

Annual Report
2025

In Aviaries

Kara Chin
Simone Mine Koza
Ernie Wang

Kataster

Coco Schütte

Flickering Chambers

Esther Zahel
Simon Modersohn
Eduard Kiesmann
Kyle Fitzpatrick

pod

Philip Newcombe

Hands Down

Nicl Barbro

Lauren Keeley

Hannes Mussner

Merlin Reichart

Benjamin Slinger

Manuel Stehli

Anna Stüdeli

AIRTIME

Kara Chin
Andi Fischer
Kyle Fitzpatrick
Axel Geis
Gregor Hildebrandt
Hiroko Kameda
Zinu Kim
Eduard Kiesmann
Martin Meiser
Simon Modersohn
Andrew T. Parry
Patric Sandri
Robert Schwark
Ernie Wang

IN AVIARIES

Å+

Kara Chin
Simone M. Koza
Ernie Wang



For Kara Chin, Simone Mine Koza, and Ernie Wang

NEVER STOP, NEVER STOP

November morning, just a few thin streaks of clouds in the sky,
the sun is weary and beautiful, and desire is a dance,
thinking is a dance.

Never stop, never stop.

I walk along the path beneath maples, oaks and birches,
following the threads from our conversations yesterday,
when I hear the distant song of swans,
high above the treetops--

they are on their way now.

November is the time of late departures.

There is danger in leaving,
yet more danger in staying.

Cranes take no risks, they left more than a month ago.
I think of what you said yesterday, Kara,
that your birds are omens.

The times are dark.

Desire is a dance.

Thinking is a dance.

Departure too, can be a dance.

Yesterday, we talked about penguins, utopias, archaeology,
the longing for simplicity, confusion, and more,
and it turned out that we were all interrupted, sad,
and confused, above all, confused.

Thinking is a dance.

Confusion interrupts us, pulls us out of the world.

We live in dark times of confusion and simplifications.

You said you build your amazing worlds to escape
confusion, Ernie.

As for me, I am trying to learn how to think.

I haven't yet figured out whether I am confused
because I am unable to simplify things,
or whether I am unable to simplify things
because I am confused.

To be confused is the opposite to being certain.

Certainty is not a dance.

Simplification is not a dance.

We simplify in order to regain the certainty we have lost,
but we have never been certain,
and we should not strive for certainty,
for certainty is an outcome, a final solution,
and the dance must never end.

Desire is a dance.

Maybe confusion is also a dance,
clumsy, indecisive, and fearful,
yet still a dance.

To dance is to practice the most important freedom:
the freedom of movement.

The movement of thoughts, of hands and bodies,
rehearsing the departure.

As humans in dark times, we need movement.
Everything moves, yet we stand completely still
within this movement, motionless,
like the penguin in your film, Simone,
like the teenage girl you saw after the parade
at Disneyland, Ernie.

She was standing there in tears, with Mickey Mouse ears.

Thinking is a dance.

Desire is a dance.

We live in dark times of anger over lost certainty,
and hatred toward everything we don't understand.

But it is not meant for us to achieve certainty,
it is meant for us to think,
and thoughts should never reach an end.

Thinking is a dance, just like desire,
"and even in the darkest of times
we have the right to expect some illumination,
and that such illumination may well come
less from theories and concepts, than from
the uncertain, flickering, and often weak light
that some men and women, in the lives and works,
will kindle under almost all circumstances
and shed over the time span
that was given them on earth." (Hannah Arendt)

Jens Soneryd, November 15, 2024

IN AVIARIES

Kara Chin
Simone M. Koza
Ernie Wang

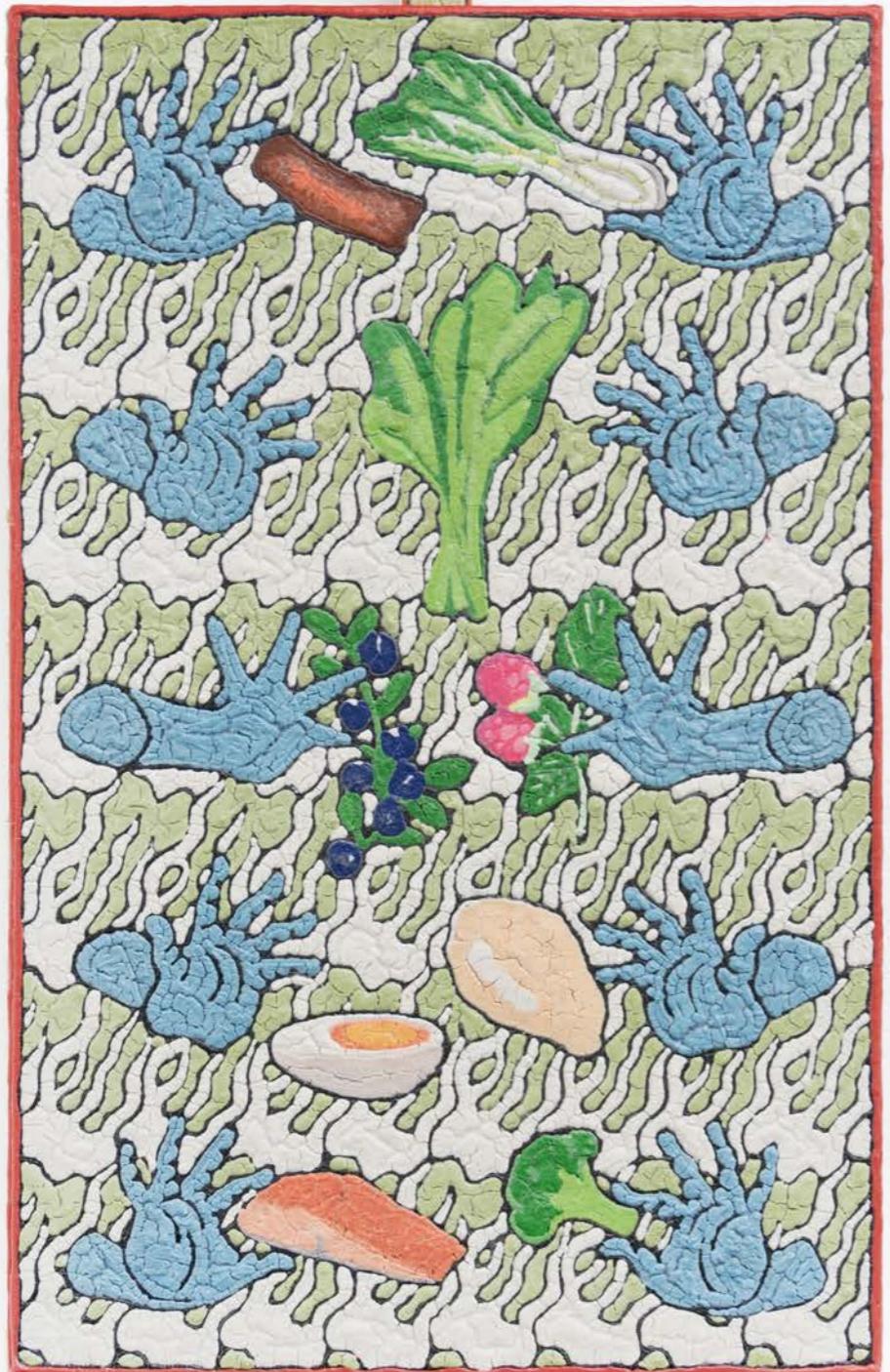




Ernie Wang
Castle 1 (Mineral Garden), 2023
Glazed ceramics
65 x 39 x 36 cm



Ernie Wang
Castle 5 (Caged Bean), 2024
Glazed ceramics
ca. 70 x 40 x 37 cm



Kara Chin
Leafy green Protein Rich, 2022
Timber, cornflour, PVA glue, pigment, acrylic paint
266 x 26 x 7 cm



Ernie Wang
Untitled (Roofed Mirror), 2024
Glazed ceramics
72 x 40 x 22 cm



Kara Chin
Seagul train, 2024
Glazed ceramics
21 x 19 cm





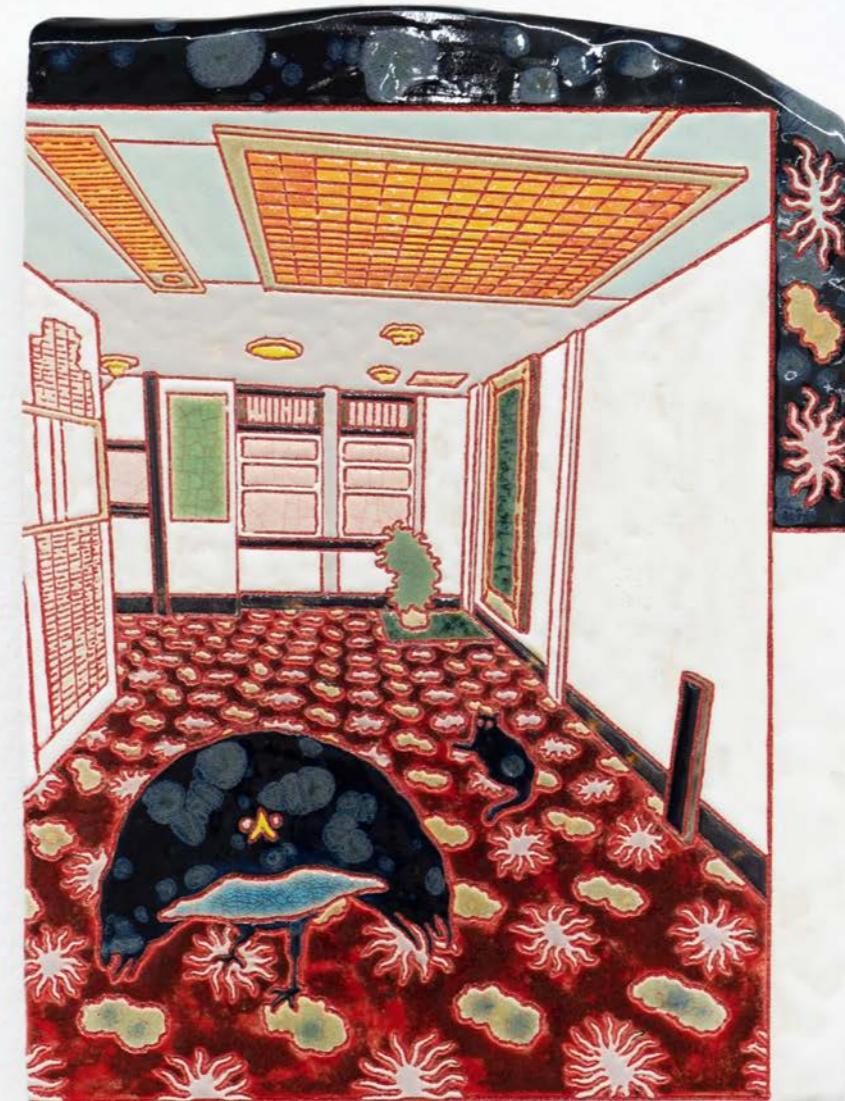




Kara Chin
The Park is gone, 2022
Glazed ceramics, wood
80 x 128 cm



Kara Chin
Vogelkop in Hasenheide, 2024
Glazed ceramics
21 x 16 cm



Kara Chin
Vogel Kopf in Atami, 2024
Glazed ceramics
21 x 15 cm



Full Video
<https://vimeo.com/697848557>



Is it confusing? Yes, it is confusing.

Sometimes I place my forehead on a loved one's forehead and I'm sure that we are thinking the same - not thinking the same thing - but thinking things with the same materiality.

I wonder if the eggs in the bird's nest feel the same when they lay next to each other, like bald heads, their white skulls touching. If eggshells side by side are a state of silently communicating a life-death feeling. Air can't pass through the shell and enter, but air has to exit - or the egg inside the shell will rot. I wonder if the world seeps into the eggs as words and noise and they exhale it back to us. No egg looks the same, but in our collective mind, there's a standardized perfect ideal for everything.

In the apartment complex I grew up in, we lived in piles and stacks of boxes, and my box had the same floor plan as all the other boxes in our building and in the ten other big building blocks on the street. Every box fit together in bleak grey and beige stacks of towers. I found out later that in a Swedish building complex, built after the same design as my boxes but with even cheaper materials, asbestos filled the walls and fell like snowflakes or fish food through the cracks and into the mouths and nostrils of its inhabitants, embedding them in the architecture itself. Marking them as the property of their homes and making them sick.

Apartment complexes feel like dollhouses and library shelves and boxes unfolded like a two-dimensional recipe.

Cadastre is a register, a list or a collection of things or facts describing something spatial. The real estate cadastre is the register of all parcels of land, and the parcels are described with their location, type of use, geometry, and the buildings located on the parcel. In the world of Coco Schütte's works, property mutates into something shippable - where parcel post and residential parcel are equated.

In KATASTER, wooden boxes with the measurements of a DHL-sized "M" parcel are stacked into gridded bodily structures, like high-rise dollhouses that offer glimpses into the contents of their stomachs. Each box, identical in its dimensions, holds the potential of a life - a standardized container for the good idea of living. A person's clothes, like a second skin tailored to a prescribed size, simulate individuality but are bound to the logic of mass production. The material of the house doesn't only shelter its inhabitants - it also absorbs them and metabolizes them. If a house is a living thing, its walls inhale its residents until there is no longer a boundary between home and body. A house is like a pregnant egg - holding the promise of life while incubating its own decay. A life-death state.

Standardization as a strive for perfection is a collective illusion.

There is always someone cheating with the recipe.

Sometimes it all feels very universal.

- Karoline Franka Foldager





Skeleton Frame (grid I), 2023
down vest and jackets, laquered MDF, steel, aluminium profiles, plexiglas
101 x 45 x 18 cm



Skyrise (grid II) , 2023
Down jackets, laquered MDF, steel, aluminium profiles, plexiglas
101 x 45 x 18 cm



Mummy (grid III), 2023

Sleeping bag, keys, laquered MDF, steel, aluminium profiles, plexiglas
101 x 45 x 18 cm



Fountain , 2025

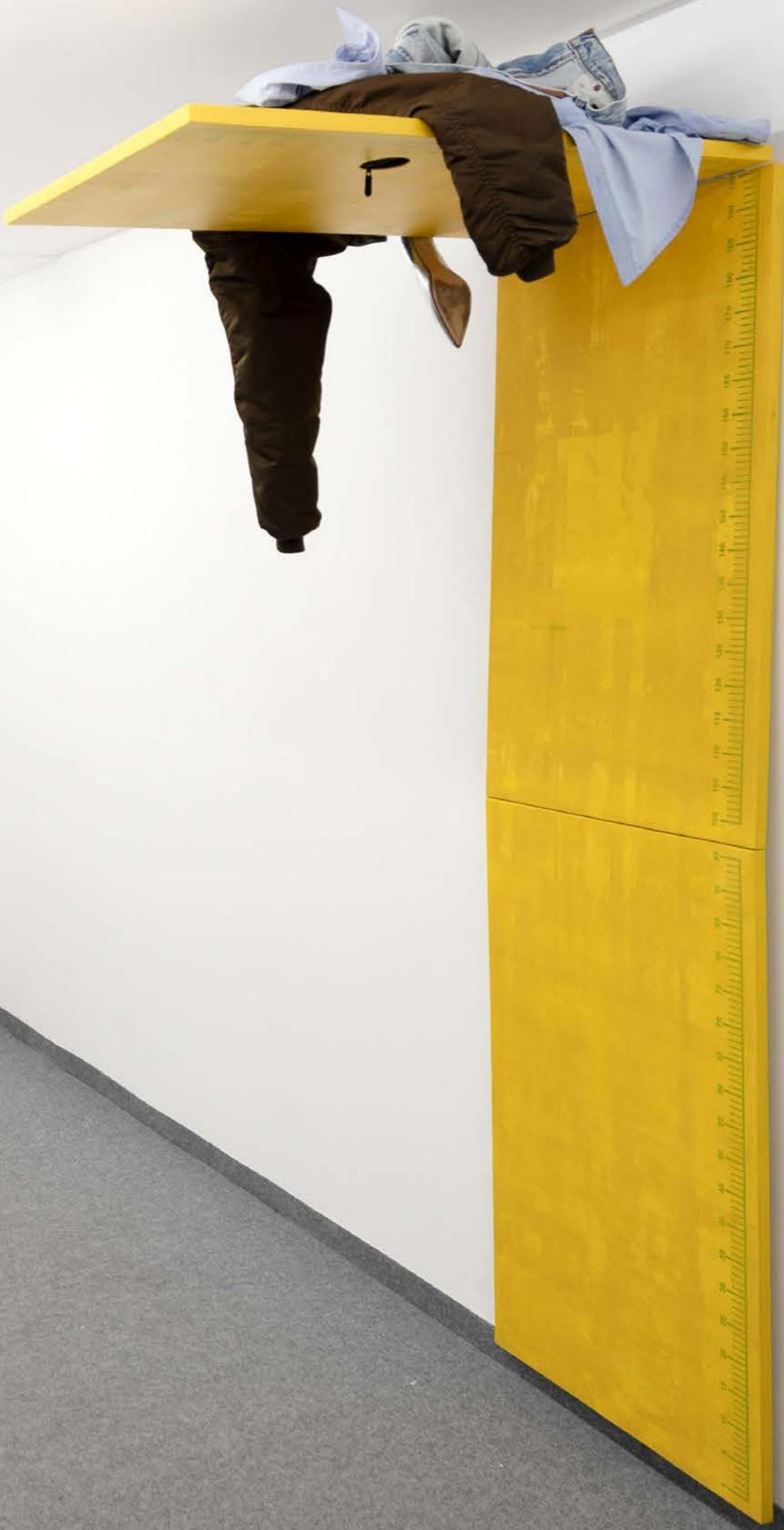
Fine art print on Alu-Dibond in aluminium shadow gap frame
28 x 20 x 2,5 cm





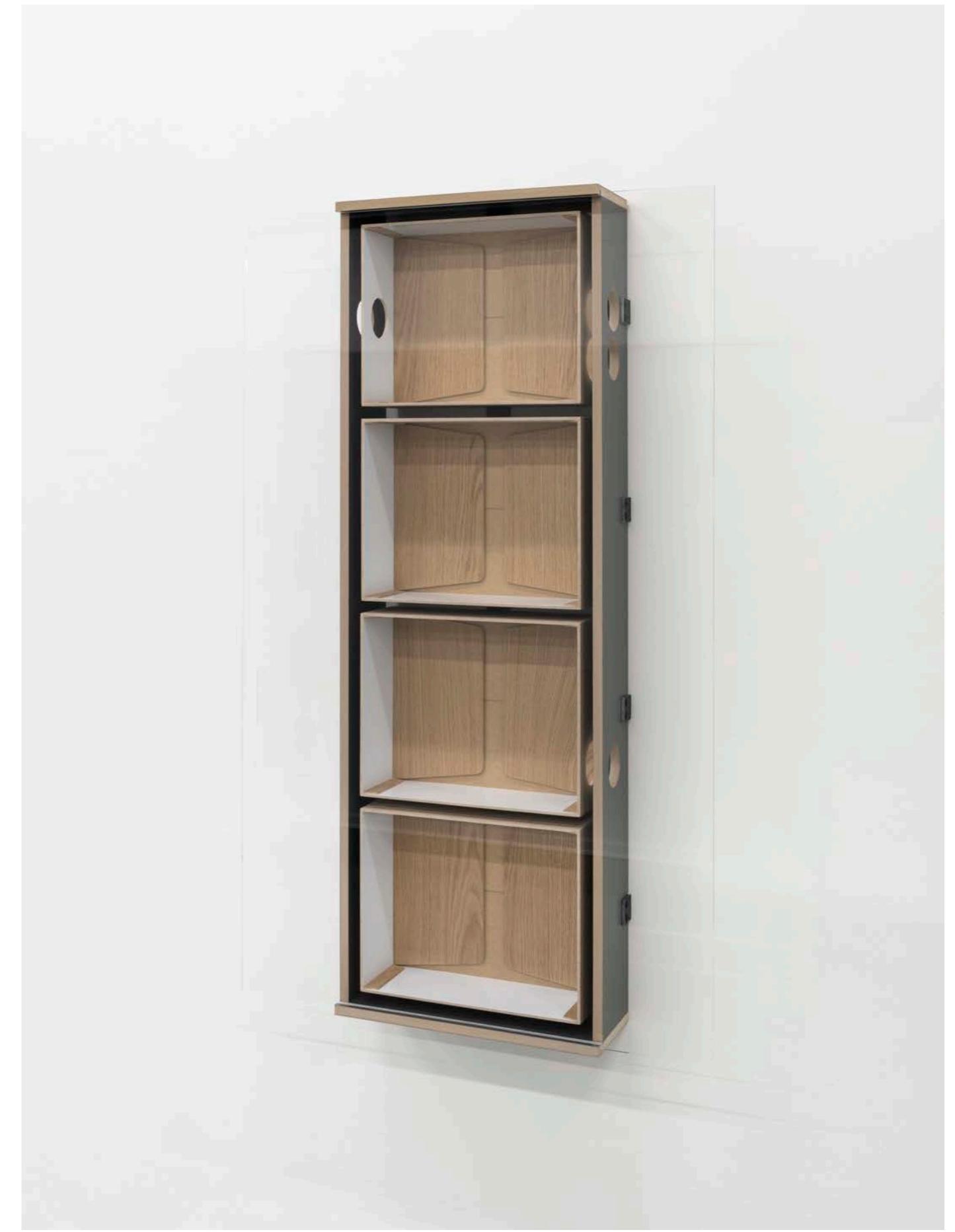


Storyboard 1, 2023
Wooden boxes referencing DHL size ,M“ parcels, laquered MDF, steel, aluminium profiles, plexiglas
101 x 163 x 18 cm





Ruler, 2025
Wallpaper table, second-hand clothes and shoes
234 x 58 x 100 cm



Storyboard 2, 2023
Wooden boxes referencing DHL size ,M"parcels, laquered MDF, steel, aluminium profiles, plexiglas
133 x 80 x 17 cm

**FLICKERING
CHAMBERS**

Kyle Fitzpatrick
Eduard Kiesmann
Simon Modersohn
Esther Zahel



Bernshammar, May 1, 2025

Dear Eduard, Esther, Hagen, Kyle and Simon,

Thank you for the lines you sent me. My idea was to use them in a dialogue, as a fragment of a play. And that's what I did. I titled it "*Notes from a Conversation on a Rooftop That Never Took Place*." Unfortunately, it didn't turn out very well. Nor did it improve when I invited a handful of others to join the conversation—only geniuses of course, most of them dead—such as Hannah Arendt, Albert Camus, Marguerite Duras, Ernst Jünger, Ludwig Wittgenstein, and Constance Debré. That's why I'm writing this letter instead.

I have to admit that at first, I was a bit disappointed that several of your sentences were simply descriptions of what your paintings depicted. It felt like you took the easy way out. But now that I've read them several times, I think they've taken on a deeper meaning. Here is my favorite—I think it says a lot about life, at least about mine:

"Er gräbt und gräbt." (Eduard Kiesmann)

When I read your lines and look at your works, which deal with different kinds of dwellings—for both the living and the dead, animals and humans—I'm struck by what a complex type of object the house is. Unlike many other objects, both its inside and outside are important. It affects both its surroundings and its contents. Simon, you write that "das Haus besitzt den Bewohner," and remind us that the house is far from a passive object. We can use the house in different ways, but the house also uses us. (In that way, it resembles language.) The word "house" is also both a noun and a verb. Maybe that's why Le Corbusier described it as "a machine for living." The houses in your works look more like living beings than machines—sometimes expectant and welcoming, sometimes hostile, sometimes melancholically longing, as if they would rather be elsewhere; at other times, enigmatically ambiguous.

It is often said that the high-modernist building in glass and steel incarnates the Enlightenment ideals of reason and openness. But when I look at your works, Esther, I wonder if it wasn't equally inspired by the birdcage.

Martin Heidegger began an essay in 1951 by asking whether we can truly dwell, whether we even possess that capability. I think we've generally become even worse at dwelling since he posed the question. That's because homes are increasingly becoming less "*heimlich*." Nowadays this happens in more sophisticated ways than through physical materials and design. What happens on the outside continuously flows in, and what happens on the inside flows out. As I write this to you, I grow increasingly unsure whether I'm truly where I think I am: at home.

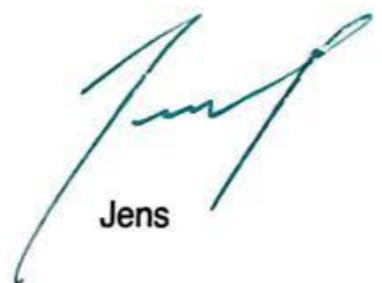
How could we let it happen? Perhaps because we wanted to become free? But we didn't.

Freedom is a big subject. And yet it can't be avoided—it's what your works gravitate toward with their motifs: Simon's houses, the cages, Kyle's walls and escape routes, Esther's ambivalent rooms, Eduard's gravestone... You can be imprisoned in many different ways. You can be trapped in your own thoughts and actions. You can be trapped in your own home like a bird or mouse in a cage. You can also be imprisoned in your time.

Freedom is often described as simply being independent—Independent of others, and perhaps especially independent of place. Maybe that's why the technocrats fantasize about leaving Earth and colonizing other planets? Maybe that's also why the world's leaders work so systematically to devastate nature—to somehow signal that they can manage without it, that they are completely free?

But maybe freedom is something else than a state of independence? Maybe it can be an event, something temporary. One of your paintings, Eduard, depicts the view from a rooftop in Berlin. When I, despite my fear of heights, have occasionally given in to the temptation to climb onto a rooftop, I've always been rewarded with an intense feeling of freedom. Partly because I defied my fear. But also, I think, because you are not really supposed to be on the roof. You are just a temporary visitor in the wrong place. In that moment, you are free. But still just as dependent as usual.

Sincerely,



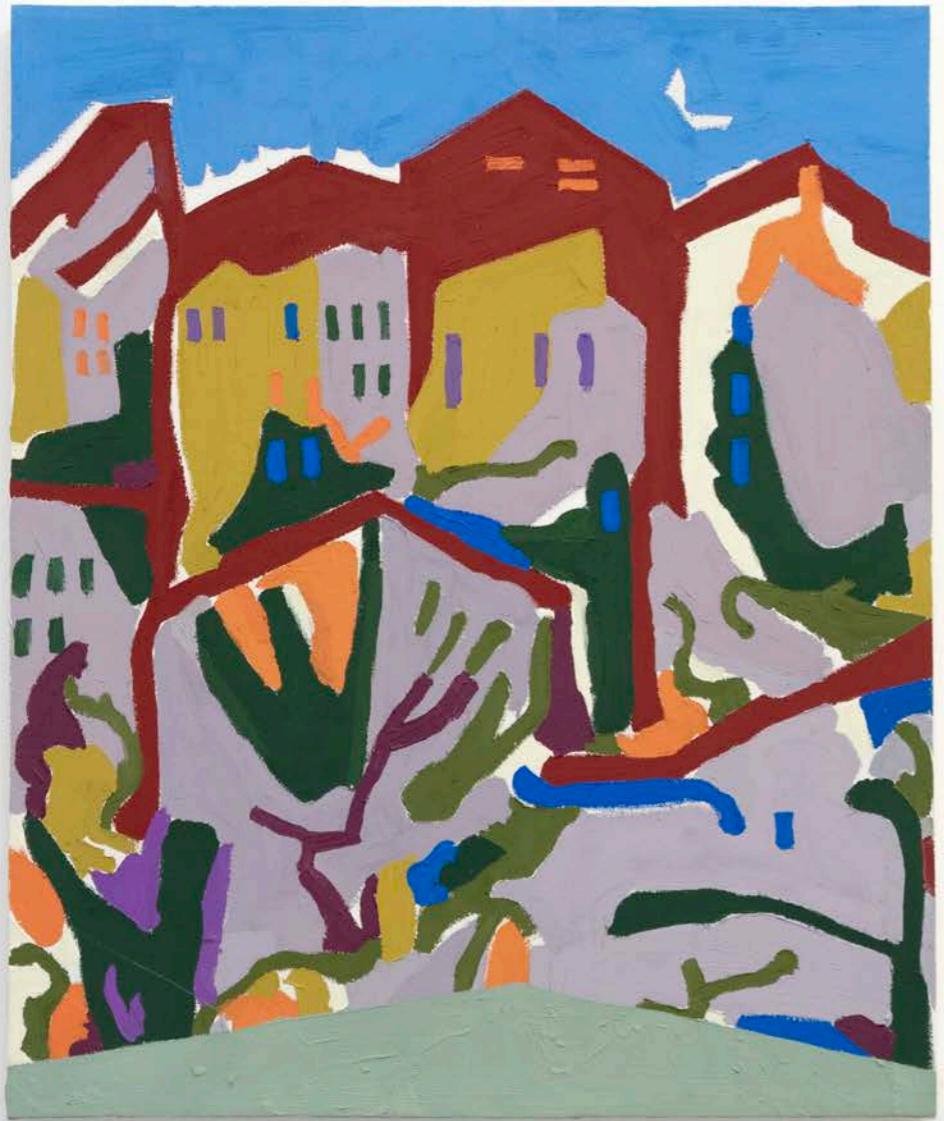
Jens

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A+

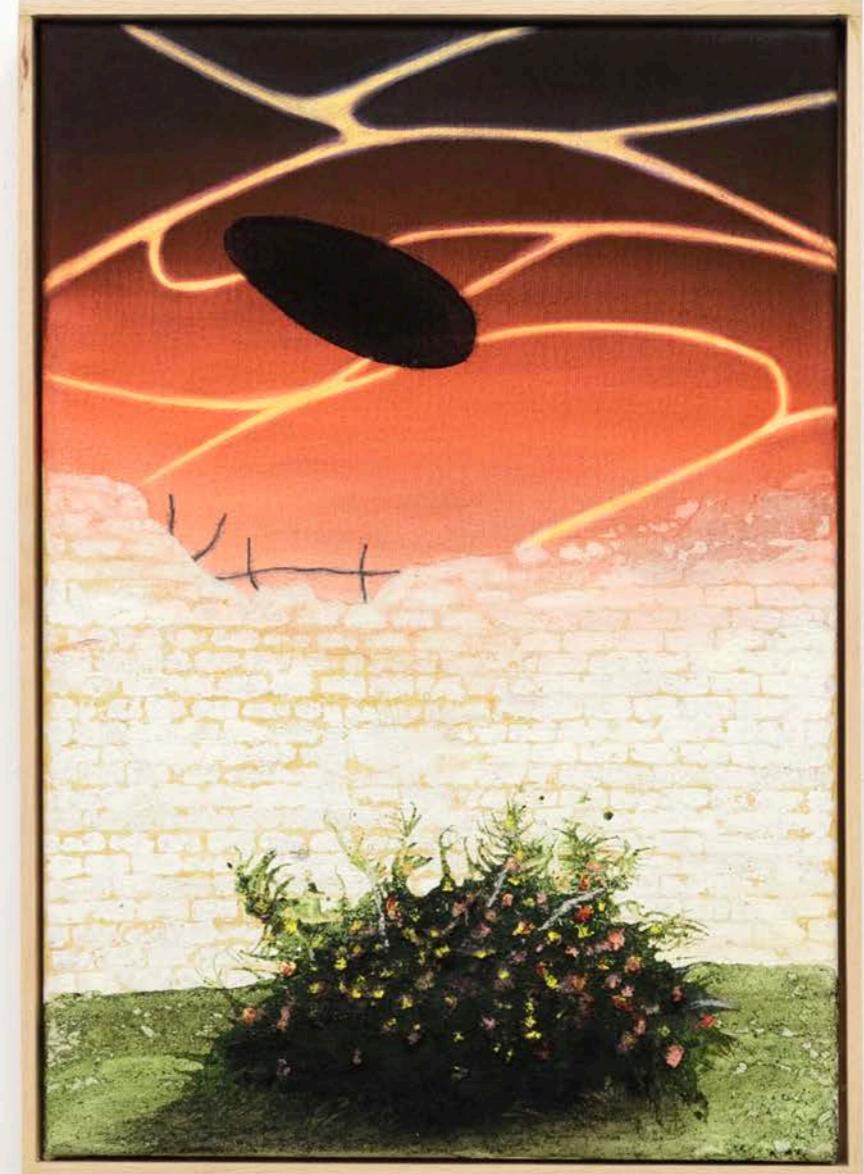
FLICKERING C H A M B E R S

Kyle Fitzpatrick
Eduard Kiesmann
Simon Modersohn
Esther Zahel

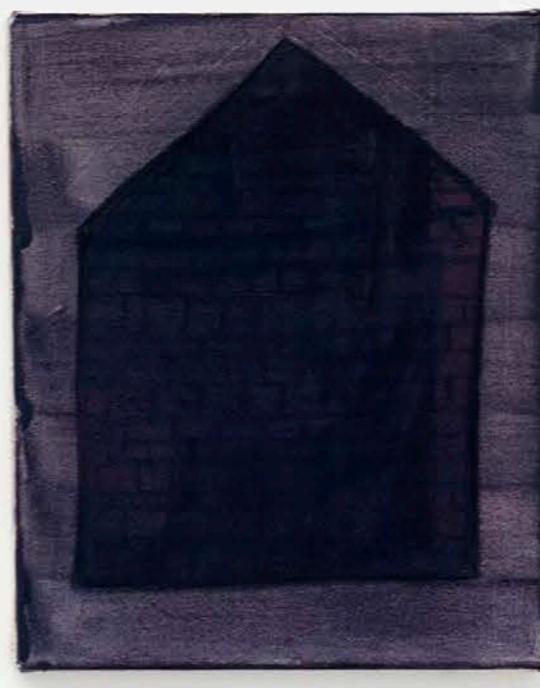




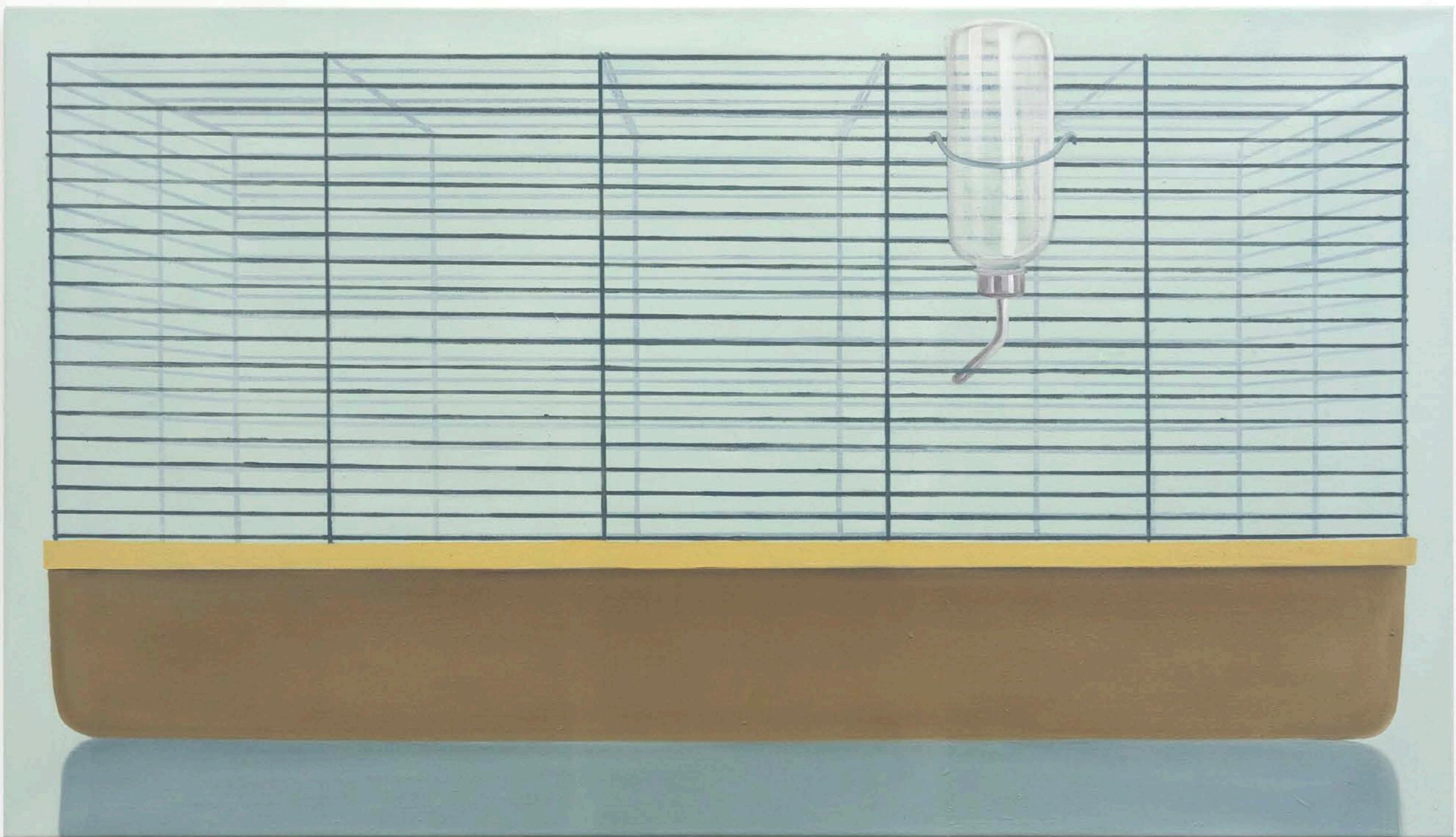
Eduard Kiesmann
Isle Of Rooftops, 2020
Oil on canvas, 60 x 49 cm



Kyle Fitzpatrick
Hatch, 2025
Acrylic, oil on canvas, 40 x 28 cm



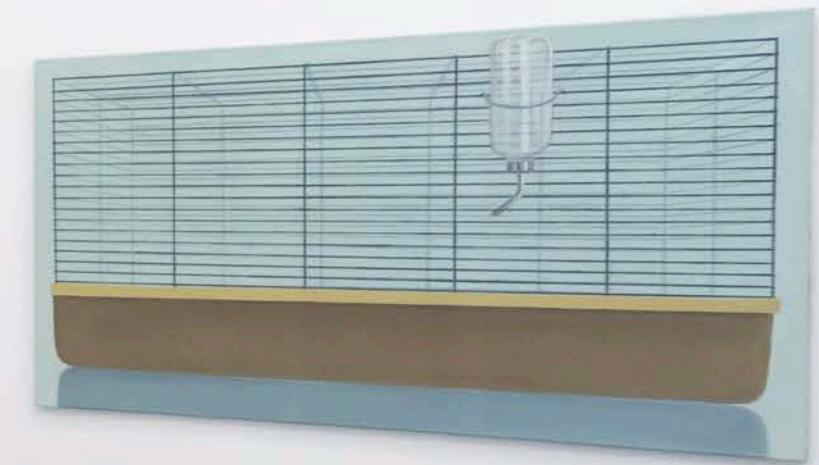
Esther Zahel
Fläche statt Richtung, 2021-2025
Acrylic, lacquer, charcoal, chalk on canvas, each 30 x 20 cm



Simon Modersohn
Durststrecke, 2018
Oil on canvas, 80 x 140 cm



Eduard Kiesmann
Vacation Forever (Giovanni), 2025
Oil on wood, 32 x 42 cm

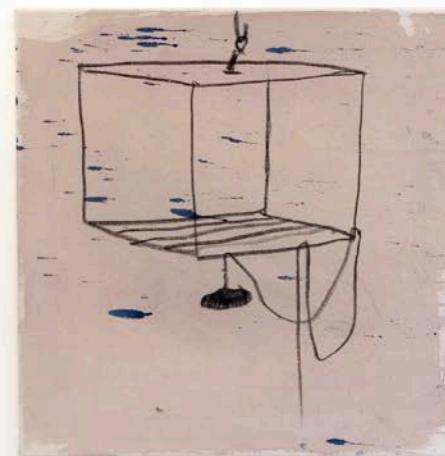
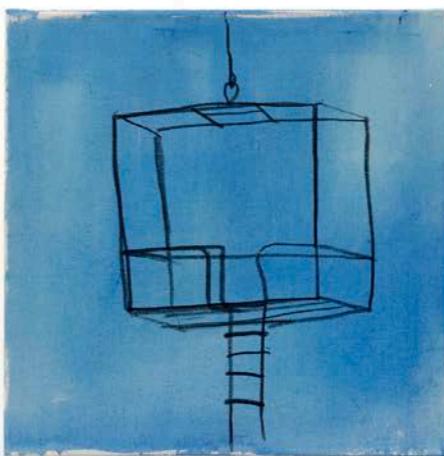
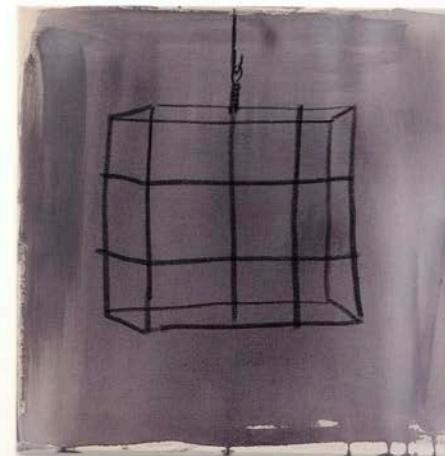
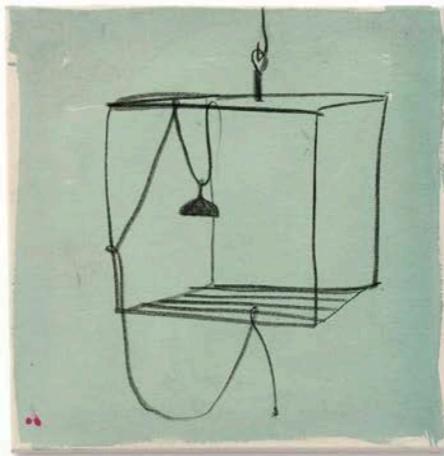








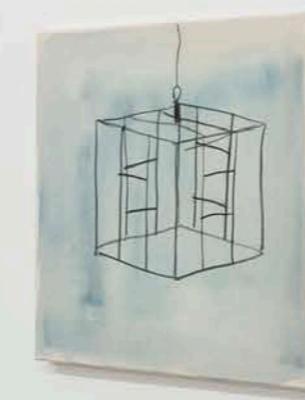
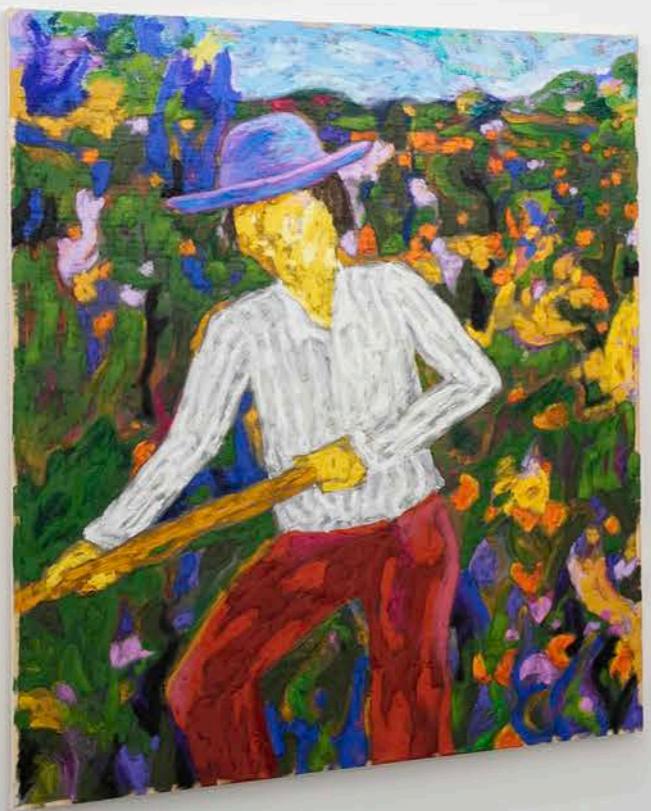
Simon Modersohn
Bodorenne, 2023
Oil on canvas, 120 x 100 cm

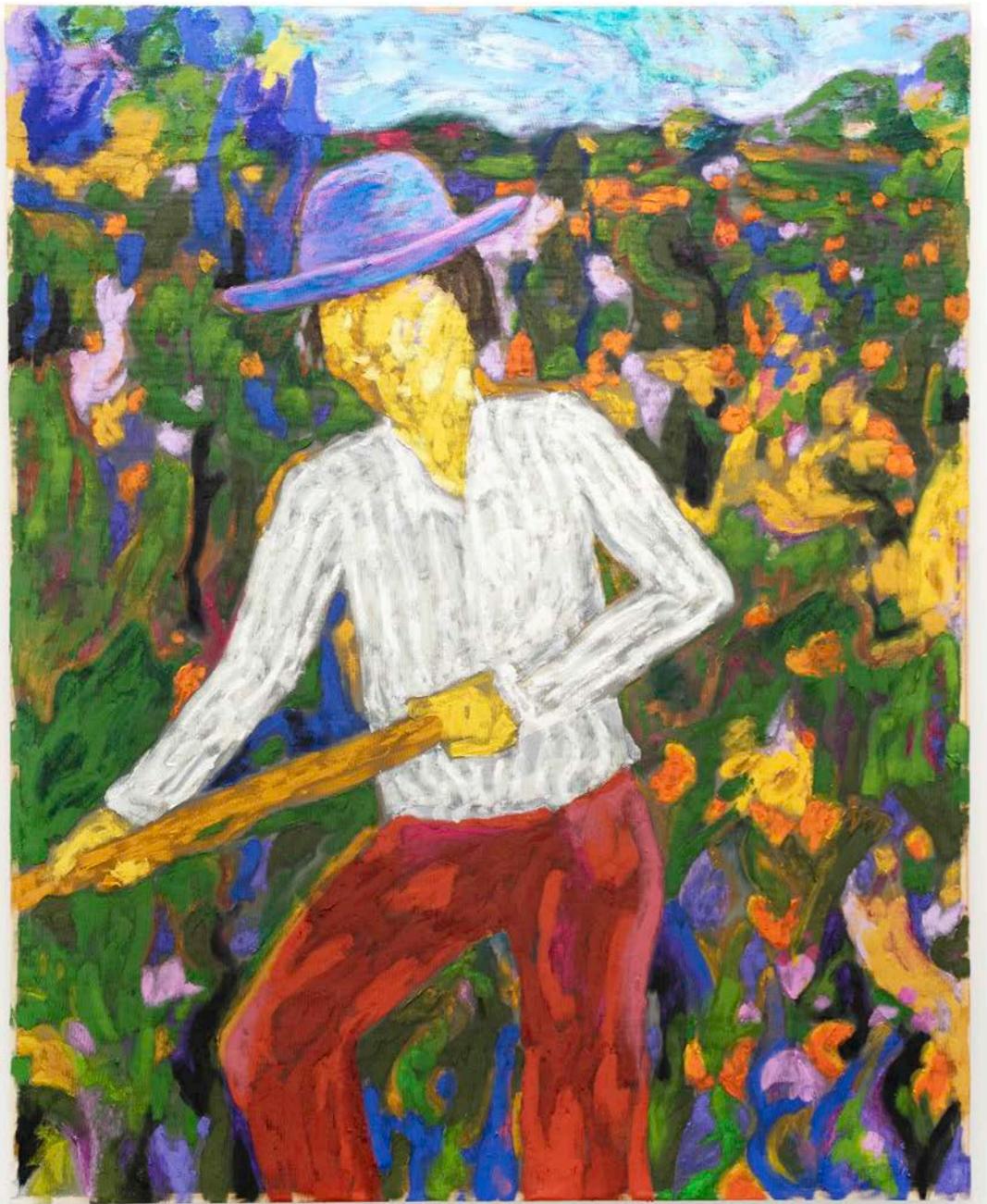


Esther Zahel
Haus am Haken, 1 - 4, 2023
Acrylic, charcoal on canvas, each 45 x 45 cm



Kyle Fitzpatrick
O.T., 2025
Acrylic, oil, crayon, dirt on canvas, 28 x 39 cm

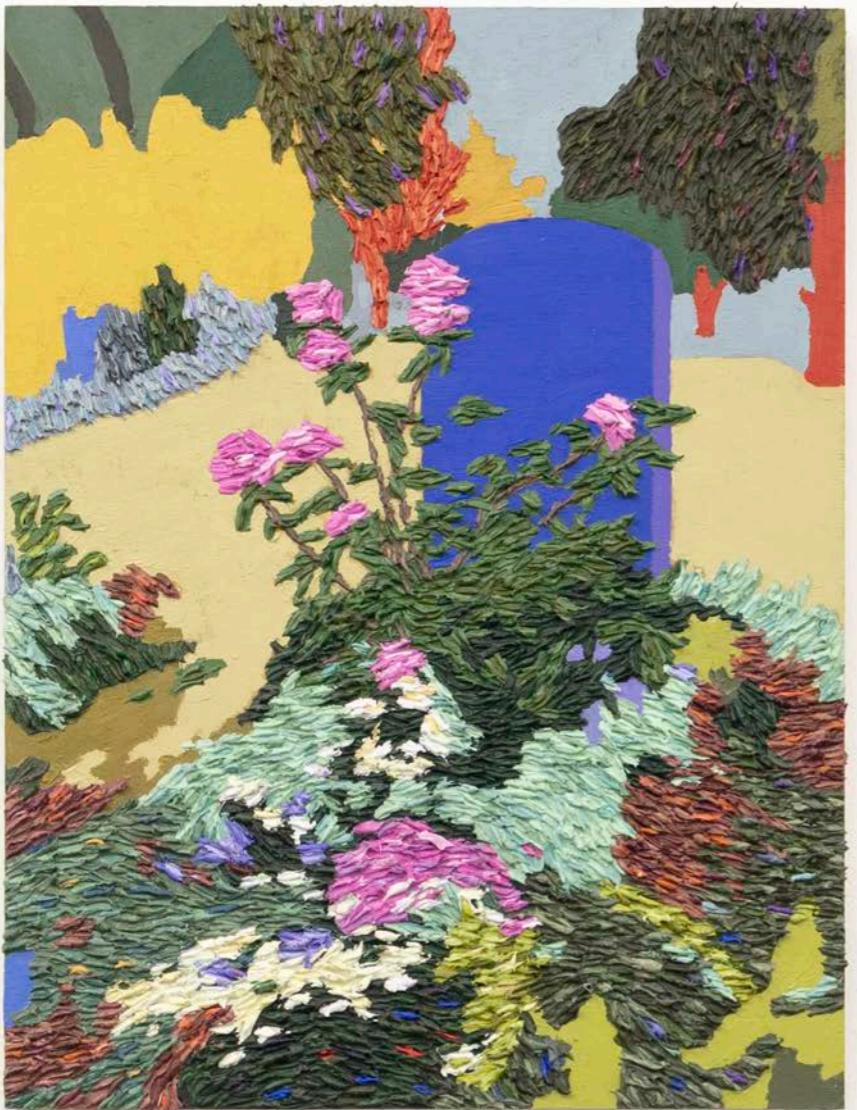




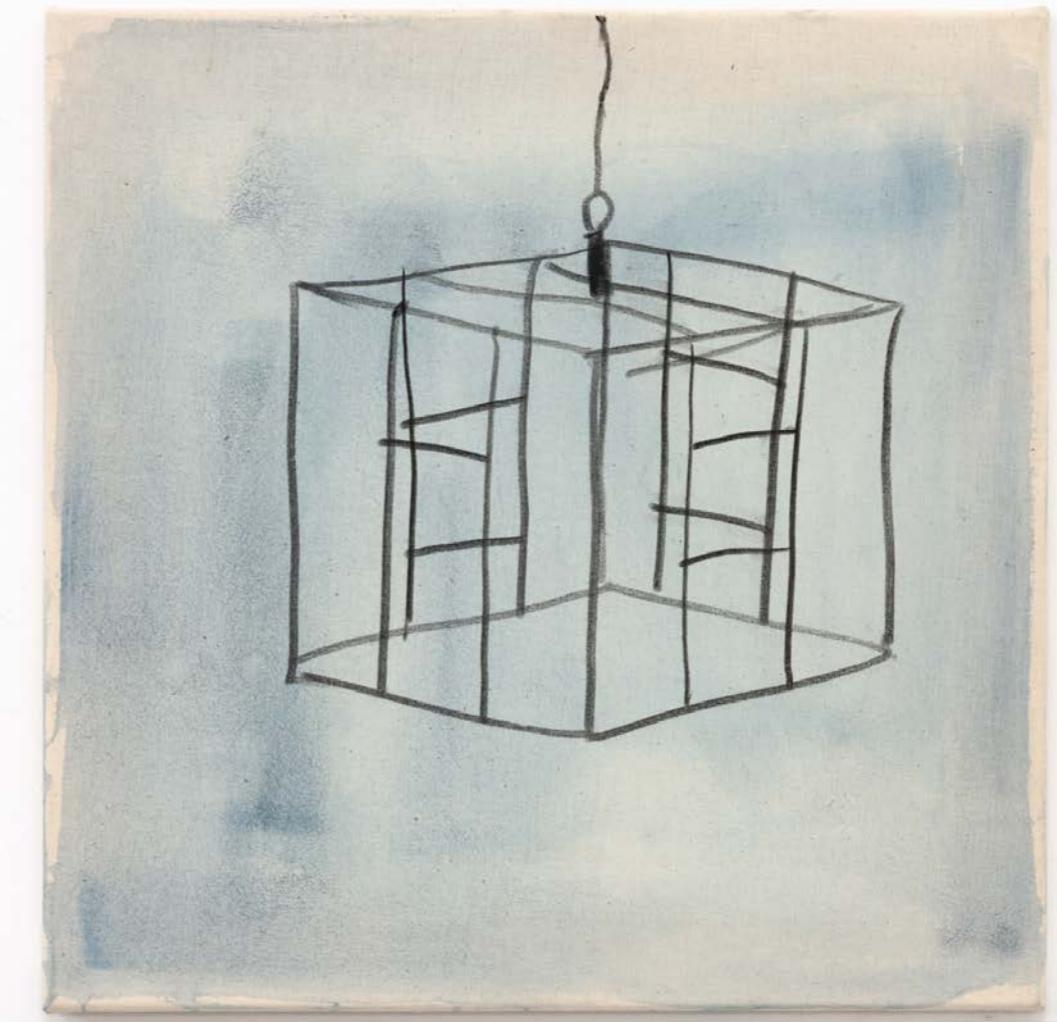
Eduard Kiesmann
Gravedigger, 2025
Oil on flyscreen, 136 x 109 cm



Simon Modersohn
Stürmische Zeiten, 2025
Oil on canvas, 40 x 50 cm



Eduard Kiesmann
Vacation Forever, 2020
Oil on wood, 36 x 28 cm



Esther Zahel
Haus am Hacken 5, 2023
Acrylic, charcoal on canvas, 45 x 45 cm



Kyle Fitzpatrick
O.T., 2024
Acrylic, oil on canvas, 29 x 66 cm



**Philip Newcombe
pod**

week 1
Out of those layers, a bird forms.

week 2
X-RAY eyes
you're looking for a million dollars
to say it will all be shown
Small gestures to indicate a narrative or a specific event
bits of the surface scraped off a scratching card
dots on fabric
and stars in a constellation
Layers and layers of meat, flesh and feathers that make out an entire bird

week 3
In a pod, it has been hidden.

Text by Karoline Franka Foldager

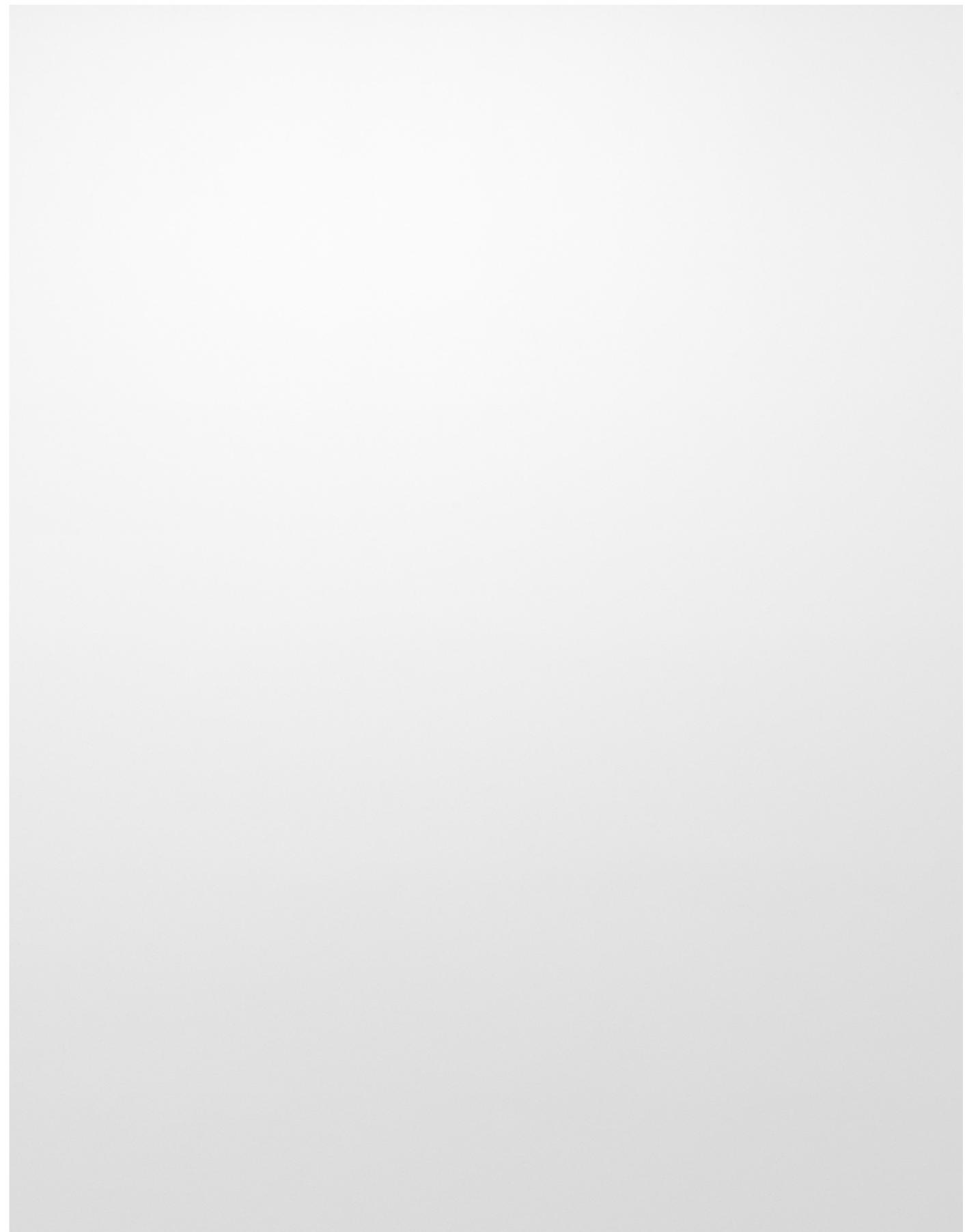
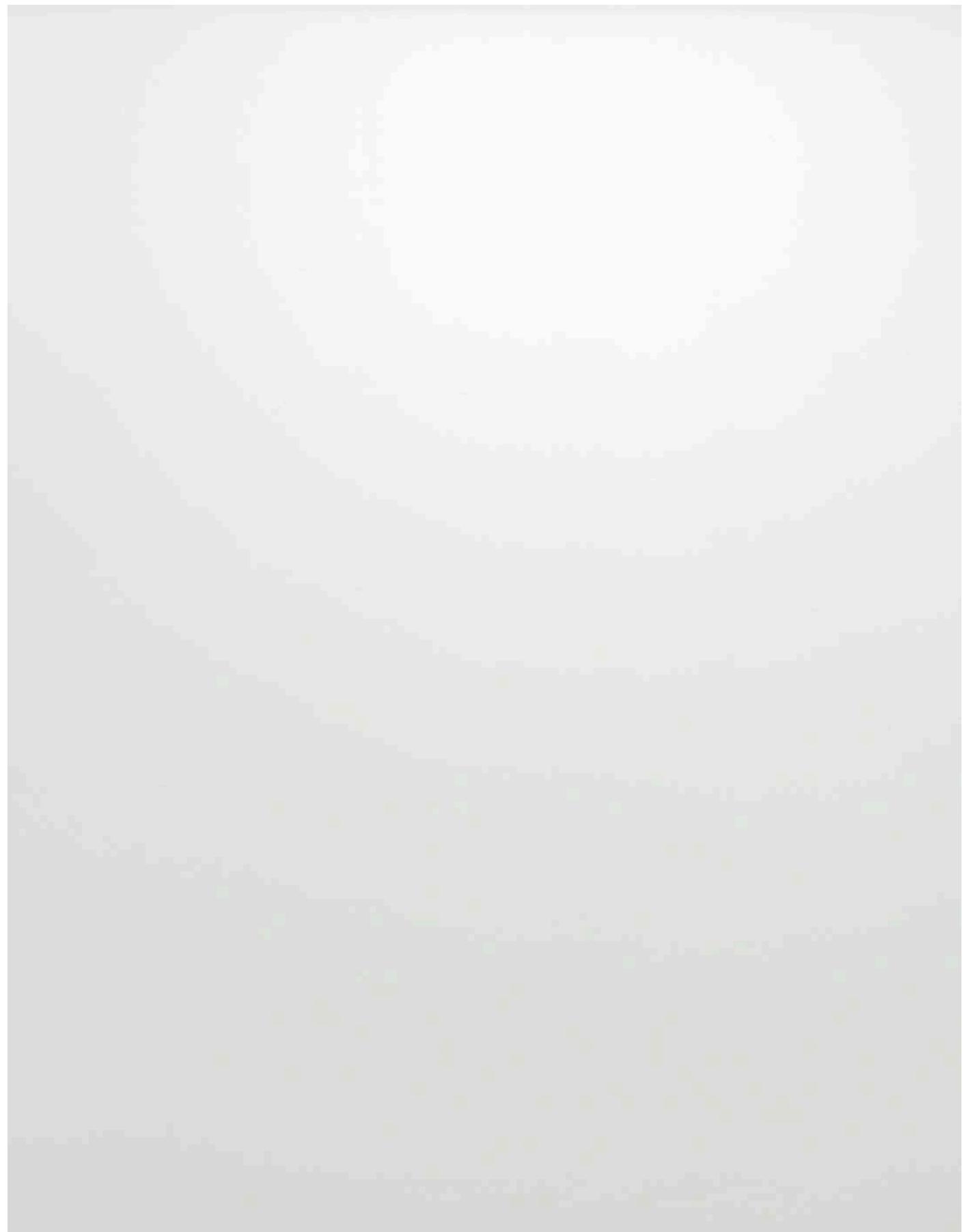
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Philip Newcombe
pod





Some Time Waiting, 2025
Porcelain
place for an eventual bird, a window left slightly open, 90mm x 4.5mm Ø

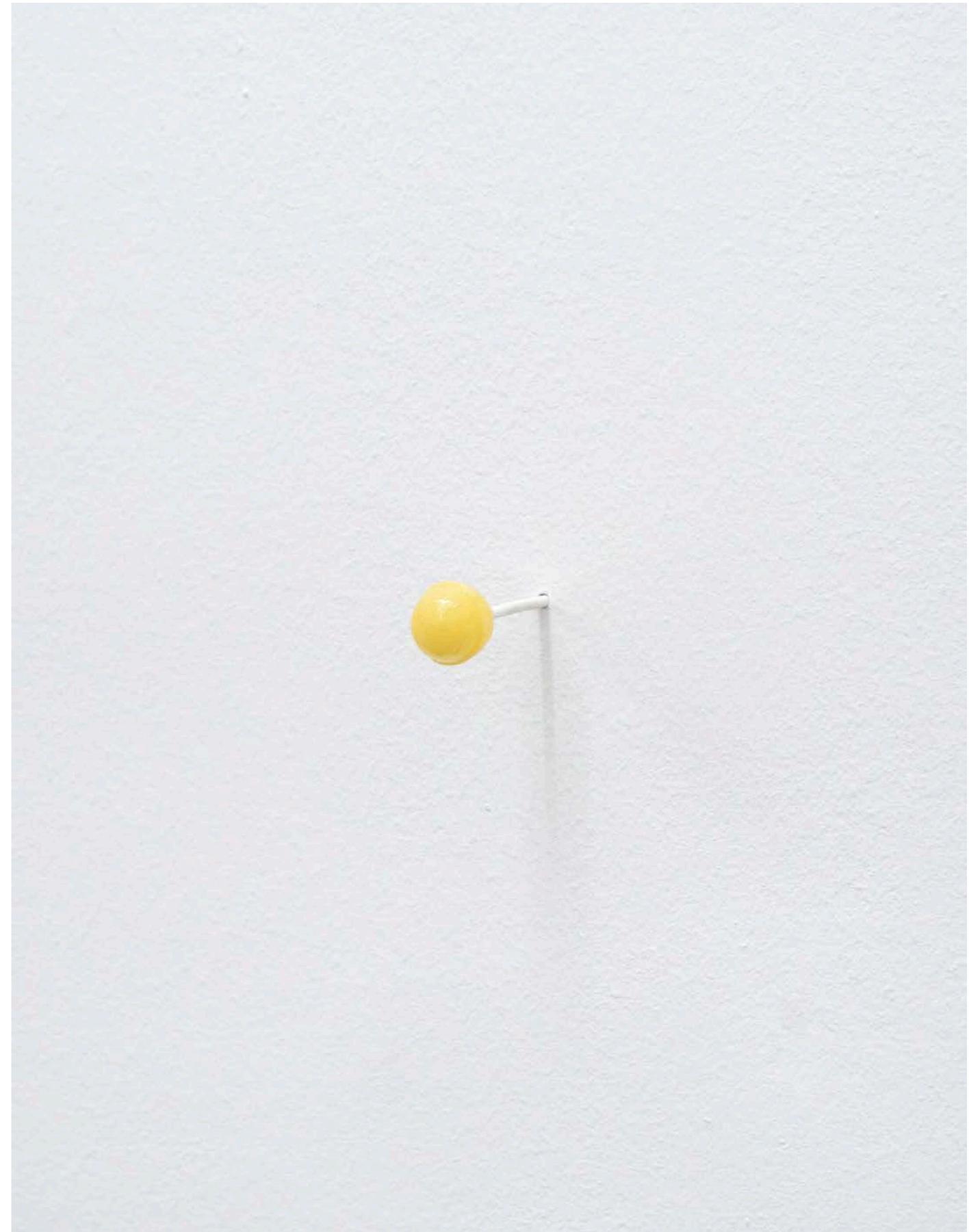


Mute, 2025
2 x foam ear plugs inserted into opposite walls from each other at the height of 170 cm





Rebecca Lights A Cigarette, 2025
Digital clock set to five seconds earlier when Rebecca lit a cigarette



Pop!, 2007
Lollipop / Liquid LSD

HANDS
DOWN Å+

Nicl Barbro
Lauren Keeley
Hannes Mussner
Merlin Reichart
Benjamin Slinger
Manuel Stehli
Anna Stüdeli



A BEGINNING

1.

The hands come from the sea, inside the front fins they waited, the right and the left hand, right and wrong, good and evil; they had been there all along with their blood vessels, ligaments, nerves, bones, muscles, and tendons. Just beneath the water surface, close to the shoreline, they moved among oysters, mussels, crustaceans, and aquatic plants.

Long before there was will, the hands were already there; unfinished and free, they could have become anything, but they didn't know that, because they knew nothing, not even that they were hands, they just did what they did, which wasn't very much.

The hands sat on the undersides of meter-long bodies, which had flat heads at the front, with no room for any thoughts, but at least they had eyes to see with. The heads could neither move upward, downward, nor turn sideways, so the only direction the eyes could look was forward, and forward was also where the hands drove the bodies.

Forward could have been in any direction, so they might have moved along the coast, or out toward the open sea, but they didn't, because the bodies were turned toward land, and so it was land they saw and the things that grew closest to the water, ferns and some kind of grass perhaps, it's hard to say, but probably some sort of mangrove-like vegetation, and that was where they were heading, the hands, even if it went slowly, because they had to keep starting over again, swimming and dragging themselves across the slippery bottom, but time and again they lost their grip and slid back out from the shoreline.

2.

There were still no arms to reinforce the power of movement, and what had not yet become hands bent their joints slowly forward and let the body they were attached to sink down toward the bottom. They dug into it, searching for resistance, but they found no hold in the soft mud, so as quickly as they could they pushed upward, forward, before the body had gotten stuck, embedded in the mud, becoming bottom itself. They stirred up the boundary between water and bottom so that everything became one and the same, and the eyes, which were always open, could no longer see, but the body still moved forward, closer to land, lifting toward the surface. The body sank again, the joints bent forward, and what would become hands were embedded once more in the soft, cold mud, moving forward, and the body did not become bottom, it heaved itself up and moved forward again, toward shallower water, toward land, toward new bodies, toward treetops, savannas, and language. Never before had it been this close to land, and the unfinished hands began flailing frenetically, back and forth, until the body spun around; several times it rotated at the water's surface and was then carried off by the currents, out toward the open sea.

3.

The hands splashed in the water. As things looked, one would never believe that the bodies they were attached to could ever make it forward.

4.

If the human being is in the middle of herself, then the hands and feet are the body parts that are farthest from her. She both begins and ends there, and therefore they don't only belong to her, but also to the ground she walks on and the world she grasps, everything she shapes, consumes, and destroys. Hands and feet are boundaries, which can be crossed at any moment, the world enters there and the human being exits there. But unlike the feet, which only run, walk, or stand, and have never wanted anything else, since they have no will, the hands are never really satisfied; they are constantly changing things, entirely regardless of what we truly want.

5.

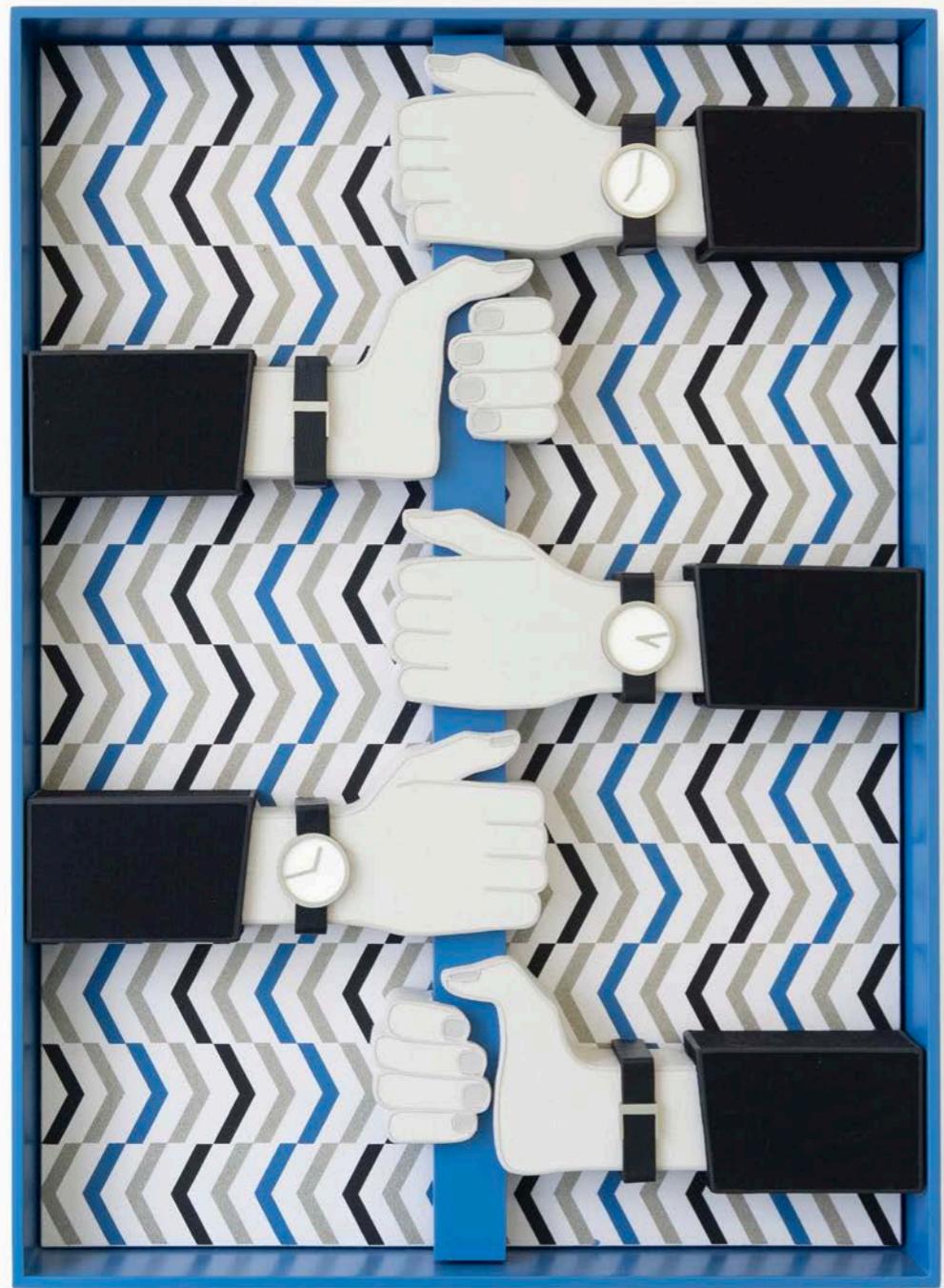
All the hands ever wanted was change. As soon as they came into being, yes, even before they became what they are, before the fingers were complete, they began dragging themselves towards land, and even though it was essentially impossible, they eventually managed to get up on land, because hands are such that they never give up. Once on land, they wanted to climb up into the trees that grew here and there, maybe ginkgo trees, and even though this too was fundamentally impossible, they eventually climbed up into the treetops, though how it happened is hard to say, since it was impossible. And once they had come up, they immediately wanted to go down again, to reach all the places they had seen from up there, and once they had been to all those places, they began to reshape them, because such are hands—they cannot stand it when nothing happens.

Å+

HANDS DOWN

Nicl Barbro
Lauren Keeley
Hannes Mussner
Merlin Reichart
Benjamin Slinger
Manuel Stehli
Anna Stüdeli





Lauren Keeley
Next Stop, 2019
Linen, leather, aluminium, screenprint on board
65 x 48 cm



Nicl Barbro
Puls, 2025
Colored pencil and pencil on paper (framed/oak)
37 x 30 cm



Manuel Stehli
untitled (pair of hands, 1/6/25), 2025
oil on wood panel
40 x 50 cm



Manuel Stehli
untitled (pair of hands, 2/6/25), 2025
oil on wood panel
40 x 50 cm

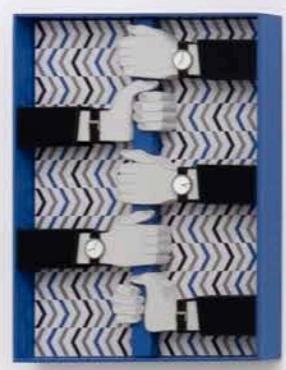


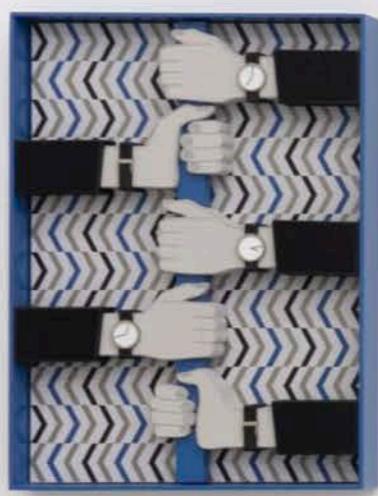
Hannes Mussner

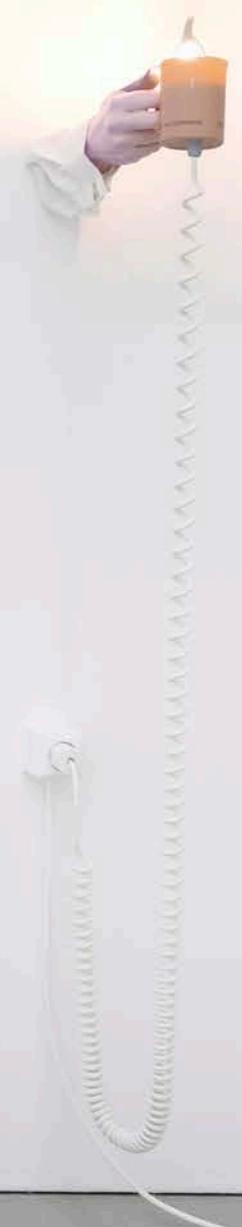
Twain, 2025

Limewood, acrylic paint and beeswax

installation: 23 x 51 x 21,5 cm / female: 20 x 11 x 20,5 cm / male: 23 x 12 x 21,5 cm









Merlin Reichart
Trace Fossil (AR-08272432-AMS45), 2024
Xyrarock plaster, chalk varnish, medium-density fibreboard, anodized aluminium, acrylic glass
27 x 37 x 6 cm



Merlin Reichart
Trace Fossil (NF-08132482-AMS45), 2024
Xyrarock plaster, chalk varnish, medium-density fibreboard, anodized aluminium, acrylic glass
27 x 37 x 6 cm



Nicl Barbro
Tokyo Hand, 2024
Lime wood, aluminum, chalk emulsion, combustion
63 x 29,5 x 6,5 cm



Benjamin Slinger
C Enchanted, Well Lit, Aspirational Dungeon - FT, 2023
'Financial Times' mug, polymer, shirt, cufflink, acrylic paint, varnish, flame shaped LED bulb



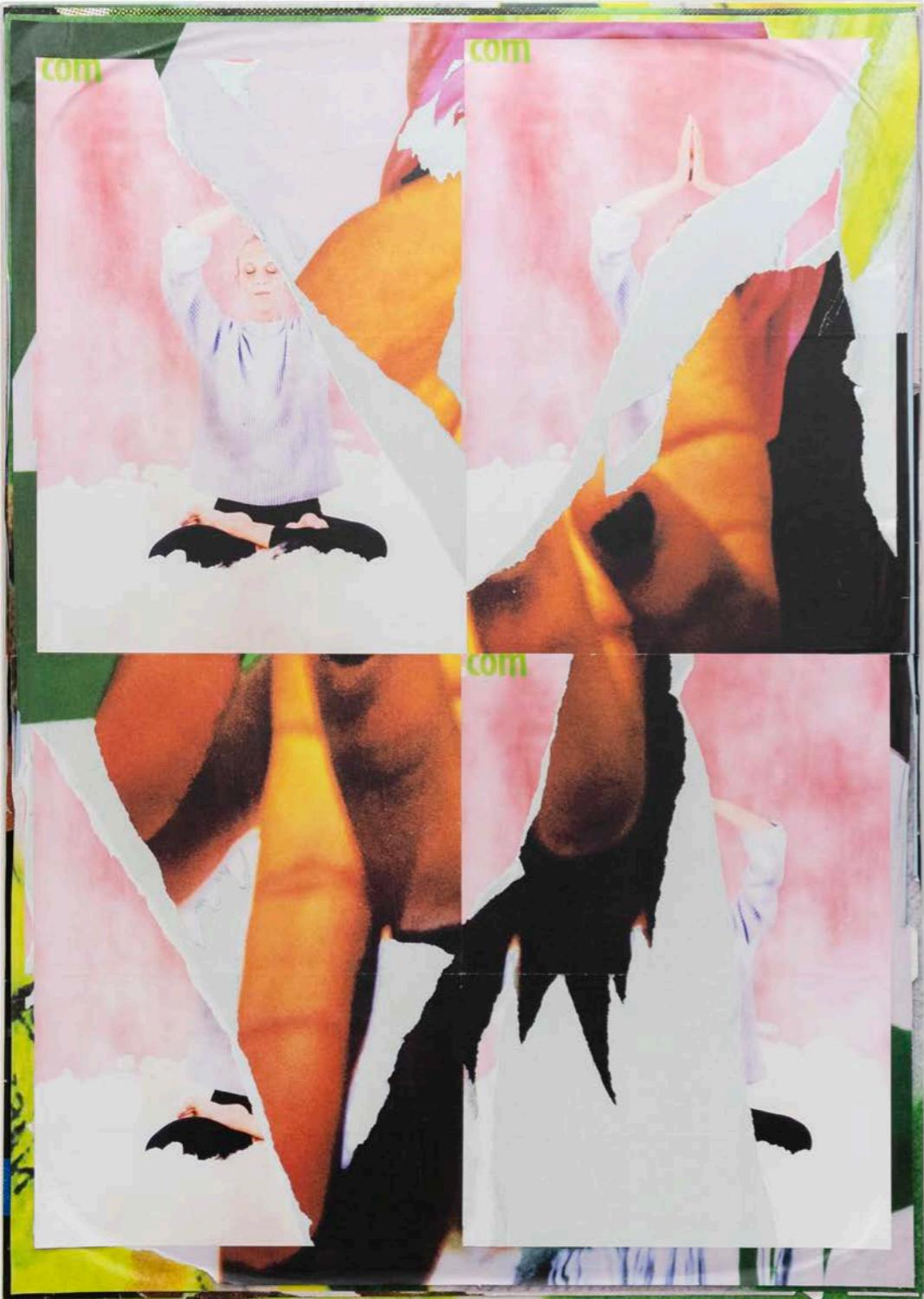






Benjamin Slinger
Free Dungeon Economics - Thatcher, 2025
'Spitting Image' portrait mug, polymer, shirt, acrylic paint, bulb

Benjamin Slinger
Free Dungeon Economics - Reagan, 2025
'Spitting Image' portrait mug, polymer, shirt, acrylic paint, bulb



Anna Stüdeli
Yogi, 2024
Latex prints on blueback paper, aluminium
91 x 131 x 2 cm



Merlin Reichart
Trace Fossil (AN-08312481-AMS45), 2024
Xyrarock plaster, chalk varnish, medium-density fibreboard, anodized aluminium, acrylic glass
27 x 37 x 6 cm

Å+

AIRTIME

Kara Chin
Andi Fischer
Kyle Fitzpatrick
Axel Geis
Gregor Hildebrandt
Hiroko Kameda
Zinu Kim
Eduard Kiesmann
Martin Meiser
Simon Modersohn
Andrew T. Parry
Patric Sandri
Robert Schwark
Ernie Wang



It's work, the most important thing is work

§ 1. Stress is a prosthesis we received in exchange for our capacity to care.

§ 2. We were too lazy or too selfish to care.

§ 3. No one is too lazy or too selfish to be stressed.

§ 4. What we nowadays call "work" is also a prosthesis, given to us in exchange for what used to be called "meaning."

§ 5. Once we were freed from the burden of devoting ourselves to meaning, we became better at working but worse at taking action—that is, at doing things that are meaningful. We simply became stressed. It was inevitable.

§ 6. Work is not labour: something that must be done continuously to sustain life.

§ 7. Work is a form of uninterrupted mass-consumption that undermines life functions.

§ 8. Work is the large-scale transformation of things we need—tender fingertips, oxygen, songs, soil—into things we do not need.

Jens Soneryd, November 2025

Kara Chin
Andi Fischer
Kyle Fitzpatrick
Axel Geis
Gregor Hildebrandt
Hiroko Kameda
Zinu Kim
Eduard Kiesmann
Martin Meiser
Simon Modersohn
Andrew T. Parry
Patric Sandri
Robert Schwark
Ernie Wang





Zinu Kim
Up in the air, 2021
Oil on canvas
165 x 135 cm



Ernie Wang
Untitled (Roofed Mirror), 2024
Glazed ceramics
72 x 40 x 22 cm



Eduard Kiesmann
Coins in a fountain, 2025
Oil on canvas
60 x 49 cm



Andi Fischer
APULLO SONNENHAND, 2019
Oilstick on canvas
140 x 110 cm

Andrew Thomas Parry

Kaugummi #1, 2017

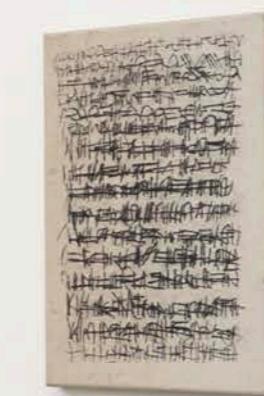
Acryl on canvas, cardboard resin

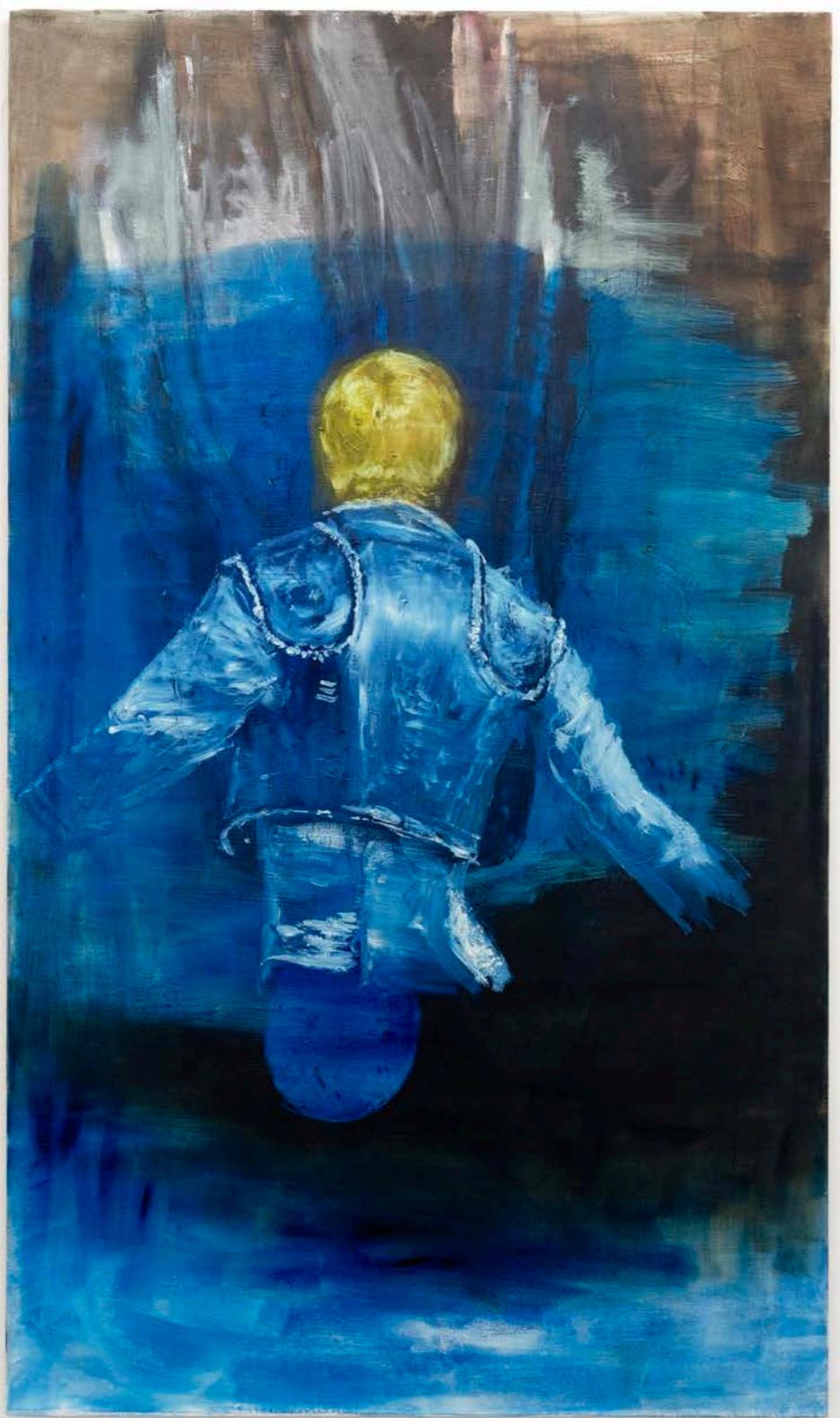
340 x 109 cm



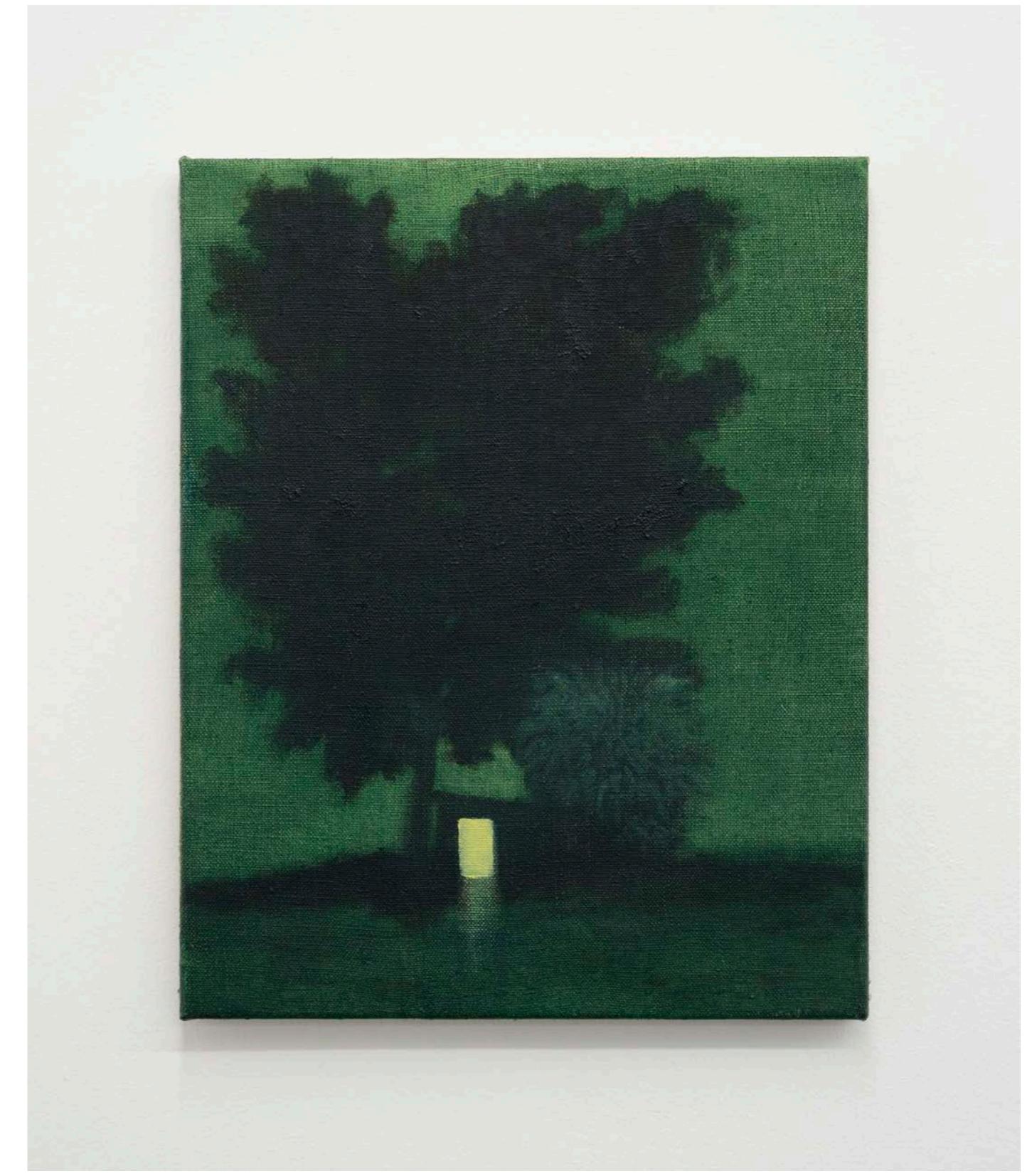








Axel Geis
Torero, 2020
Oil on canvas
170 x 100 cm



Simon Modersohn
Kabuff, 2025
Oil on canvas
40 x 32 cm



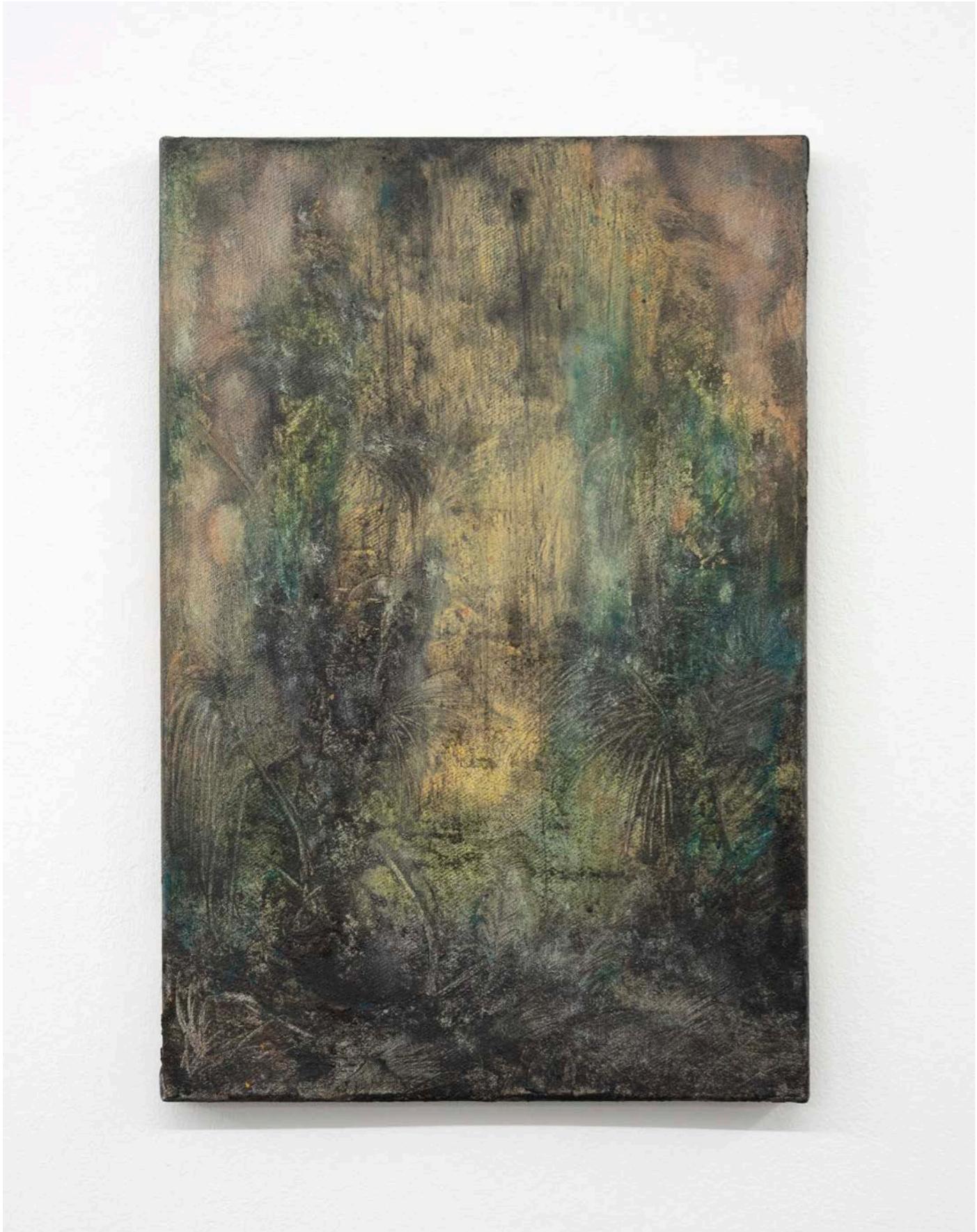
Gregor Hildebrandt

I'm looking through your window (happy house), 2015
cassette tape and acrylic on canvas
31 x 24 cm

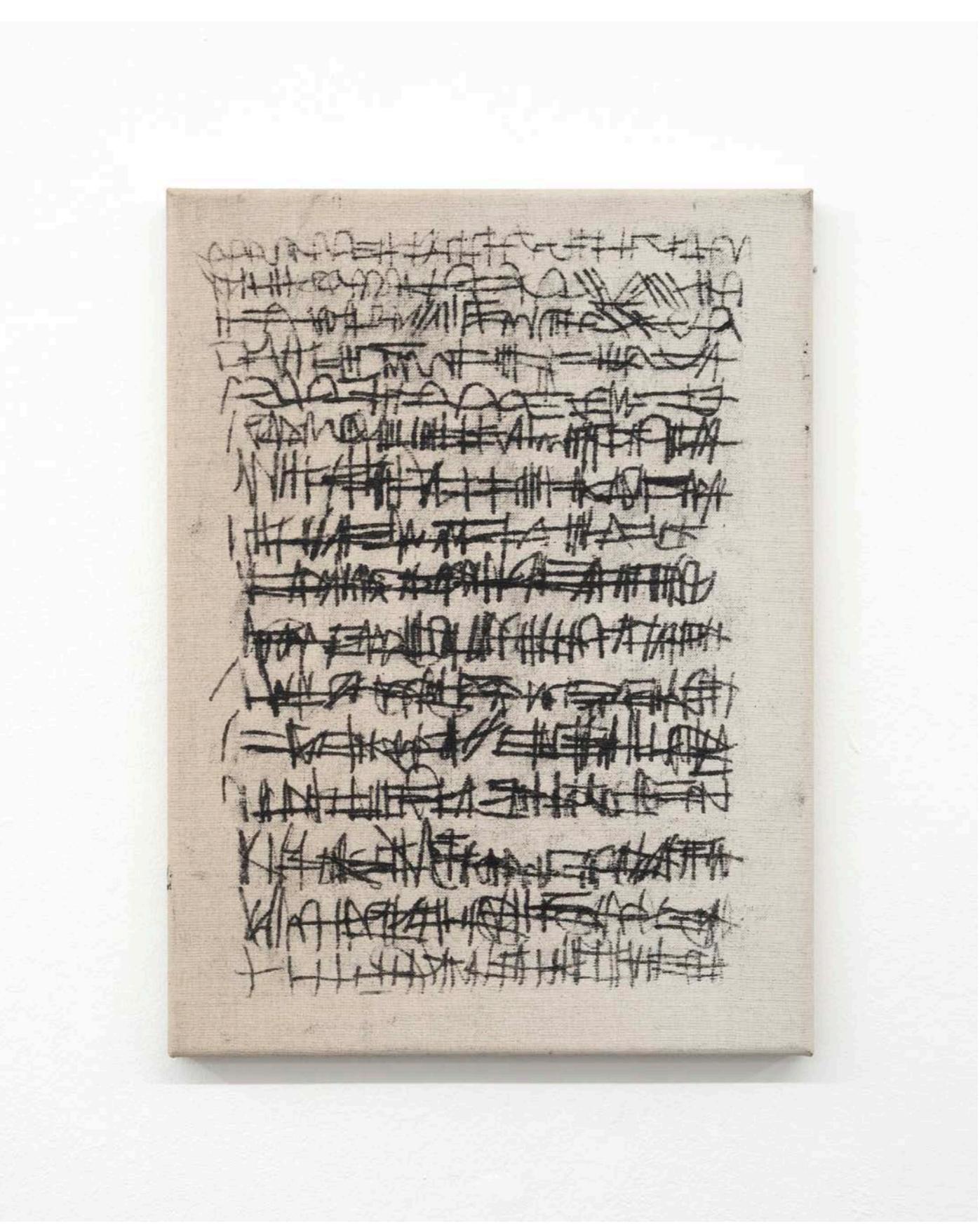


Martin Meiser

Friedens- und Konfliktforschung, 2025
Oil and acrylic on HDF
32 x 40 cm



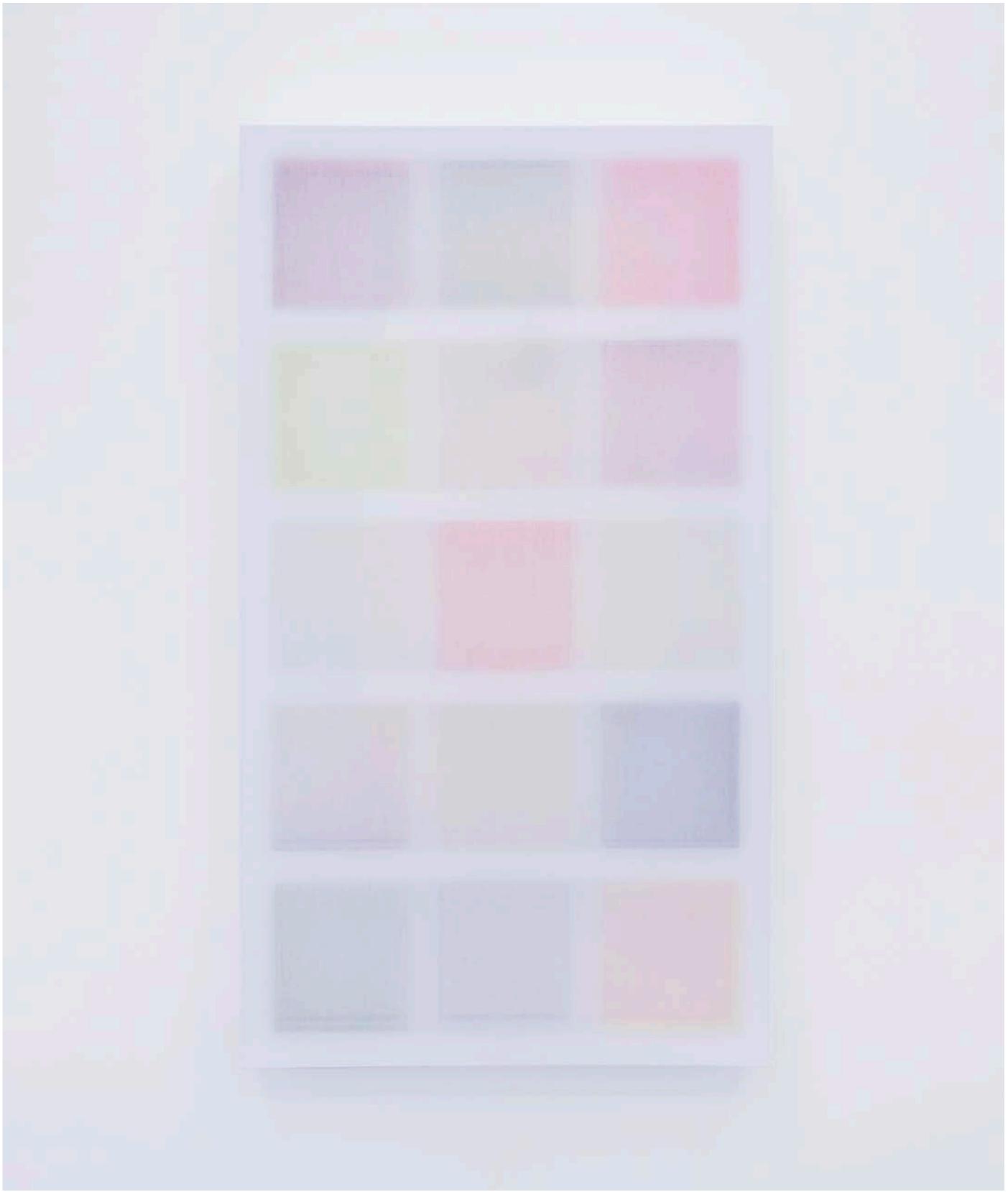
Kyle Fitzpatrick
Untitled, 2016
mixed-media on canvas
30 x 45 cm



Robert Schwark
O.T. Sonntag, 2021
Oil on canvas
40 x 30 cm



Hiroko Kameda
Winter, 2011
Oil on canvas
110 x 59 cm



Patric Sandri
Untitled (15/3/1), 2024
Acrylic on wood construction behind transparent trevira fabric
115 x 65 x 9 cm







Kara Chin
Seagul train, 2024
Glazed ceramics
21 x 19 cm

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