s *écriture automatique*, is part of the expressive performance that this painting embodies. Physical boundaries dissolve into a vision.

Time boundaries are repeatedly transcended as well, when the artist encounters figures and stories from the past in her dream-rich present (for example, San Gennaro). The ptarmigans are such beings, moving across times: when Schmidt was in Venice in 2021 for a fellowship, they appeared as motifs, not only in the artist’s inner images but also in the historical visage of the city. She brought the “ptarmigan glow” back to Munich and translated it into canvases that literally blaze. The boundaries between animal plumage and views of the human body no longer exist there. Instead, they merge into a simultaneous sensation of these incompatible bodily realities.

All of this must appear surreal to us. Yet when Sophie Schmidt writes in one of her daily diary drawings from Taipei, “Tonight I want to lay my heavy heart on the pillow,” the dissolution of the body suddenly becomes a universally familiar desire, even a necessity.

Elisa Tamaschke

up:

*Schneehuhnfrau III (Aufplusterung, Wimpern und Zorn im Gefieder)*

following:

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

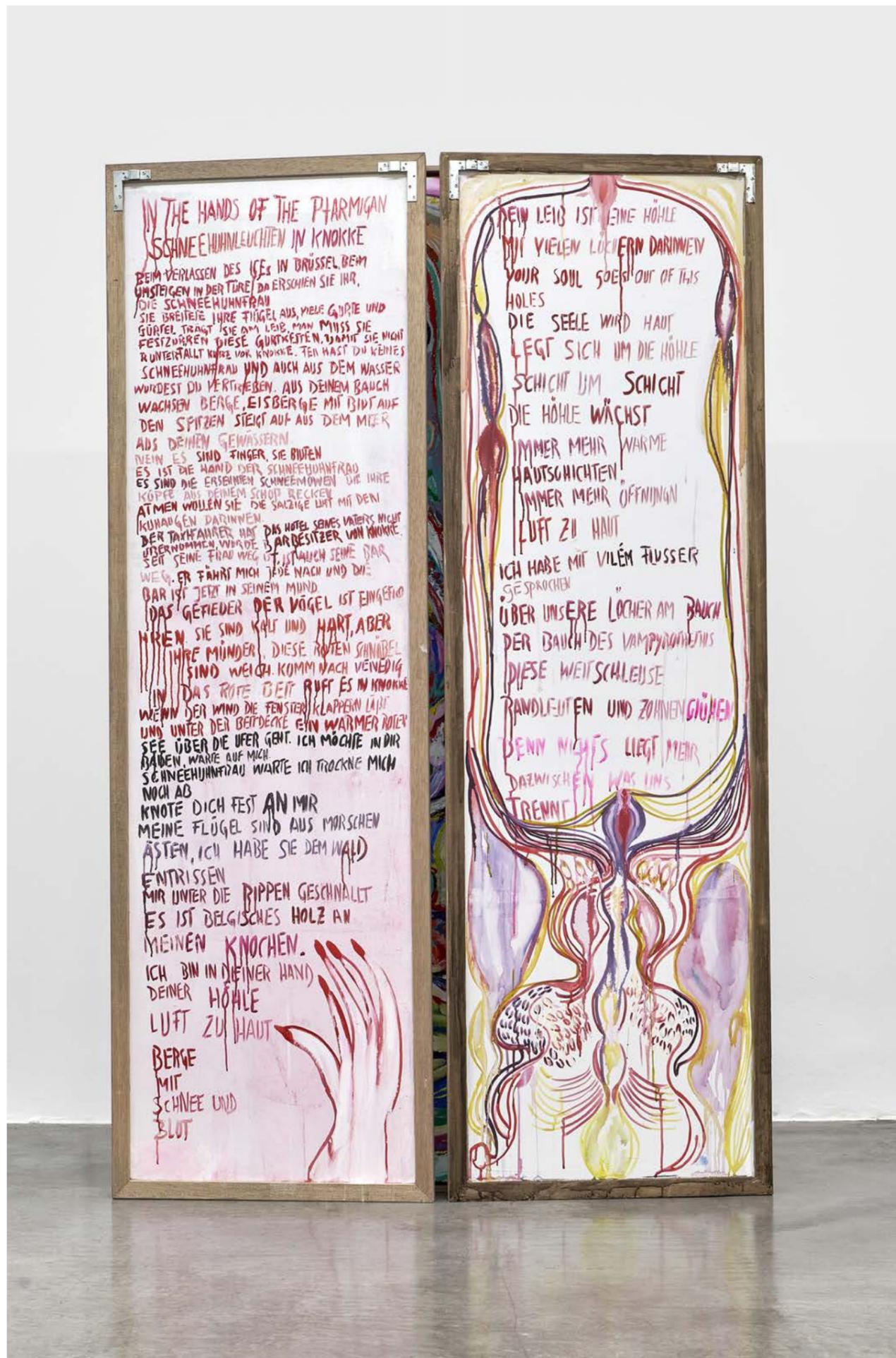
*Schneehuhnfrau IV (Lass uns nochmal tanzen)*

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









## Tryptichon und Schneehuhn (Triptych and snow grouse)

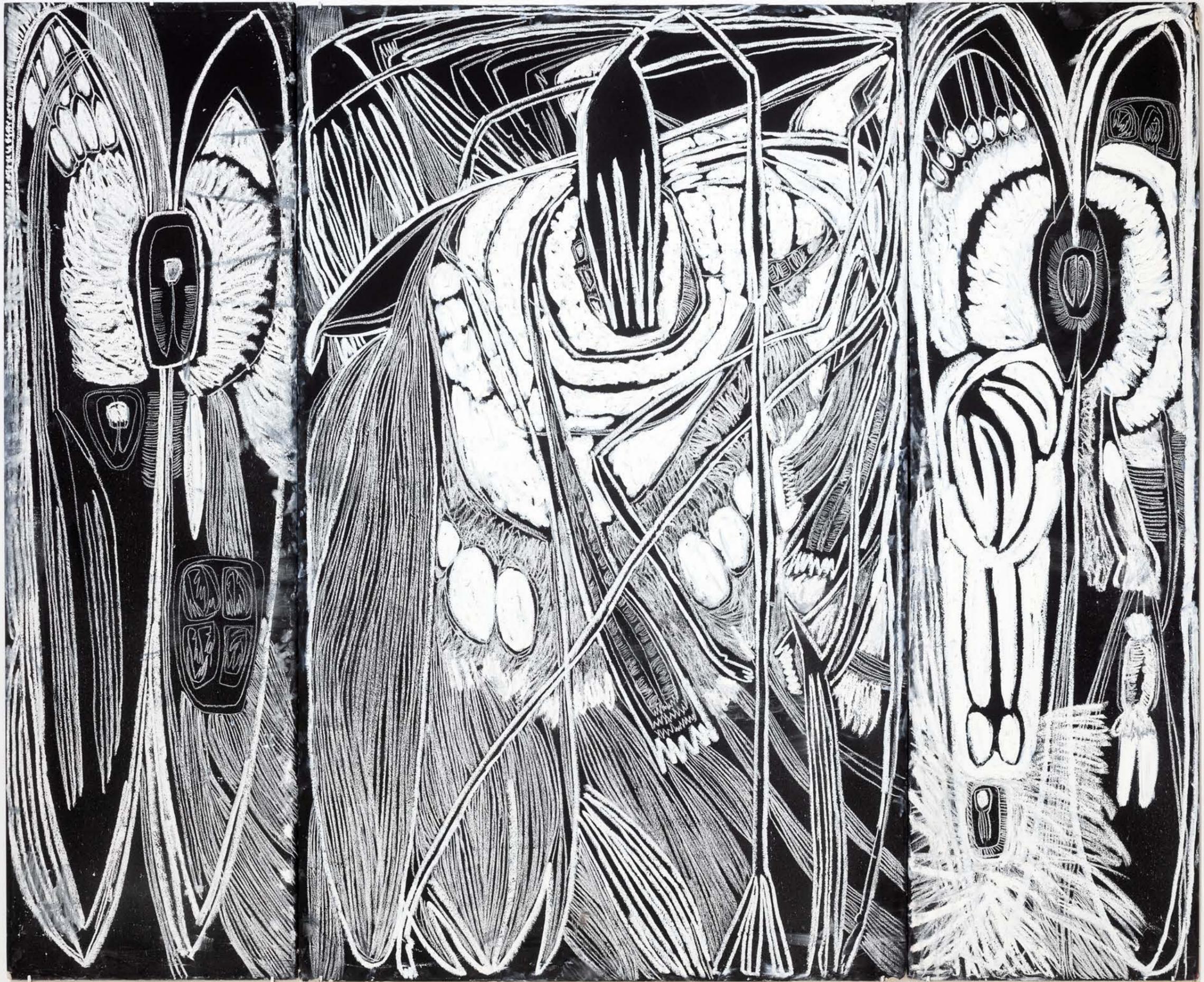
Galerie Kunst und Kunz, Munich  
Objets and sculptures  
Mixed media  
2022  
Photos: Sigfried Wameser



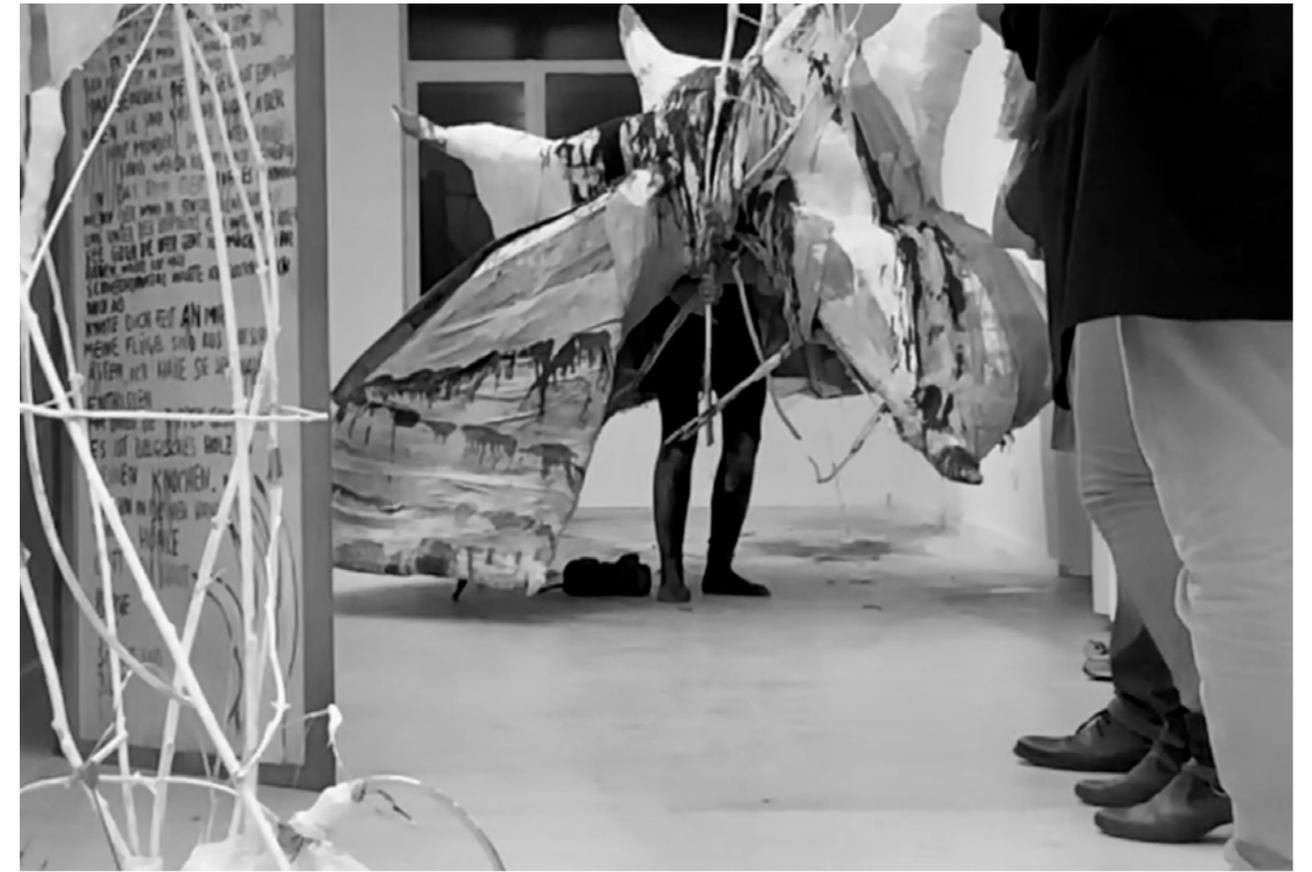
## Moby Dick in Cologne

Art Cologne, Kunst Knuz Gallerie Editions, Cologne  
 Performance with object (Wire, plaster, hoses, branches, metal)  
 2021  
 Photos: Wolfgang Burat Courtesy

The performance was staged in the context of the annual art fair Art Cologne. „Moby Dick“ relates to different aspects of the performance, both the unpractical size of the object, but also the dominance of patriarchal structures of the art market.







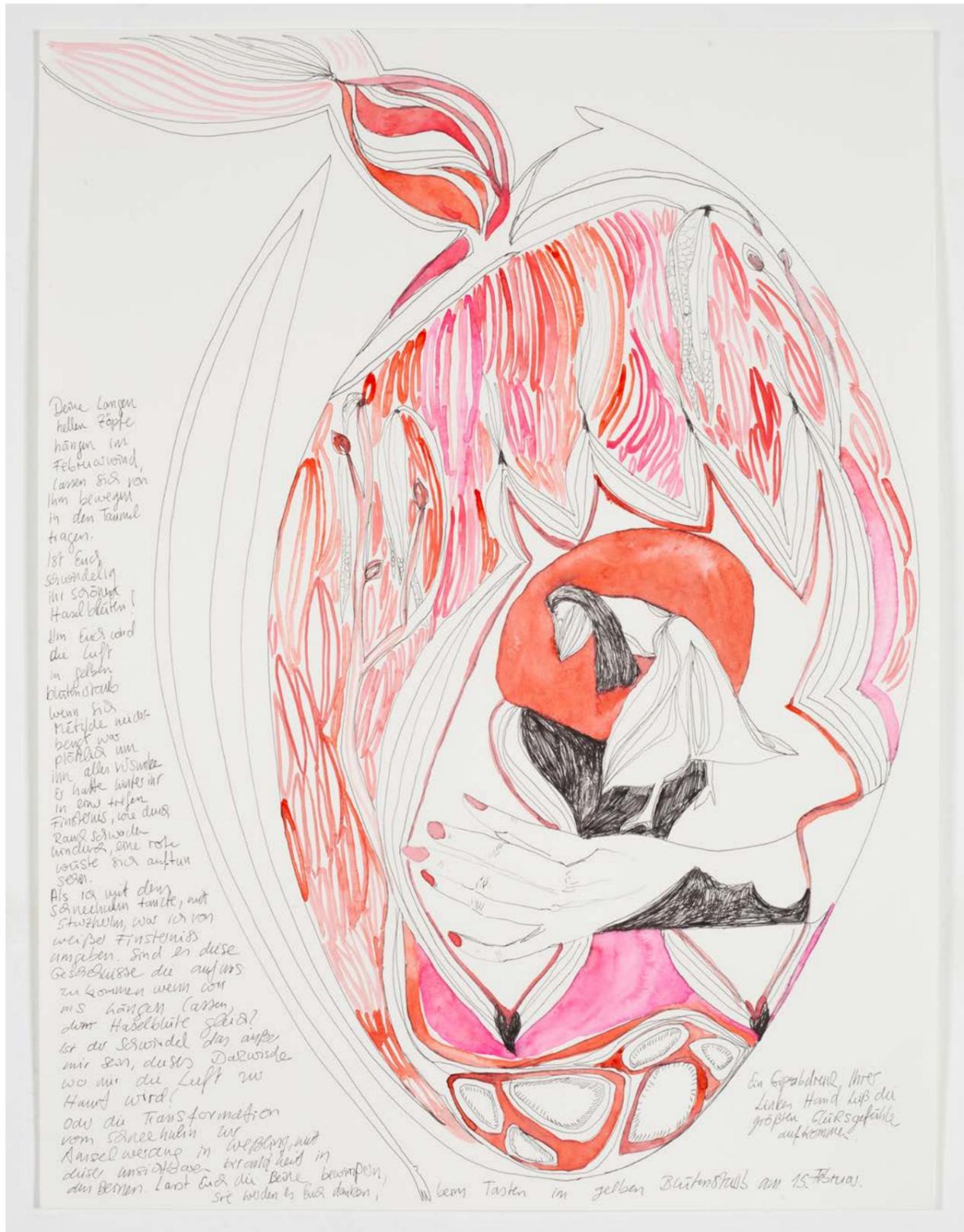
In the Hands of the Ptarmigan —  
Schneehuhnleuchten in Knokke  
(In the Hands of the Ptarmigan —  
Snowbird Lights in Knokke)

KNUST KUNZ Belgium, Knokke-Heist, BE  
Exhibition and Performance, part 1  
2023  
Photos: Nikolai Gumbel

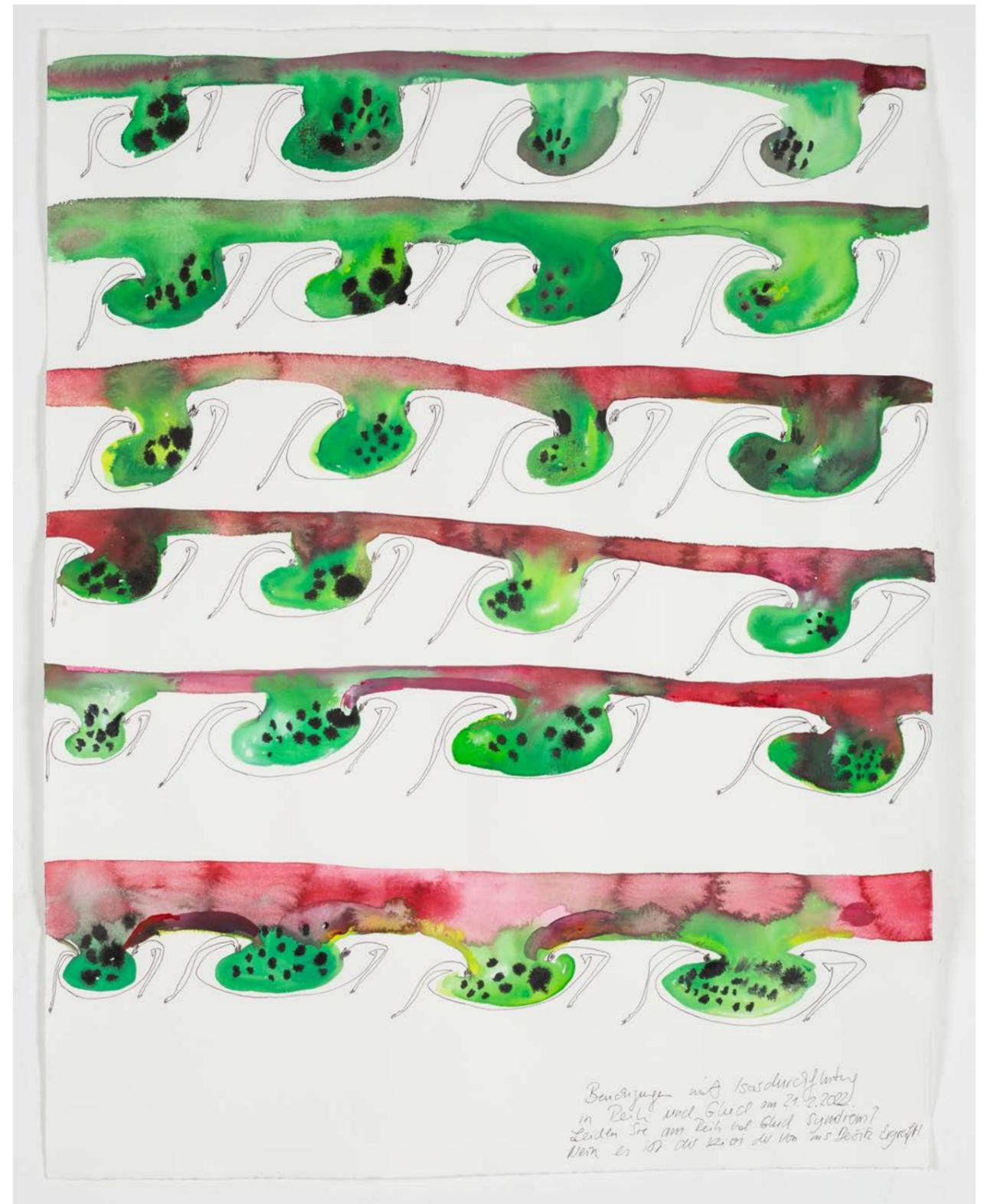














## Schwindelaquarelle

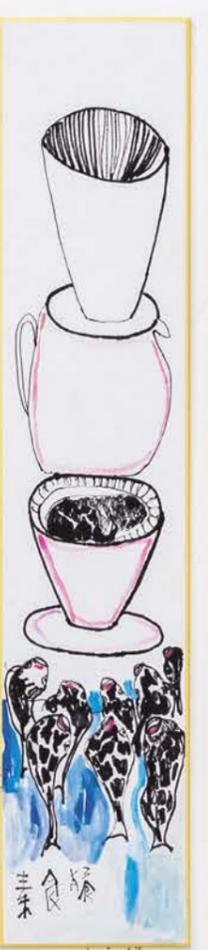
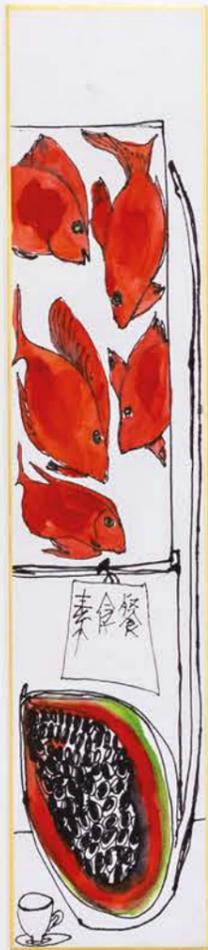
Drawing series  
 Watercolor on paper  
 each 53 x 78 cm  
 2022

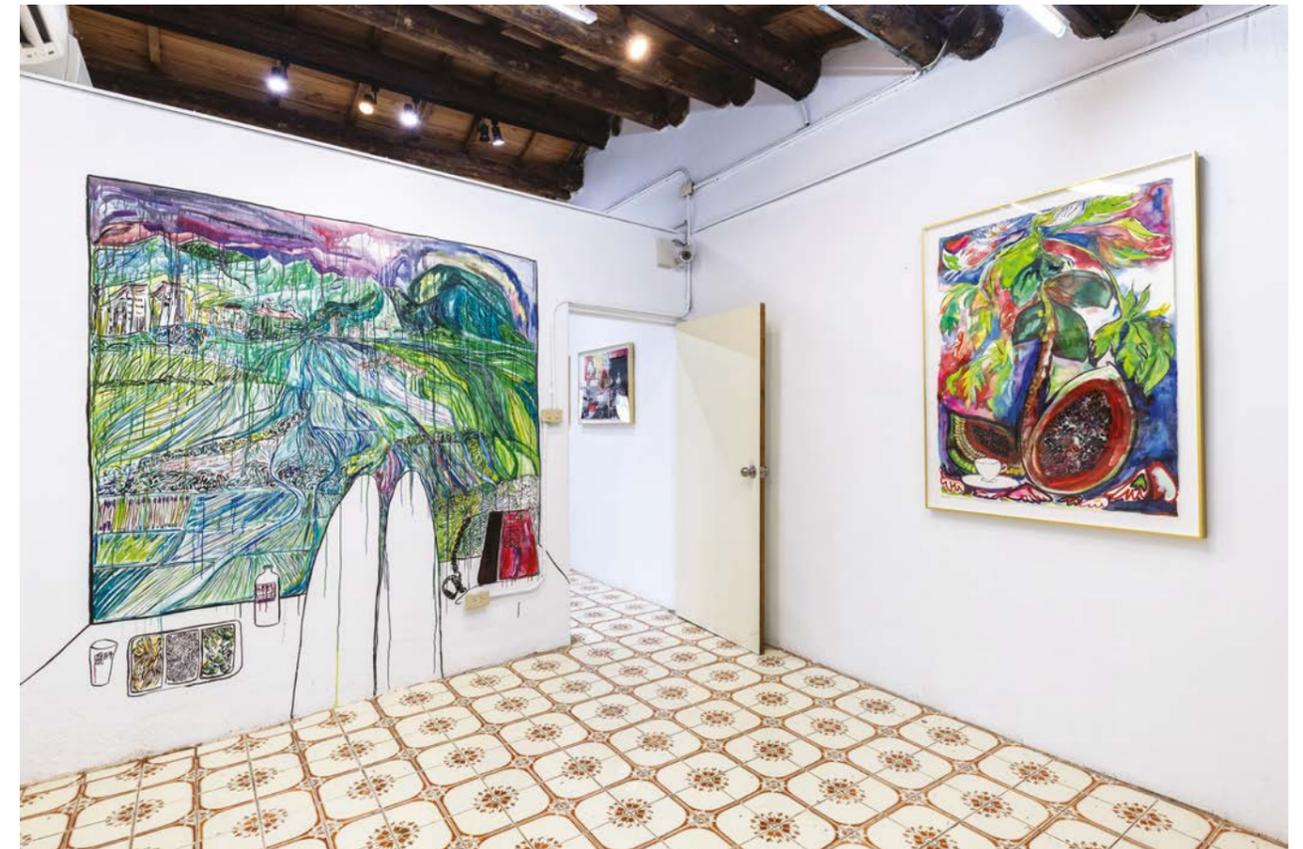
Photos: Constanza Meléndez



## Bauchvorhangöffnung (Abdominal curtain opening)

Galerie Tobias Nachring, Berlin  
Solo show  
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?

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

Link to performance documentation: <https://vimeo.com/784588973?share=copy#t=0>



*How Much Venice Water Do You Carry In Your Legs, Still?*  
*How Much Taipeh Water*

*Do You Feel In The Fields, Now?* shows artistic works and texts by Sophie Schmidt which were made in 2021 as part of two residencies (German Study Centre Venice and Taipei Artist Village, Taiwan ).

Various elements become connective tissue linking her journeys first to Venice and then to Taipei: the water of the two island cities as well as isolation, only being able to leave the hotel room temporarily under special pandemical conditions, or not at all. Hence her artistic engagement revolves around questions of being in the world as an existential, physical and psychic exploratory process into spaces of one's own and spaces of the strange and unfamiliar. The pictures, collages, performances and text miniatures in this book give insight into inner happenings that are tightly interwoven with the stage of outer happenings observable from the bed, on this side and the other side of the window. Motionless in the body, but emotionally in upheaval, two main motifs characterise the works, which expressively pulsate with brushstrokes kept mostly within red tones: firstly, the juxtaposition of Renaissance Venice and contemporary Taipei, and secondly, body extensions and prostheses. Liquidating borders, body and world link, interleave, marry, melting into leaves, fruits, birds, fishes, landscapes, architectures and spaces, becoming ornamental, flowing and hovering, penetrated by omnipotent water at once seemingly joined by the body and yet also flowing through it.

by Carina Herring,  
translated by Whiliam Locke Wheeler

left:  
*Papayafrau*  
106 x 78 cm  
Watercolor and ink on paper  
2021





*Here in front of the window the fields are steaming, and the room is moist too.*

We went for a walk in the sewage system of Munich, in the underground canals near the Isar. I was naked; you held me in your arms. Mice were living in my bowels, and they crept out of me, and then Cosimo was standing in front of me. My entire entrails were full of these mice, and I pulled them out of me, but they wanted to go back. Here in front of the window the fields are steaming, and the room here inside is also moist. I've turned on the air-conditioning to ventilate, have stuffed all the plastic dishes and cups into the pink garbage bag and cleaned the wash basin with the towel, then washed my nighty and hung it up in the wardrobe to dry.

Here clothes stay moist. Even the bed never gets quite dry after already fourteen nights, despite air-conditioning. My skin brush lies together with the brushes at the window, and I'm waiting for the sun after the steam.

St. Ursula brings me clarity with her raised hand and her fingers and her finger conditions for marriage.

But what am I to do with the mice there in me, and everything always happens so unexpectedly.

Sophie Schmidt,  
translated by Whilam Locke Wheeler

previous:

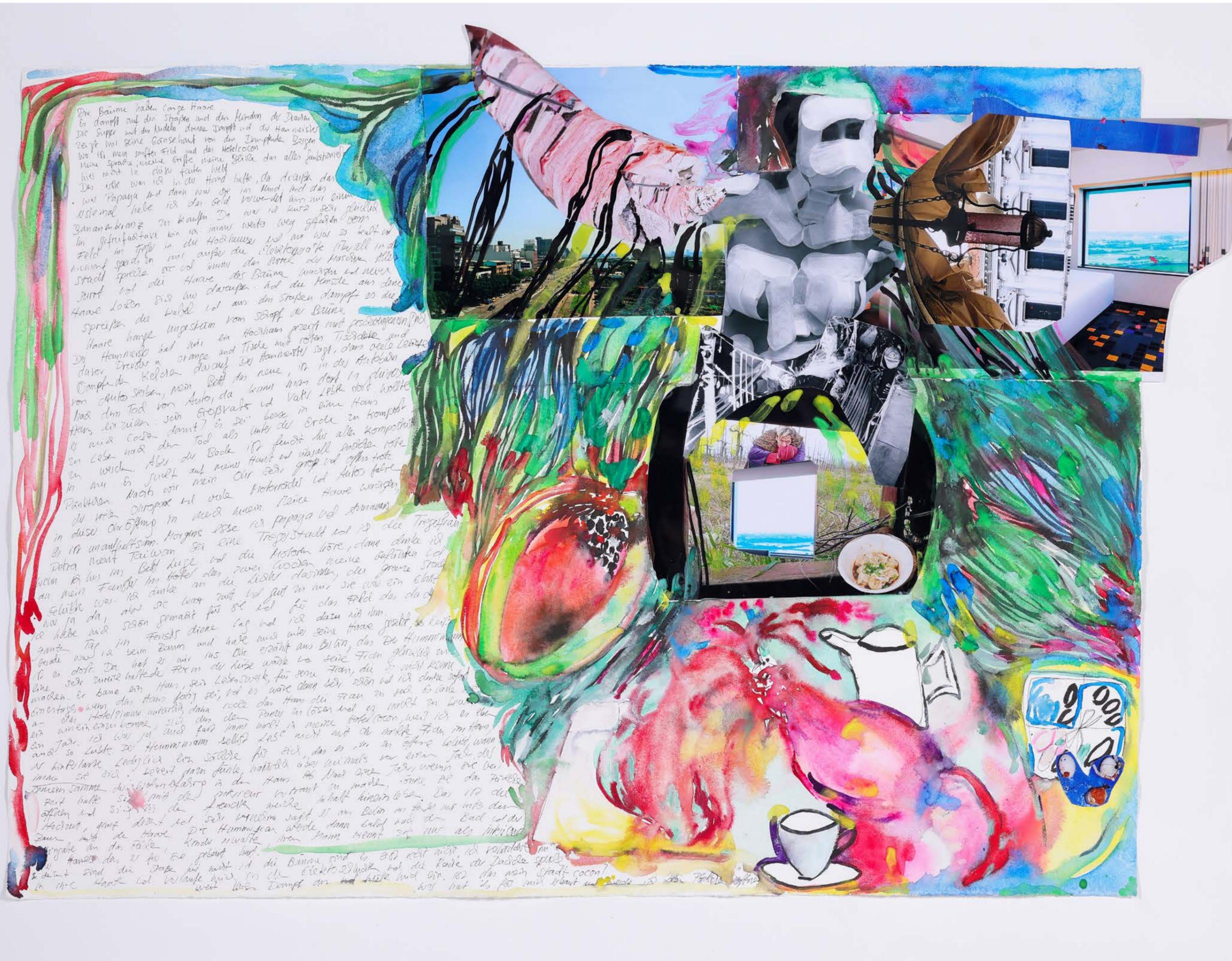
*Papayafrau*  
Wall drawing in two parts, part 1  
Watercolor and ink on wall  
2,50 x 3,00 m  
2021

right:

*Taipehfeldwerdung mit Kniebergen in A Loft Hotel*  
Wall drawing in two parts, part 2  
Watercolor and ink on wall  
2,50 x 3,00 m  
2021

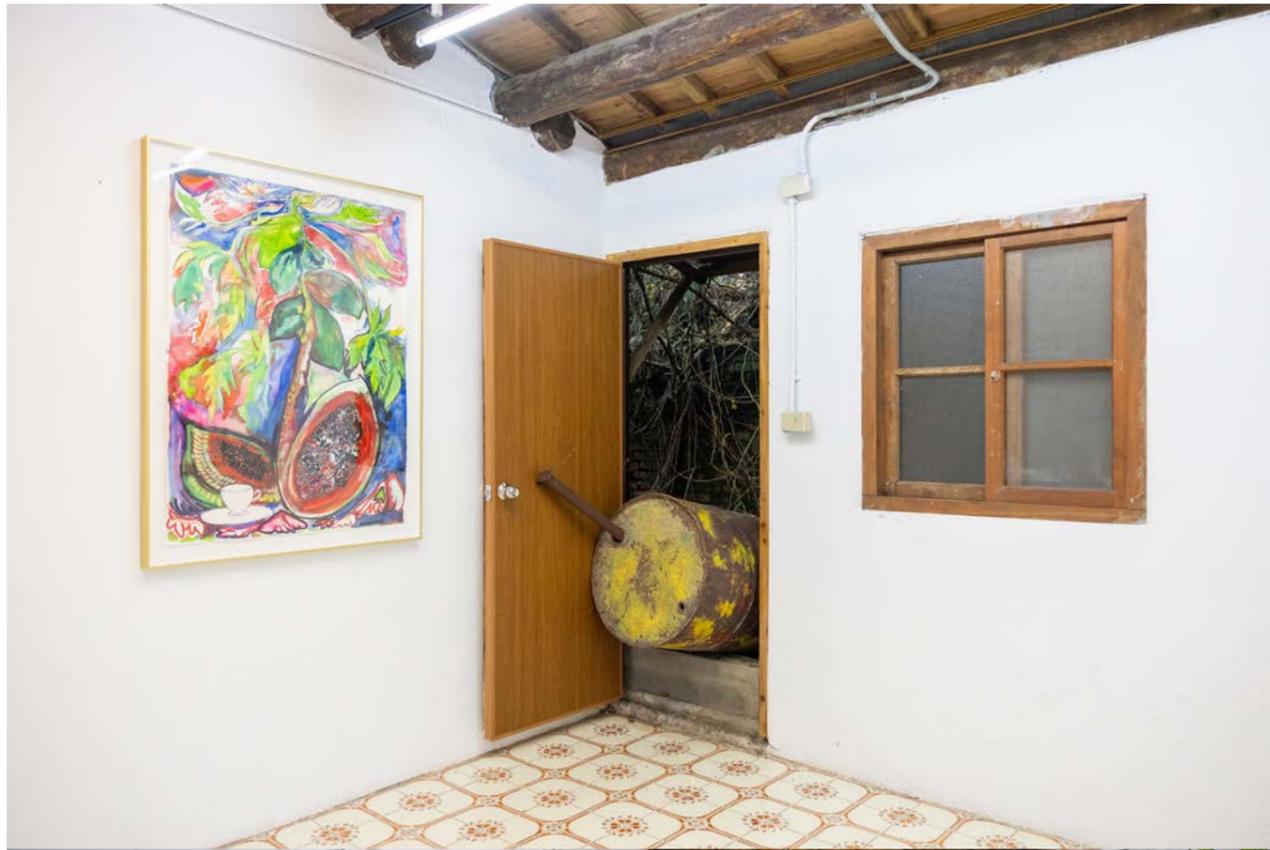
following:

*Draußen, hinter dem Fenster: Die Bäume haben lange Haare, es dampft aus den Straßen und den Mündern der Drachen*  
Photo print, watercolor, and ink on paper  
78 x 106 cm  
2021



Die Bäume haben lange Haare  
 Es dampft auf den Straßen und den Händen der Drogen  
 Die Suppe mit den Nudeln dünne Dampf und die Hand weicht  
 Zeigt mir seine Gänsehaut von den Dampf der Bergen  
 Wo ich mein saftiges Feld und das Hotelcocon  
 Meine sprache, meine greife meine Bäcker das alles funktioniert  
 hier mit in diese feuchte Welt  
 Das ist wie ich in die Hand lichte, da drüben das  
 Was Papaya hat dann was sie im Hand und das  
 100mal habe ich das Geld verwendet um mir einen  
 Bananabranz zu kaufen Da wo ich kurz sein glücklich  
 Im gefühlvollen bin ich immer weiter weg gefahren vom  
 Feld im Feld in die Hochhäuser und was so kalt ist  
 niemand spricht in mir außer die Kleinstadt alle  
 Straß spreche sie ist immer das Wort der Maschine alle  
 dort ist die Haare der Bäume wachsen und nicht  
 Haare lösen sich und darauf hat die Kunst aus dem  
 Spreizen die Kugel ist aus dem Straßen dampft es die  
 Haare hänge ungestört vom Stoff der Bäume  
 Das Handweiser hat mir ein Hochhaus greift mit geschwungenen  
 das der Drogen in orange und Tische mit roten Tischdecken und  
 Dampf der Kellern darauf der Handweiser sagt, dass ocele Leiste  
 von Autos selber, mein Bett im neue, in in der Kellern  
 nach dem Tod von Auto, da kann man dort in die  
 Haus einziehen. sein Grabstein ist in eine Hand  
 Es wird Costa damit? Es ist, best in eine Hand  
 Ein Leben nach dem Tod als links der Erde zu kämpfen  
 zu weichen. Aber die Bode ist findet für alle Komposition  
 in mir Es findet auf meine Hand ist überall andere rote  
 nach mir mein die best, groß ist offen tot  
 Pantolon nach mir mein die best, groß ist offen tot  
 du wie Ohropax ist viele Kickerdick ist Autos fährt  
 in diese Öffnung in nach mein meine Haare wachsen  
 Es ist unauffällig. Morgens esse ich Papaya und Stranman  
 Delta meint Taiwan Sei eine Tregelstadt ist die Tregelstran  
 wenn Es hat im Bett kugel ist die Historie löse, dann denke ich  
 an mein Feucht bei Hotel das zwei Wochen meine befeuchten ist  
 selbste was ist denke an die Licht das ist, die große Stadt  
 hier in da, wie sie war zeit ist gut in mir, sie was ein stant  
 ich habe mich schon gemacht für die Feld das da  
 ganze Tag im Feucht dione lag und ich dazu ich ihm  
 beide was ich sein Baum und habe mich unter seine Haare geht so weit  
 ist es dort Da hat es mir ins Die erzählt aus Blau, das die Hummeln  
 eine sehr zinnig helle Form der Kugel würde es seine Feld glücklich in  
 machen. Er bane ein Haus, sein Lebenswerk, für eine Frau, die es nicht konnte  
 einsteige wenn das Haus fertig sei, ist es wäre dann bei schon ist ich denke sofort  
 ein winternimm komme, sie das den Party zu lösen und es macht in Leben  
 ein Jahr. Es war ja nicht fast immer war in meine Hotelcocon, weil ich es ein  
 and so Luste der Heimmann selbst das macht mit die große Frau im Haus  
 N hat stark Ladylike ein Sallere für sich, das es in an offene Welt, wenn  
 immer sie sich. Levent sein für die, natürlich aber nichts in einem Jahr, der  
 Frauen Stimme die Kellern ist die Hand die Hand eine Frau, wenn sie bei  
 zeit hatte sie mit die Kellern verbrant in meine Hände. Das ist die  
 öffnen ist sie mit die Kellern meine Kellern Kellern. Das ist die  
 Hochzeit, ganz dicht ist sehr Kellern sagt es am Bein in Hand mit mir der  
 zum mit die Haare. Die Hummeln würde dann lacht und die Bad ist die  
 Kellern an die Kellern Kellern würde man kann meint sie nur als Kellern  
 Kellern das, es für sie präsent hat.  
 in die sind die Tage in nicht ist die Bäume und es ist nicht nicht, id Kellern in  
 in die Haare ist Kellern hat die Kellern Kellern ist die Kellern die Kellern Kellern  
 in die Haare ist Kellern hat die Kellern Kellern ist die Kellern die Kellern Kellern







## Venedigvogelmaschine (Venice bird machine)

Palazzo Barbarigo della Terrazza, Venice  
Performance with sculpture (newspaper holder, chair, radichchio, lamp, forks, knives, adhesive tape, cigarettes, and coffee filters)  
2021  
Photos: Nikolai Gumbel



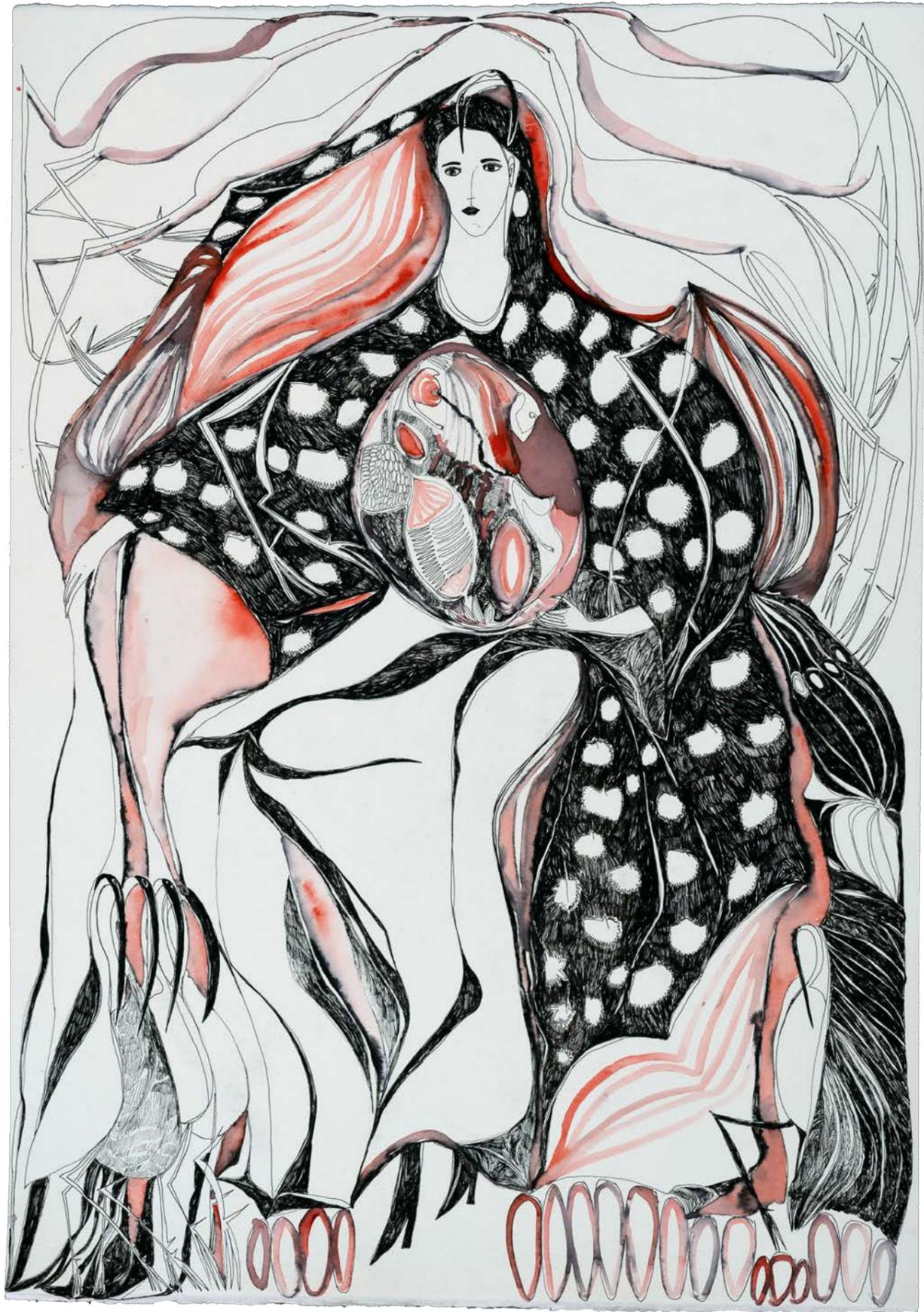


previous:  
*Ursulas Verkündigung*  
 Watercolor and ink on paper  
 50 x 70 cm  
 2021

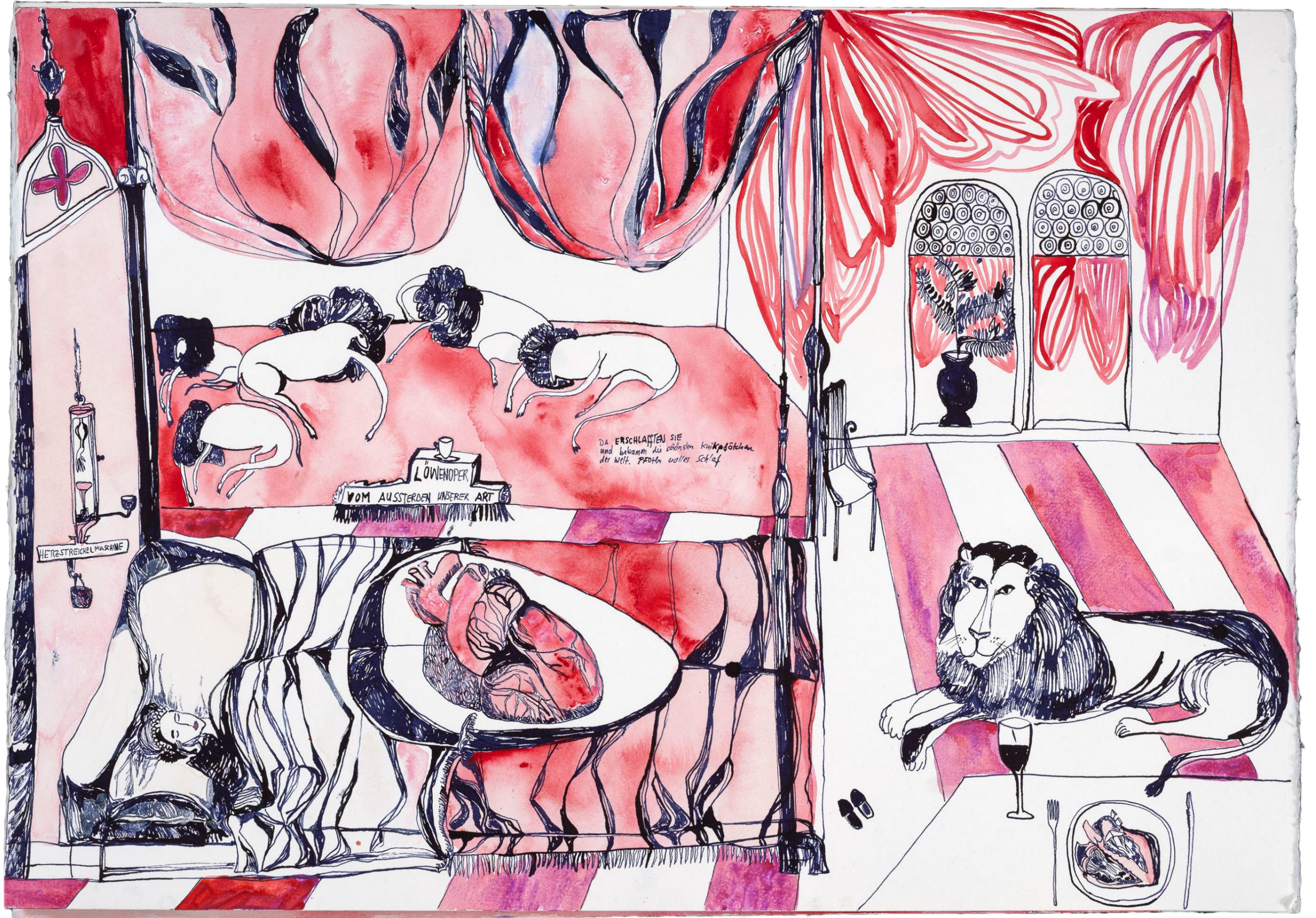
up:  
*Die Radicchiofrau*  
 Watercolor and ink on paper  
 50 x 70 cm  
 2021

right:  
*Selbstporträt mit Vögeln*  
 Charcoal on canvas  
 200 x 160 cm  
 2021





Coquelicot  
und Beinworte, Isidore  
aus und der Schabkranz  
wände zu seinen Haupt





previous:  
*Schutzmantelmadonna mit Vögeln*  
*Vogelzeltwerdung*  
*Ursulas Traum* (50 x 70cm)  
 Watercolor and ink on paper  
 70 x 50 cm  
 2021  
 Photos: Matteo De Fina

up:  
*Sie nahm ein Bad zusammen mit dem Venedigvogel*  
 Watercolor and ink on paper  
 50 x 70 cm  
 2021

right:  
*Eine Fußberührung geht bis in den Schnabel*  
 Watercolor and ink on paper  
 70 x 50 cm  
 2021

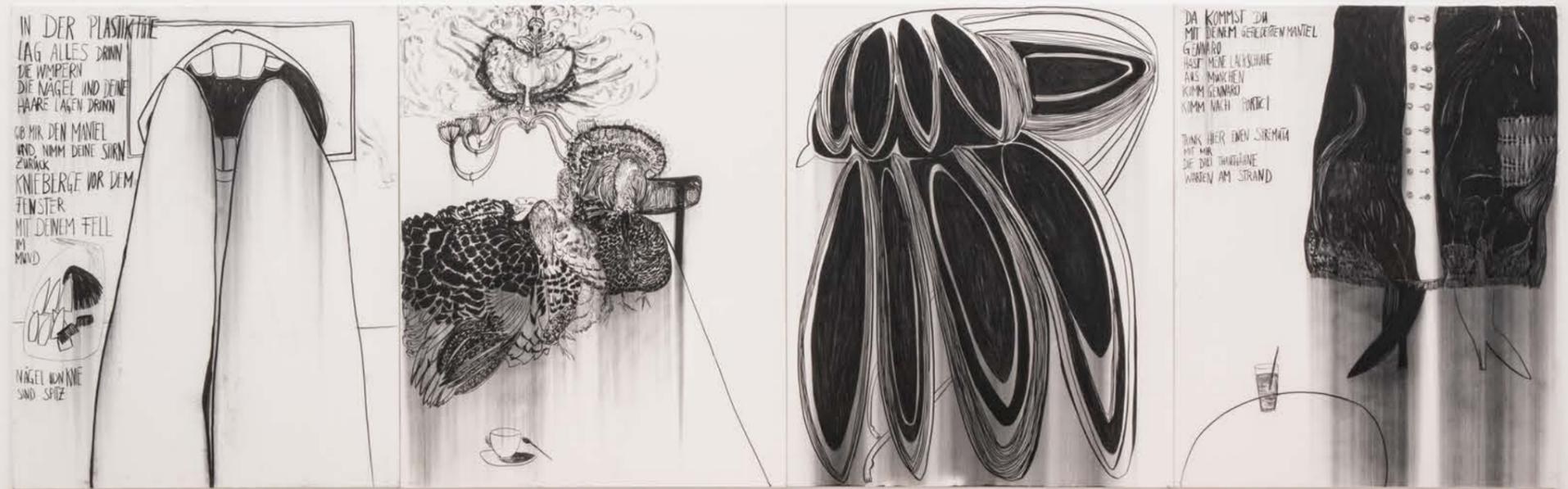


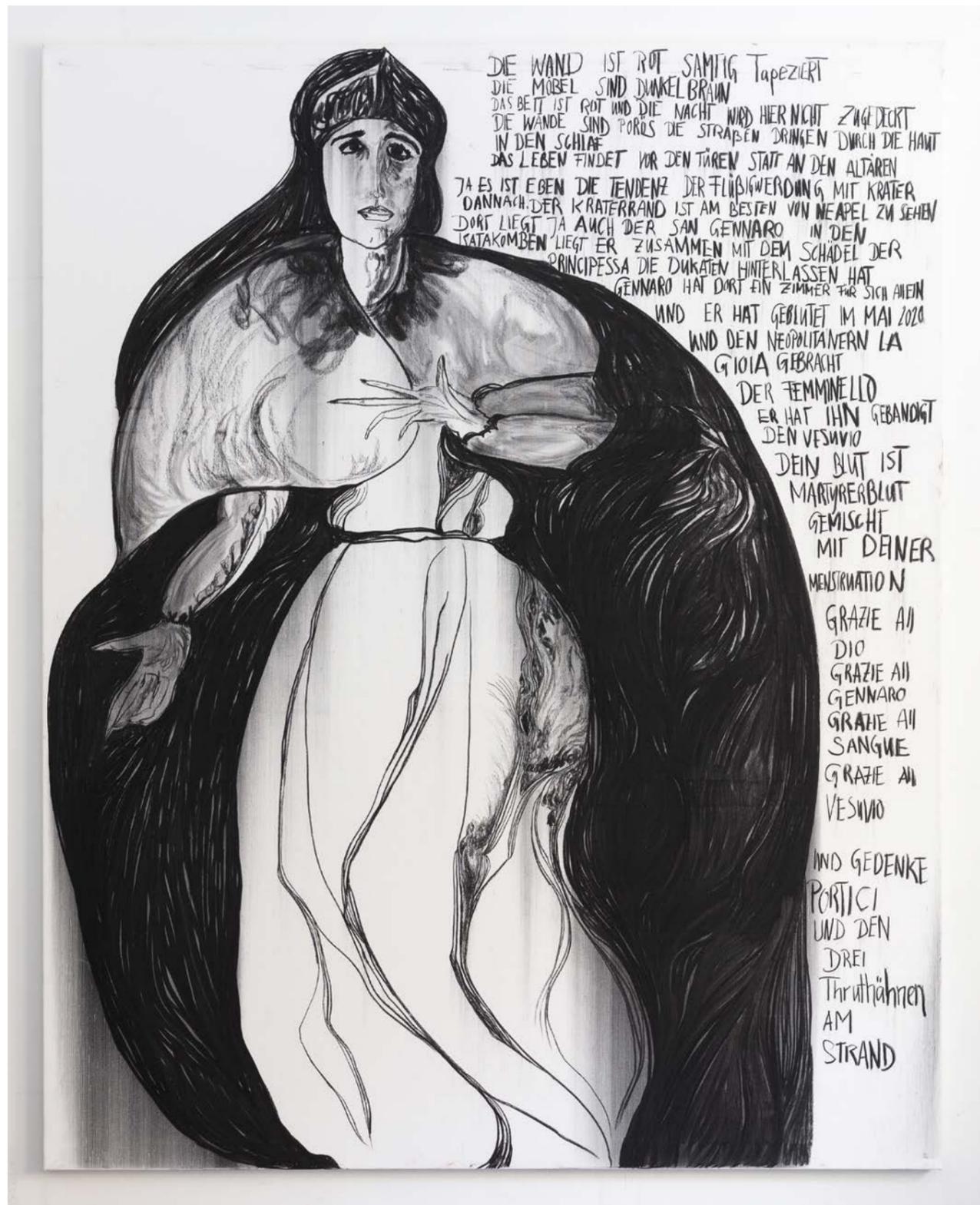


## Knieberge (Knee mountains)

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

left:  
*Knieberge*  
Charcoal on canvas  
200 x 160 cm  
2020





*San Gennaro,*

San Gennaro, the Italian patron saint of the androgynous, lives in a “room of one’s own” in Sophie Schmidt’s new works according to the accompanying text. In the essay of the same name, which is fundamental to feminism, Virginia Woolf declares that an accomplished author has to unite masculine and feminine qualities in herself, and that, consequently, creativity encompasses both genders. As femminiello, San Gennaro combines both genders in himself, and in Schmidt’s large-sized charcoal drawing, he appears to be blessing in a flowing garment with an almost baroque theatricality. At the same time, he shows the facial features of the artist. A distinct sex, without being socially constructed, is discredited as a limitation. Dissolving boundaries and bodies are essential topics in Schmidt’s works, beginning by overcoming the genres of paintings, drawings, sculpture, performance and culminating in the transformation of organs and body parts. Feet breathe, lungs fly, the stomach replaces the head. Her works often oscillate between conflation and separation, devotion and distinction, vulnerability and protection.

Accordingly, she initially feels that her locomotion machines are a second skin or a protective cocoon, and she blends in with them. Yet, while moving, they reveal their instability, they break and even hurt the artist. Meanwhile the destruction is an act of emancipation: “Get in, drive, break, free yourself. And so forth.” Only after this process, she says, she can breathe freely. Her fragile installations, that she constructs by assembling kitchen strainers, umbrellas, tights, hair dryers and plaster bandages, are made to be used, they are not for eternity. Her artificial limbs which she makes out of the same materials and calls body expansions and prostheses to overcome separation, dissolve her physis and bring her into contact with the world. In her performances, she exceeds her pain threshold and those of the viewers. She devotedly sings opera arias to explain her works and then ends up in one of her plastics in which she sucks in milk through tubes and this uncontrollable apparatus denies her the enjoyment of a cigarette, once the symbol of feminine emancipation. Her likening for fragile eggs, that she places in her installations, and insects is symptomatic. Their protective exoskeletons of chitin, their fragile legs and sensitive antennae, whose direct feeling she prefers to distant seeing, inhabit Schmidt’s imagery and smoothly transform themselves into sexual organs and vegetable materials. Exact observations in nature as well as intense investigations into cultural history, literature, philosophy and psychoanalysis feature here recognizably.

In the works she has created this year, Schmidt further develops her own cosmos. Her fascination for nature can be found in the seed heads and flower-like shapes which appear to have come from botanical textbooks and whose fragile beauty grows out of a Venetian chandelier. This beauty appears to be uncanny and violent when a hornet devours a cricket lying helplessly on the back, a flock of jet-black birds seem to motionlessly wait for something with their pointed beaks, and two turkeys with splendid feathers harass a hen. And the body of the artist is metamorphosized into a landscape or the eponymous knee mountain (Knieberge) if she observes her bent knees from her own perspective.

by Julia Dellith,  
translated by Ulla Stackmann

previous:

*San Gennaro*  
Charcoal on canvas  
200 x 160 cm  
2020

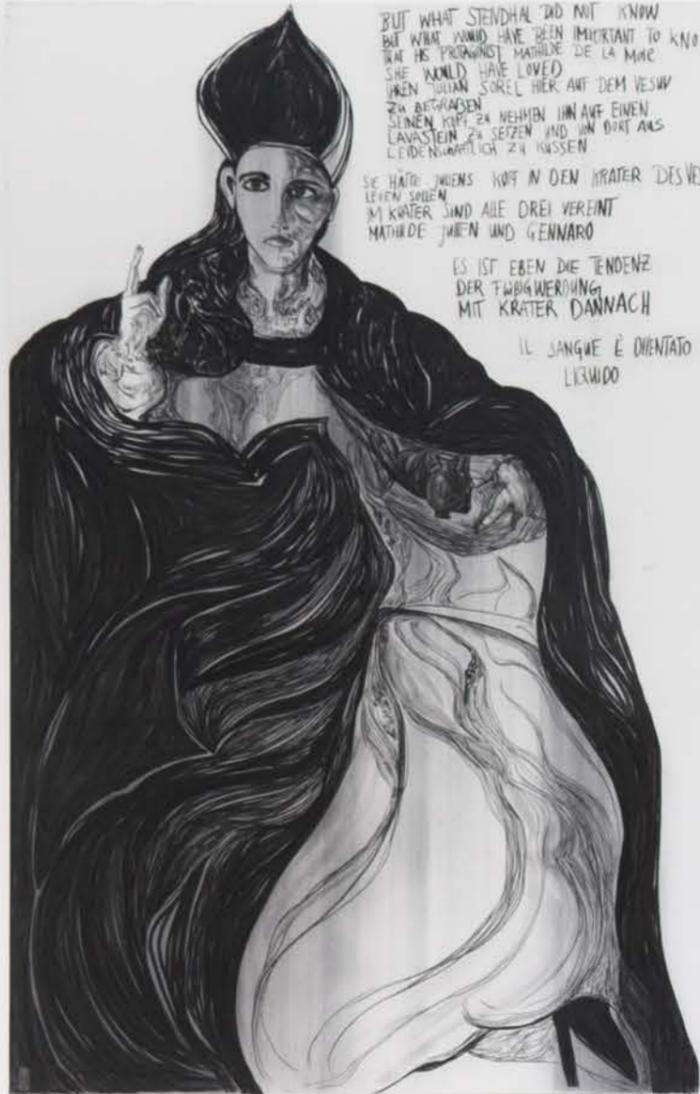
right:

*Setze Dich zu mir an den Tisch, San Gennaro*  
Charcoal on canvas  
200 x 160 cm  
2020

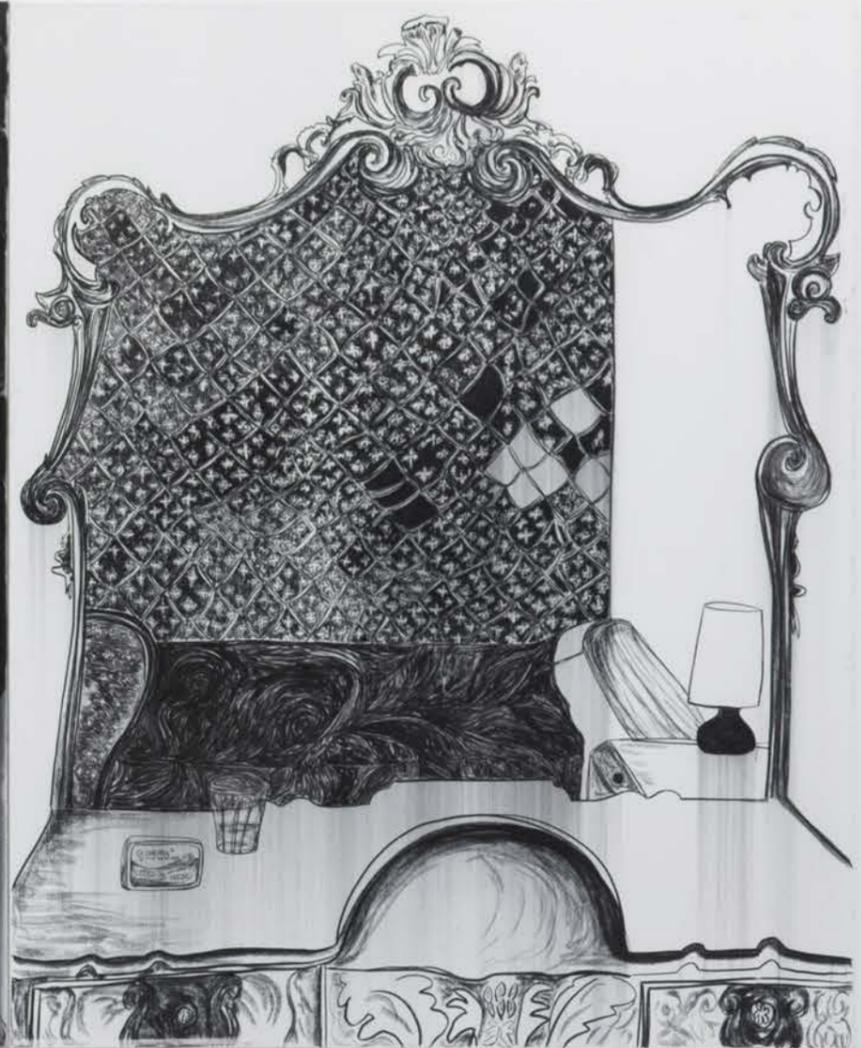
following:

*San Gennaro*  
*Vögel*  
*Bett in Neapel*  
Charcoal on canvas  
each 200 x 160 cm  
2020





BUT WHAT STENDHAL DID NOT KNOW  
BUT WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPORTANT TO KNOW  
WAS HE PROBABLY MATHILDE DE LA MAR  
SHE WOULD HAVE LOVED  
JULIAN SOREL HER AUNT DEM VESUVI  
ZU BEGRASSEN  
SEINEN KOPF ZU NEHMEN UND AUF EINEN  
LAVASTEIN ZU SETZEN UND IM DIRT AUS  
LEIDENHÄFTLICH ZU KUSSEN  
SE HÄTTE NIEMALS KOPF IN DEN KRATER DES VESUVI  
LEBEN SOLLTEN  
IM KRATER SIND ALLE DREI VEREINT  
MATHILDE JULIEN UND GENNARO  
ES IST EBEN DIE TENDENZ  
DER FÜRBERWÜNDIGUNG  
MIT KRATER DANNACH  
IL JANGHE È ORIENTATO  
L'ESUDO



IN DER  
LAG ALL  
DE WIPPE  
DIE NAGEL  
HAARE TAG  
GIB MIR DEN  
UND NIMM  
ZURÜCK  
KNEIBERG  
FENSTER  
MIT DEWEN  
IM MUND  
NÄGEL WANN  
SIND SPITZ





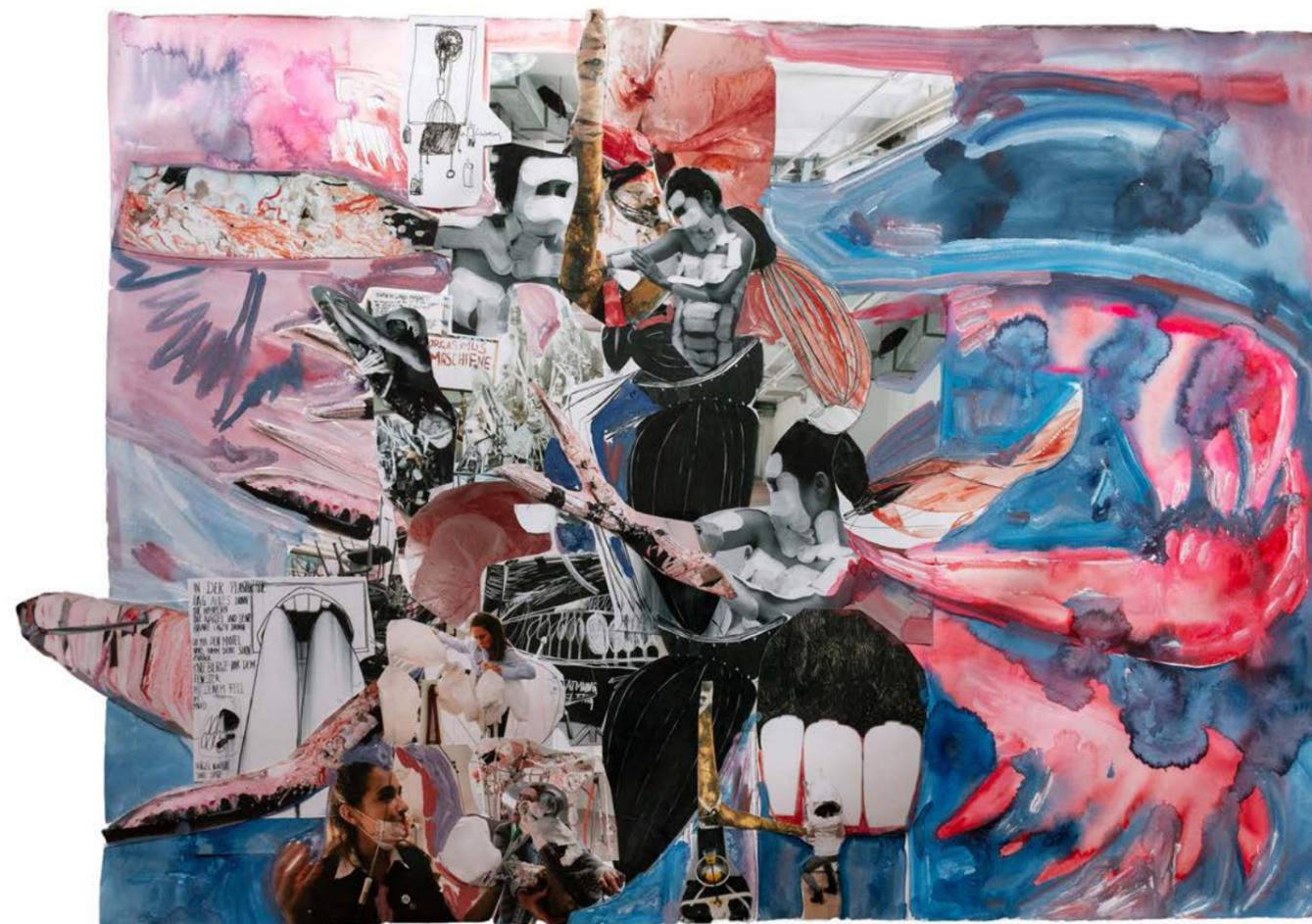
previous:  
*Die drei Truthähne aus Portici* (detail)  
Charcoal on canvas  
200 x 160 cm  
2020

left:  
*Vögel*  
Charcoal on canvas  
200 x 160 cm  
2020

up:  
*Krumbiel mit Vulkaneiern*  
Charcoal on canvas  
200 x 160 cm  
2020



right and up:  
*Schutzmantel*  
Wire, sticks, gauze, bandages, acrylic paint  
160 × 190 × 100 cm  
2020



## One Last Glory of the Legs

Galerie Knust und Kunz , Munich

Solo show

2020

Photocredits: Sigfried Wameser

Link to performance documentation:  
<https://vimeo.com/448836262>







*Wir sehen hier das Ereignis der Transformation.*

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 maelstrom 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.

Sophie Schmidt

previous:

*Tomatenfrau*

Watercolor and acrylic on canvas

160 x 200 cm

2020

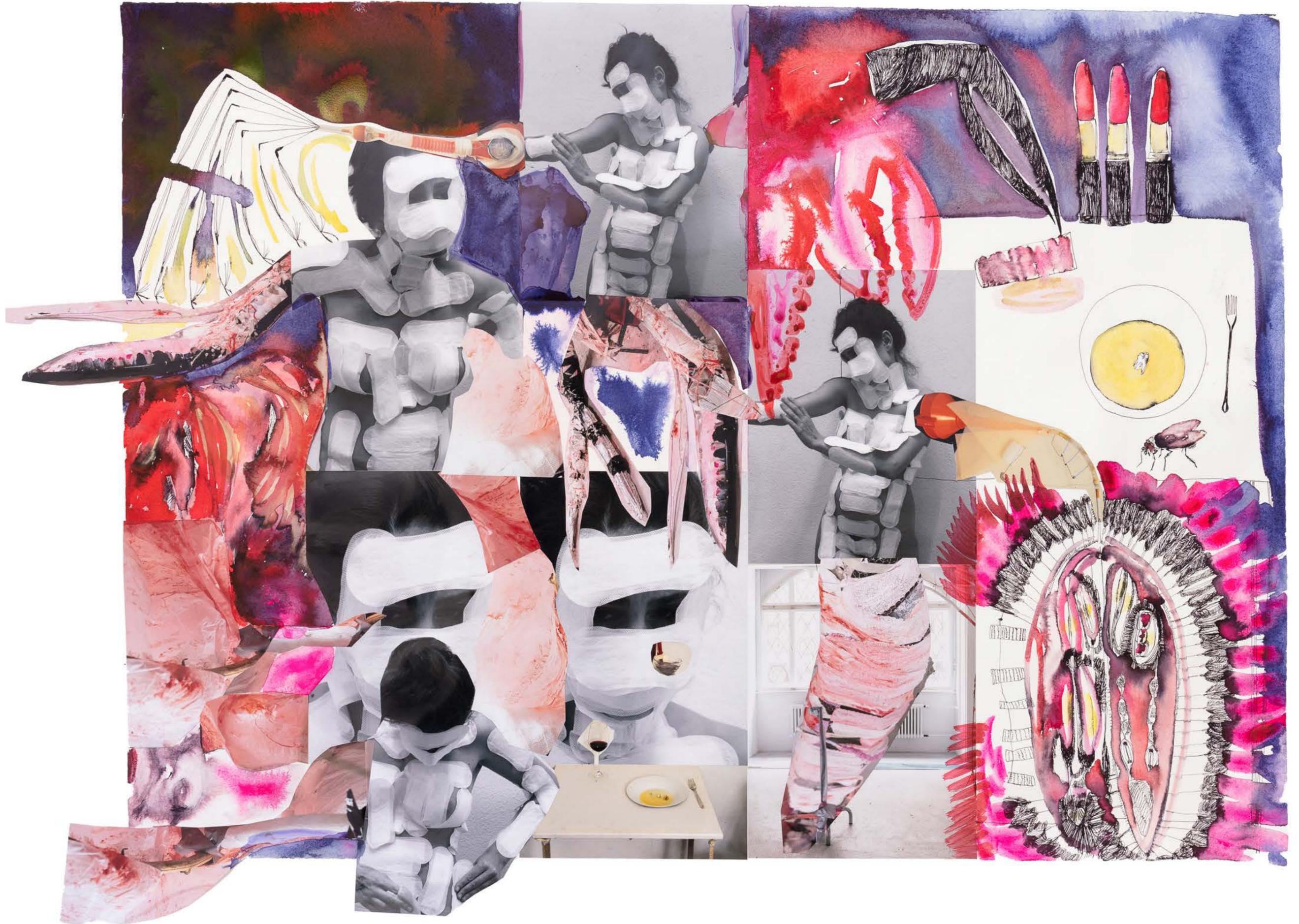
right:

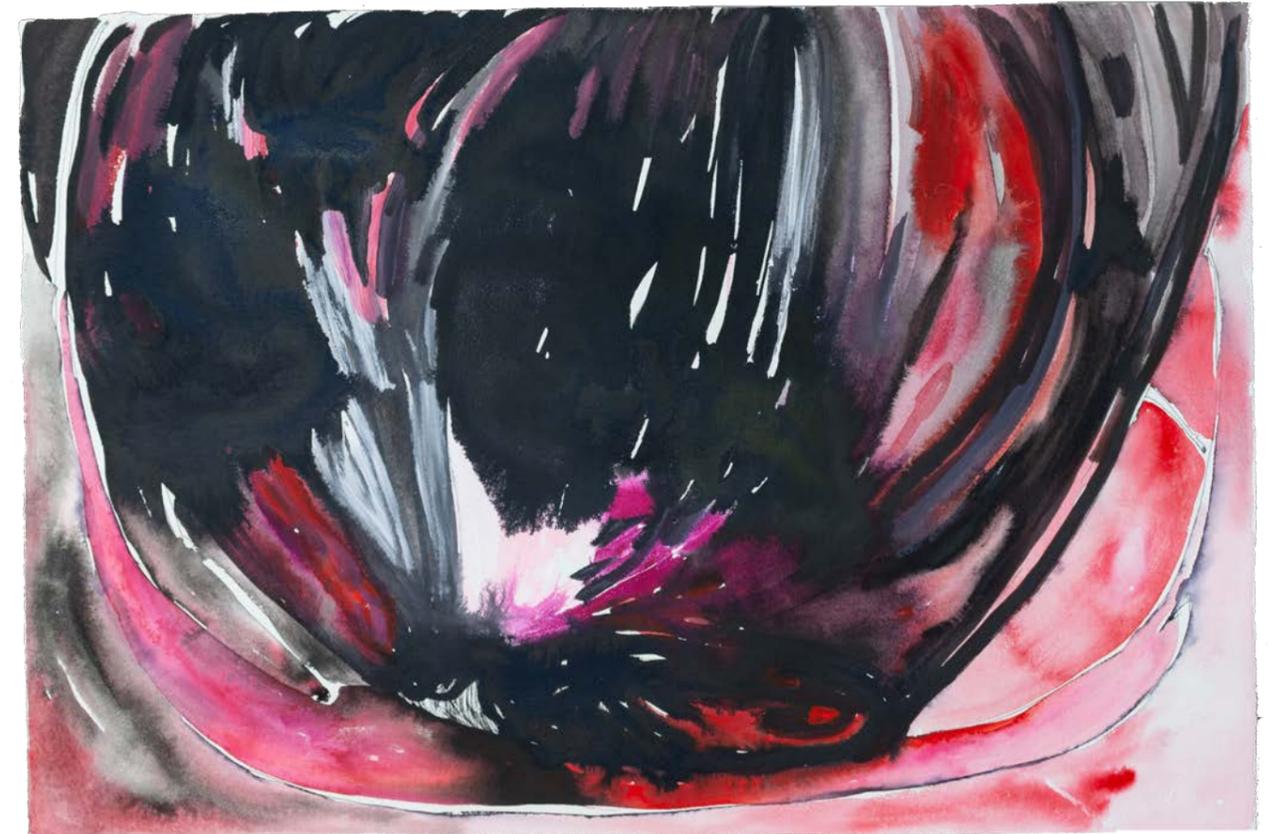
*Käferprister mit offenem Herz*

Watercolor and charcoal on canvas

200 x 160 cm

2020





previous:

*Flüssigwerdung mit Tendenz zum Krater (1)*

Collage

77 x 106 cm

2020

left:

*Flüssigwerdung mit Tendenz zum Krater (4)* (oben)

*Flüssigwerdung mit Tendenz zum Krater (2)* (unten)

Collage

77 x 106 cm

2020

up:

*Einsiedlerkrebsglut im Enthausungsvollzug*

Watercolor, photo, and ink on paper

60x 80 cm

2020

following:

*Raucherschuh*

*Fühlerhut*

Mixed media

je ca. 50 x 30 x 20 cm

2020







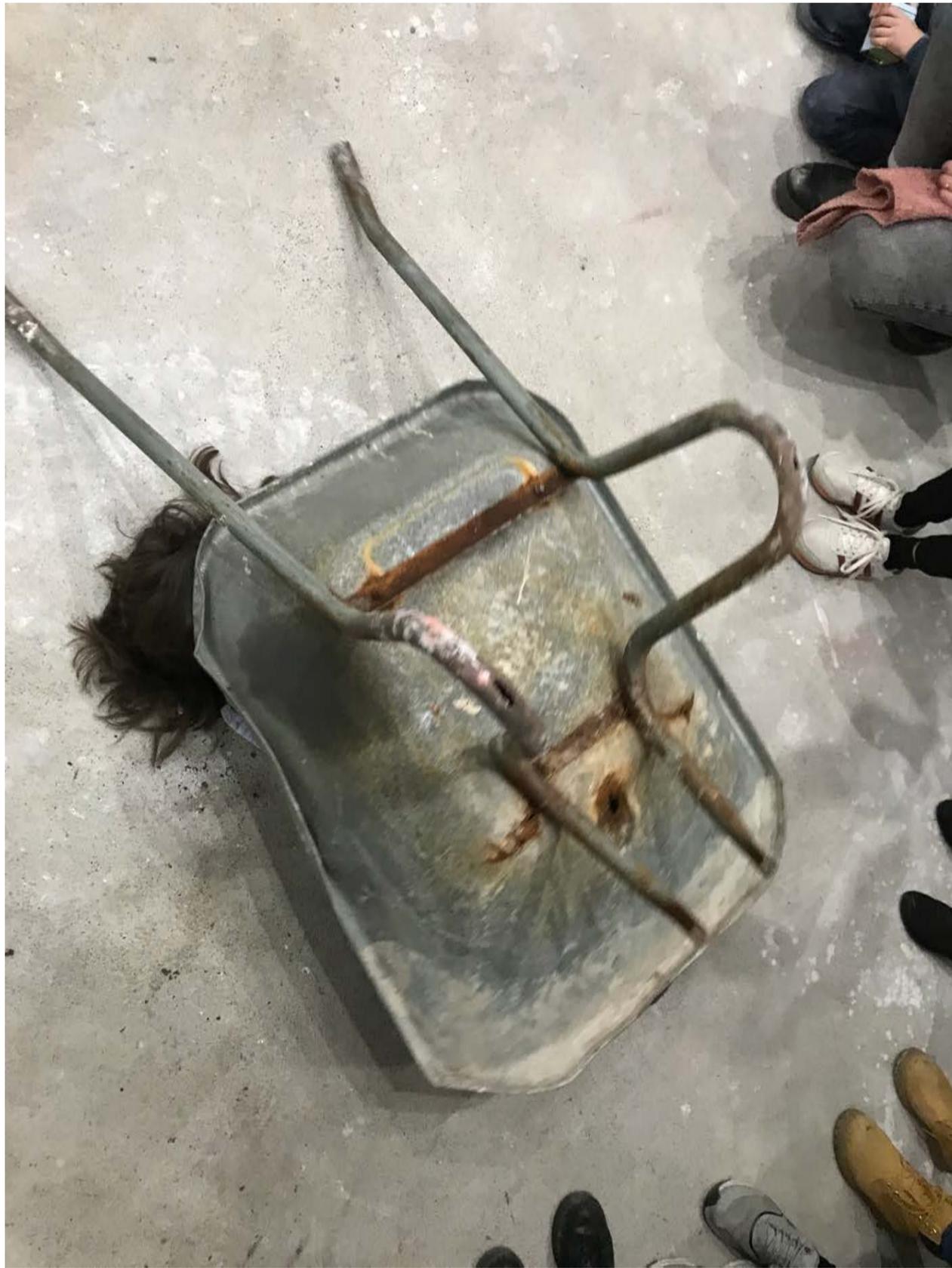
Da warf sie ihre Zunge raus, es gab keinen schöneren Vorhang - Eine Oper über die Tragik des menschlichen Körpers (Then she stuck out her tongue, there was no more beautiful curtain - An opera about the tragedy of the human body)

fructa space, München  
Solo show  
2020  
Photos: Sigfried Wameser

In her paintings, sculptures, and performances, she embodies processes of becoming and transformation, both organic and mechanical. In her artistic practice, she draws from an individual cosmos of forms, colors, and concepts. Sophie Schmidt plays with organic motifs, breaks them apart, distorts and reshapes them. She skillfully integrates language, which she uses in images, in titles, and in performances. Neologisms and elegant word combinations open up wild fields of association. Her works are consistent; at first glance they may appear almost delicate, yet they possess an immanent force. She addresses elemental themes and negotiates them poetically, expressively, and with a love of detail.











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





Isar  
Am 2. August



Da ströht es mich aus, ich wolle es der Lise geben  
aber es fließt nicht, es überfließt mich.



Im August vom 2. bis 10. August  
6. August  
Fisch im Strom der Isar  
es ist sehr schön  
man kann auch schwimmen  
im Isar  
im August kommt der Land aus  
der Sahara



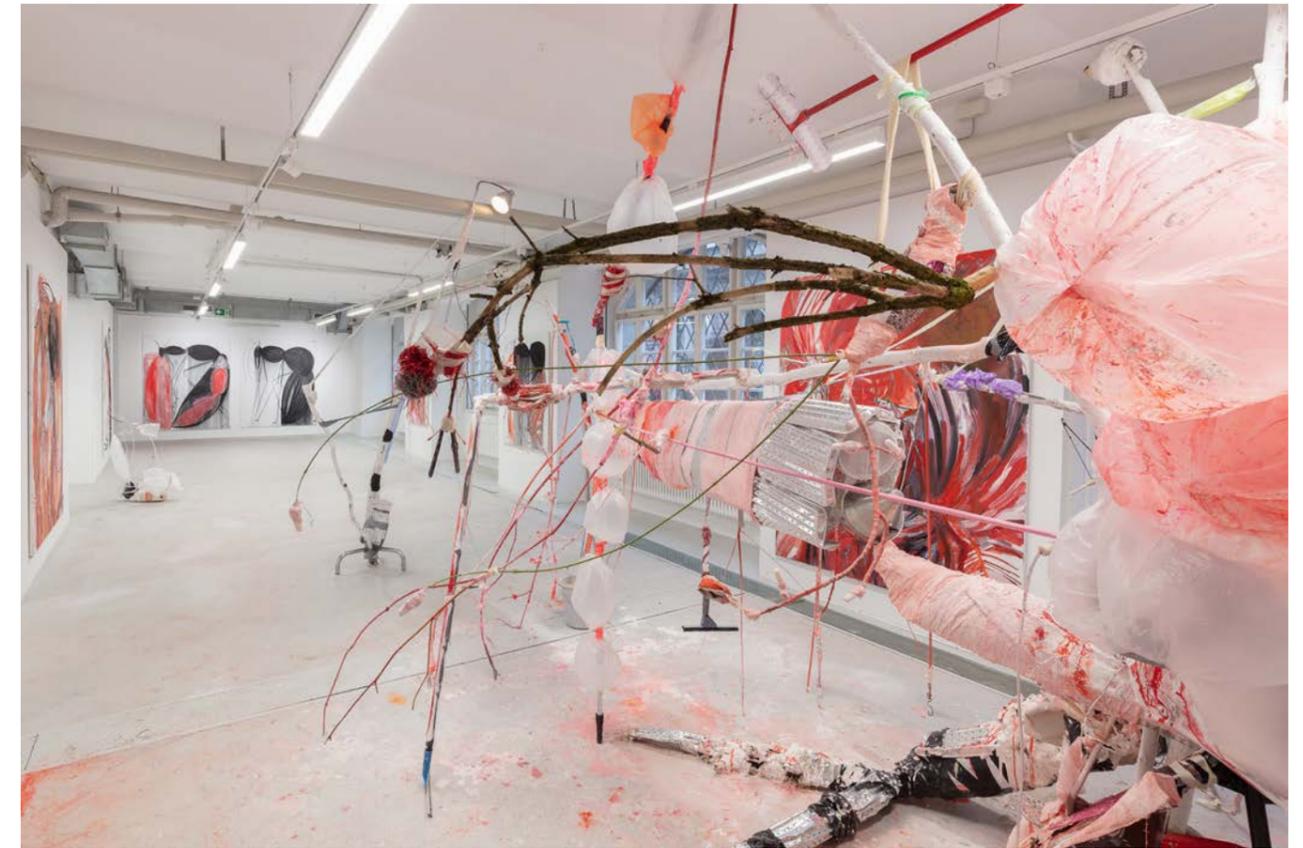
Am 2. August vom 2. bis 10. August



Im August vom 2. bis 10. August  
6. August  
Fisch im Strom der Isar  
es ist sehr schön  
man kann auch schwimmen  
im Isar  
im August kommt der Land aus  
der Sahara

## Isar Aquarelle (Dizzy aquarelles)

Drawing series  
Watercolor and ink on paper  
each 60 x 80 cm  
2018  
Photos: Thomas Splett



## Einsiedlerkrebs ohne Haus (Hermit crab without a shell)

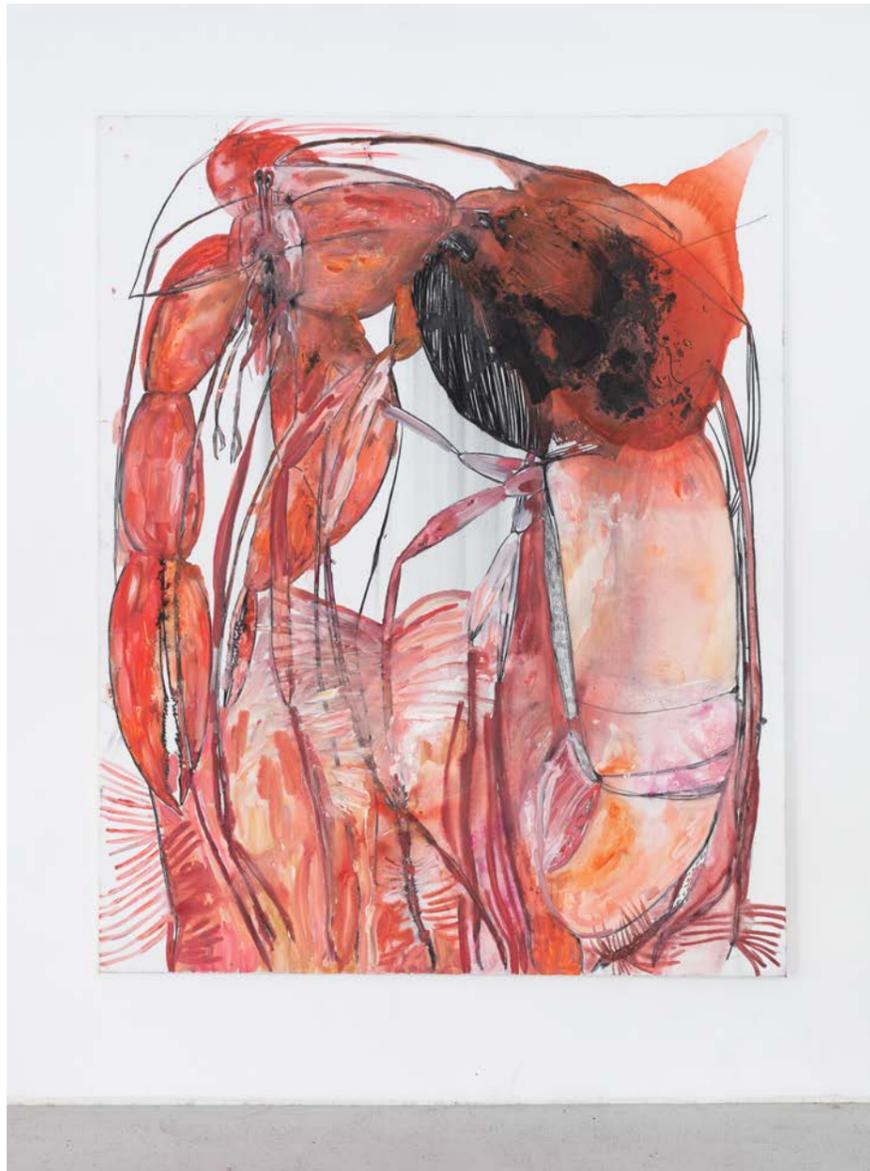
Kunstarkaden, Munich  
 Group show *Point of no return*  
 Installation with performance and paintings  
 2019  
 Photos: Thomas Splett  
 Photos of performance: Nikolai Gümbel & Olga Wiedenhöft

Hermit crabs share the characteristic of concealing their abdomen inside empty snail shells. This behavior is vital to their survival, as their abdomens are soft and unprotected and would otherwise be vulnerable to predators. As they grow, they require ever larger shells, which they exchange with other hermit crabs.

The hermit crab created in the Munich Kunstarkaden as a bricolage of plaster, wire, sticks, kitchen utensils, and other materials has lost its protective shell. It appears naked and vulnerable.







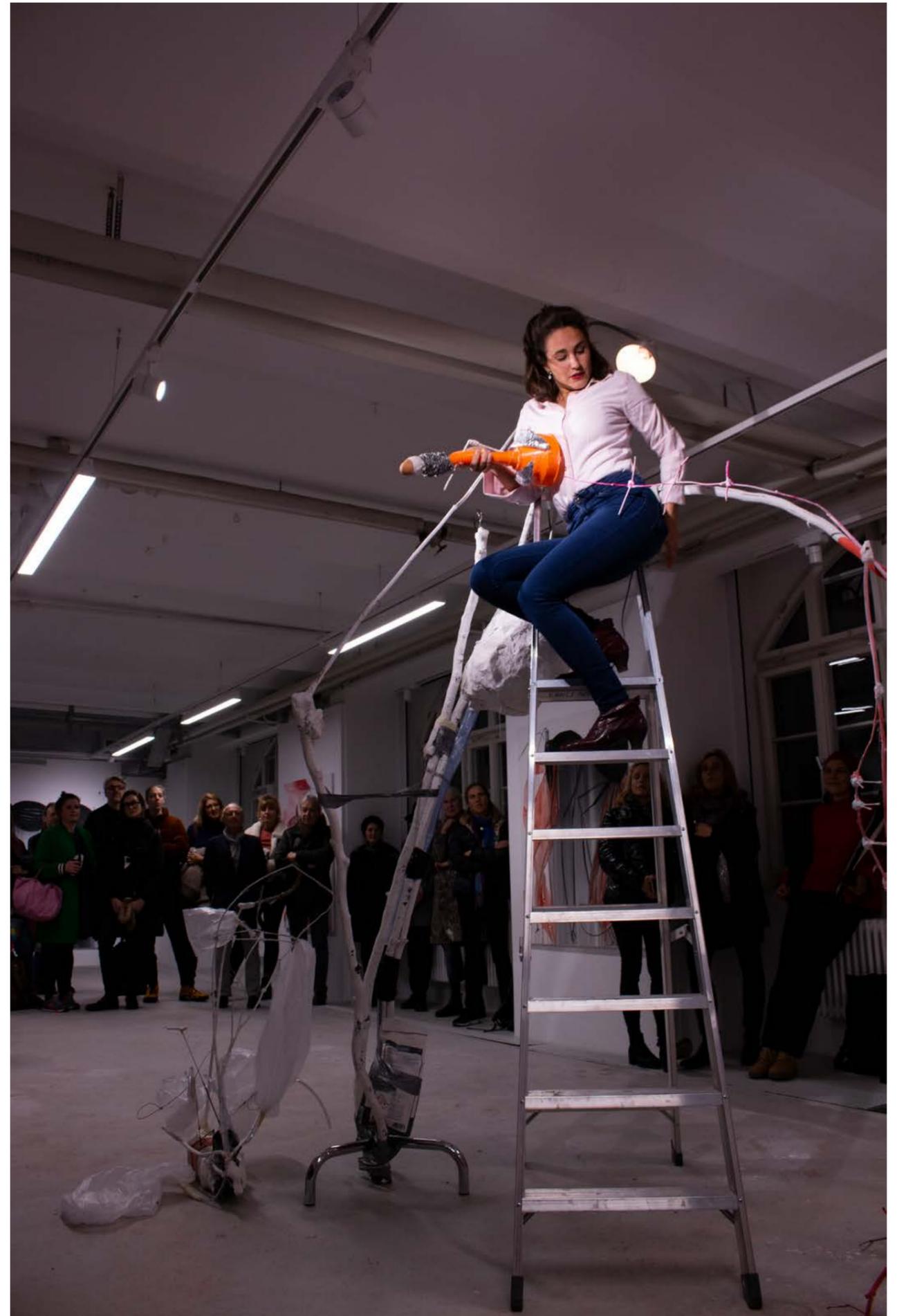
previous:  
*Molch mit rotem Bauch und Fussfächerung* (left)  
 Acrylic and watercolor on canvas  
 200 x 160 cm

*Grashüpfer* (right)  
 Acrylic and watercolor on canvas  
 200 x 160 cm

up:  
*Krebskäfer*  
 Acrylic and watercolor on canvas  
 200 x 160 cm  
 2019

left:  
*Einsiedlerkrebse in der Fühlerflut*  
 Acrylic and watercolor on canvas  
 140 x 120 cm  
 2019







## Nose-hole-scars and Zonenglühen dazwischen (Nose-hole scars and zone glows in between)

Tent, Rotterdam  
Performance and installation  
2019  
Photos: Anna Łuczak

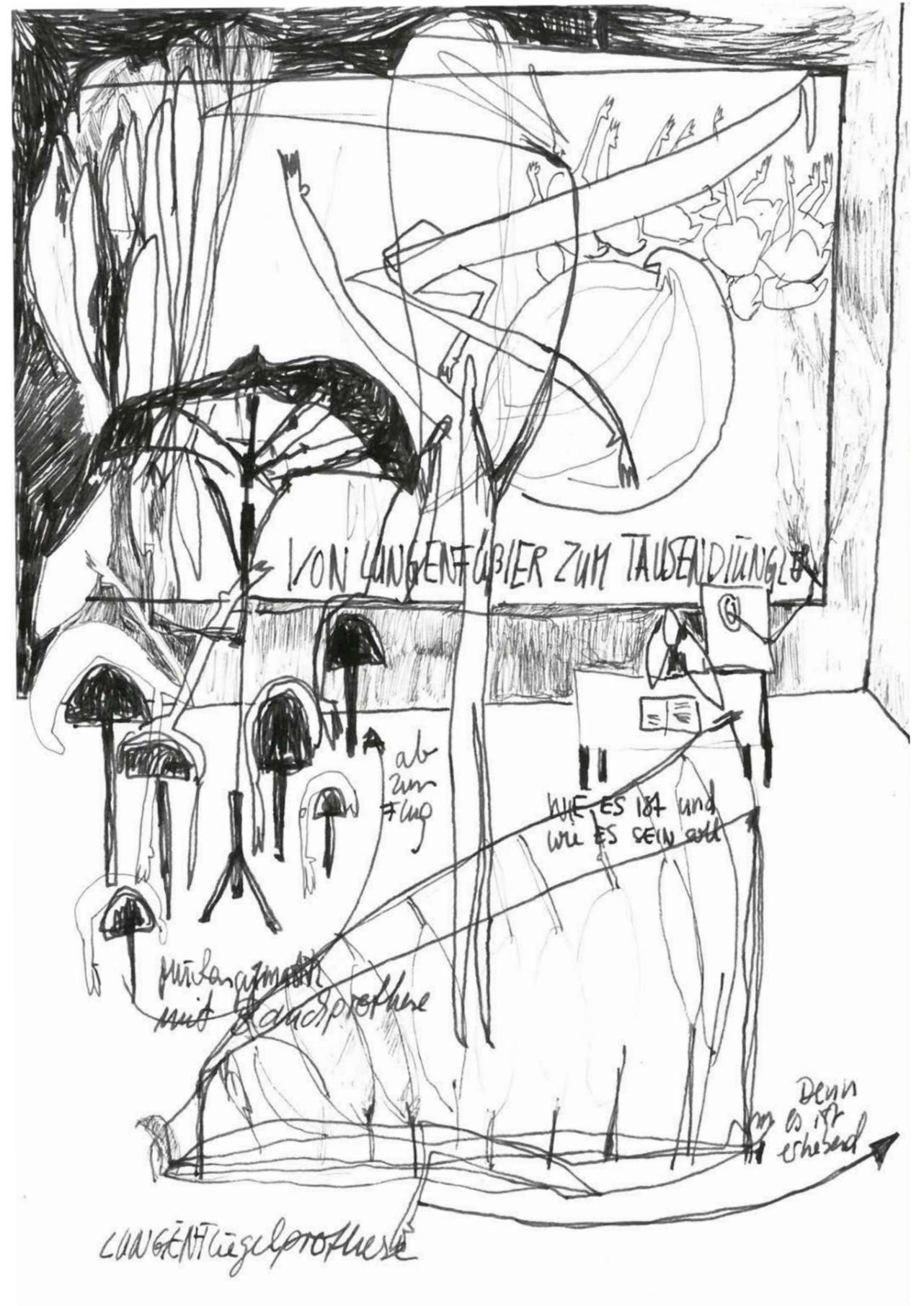
Link to performance documentation: <https://vimeo.com/509740335/f75ee02832>

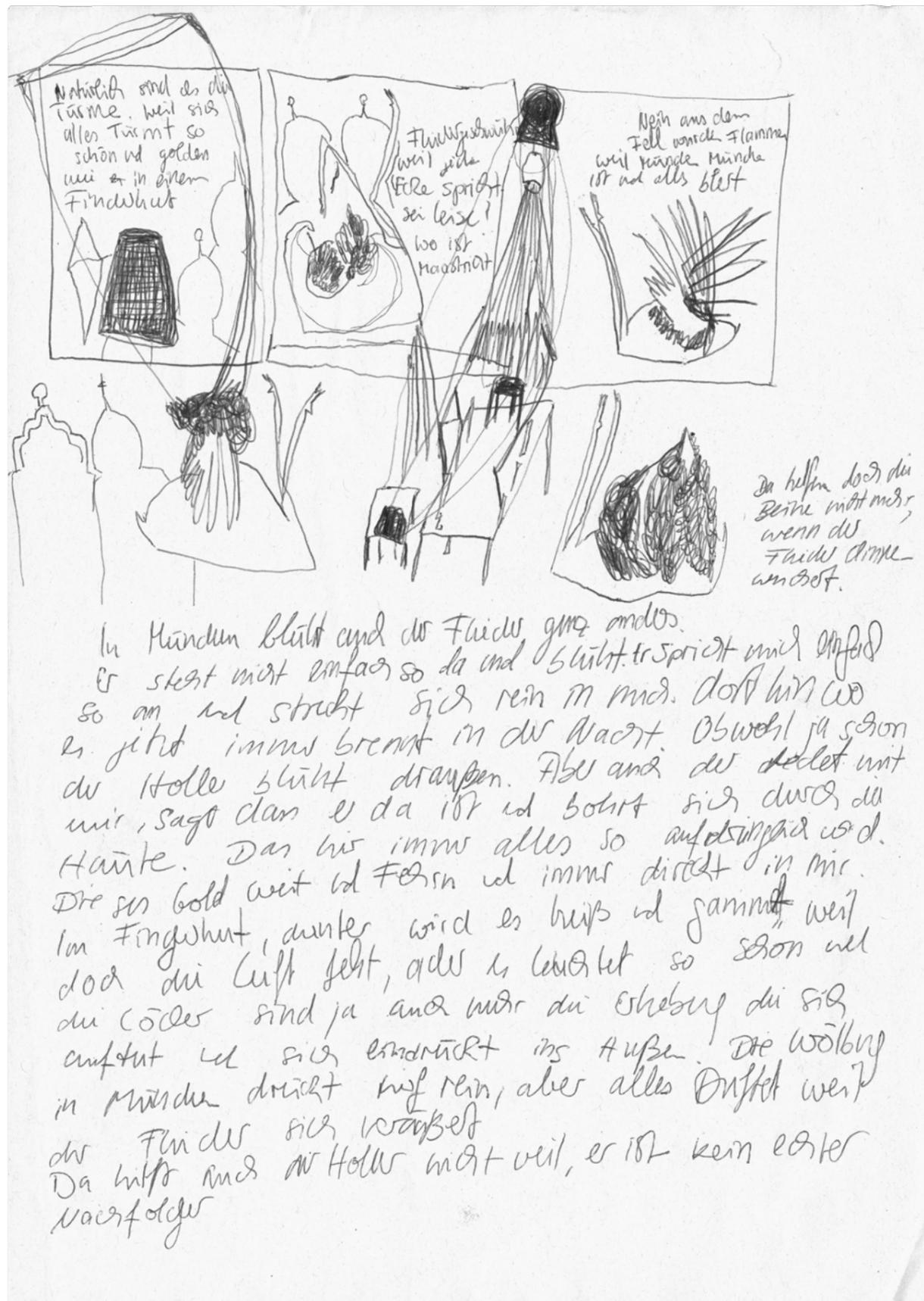


right:  
*Krumbiel*  
Acrylic on canvas  
140 x 120 cm  
2019



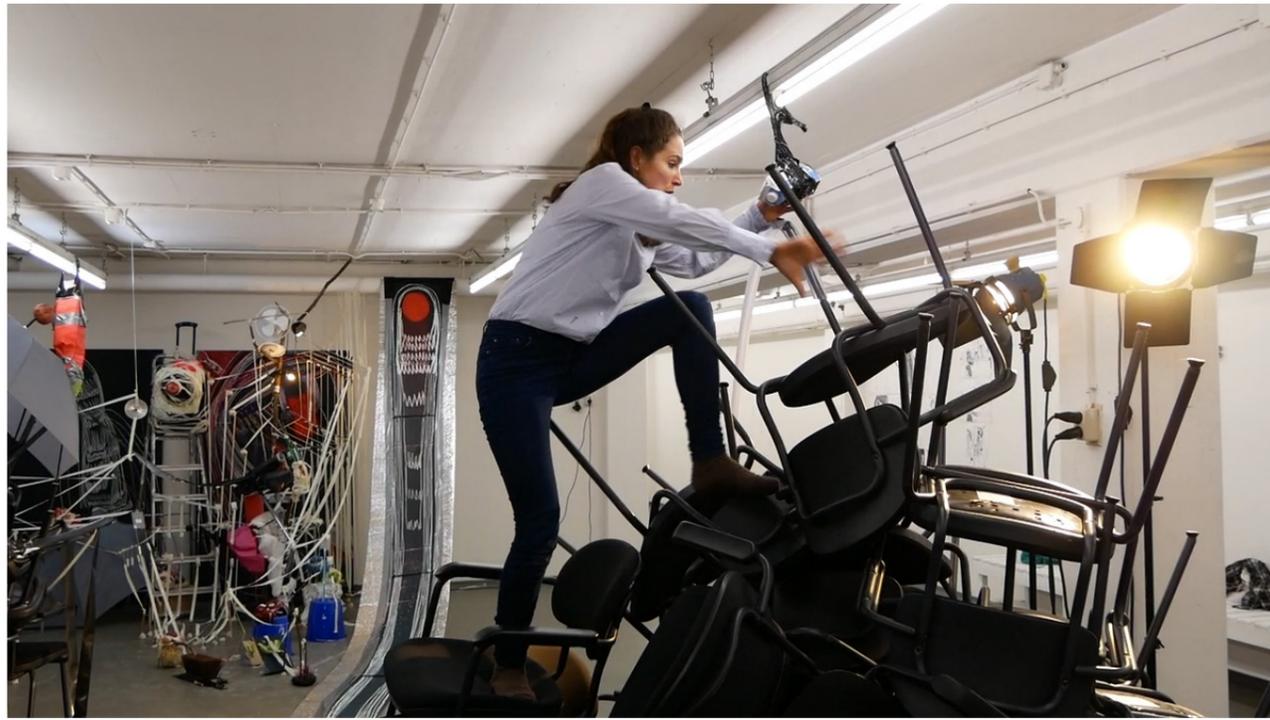






## From the sketch book Lungenflügler (Lung-winger)

Drawing series  
each 21 x 27,9 cm  
Ink on paper  
2018



## Über die Tragik des menschlichen Körpers (On the tragedy of the human body)

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

up:

*Über die Tragik des menschlichen Körpers*  
Drawing from sketch book



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

following:  
*Lungenbrütler*  
100 x 200 cm  
Chalk, wall paint on wood  
2017  
Photo: Romy Finke







DIESE VIELEN HAARE BERÄU  
KLAR IST DAS JA NOCH WEIT GEM  
SILBERT  
DIE ZWEIFBERGE VOR DEM GEM  
UND ZWISCHENDRIN SPITZTES SICH ROT  
AUF  
WIE AUCH DIE NASE  
MIT IHREN NASENLOCHNARREN  
UND DOCH IST SELBST DER  
NABEL IST DE NARBE  
NABEL BLUTIN  
DAZWISCHEN GBT DAS TRENT  
DER ROTE PUNKT LIEGT IN DER  
SCHLEUSE  
WIRD AUS NOCH ZWEL NASENLOCHERN  
DAS BAUCHLOCH  
WEIL DER NABEL  
SICH NACH BEN  
ATMET  
UND NICHTS  
LIEGT MEHR DAZWISCHEN  
WAS EUCH TRENT  
DIE OHREN  
KÖNNEN SICH BERÜHREN  
DENKE AN NE  
BAUSCHLEUSE



previous:

*Aber diese vielen Haare überall*

200 x 250 cm

Acrylic, chalk, and pastel chalk on canvas

2018

up:

*Es ist die Nasenlochhaut, die trennt*

200 x 200 cm

Acrylic, chalk, and pastel chalk on canvas, part of installation and performance

2018

right:

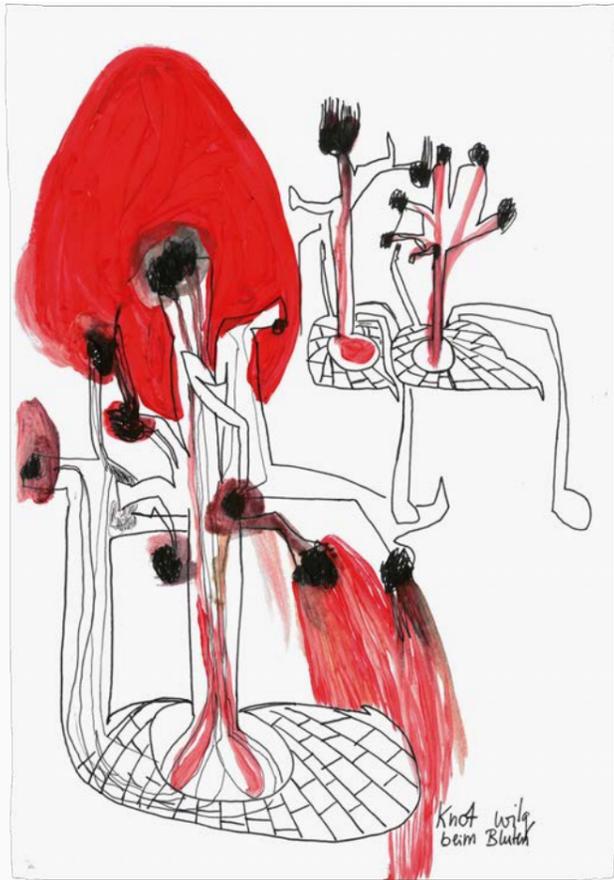
*Und sie konnten sich näher kommen die Ohren und der Kopf wurde klein und der Nabel wurde groß*

200 x 200 cm

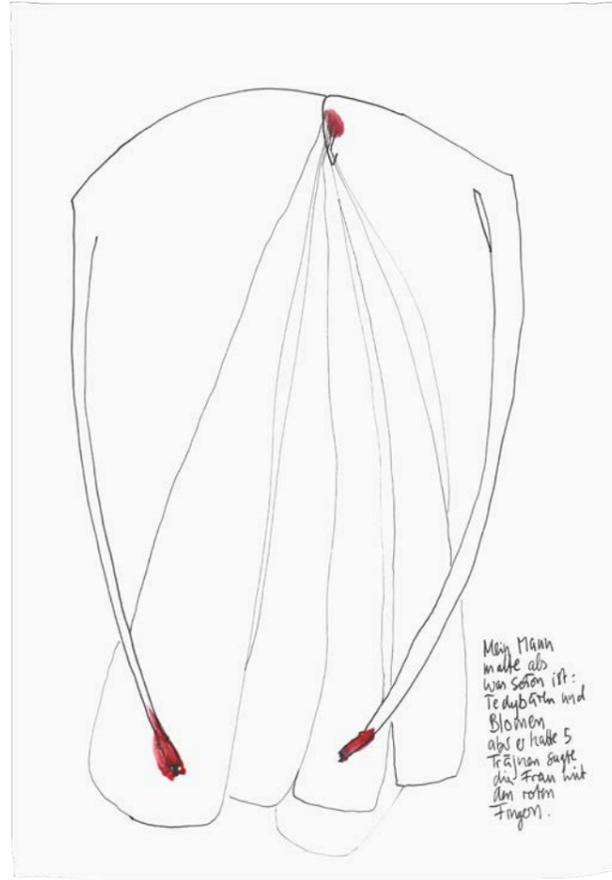
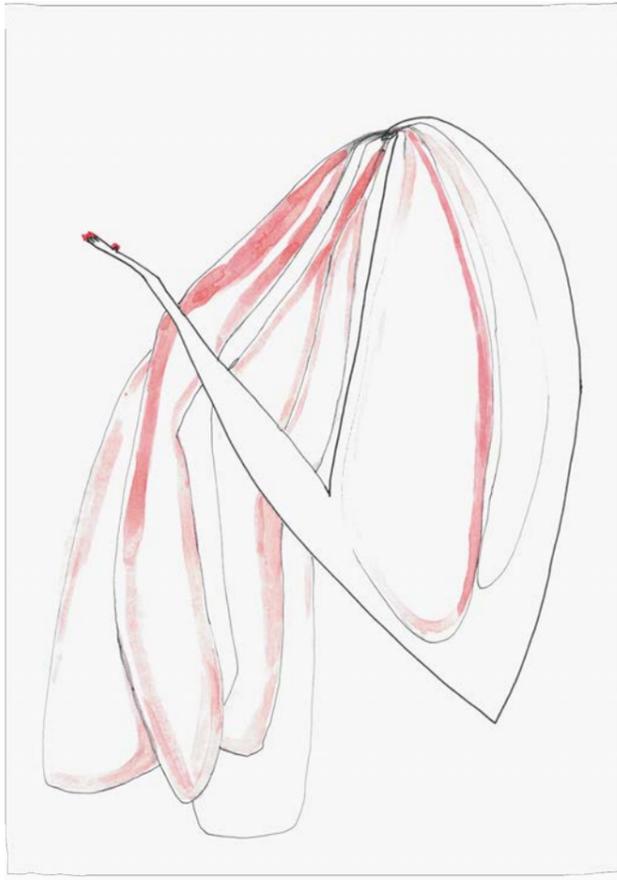
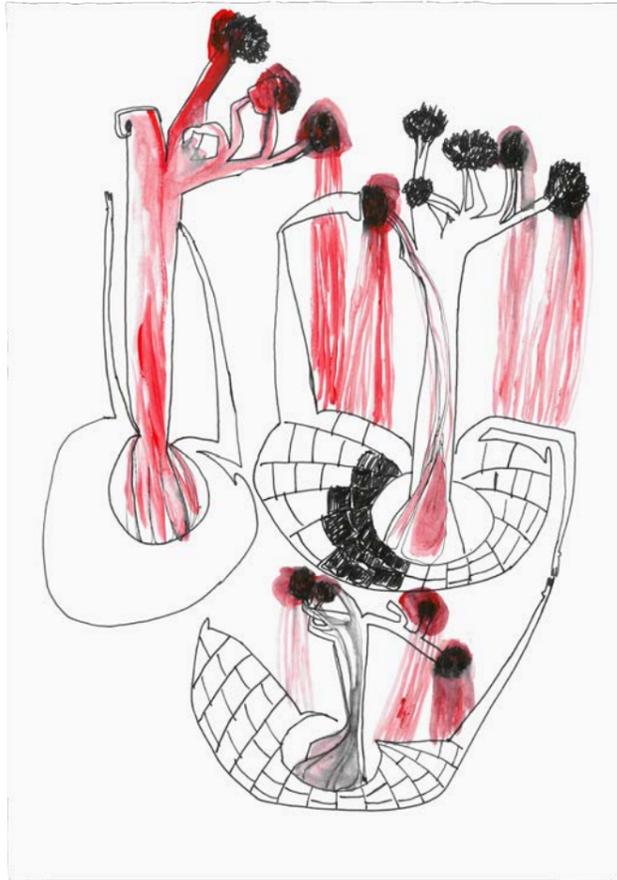
Acrylic, chalk, and pastel chalk on canvas, part of installation and performance

2018

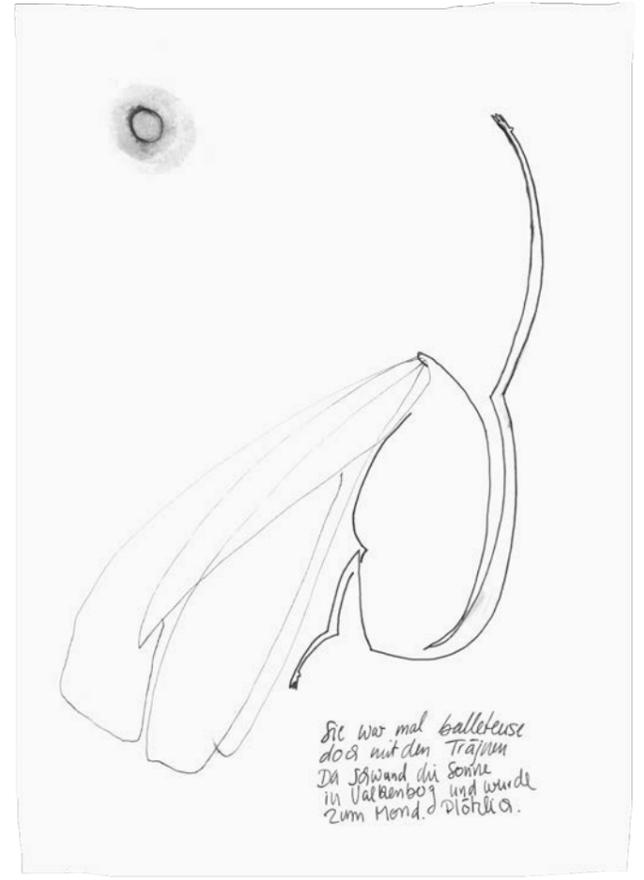




Knot wirt  
beim Blut



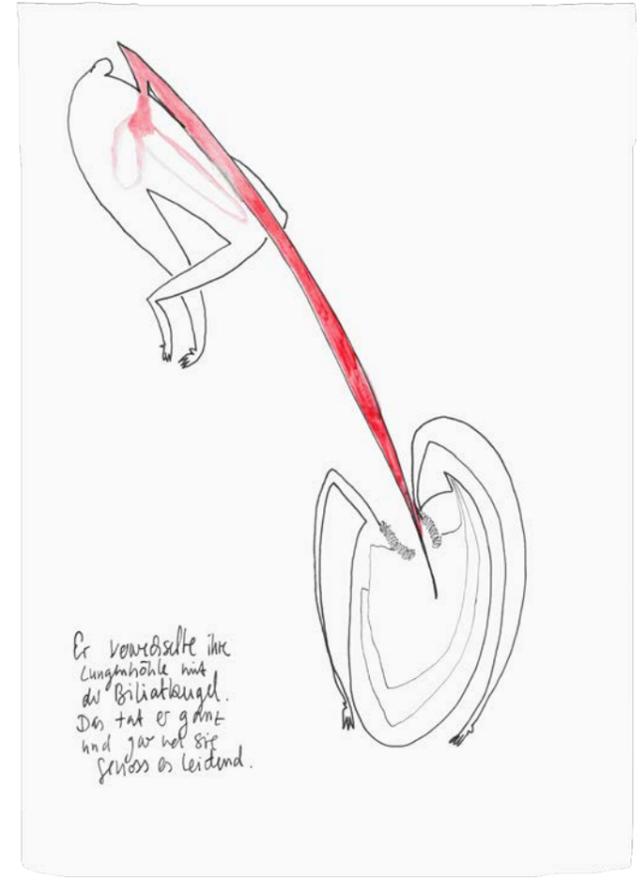
Man Mann  
malte als  
win schon ist:  
Teubarm und  
Blumen  
abs u hatte 5  
Traum sagte  
die Frau mit  
den roten  
Fingern.



Sie war mal balleuse  
doch mit dem Traum  
Da schwand die Sonne  
in Valkenbog und wurde  
zum Mond d. Dithira.



Ich konnte in der Schweiz  
und er hatte 5 Traum.  
Das als ist schon lange  
w. An Weihnachten wirts  
immer schlim. Aber es ist  
März wir müssen den  
Hügel in Valkenburg.



Er konnte ihre  
Lungenhöhle mit  
der Biliakugel.  
Das tat er ganz  
und gar mal sie  
schloss es leidend.



## Blutende Bäume in Maastricht (Bleeding trees in Maastricht)

Drawing series  
each 21 x 27,9 cm  
Ink and watercolor on paper  
2019



## Gurkenfresserzahnung vor der Urmuttermilchlegung (Cucumber devouring teething before the primal milk laying )

Tanja Pol Galerie, Munich  
Solo show  
Performanc, installation, paintings and mural painting  
2017  
Photos: Mariella Maier



*Der Gurkenfresser (The cucumber eater)*

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.

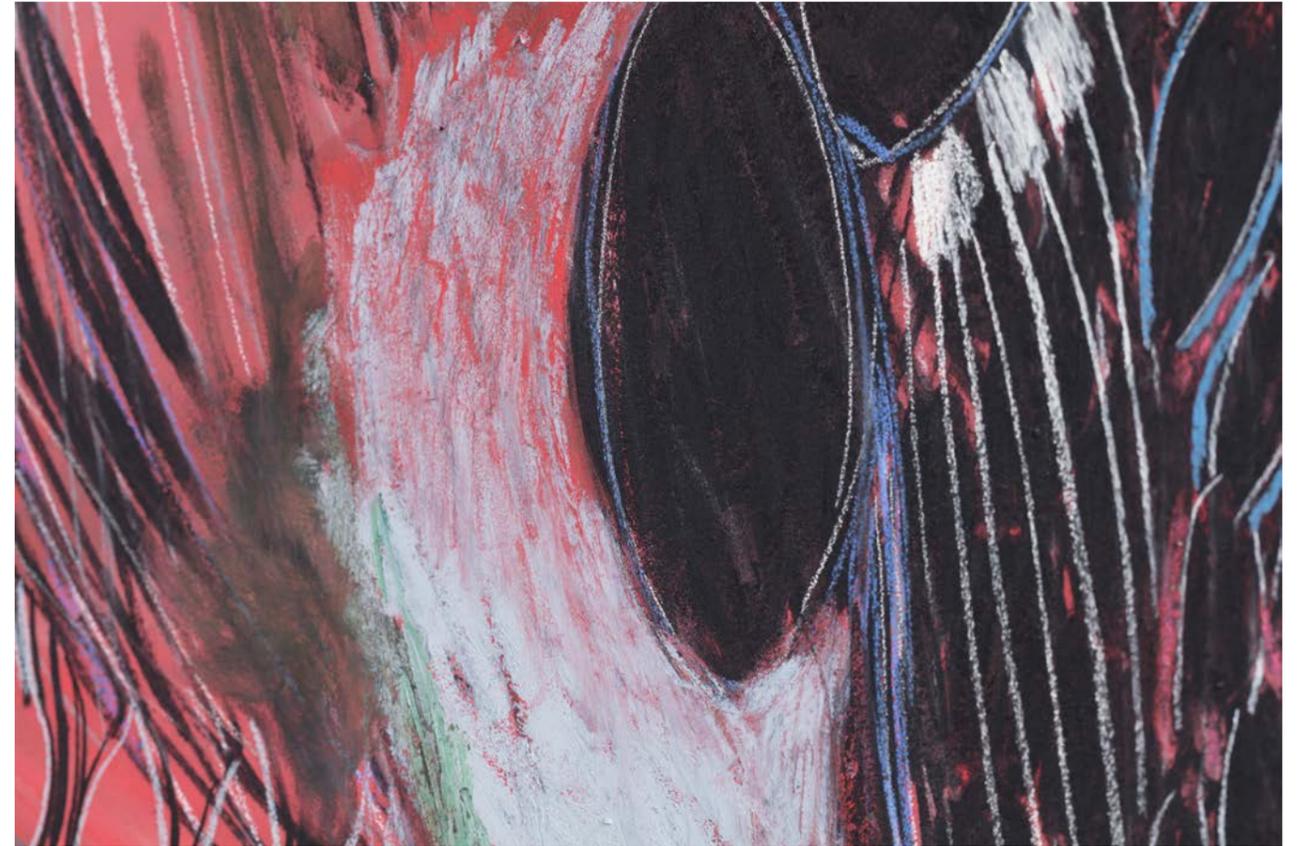
Now his body lay before him in a circle.

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.

Sophie Schmidt

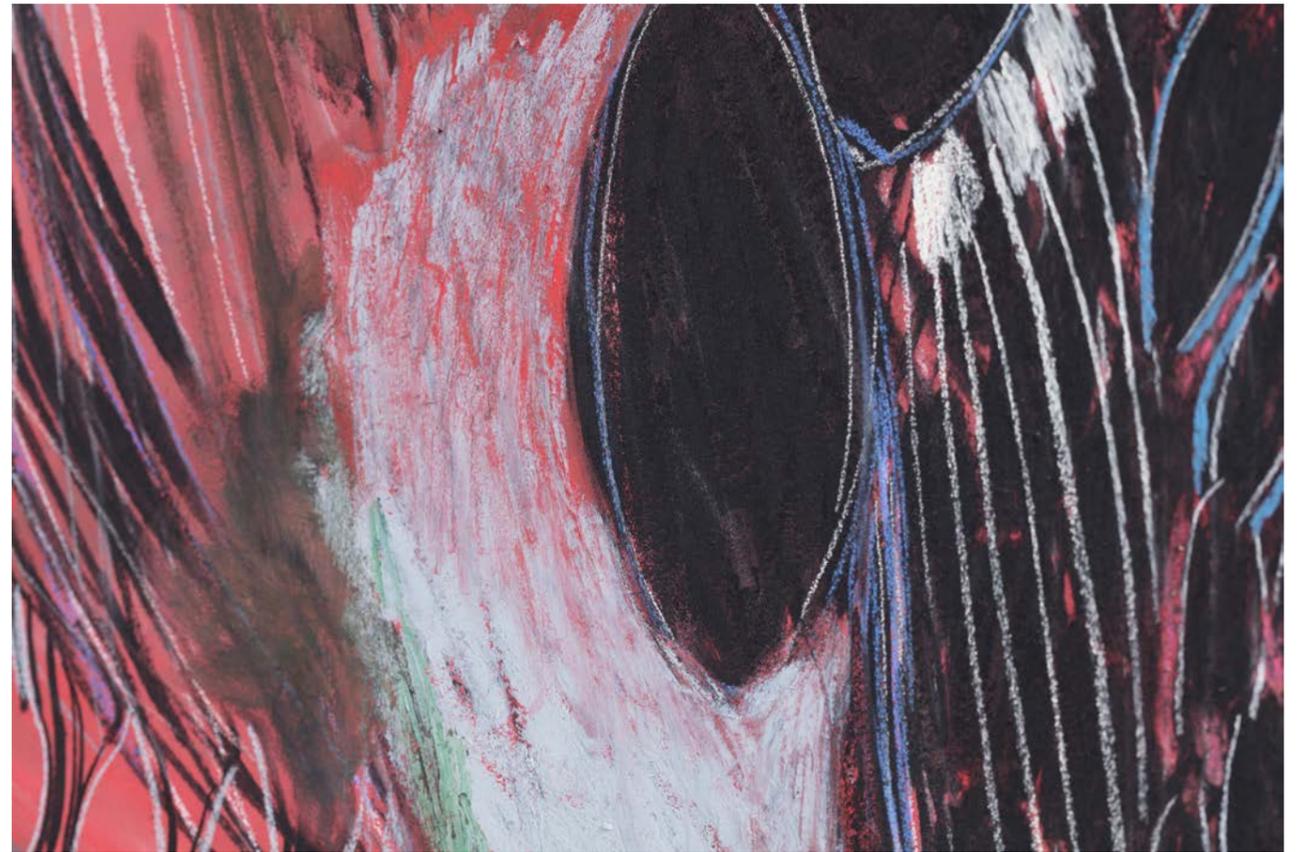
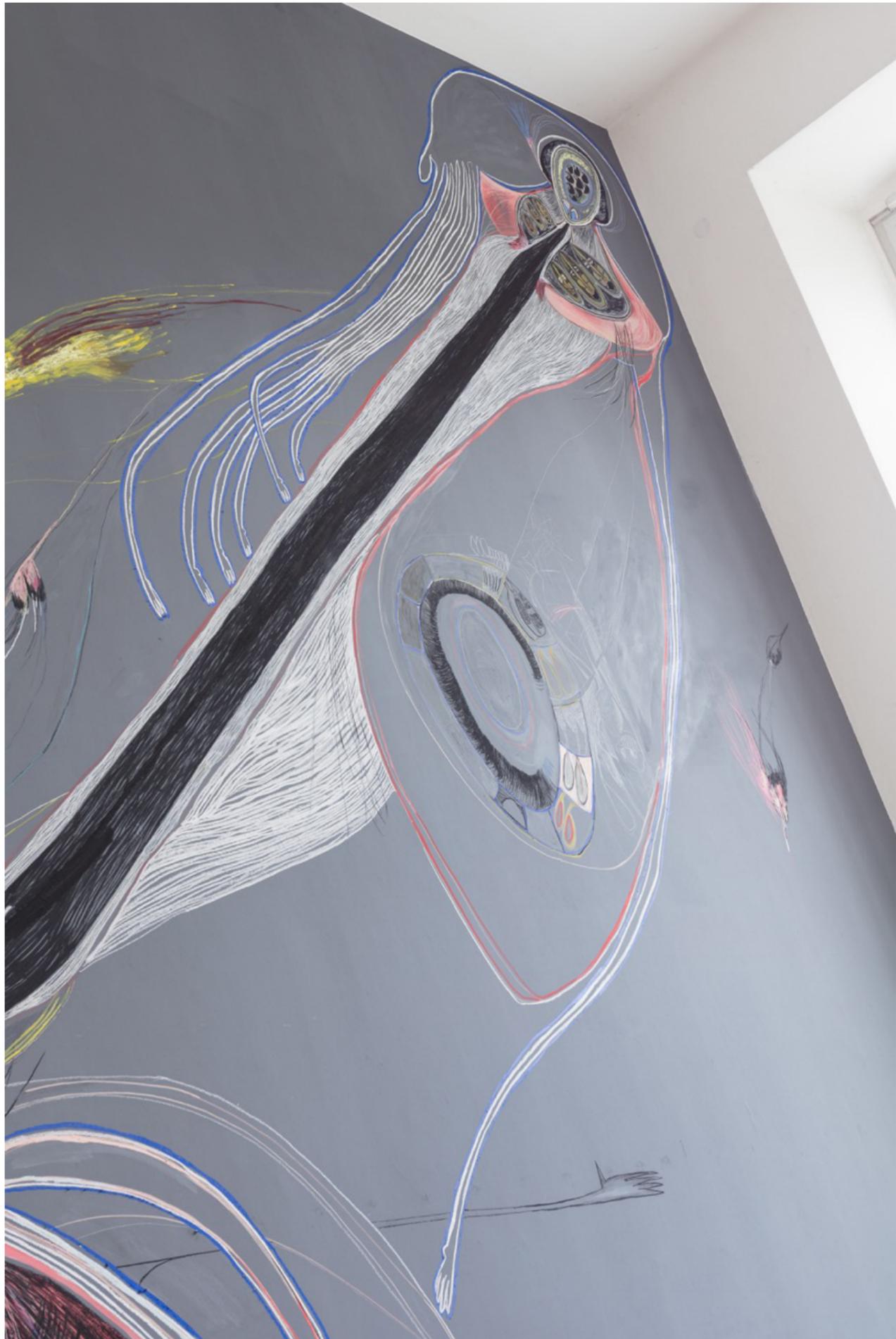


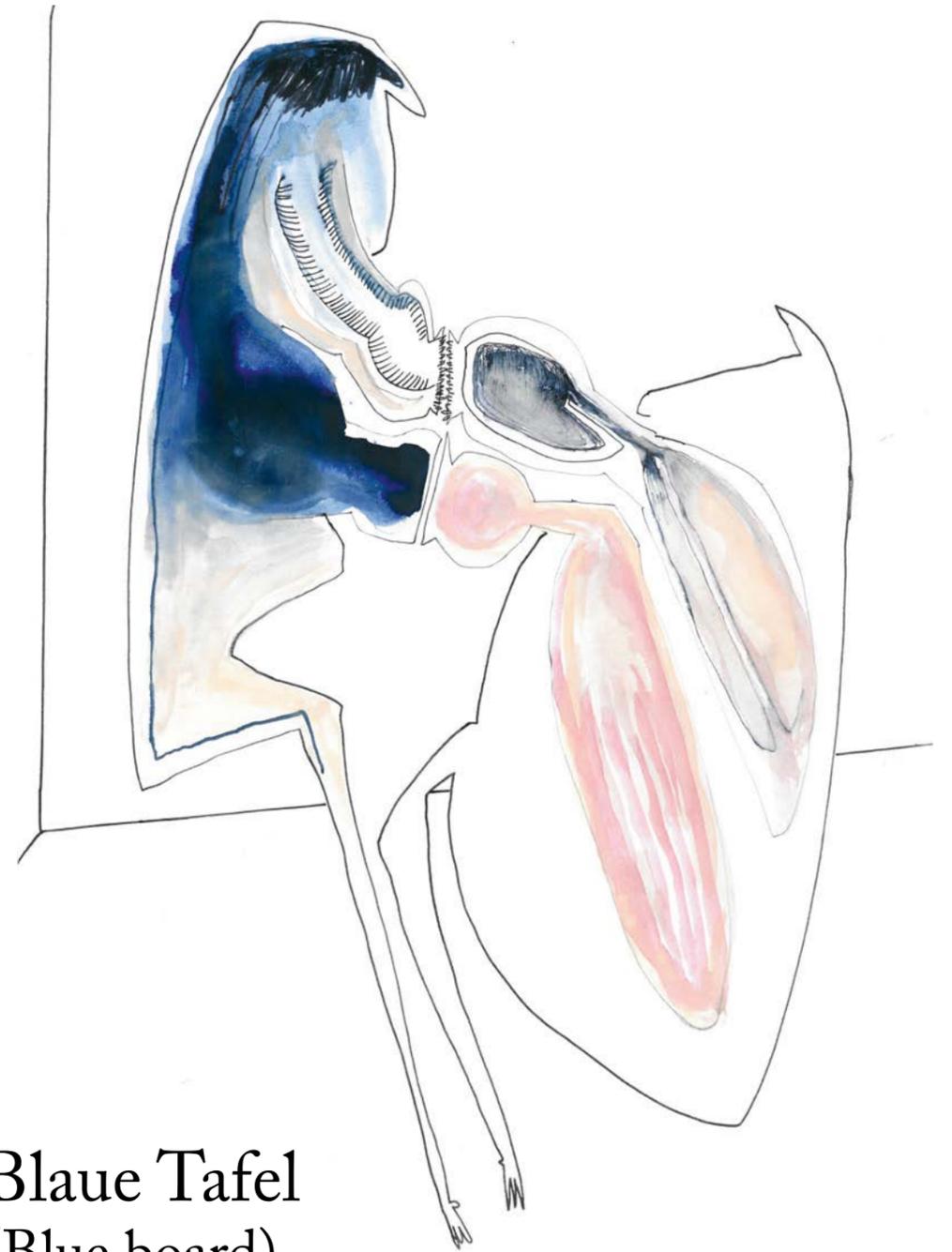


## Engländerin im Empfängnisitz (English woman with conception seat)

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







## Blaue Tafel (Blue board)

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



## Lungenfüßler (Lung-winger)

Anatomiesaal, Akademie der Bildenden Künste Wien , Vienna  
Performance  
2015  
Photos: Sophia Mainka

Link to performance documentation: <https://vimeo.com/user57350004/lungenfuessler?share=copy>

My first blackboard painting was developed in the anatomy hall in the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. It shows 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 during conception, as the prestep to the centilung.

I gave a lecture on the centilung before the blackboard painting was made and again after. 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 dilations. They free the human from his one-sided determination on the vertical form of existence. They free him from his one-sided determination of the bodily functions. Becoming mosquito and then centilung, means a recombination of organs, such as the nose-to-foot-breathing. They always mean a connection of body and prosthesis in the sense of a physical dilation. The academy hall was the adequate place for that.

*Mückengymnastik*  
*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.

by Sophie Schmidt,

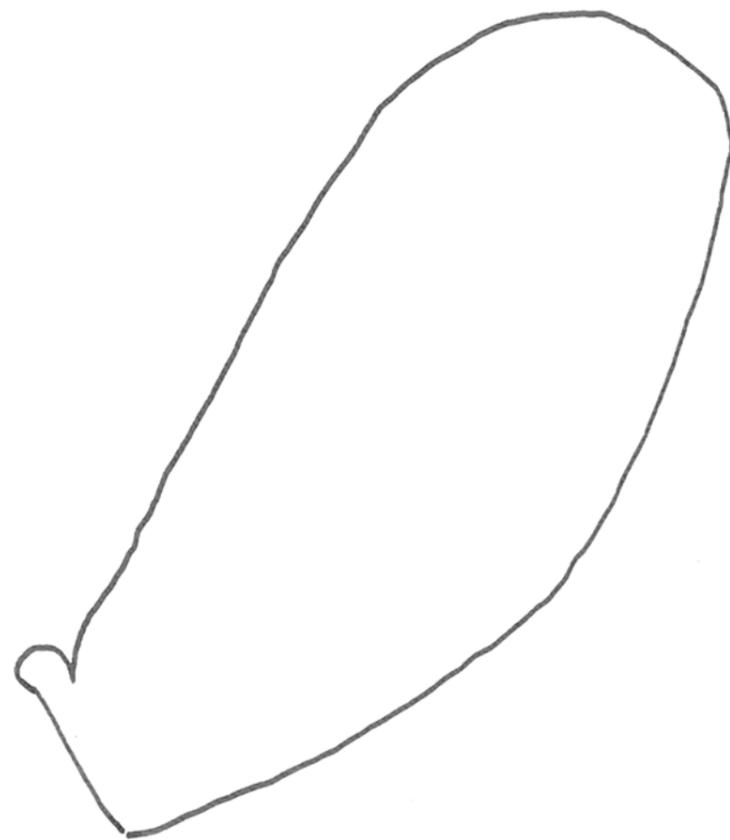
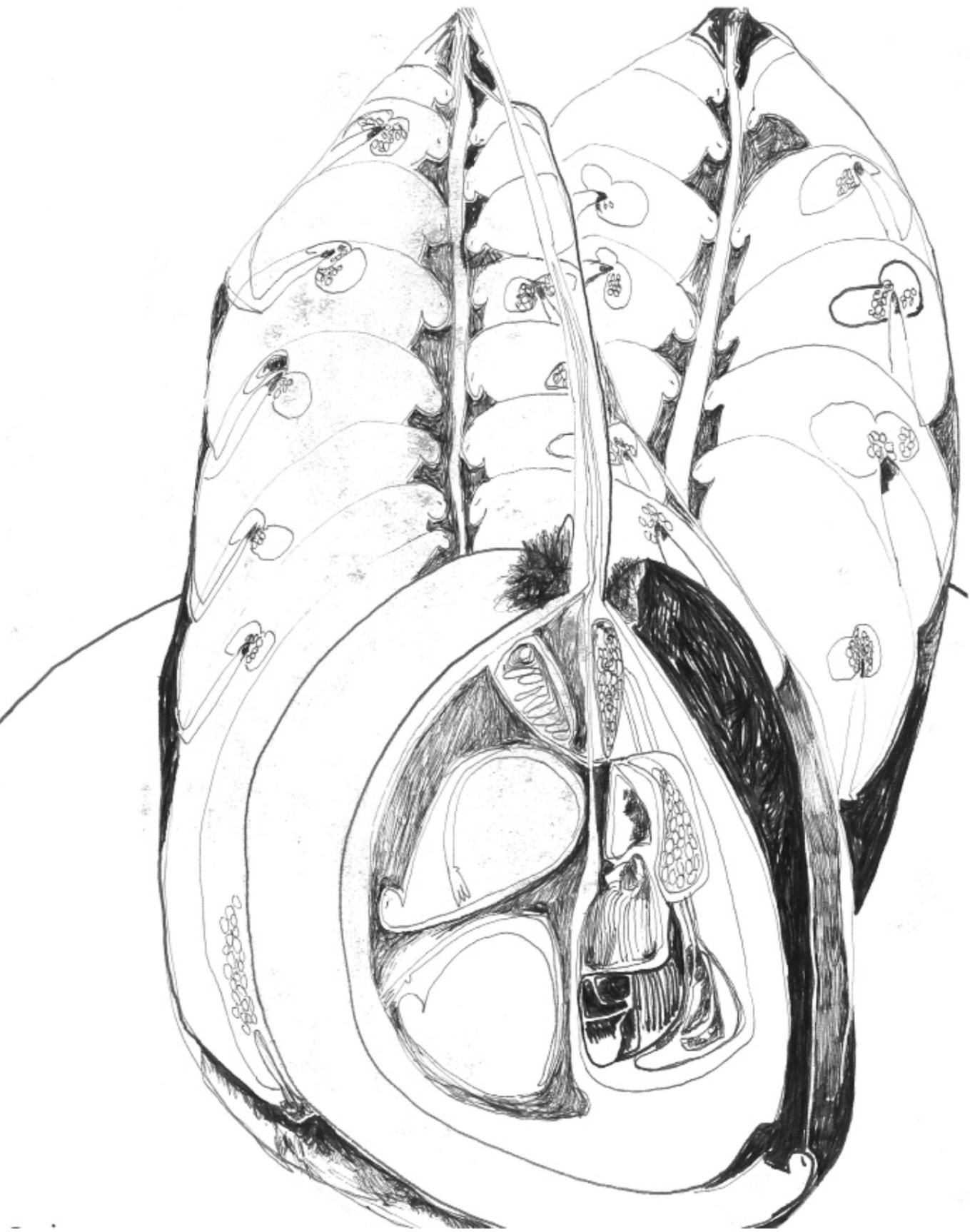




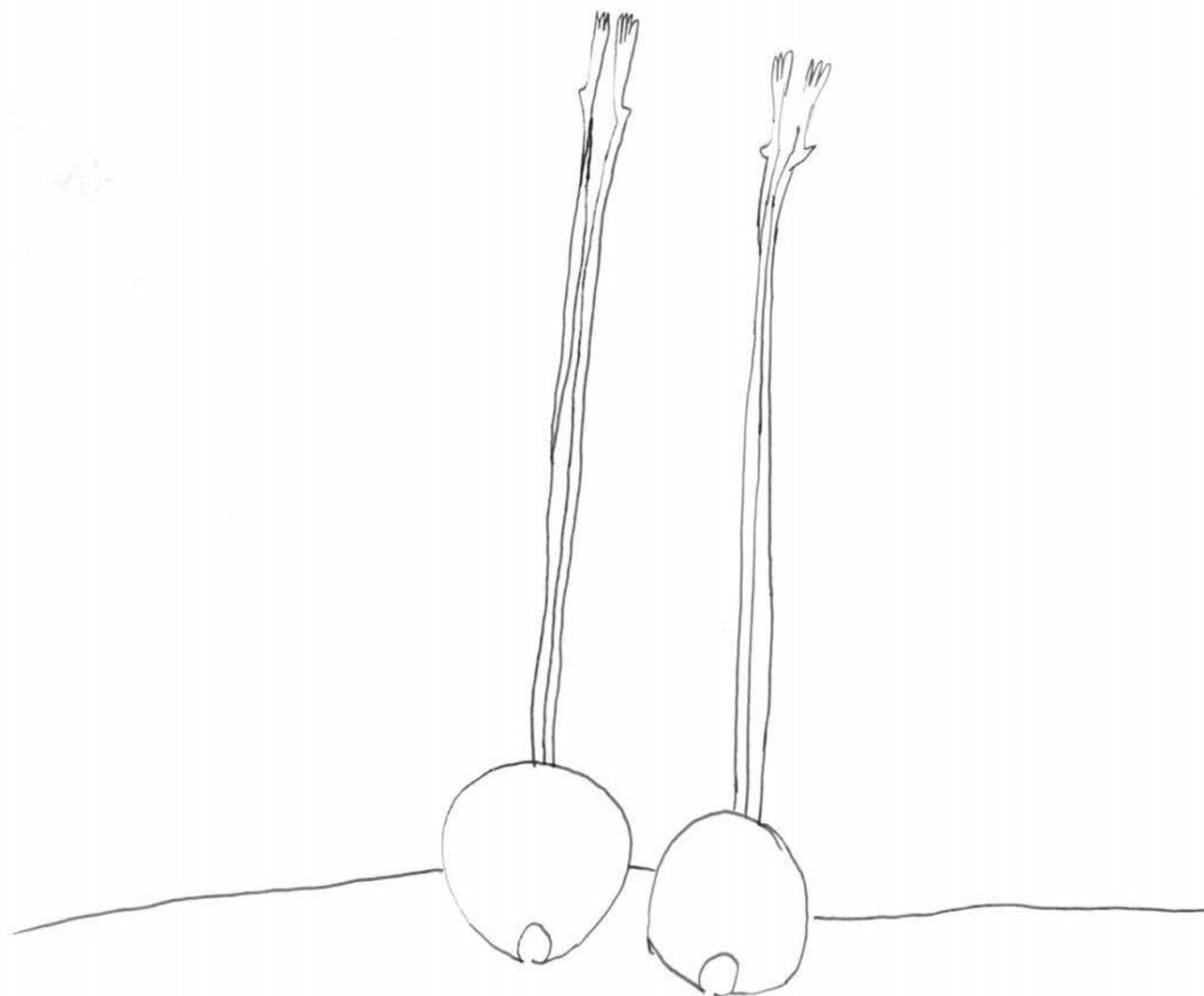
Annäherungen im  
EMPFANGNISITZ



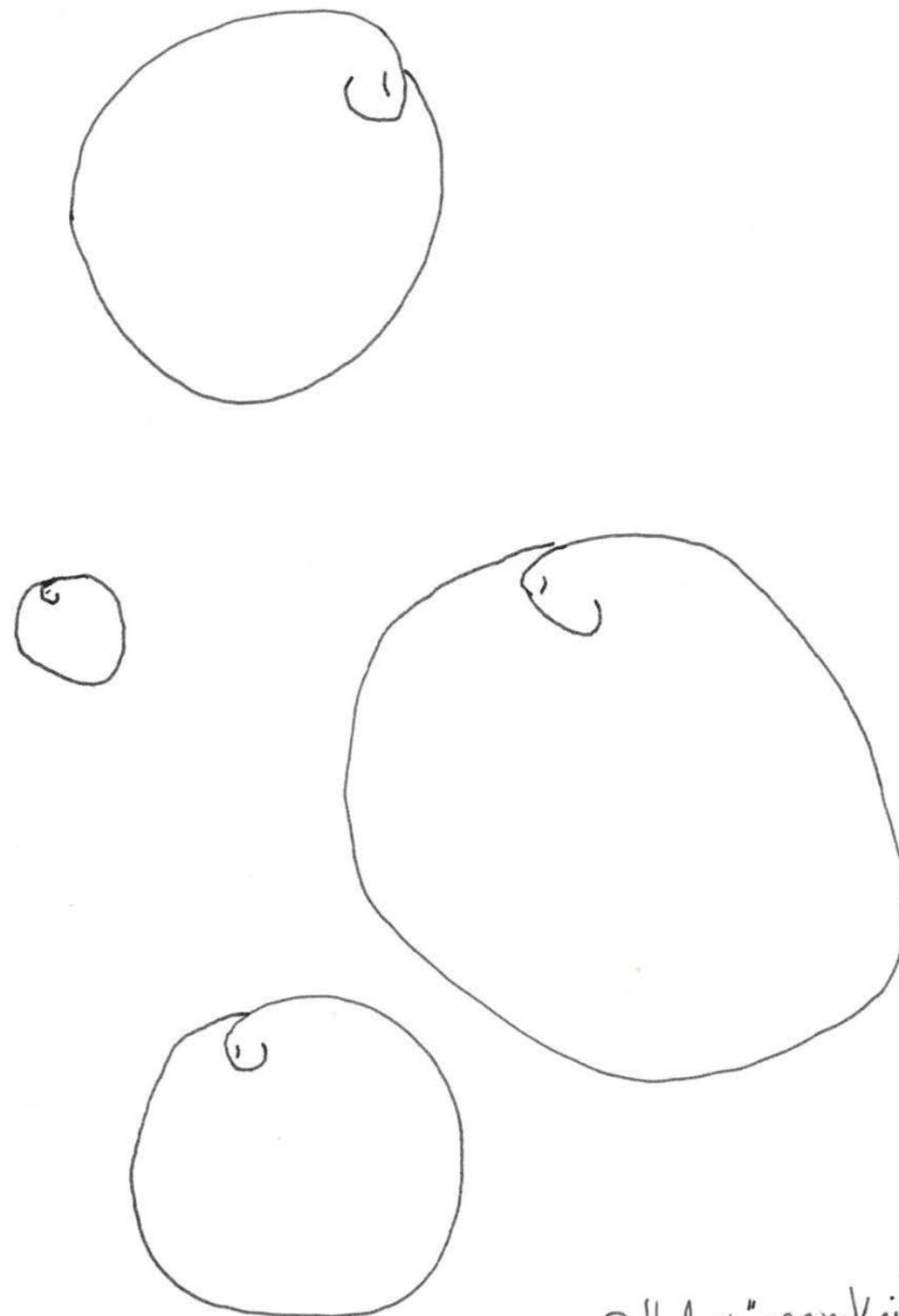
Ich glaube bei mir  
wirds ein Sturzflug







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



Selbstgenügsamkeit



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

## Tausendlünger (Centi lungs)

Drawing series  
Ink, charcoal and acrylic on paper  
Variable sizes  
2015



## Körperweitungen (Body-expansions)

Various locations  
2013-15

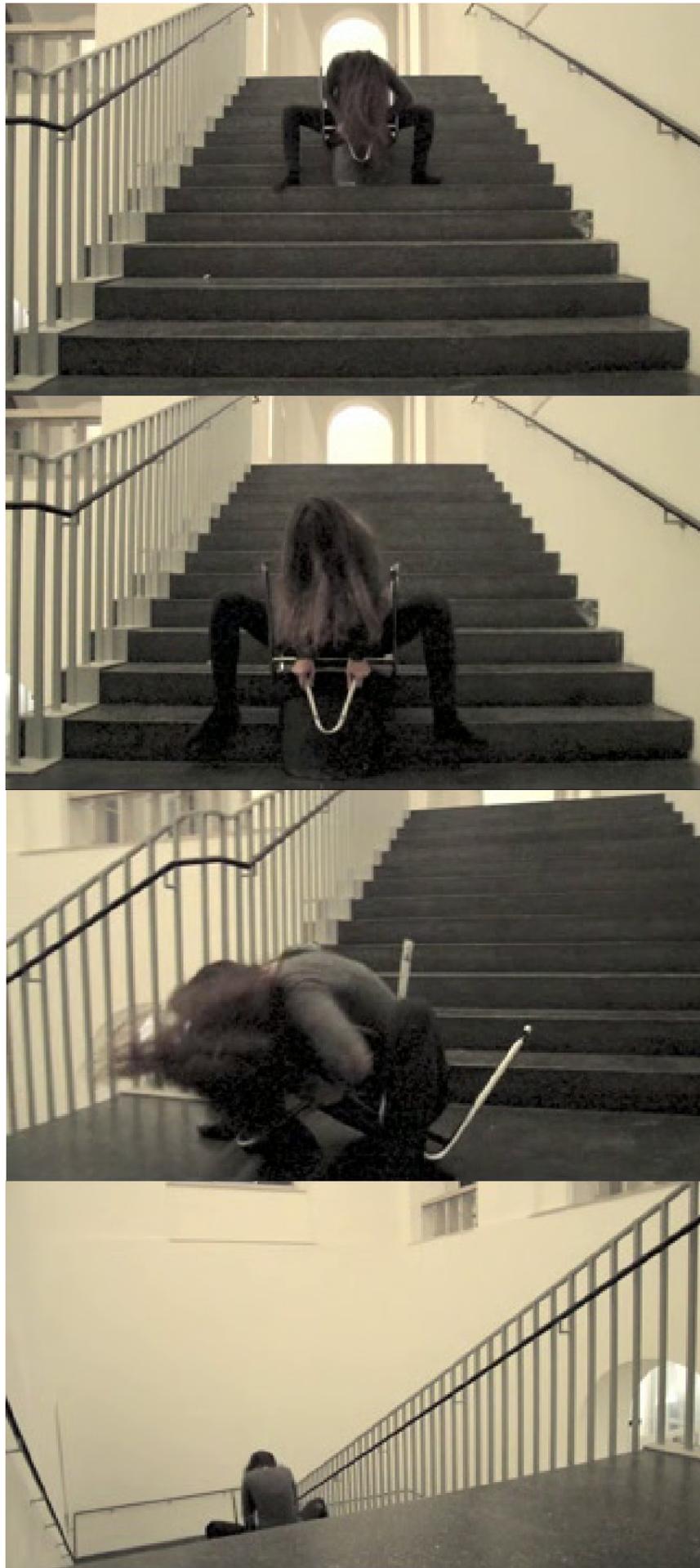
The body does not end with the skin. It rather opens and connects constantly, also with the prosthesis.

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.

The human equally widens with the prosthesis and practices other stances of body and world. The stomach has to go up, the head needs to go down. The potential of transformation lies in the question of posture, of posture of the body to the world.

My prostheses are prostheses of communication too. They are eversions and embodiments of what is inside. They help with any kind of stumbling, also with an inner stumbling. *Gebstock mit Ei* (*Walking stick with egg*) for example helps with balance.

Sophie Schmidt



*Interaktion 2*  
Academy of Fine Arts Munich, Munich  
Performance  
2013

Link to performance documentation: <https://vimeo.com/user57350004/firstday?share=copy>



*Interaktion 3*  
Academy of Fine Arts Munich  
Performance  
2013



*Interaktion 4*  
Academy of Fine Arts Munich  
Performance  
2013

Du bekommst mild wenn ich  
Dir beschützen darf

Mild-  
schutz



## Schlafmaschinen (Sleeping machines)

Collages series  
each 29.7 x 21 cm  
2014





rechts: *Flugmaschine*

## Fortbewegungsmaschinen (Movement machines)

Various locations  
Installationen and performances  
2013

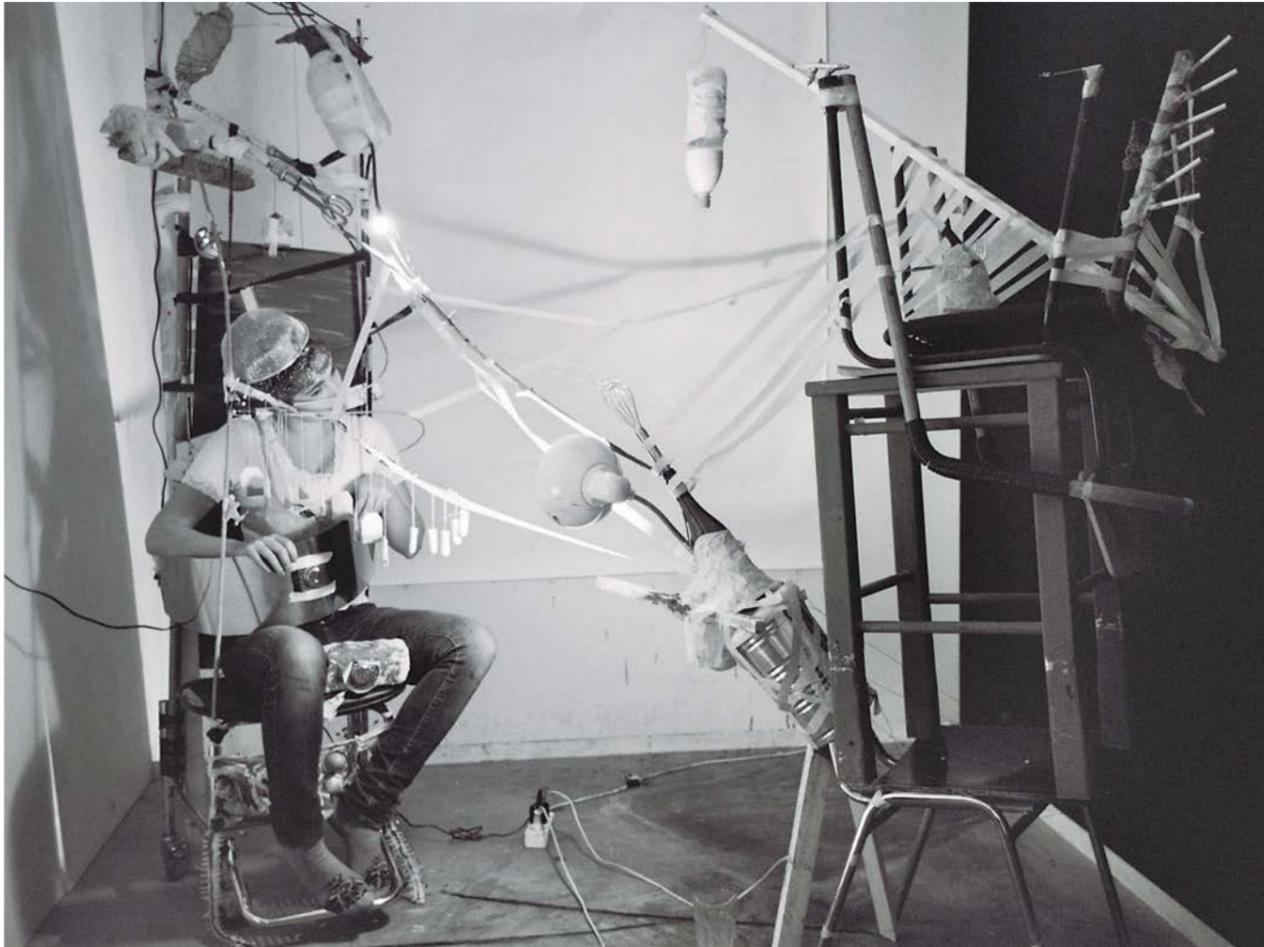
My moving-machines are installations. You can climb in and ride them. They serve as elaborate costumes, tailored to my body, which I internalize through a ritual. In the performance, they come into movement: in an act of becoming one with the machine and the fight against it, they eventually are destroyed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

Through that, the installation undergoes a metamorphosis. The latter serves as the basis for a new installation, which again is subject to the cyclic processes of building, riding and destruction.

Sophie Schmidt







previous:

*Erster Fortbewegungsversuch*

Akademie Galerie, Munich

Photos: Gisela Andras

Link to performance documentation: <https://vimeo.com/185136869/ce7aef80b7>

up: *Orgasmusmaschine*

Akademie Galerie, Munich

right: *Akademiedusche*

Akademie Galerie, Munich



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