

SOPHIA
DOMAGALA

2022-2020

BEEGGARS



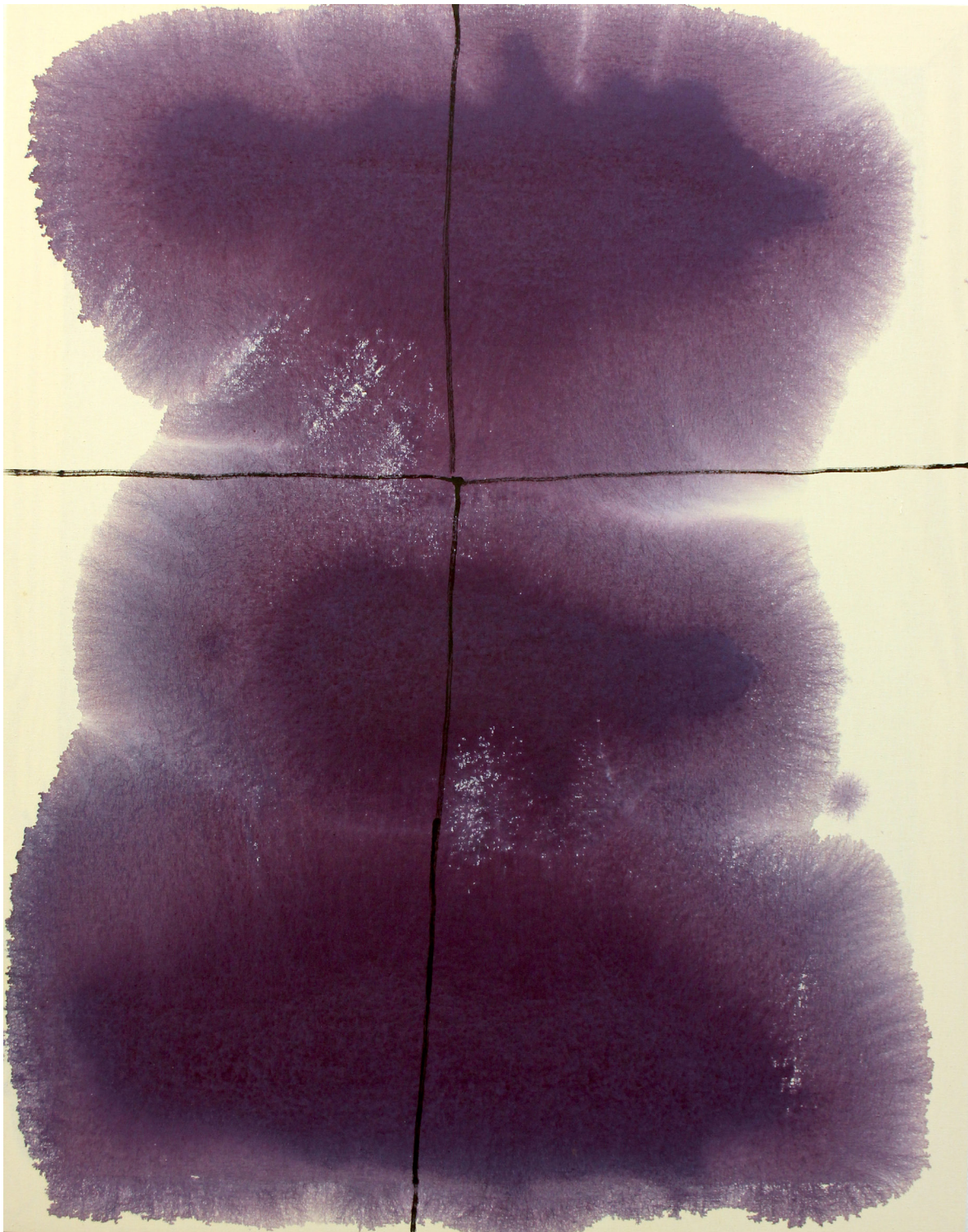
Real enough to ride

If you read between the lines, Sophia Domagala's exhibition pays subtle tribute to Pati Hill (*1921-2004), who explored the relationship between image and text, largely by using the photocopier as an artistic instrument. Words like lust, why and lucky or happy in peach or pink block-letters are just discernible in Domagala's paintings, almost receding into the lighter washes of color behind them. Hill is a deep source of inspiration for Sophia Domagala, a kindred spirit even. As such, these almost invisible words are easily entangled with the late American artist's own play with in/visibility by using a Xerox machine (in the 1970s, a secretary's tool) to make images of domestic objects and in so doing, create a visual language for the invisibility of women's labor. Beggars, the title of Domagala's first exhibition at Moutains, is lifted from the last line of Hill's poem "Craters of the moon!": "I would have liked this picture printed on pink paper, but if wishes were horses then beggars would ride." There's something folky, western even, about this idiom that knocks fantasy in favor of realism or hard work. The image is wonderful though—wispy wishes galloping.

Domagala's acrylic stripe paintings are in part a tale of the pandemic, as she had occasionally painted lines before, but has resolutely painted nothing else since a kind of breakthrough in spring 2020. This focus is a testament to how constraint can be expansive, as nuance and permutations in color and line have opened up a vast field of possibility. What makes these paintings so intriguing is a central tension between a seemingly regular structure and the deviant or nonconforming quality of the paint that comprises that framework. The notion of slippages or inconsistencies falls short in describing this dynamic, as the surface is built from these aberrances. Irregularities as the rule, rather than a digression from it. Take the large-scale *Schwarze Streifen auf rosa*, 2021, for instance, in which vertical segments of thinly-washed pink, fading from bubble gum to a dustier tone, are speckled with traces of brushstrokes, accidental marks and drips. The pink is interrupted by alternating black bands of varying width that stand askew, almost teetering, and not quite intersecting with the smaller black lines at the top of the canvas. Taken as a whole, the impression is cohesive, the effect meditative and the horizon line where the two sets of lines meet, but don't conjoin, taps into something essential: a disruption of the illusion of infinity. The most human of revelations. Last time I saw Sophia, she was carrying a copy of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*.



Light System VII, 2021
Acrylic on canvas
110 x 78 cm



One could, of course, locate Domagala's stripes in an art historical lineage of abstraction—Barnett Newman's (*1905-1970) zips, Agnes Martin's (*1912-2004) fine-lined grids, Gene Davis' (*1920-1985) vibrant color fields, Bridget Riley's (*1931) hypnotic compositions, Daniel Buren's (*1938) pristine 8.7 cm stripes etc—perhaps positioning her works as a punkish send-up of all this weighty 20th century baggage. But what these paintings have to bear on a sense of humanness feels more pressing. Questions of personality and voice, but also what it means to be a body, what it looks like to keep on keeping on, are the territory of these works. It's a grounded perspective on day to day life and an unassuming approach to spirituality. The paintings' tone is vaguely reminiscent of Eileen Myles' evocative, nonchalant perceptiveness. Light System VII, 2021, the latest in a series of mediumformat works in acrylic, with its splash of orange and trails of splatter against a net-like structure of yellow, black and white lines, could almost be an abstraction of Myles' poem "Yellow Tulips," which is printed in this catalogue and ends: "I guess they were like heads poking in from another world. Howdo you like Wednesday, you beautiful things?" There is a sense of a crossing, of peering into or perhaps out of another world, in this recent "Light System" series, in which a spindly structure of lines contains increasingly gestural explosions of color. They're like windows, charged with the potent possibility of the threshold. They're like dreams, wishes, desires—maybe ungraspable—but here, imagined in paint, they're real enough to ride.

Text: Camilla McHugh

[MOUNTAINS](https://mountains.gallery/exhibitions/past/#domagala2021)

<https://mountains.gallery/exhibitions/past/#domagala2021>

Press: [Kultur Mitte magazin](https://kultur-mitte.de/ein-rundgang-entlang-und-abseits-der-berlin-art-week-2021/)

<https://kultur-mitte.de/ein-rundgang-entlang-und-abseits-der-berlin-art-week-2021/>

Light System VII, 2021
Acrylic on canvas
110 x 80 cm



Exhibition view, **BEGGARS**, Mountains, Berlin, 2021



Exhibition view, **BEGGARS**, Mountains, Berlin, 2021

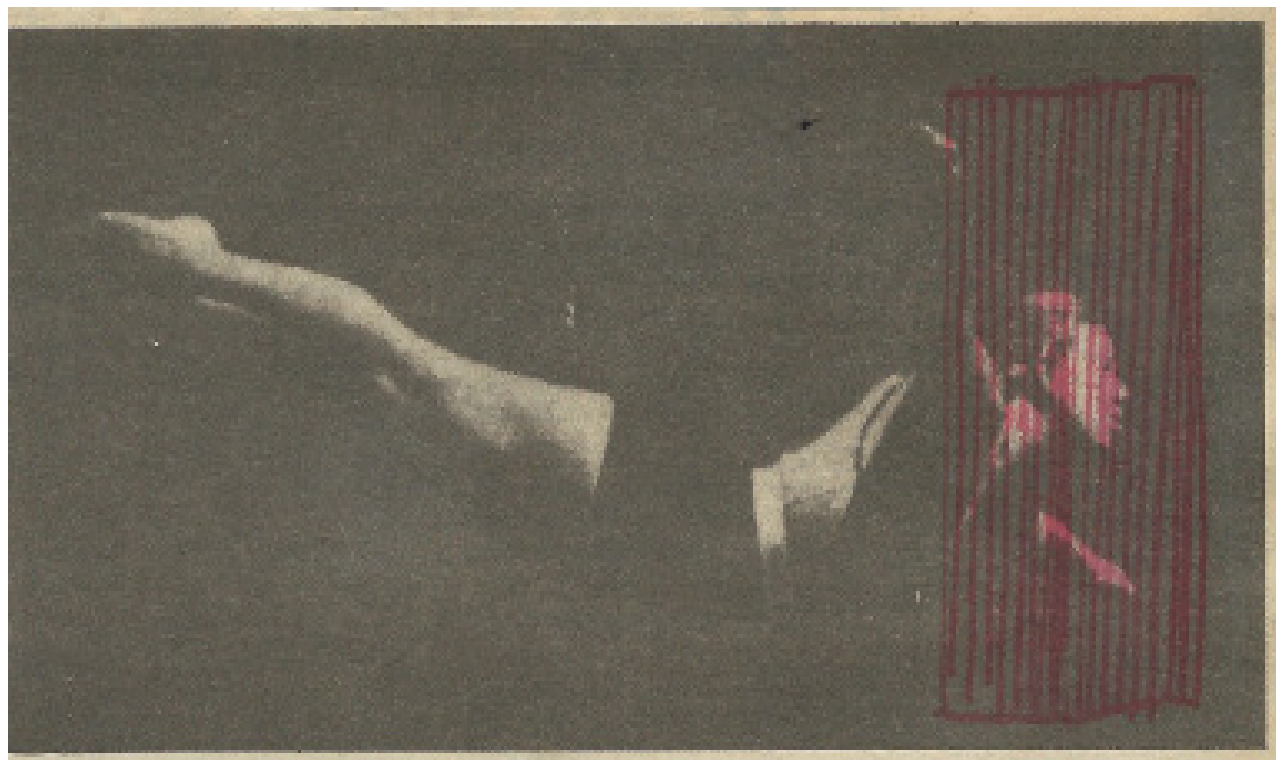


Exhibition view, **BEGGARS**, Mountains, Berlin, 2021



Schwarze Streifen
auf rosa, 2021
Acrylic on canvas
160 x 150 cm

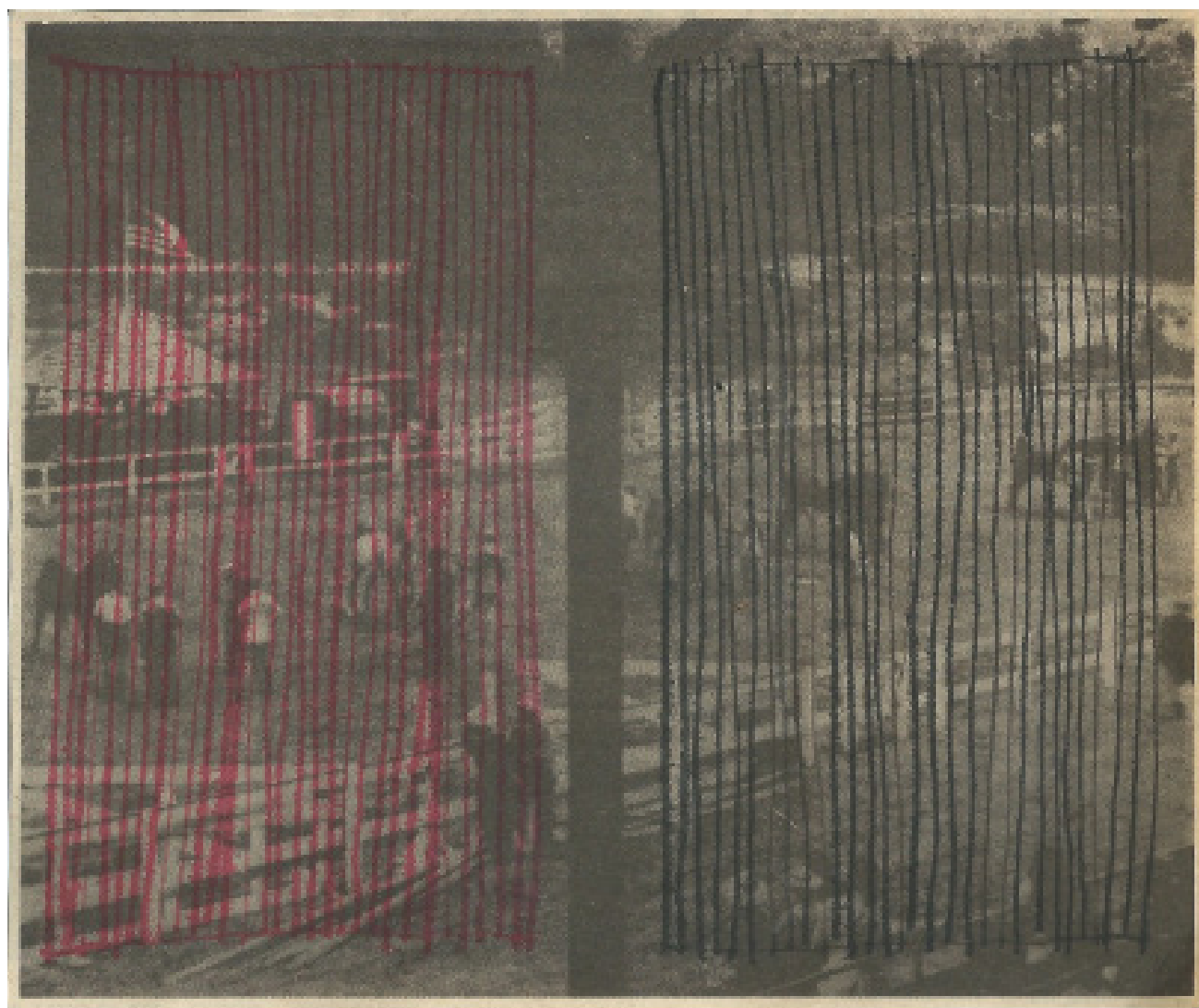




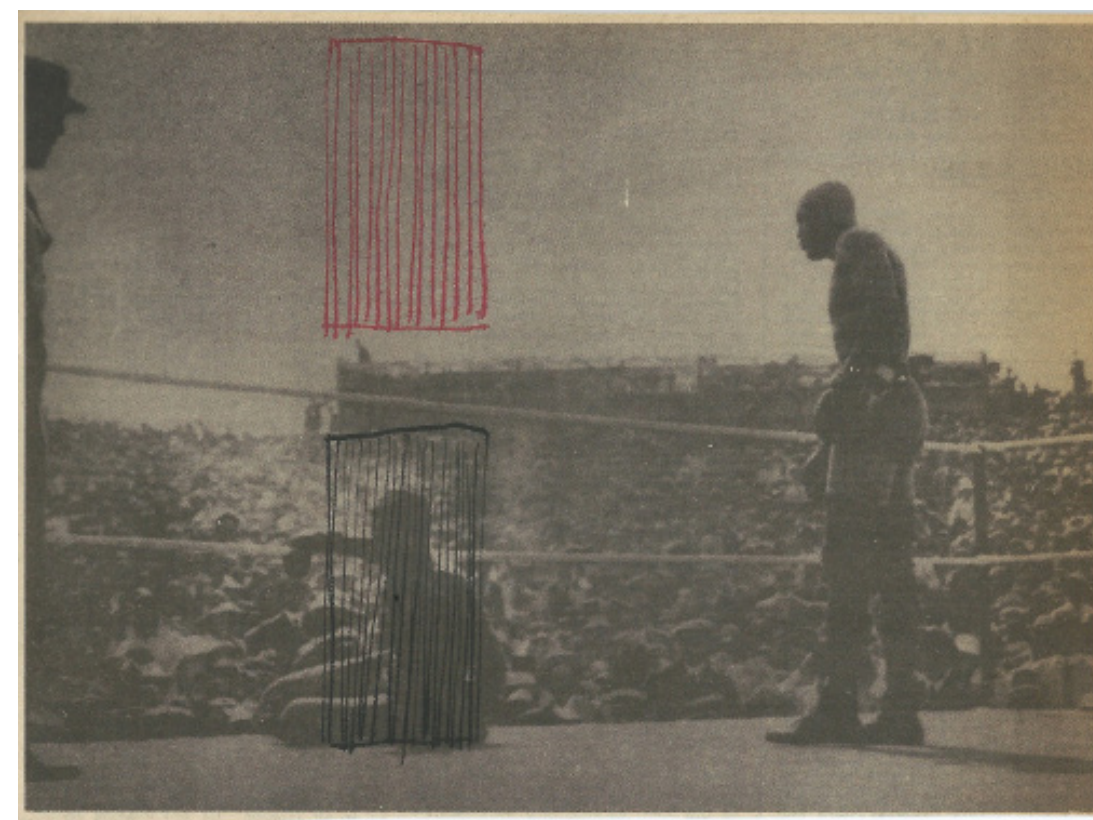
Artistry of the Braves II, 2021
Ink on newspaper
6,5 x 11 cm



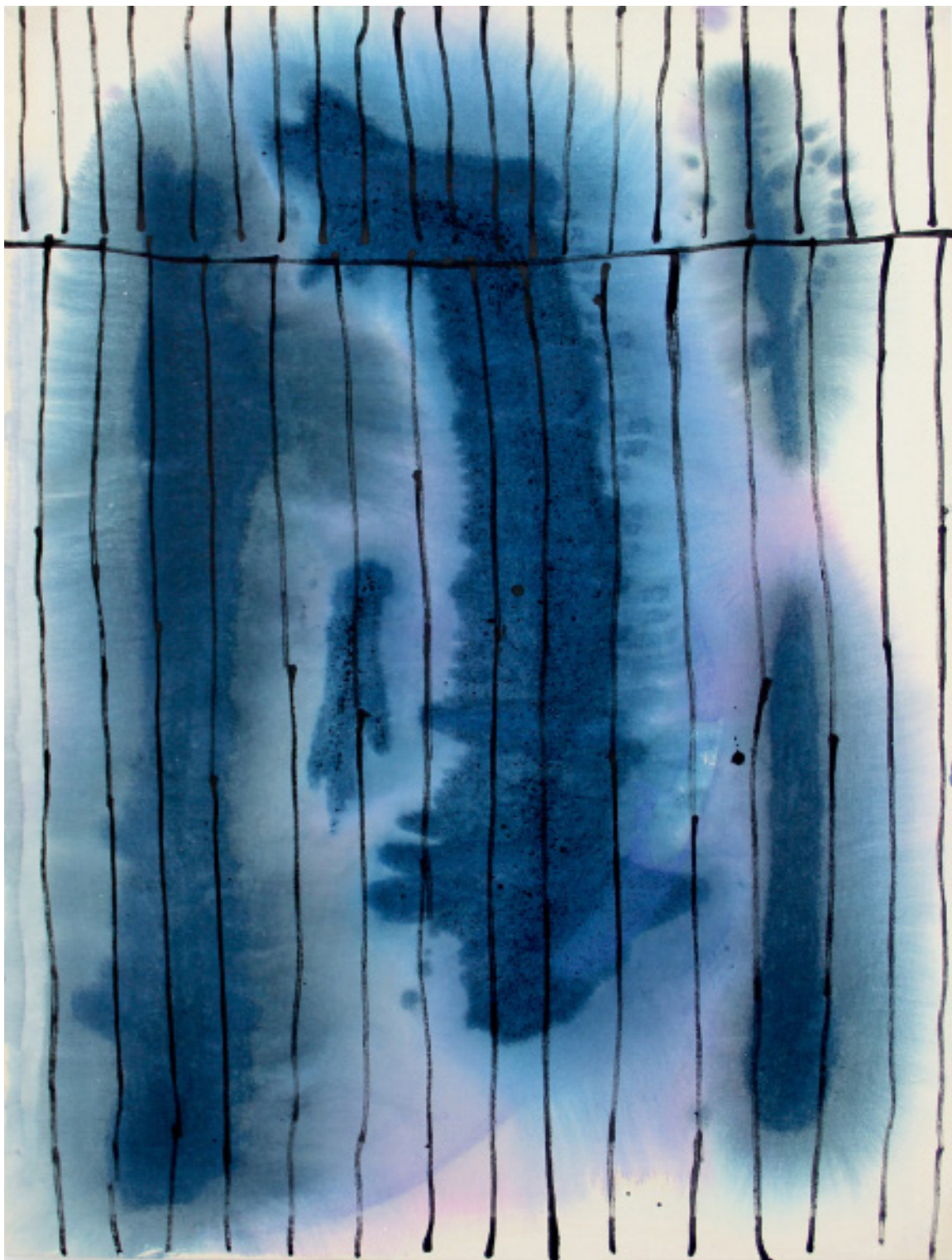
Artistry of the Braves IV, 2021
Ink on newspaper
10,8 x 7 cm



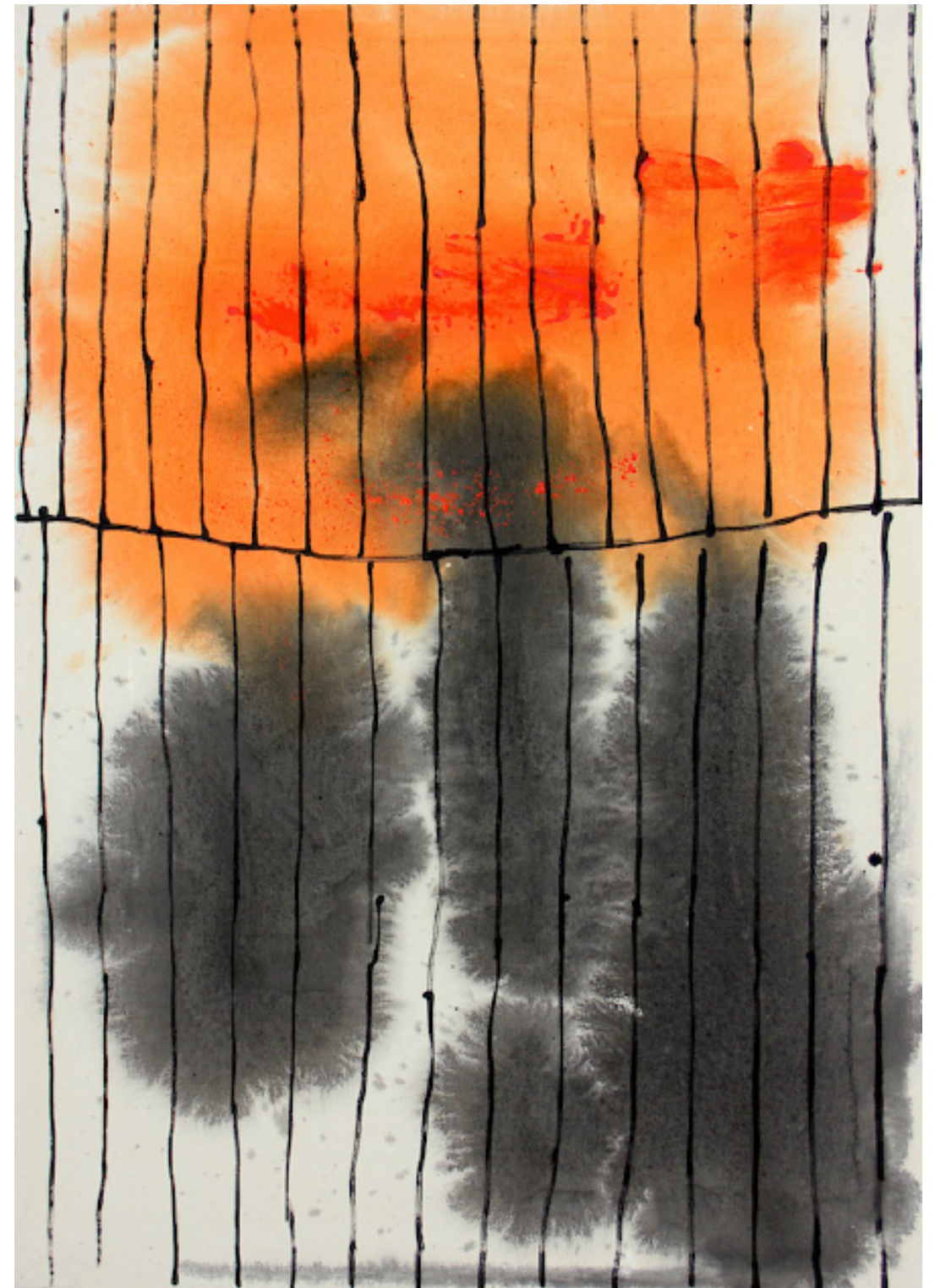
Artistry of the Braves VII, 2021
Ink on newspaper
8,5 x 10 cm



Artistry of the Braves X, 2021
Ink on newspaper
6 x 9,2 cm



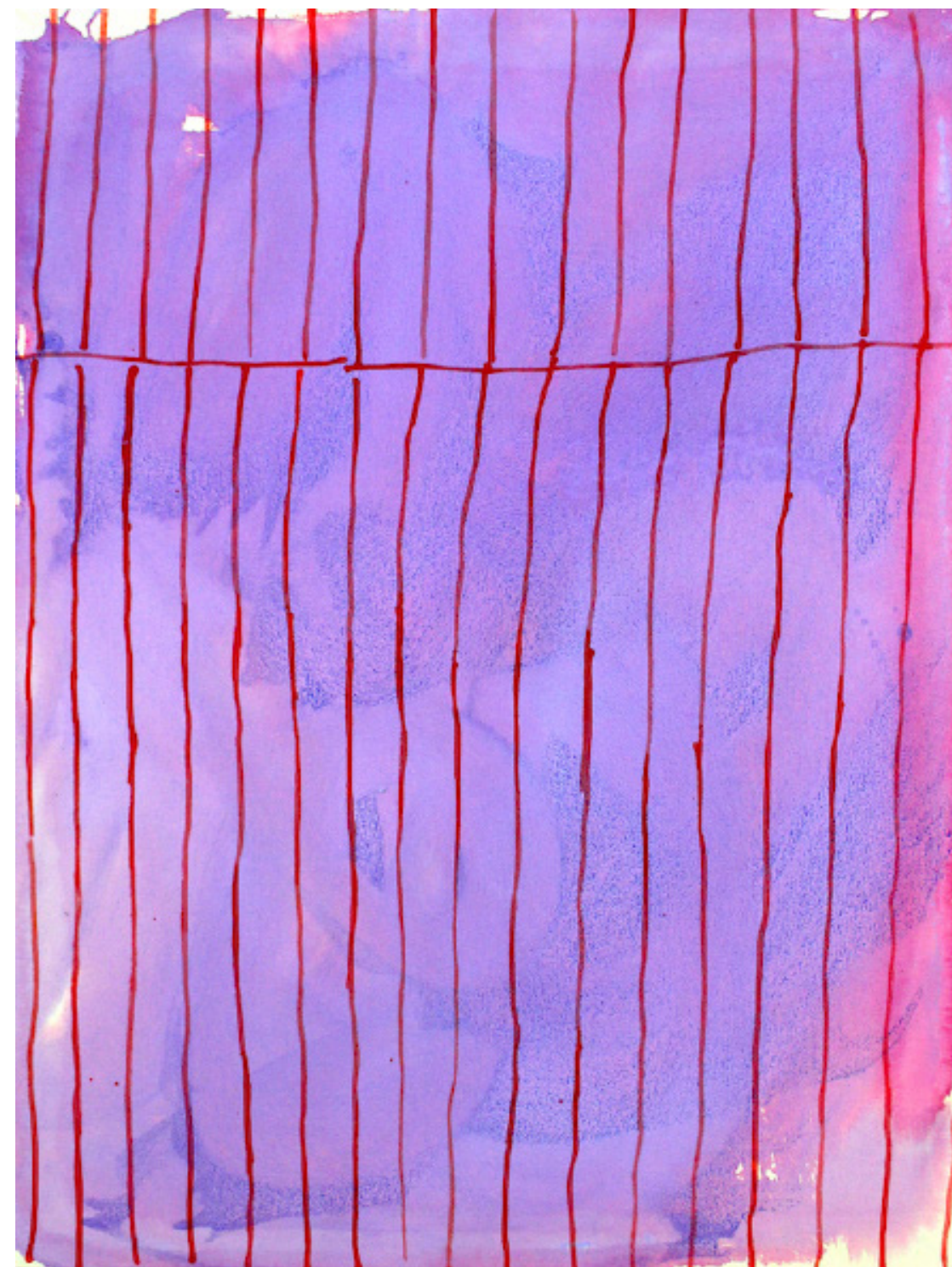
Light System V, 2021
 Acrylic on canvas
 110 x 80 cm



Light System VI, 2021
 Acrylic on canvas
 90 x 78 cm



Light System II, 2021
 Acrylic on canvas
 110 x 78 cm



Light System I, 2021
 Acrylic on canvas
 110 x 78 cm



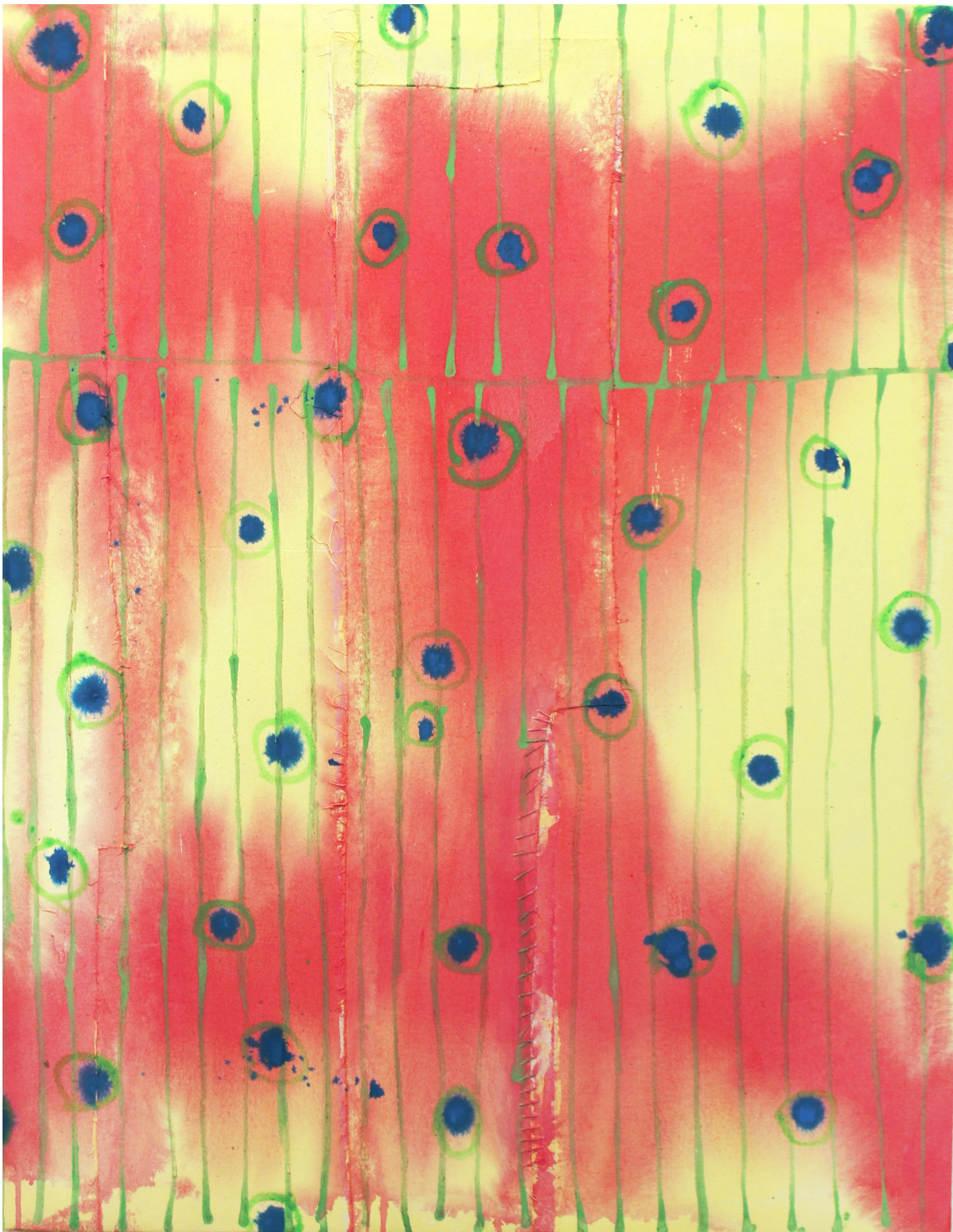
Light System III, 2021
 Acrylic on canvas
 110 x 85 cm



Light System VI, 2021
 Acrylic on canvas
 110 x 78 cm



Light System X, 2022
 Acrylic on canvas
 105 x 74 cm

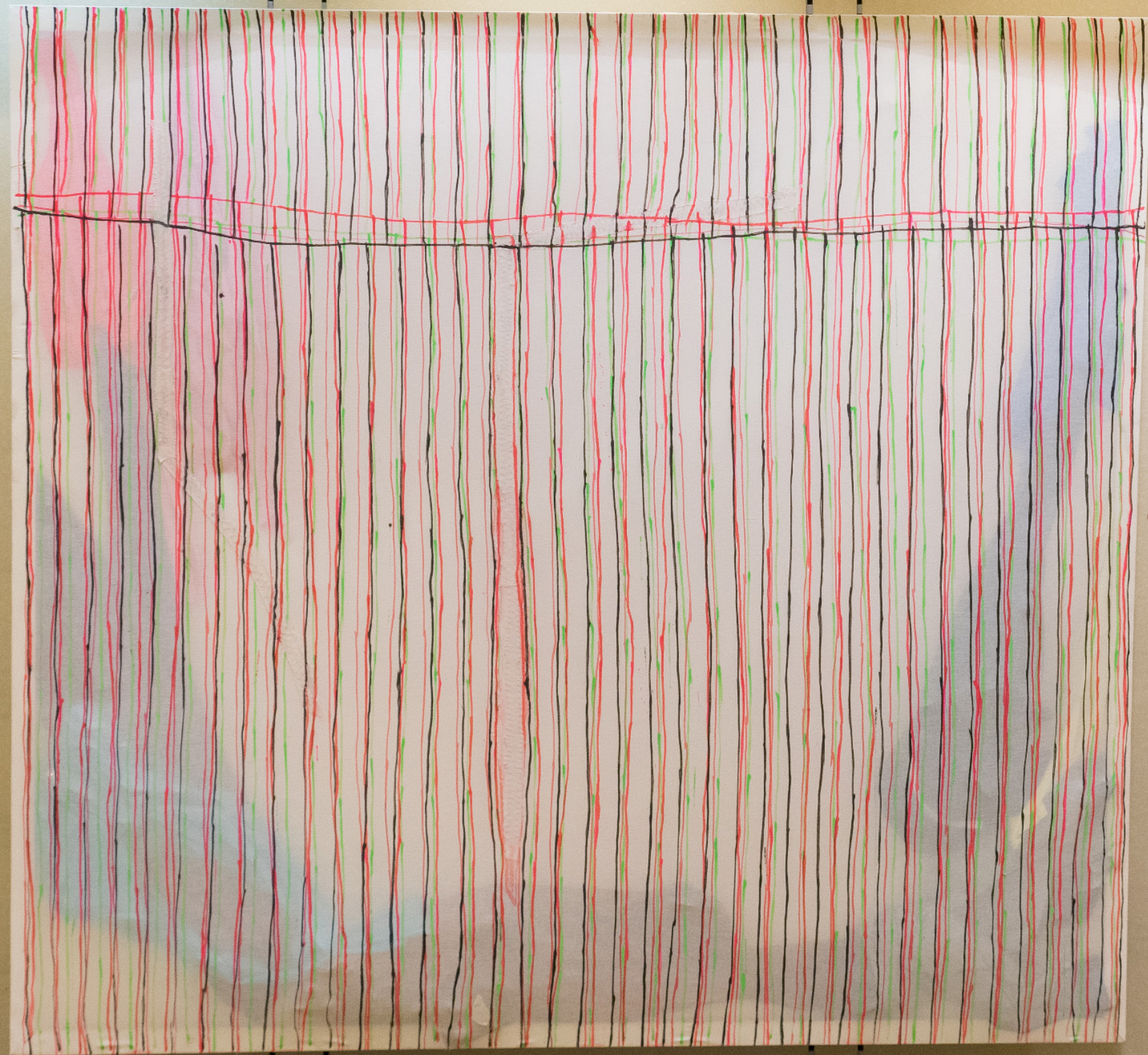


Light System XI, 2022
 Acrylic on canvas
 105 x 74 cm

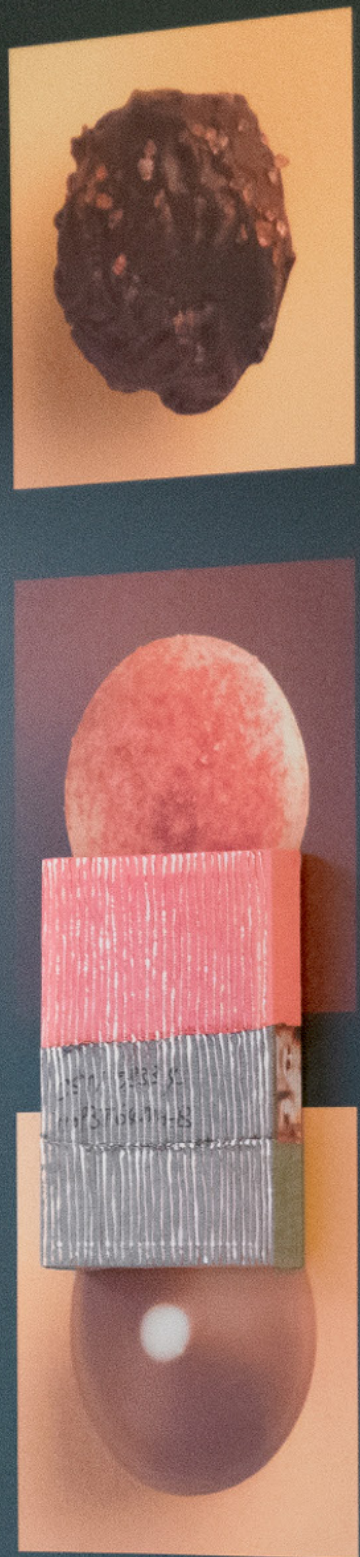


APPLS

ANNES



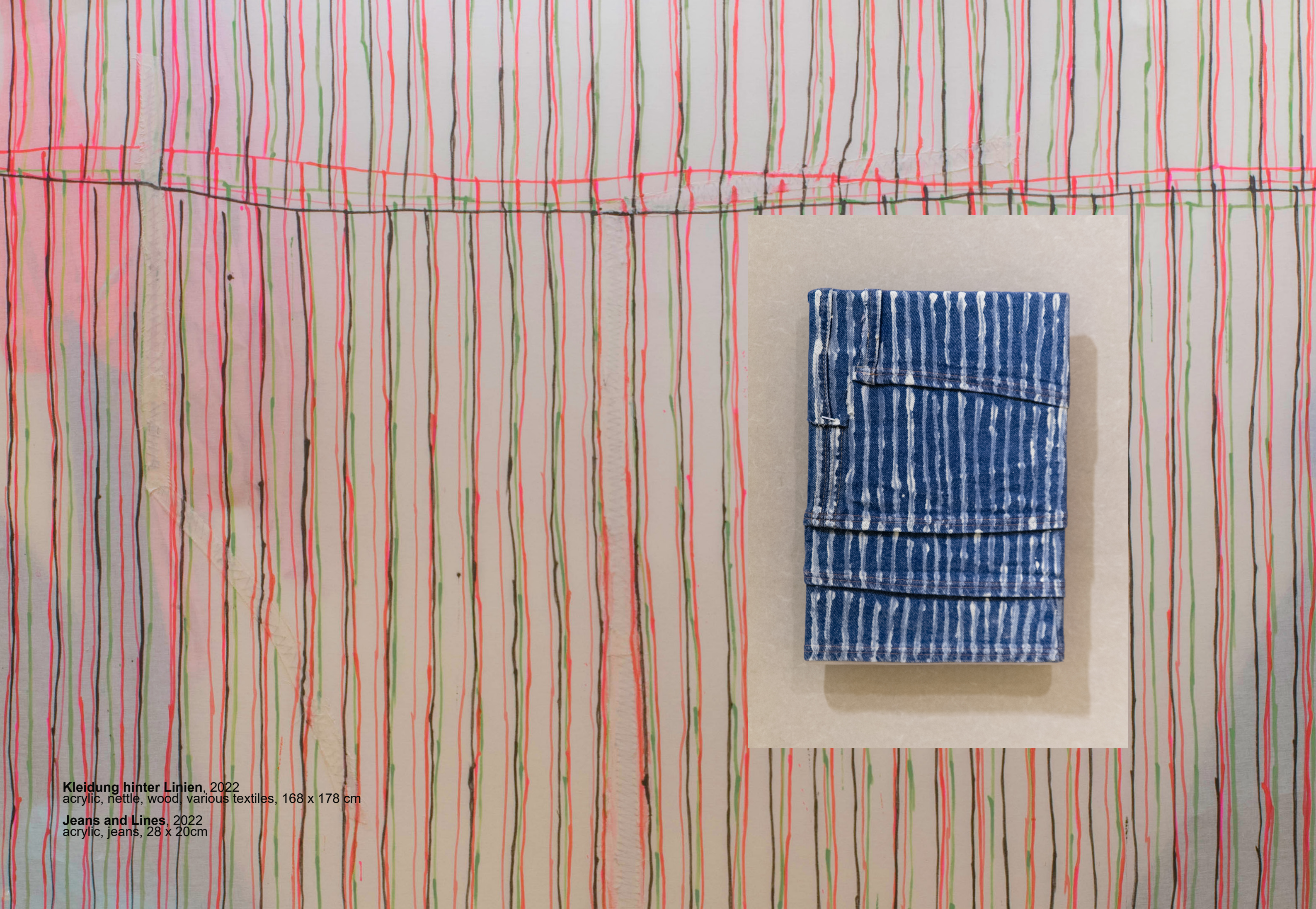
Installation view, **Apples and Lines**, STELLA, Berlin, 2022



Installation view, **Apples and Lines**, STELLA, Berlin, 2022



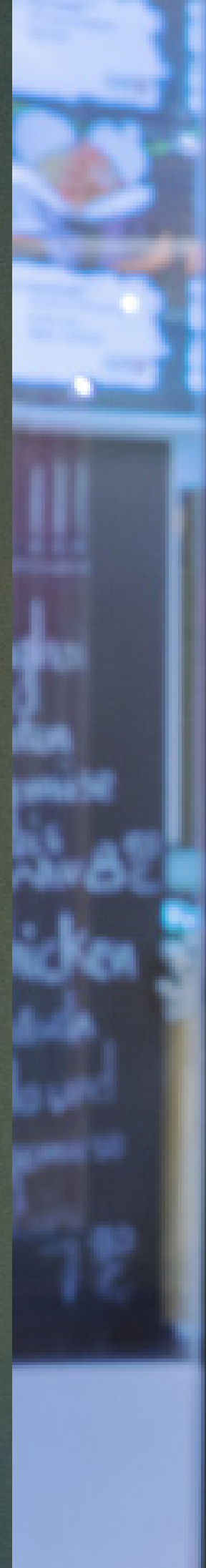
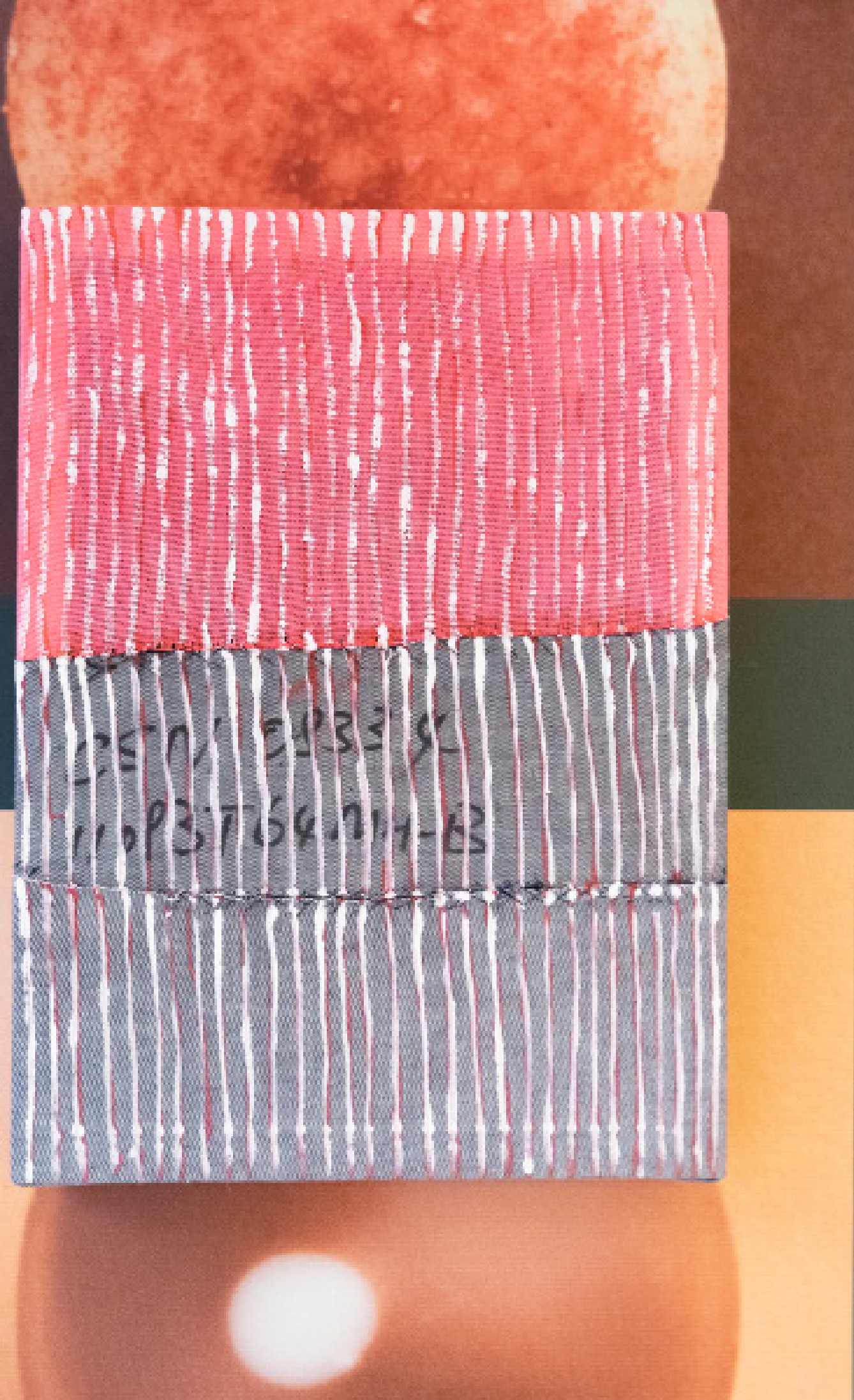
Light System on Jeans XII, 2022
 Acrylic on canvas and jeans
 103 x 93 cm



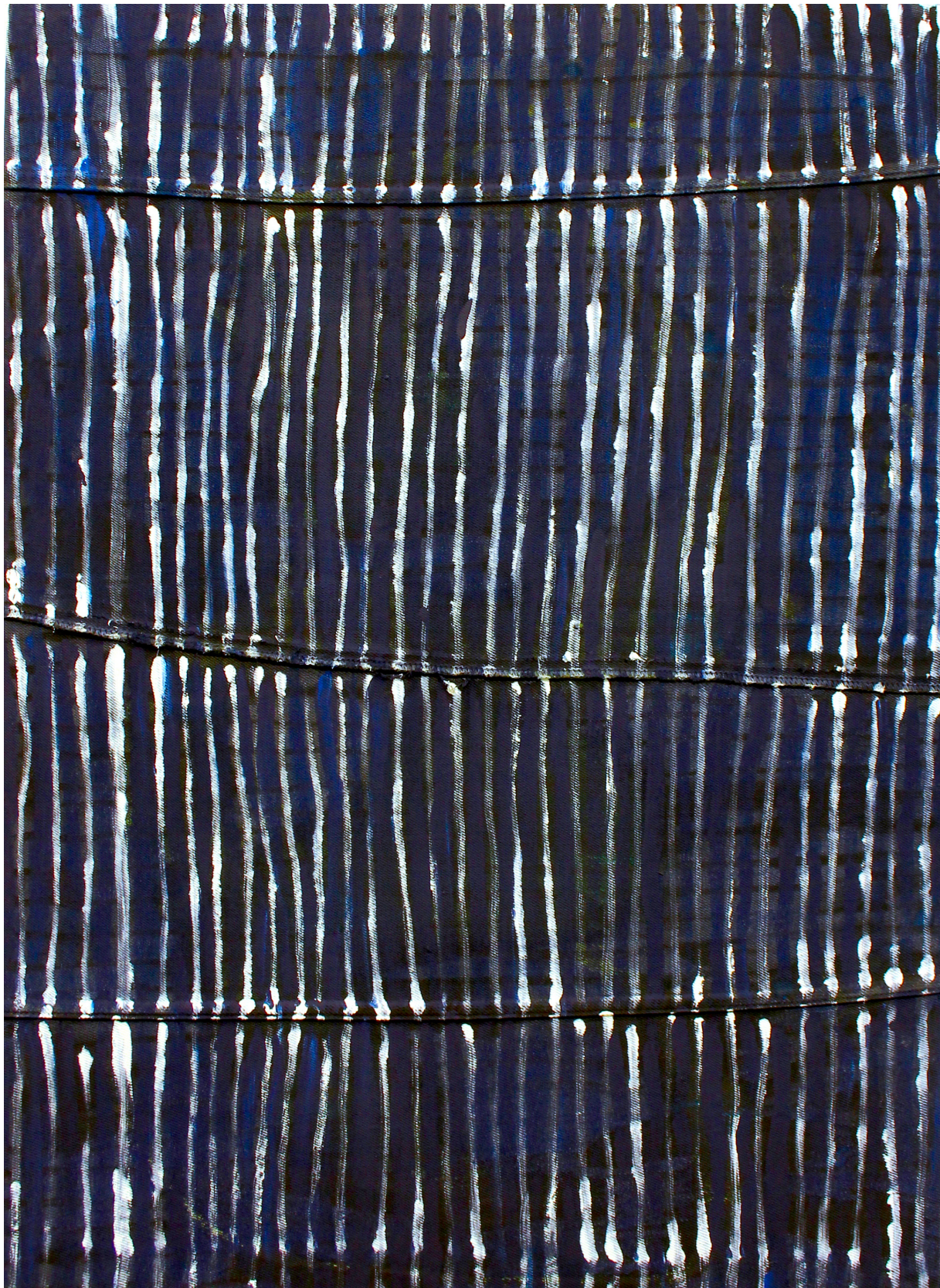
Kleidung hinter Linien, 2022
acrylic, nettle, wood, various textiles, 168 x 178 cm

Jeans and Lines, 2022
acrylic, jeans, 28 x 20cm





Jeans and Lines, 2022
acrylic, linen, jeans, paper, 46 x 34 cm



Jeans and Lines, 2021
Acrylic, oil on jeans
71 x 51 cm



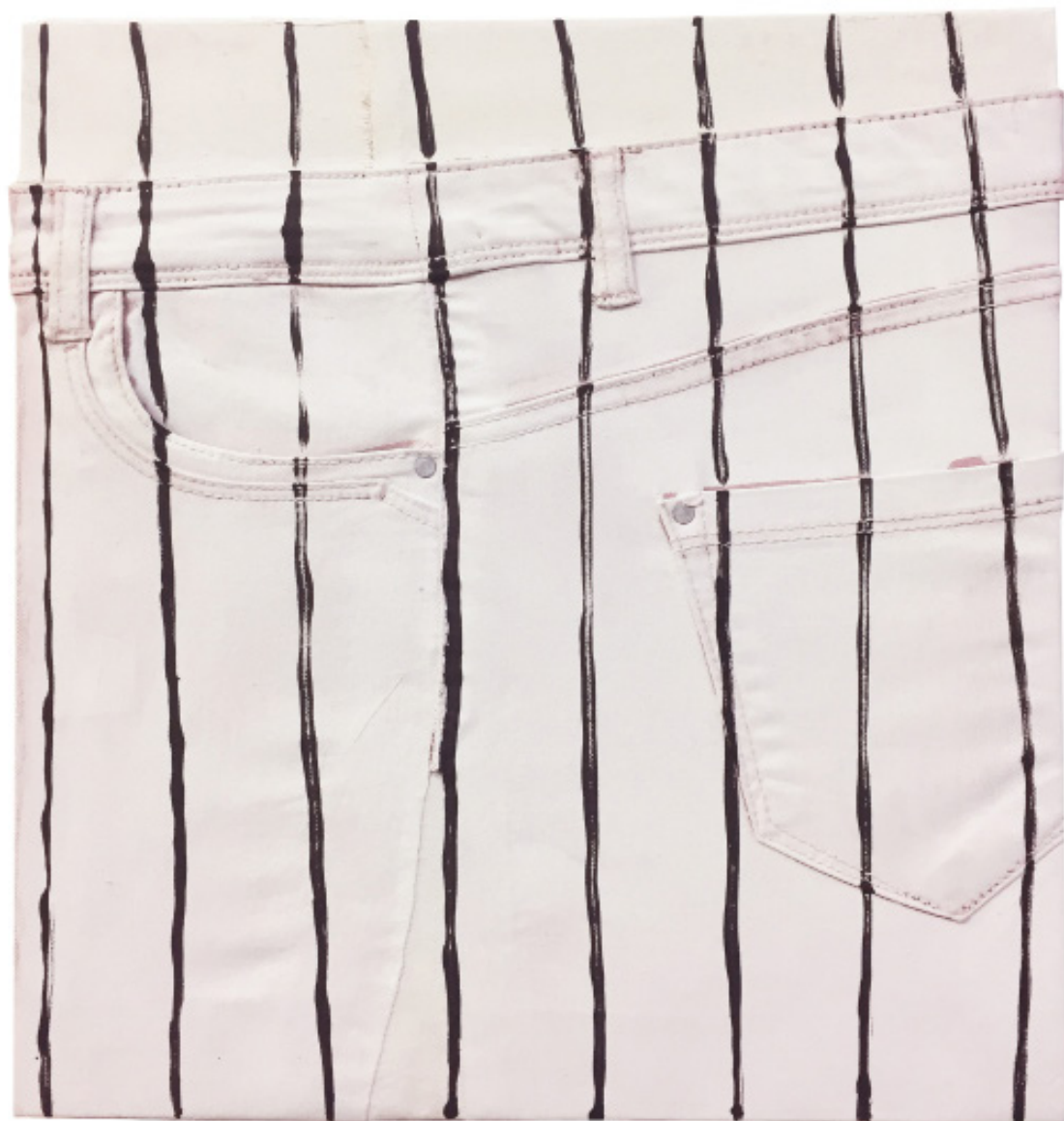
Jeans and Lines, 2022
acrylic on canvas and jeans, 42 x 33 cm



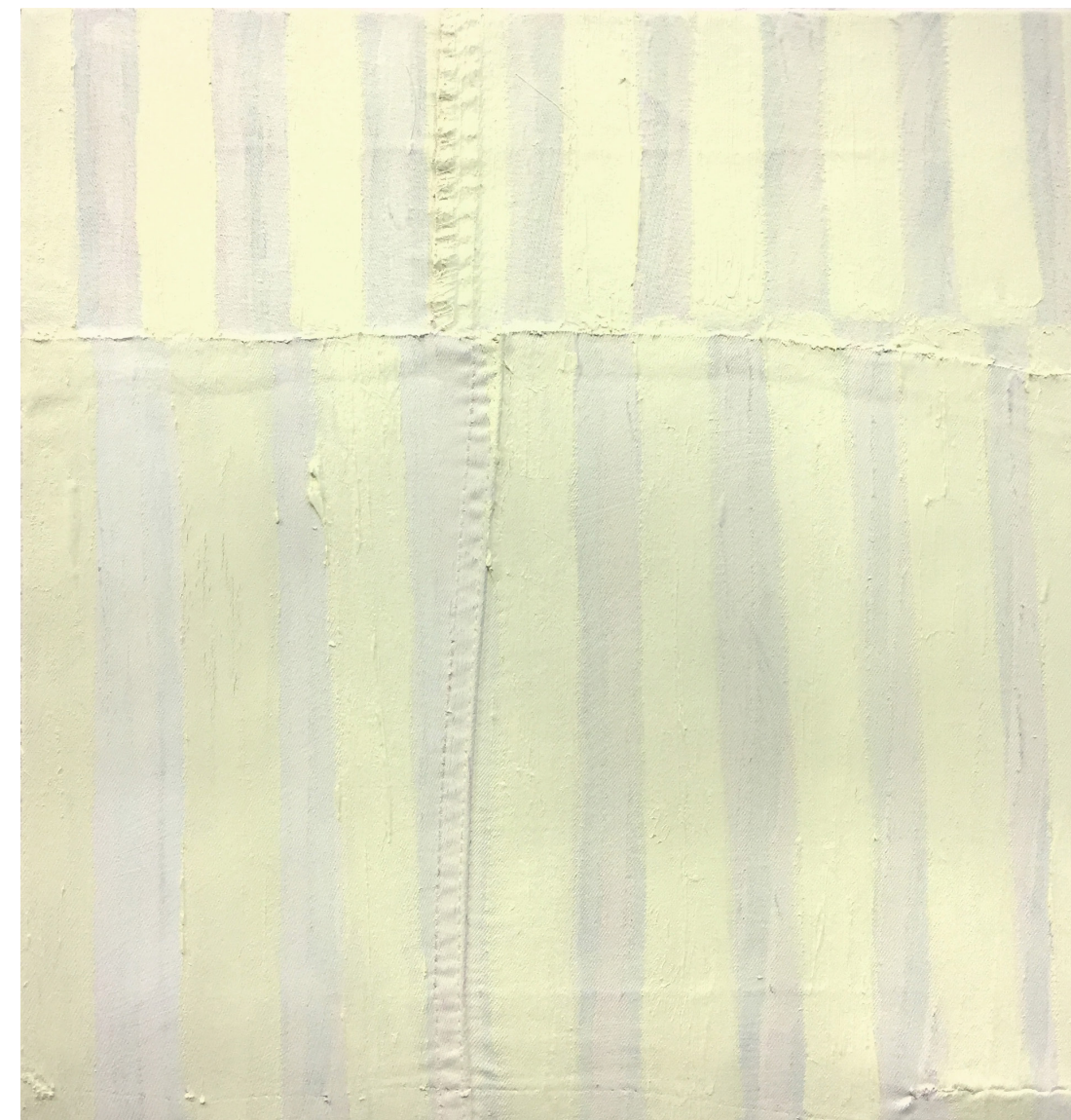
Lines on Sieverding #01, 2022
 Acrylic, paper, jeans on wood
 36 x 27 cm



Lines on Sieverding #05, 2022
 Acrylic, paper, jeans on wood
 53 x 37 cm



Jeans and Lines, 2022
Acrylic, oil on jeans
35 x 34 cm



Beige auf weiss, 2022
Oil on jeans
34 x 32 cm

WELT ANEIGNUNG





Weltaneignung

We have essentially overtaken everything. Everything is “post”—that is, already afterward. Post-internet, post-capitalism, post-modernism. Were we too slow? Are we only able to face a world that we think is spinning faster and faster by becoming faster and faster ourselves? By processing things even more efficiently and rigorously? Only by growing can we survive, cries the unfettered neoliberal market that surrounds us. “If acceleration is the problem, then resonance may be the solution,” proclaims Hartmut Rosa, however, in his book *Resonance—A Sociology of our Relationship to the World*. He postulates the hypothesis that “an aimless and interminable compulsion to increase [...] ultimately leads to a problematic, even pathological relationship to the world [...]” For where should we position ourselves once we realize that higher, faster, and further are no longer attractive categories? The artists Lotta Bartoschewski and Sophia Domagala explore Hartmut Rosa’s concept of “world appropriation” in their exhibition of the same name, *Weltaneignung*.

After all, every work of art is always an attempt to situate ourselves in the world and to determine the exact coordinates between which we operate. At the same time, we appropriate the world through art, through the fact that we are reproducing something, and evade this aforementioned urge for more, because the things that are being produced here are not subject to any market-inherent logic. Lotta Bartoschewski often uses objects that are not only unconstrained by any market-inherent logic, but also those that we would otherwise reject: old newspapers, one-cent coins that we have been collecting forever, only to never get round to taking them to the bank, old newspapers with yesterday’s news.

Here in Hanover, an isosceles triangle seems to float above the ground. It invites visitors to react to it—makes them, even. Because the triangle is placed in the middle of the space, they have to respond to it: Do they walk around it? Do they step over it? This narrative opens up a reciprocal game between body and space. The surface of the plaster sculpture, made especially for the space, reveals the negative imprints of the molds, whose interior Bartoschewski painted and lined. The plaster records everything, accurately reproducing all the information fed to it previously. What is then depicted in the plaster is the mirrored trace of human activity. Every fingerprint, every fiber is visible. One-cent coins are gathered on the structure like jewelry; through the images imprinted on the coins, they tell their own stories of the circulation of value and the meanings attributed to them. Another sculpture, a rectangular frame leaning in a recessed alcove, features imprints of newspaper clippings. Their *raison d’être* is no longer drawn from the news they proclaim, but from the fact that they can be used in a different way.

They, too, are only recognizable in their mirrored form due to the printing process. Bartoschewski places them in a different context and gives them a new purpose, one that is no longer linked to usefulness and efficiency.

Sophia Domagala's striped paintings are positioned differently. They are an endless sequence of repetitions and the same gestures, softened only by small discontinuities. The line is the simplest and most universal form, yet also the greatest and most radical challenge. For no freely painted line will ever be perfect; even the attempt is doomed to fail. They act like a grid through which a window to the world emerges. Something that frames the main action and offers it a stage. The space in between becomes an infinitely expandable resonating body. Domagala contemplates each stripe thoroughly, like a word. While there was sometimes writing in her work in the past, it has given way to stripes here, which now take on the task of corresponding with the viewer.

For isn't writing ultimately stripes and lines strung together?

Domagala systematically explores the vertical line

in various states: laid over a newspaper clipping, as a wall painting, or on canvas. In each instance they establish new spaces and enter into direct correspondence with the viewer. In each stripe lies a new chance, a new attempt. All are the same yet each one is different.

While Bartoschewski's work is established in the space and urges action in a playfully inviting gesture, space is revealed in Domagala's work through repetition.

The works of both artists function here as a resonance space in which we can relate to the world. That is precisely why it is interesting to look at them together. If you wanted to break it down, you could say:

Bartoschewski works disruptively, Domagala repetitively.

According to Rosa, art "keeps your mind open to the fact

[...] that another relationship to the world is possible." We thus learn

the different ways in which we can appropriate this world, how we

can encounter it, and how we can enter into correspondence with it.

Without any acceleration, only the ability to immerse ourselves in

contemplation. Because when Nas asks, "Whose world is this?,"

the only correct answer is one that Rosa would also like:

"The world is yours, the world is yours—It's mine, it's mine, it's mine."

Text: Laura Helena Wurth



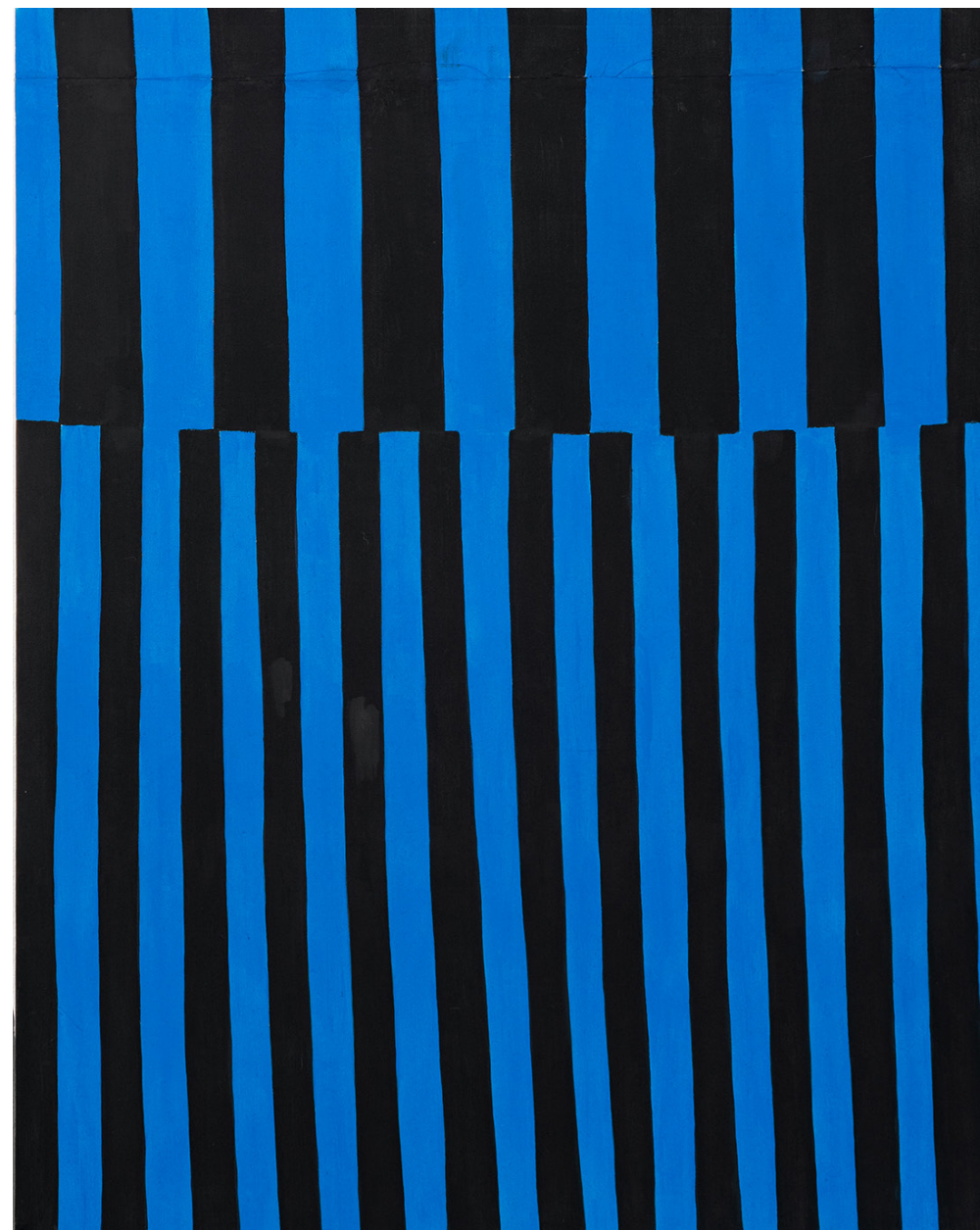
**Schwarze Streifen
auf rosa und rot, 2021**
Acrylic on canvas
172 x 138 cm



Exhibition view, **Weltaneignung**, ad/ad, Hannover, 2021



**Schwarze Streifen
auf orange, 2021**
Acrylic on canvas
171 x 136 cm



**Schwarze Streifen
auf blau, 2021**
Acrylic on canvas
107 x 83 cm



SCHWARZE
STREIFEN
AUF BLAU



Installation view, **SCHWARZE STREIFEN AUF BLAU**, 2021

Wie baut man Brücken über unruhiges Wasser?
A series of artistic actions in the public realm of
Rostock and the Ostsee coast hosted by *East of Elsewhere*



Schwarze Streifen und Moosgrün , 2021
Acrylic on canvas
171 x 136 cm



Show the line, 2020
Acrylic on canvas
70 × 76 cm



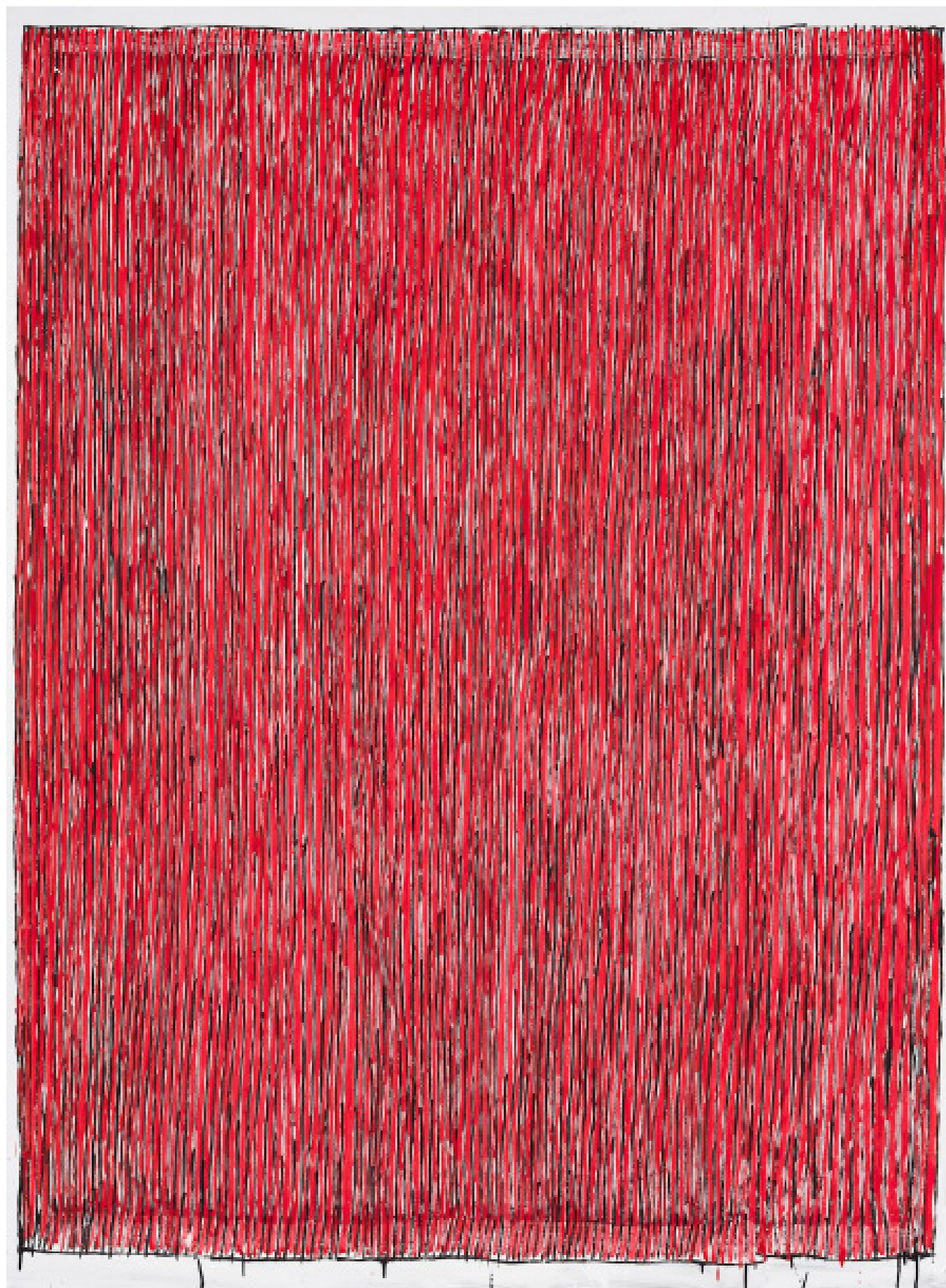
Have a line, 2020
Acrylic on canvas
72 × 78 cm



Warm, 2021
Acrylic on canvas
110 x 83 cm



Kalt, 2021
Acrylic on canvas
110 x 83 cm

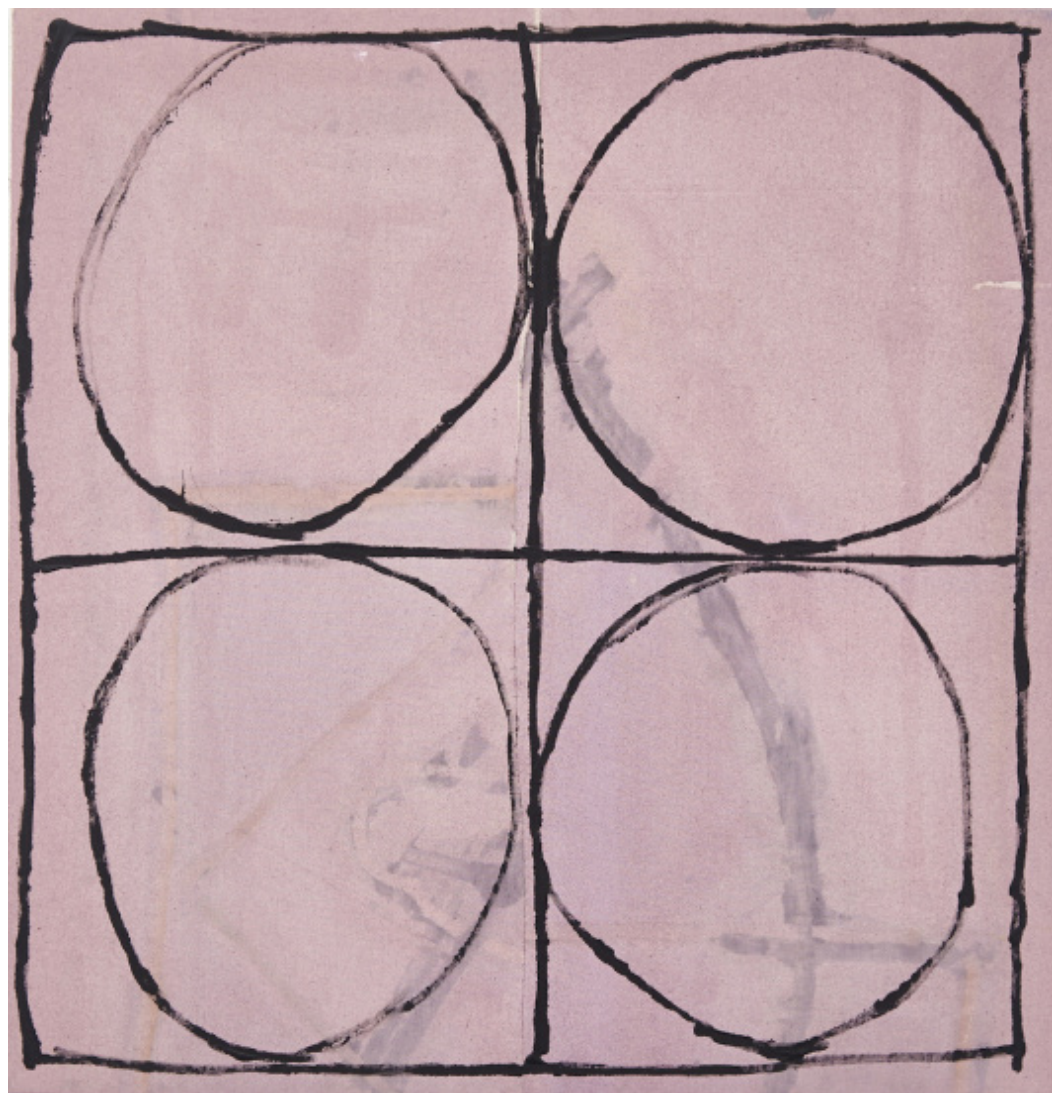


Verschwinden, 2021
Acrylic on canvas
185 x 140 cm



Rote Linien, 2021
Oil, acrylic on canvas
75 x 64 cm





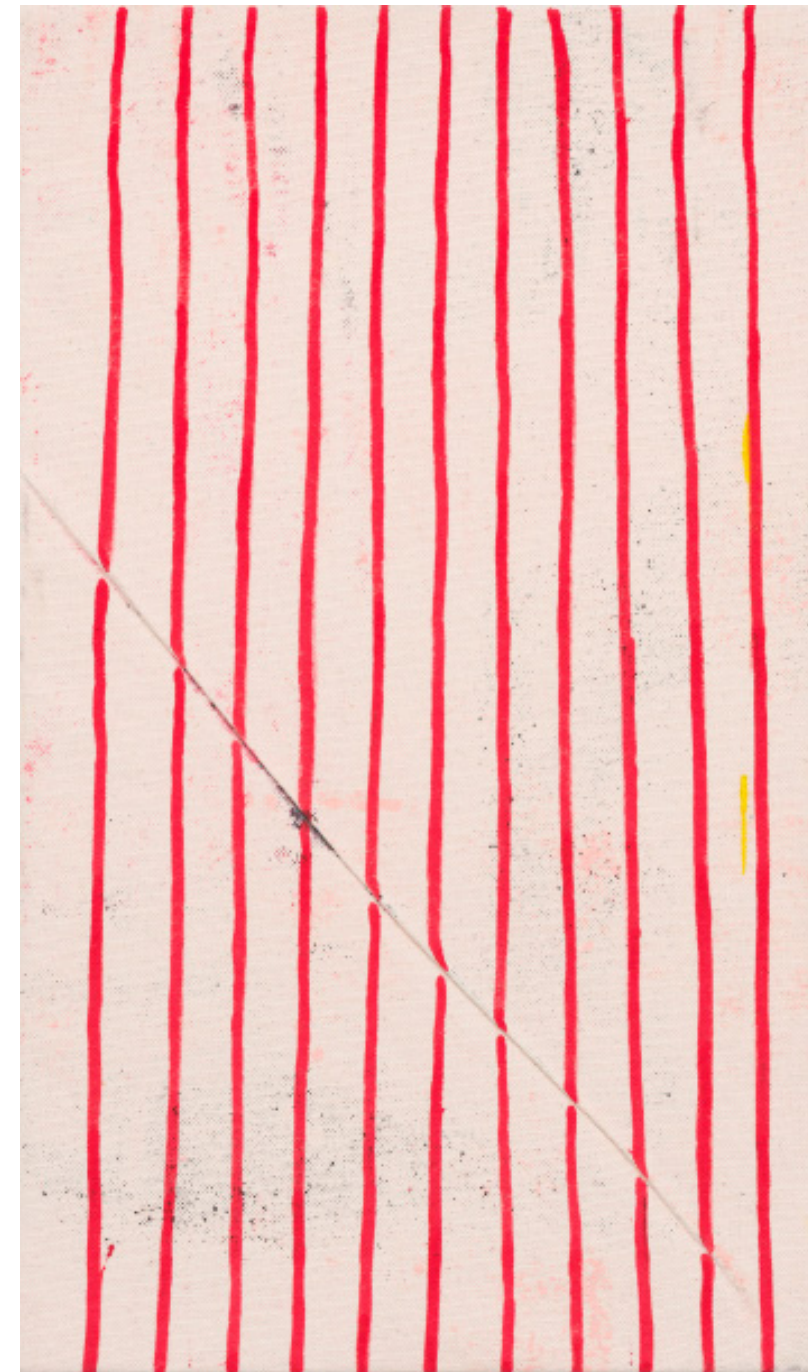
Vier schwarze Kreise auf hellem Hintergrund, 2020
 Acrylic on canvas
 48 x 52 cm



Male vier Kreise im Dunkel, 2020
 Oil, acrylic on canvas
 80 x 72 cm



**Sieben rote Streifen neben sieben
blauen Streifen**, 2020
Oil, acrylic on canvas
143 x 106 cm



Rote Linien I, 2020
Acrylic on canvas
29 X 55 cm



2019-2013



THE MIRROR SAYS NOT THE MY OTHER

The Mirror is my Mother

Most of Sophia Domagala's (*1981, DE) mostly large-format may seem wild and confusing at first glance. They exude a peculiar, physical presence sustained by a sense of arbitrariness, by their complexity and colour dynamics. Nevertheless, they contain no frills, nothing that's not strictly required – everything focuses on the essentials.

It helps to take a step back and examine the origins of this style of painting; one that doesn't start from an explicit concept, but flirts with a form of seeming naivete. Yet such command of the laid-back elegance of dilettantism takes perfect mastery of the painterly gesture – and what does this "gesture" entail? In Roland Barthes' writing on Cy Twombly (Merve, 2003), he states that the gesture is "something like the encore of an act". When the actual act and action is over, the gesture unites the "indefinite and infinite sum of reasons, drives and idlenesses that surround the act with an atmosphere" (p. 11).

In a prior series, Sophia had painted delicate plant arrangements. Here, leaves creep across the canvas, lending the untreated substrate its structure and infusing it with a sense of three-dimensionality.

All it takes to construct an entire mental world is the sketched allusion of a jungle. Because this is not about "seeing, thinking, tasting the product, but about the motion that has caused it to look again, to identify or even to enjoy it."

(p. 16). Thus turning the images into trigger points for specific ideas, memories and possibilities. In the new series, the supposed unambiguousness of Sophia's leaves and tendrils has made way for an ostensible chaos that, at second glance, reveals structures, patterns and multi-faceted meaning.

A meaning not anchored in the works from the first moment and brushstroke, but one that results from Sophia's unprocessed approach to the canvas.

Unfiltered. This approach also explains the words and script that find their way into her work. After all, they, too, are nothing but shapes in the stream of thoughts that navigate their own, whirling ether each and every day.

The mind doesn't differentiate between word and painterly gesture.

And that's the source of the elegance: the descending thought, suggested by the brushstroke. Patterns and structures that form and dissolve – only to reform anew. In Sophia's works, writing has no home or frame, dissociating its contents even more from sentence structures and familiar, apparent meaning. According to this pattern, the use of colour as a means and never an end in itself is only consistent. Everyday, banal, exciting and curious elements are allowed to enter the work – here, a homage to Isa Genzken sits side-by-side with a good joke on a palm-lined beach, a hare or a Christmas tree.

The pictures pose a challenge we should accept. Because they are not self-absorbed, but encourage exchange with the viewer. With us.

They talk through their titles and the language they seem to contain quite naturally. "The Mirror is my Mother" also addresses the sensual notion of "showing yourself", expressed via symbols, hidden cyphers and winding paths that keep reforming anew and prevent any sense of mental standstill.

Although the paint is static and no longer changing once it has been applied to the canvas, the thoughts lashed in place by the gesture nevertheless remain in constant flux.

"The Mirror is my Mother" also addresses the sensual notion of "showing yourself", expressed via symbols, hidden cyphers and winding paths that keep reforming anew and prevent any sense of mental standstill. Although the paint is static and no longer changing once it has been applied to the canvas, the thoughts lashed in place by the gesture nevertheless remain in constant flux.

These are gestures full of hope and opportunity, full of vigour and vitality.

Gestures that hint at all those things we think we know and

– precisely for this reason – could never ever really know.

Shifting moments of thought that pave their path through the motions of the brush.

At the same time, "The Mirror is my Mother" transcends mere painting.

Sophia also shows ceramics that employ a very different language.

Where painting can be ambiguous, these sculptures are entirely concrete.

Intertwined hands, protectively placed on top of one another,

lost in an endless embrace. They offer a counterpoint to the paintings'

physicality; they appear introverted, almost quiet. Here, the allusion

gives way to consolidation and a gesture to the gesture, its execution.

The gentleness and tenderness inherent in the material's fragility

remains self-contained: Where painting involves the observer, the depicted

scene's potential intimacy turns him into a voyeur.

Text: Laura Helena Wurth

[STUDIO PICKNICK](http://www.studiopicknick.com/)

<http://www.studiopicknick.com/>

[ART VIEWER for Studio Picknick https://artviewer.org/sophia-domagala-at-studio-picknick/](https://artviewer.org/sophia-domagala-at-studio-picknick/)

[KUBAPARIS for Studio Picknick https://kubaparis.com/sophia-domagala-the-mirror-is-my-mother/](https://kubaparis.com/sophia-domagala-the-mirror-is-my-mother/)



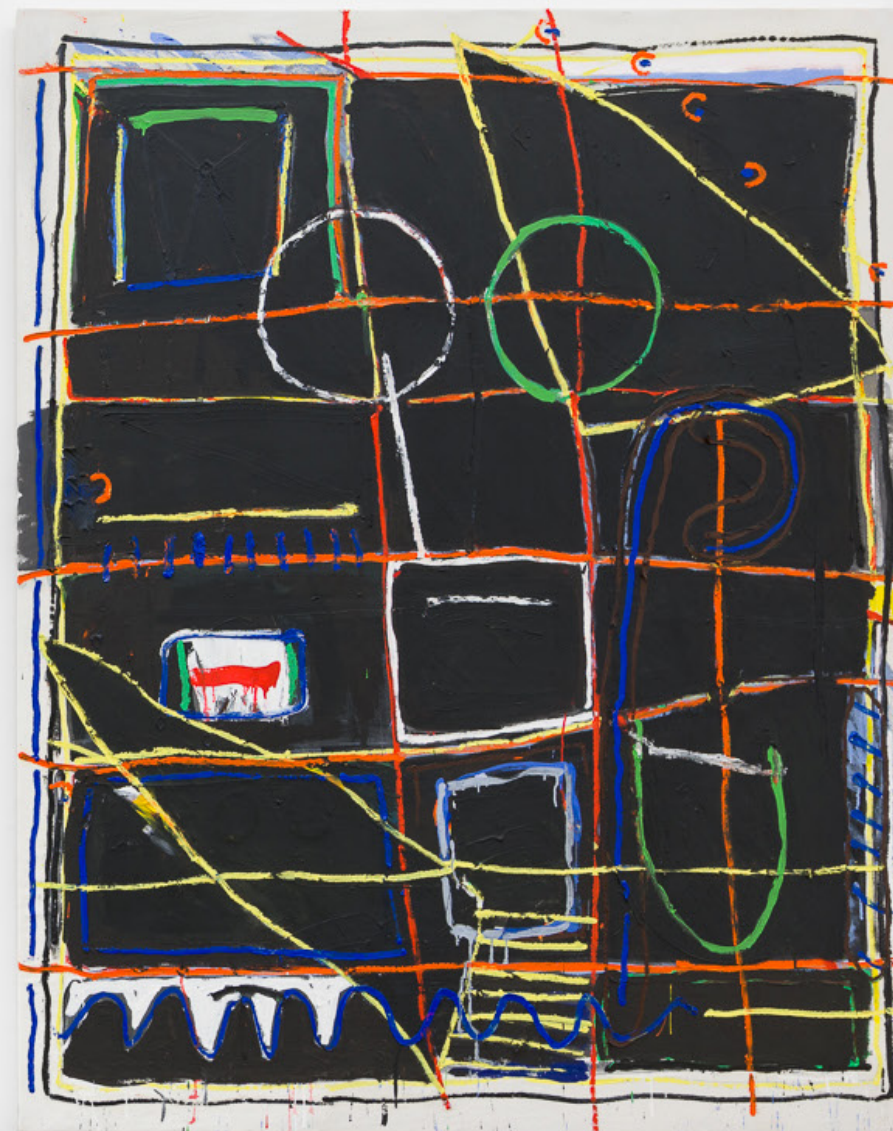
Ich habe eine tiefe, tiefe Angst, 2018
 Oil, Acrylic on canvas
 175 x 145 cm



The Mirror is my Mother, 2018
 Oil, acrylic on canvas
 180 x 140 cm



Verlorene Lebensmühe, 2018
Oil, Acrylic on canvas
172 x 158 cm cm



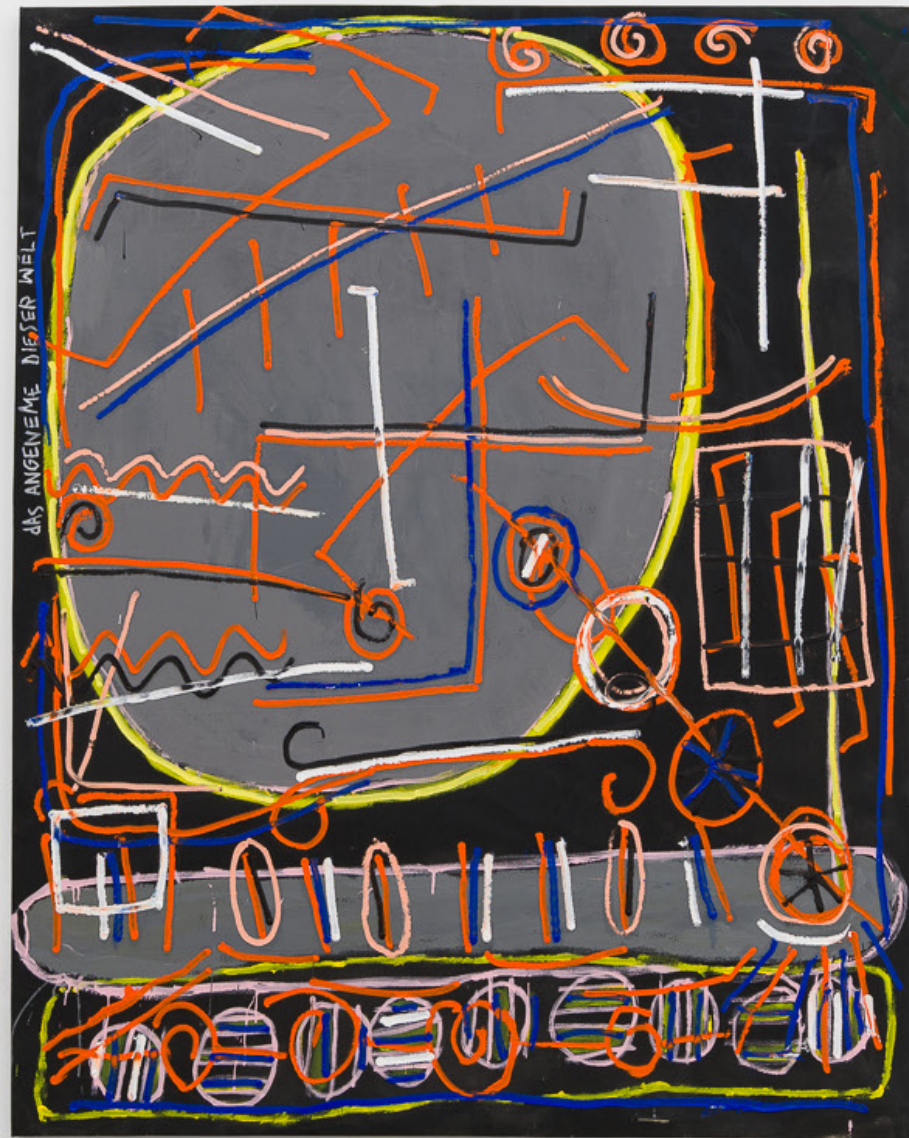
Appartur der eigenen Unzulänglichkeit. Danke Isa für den Weltempfänger. 2018
Oil, acrylic on canvas
177 x 146 cm cm



Hände, 2019
Glazed clay
25 x 10 x 12 cm



Ein guter Witz am Palmenstrand, 2019
Oil, Acrylic on canvas
171 x 209 cm



Das Angenehme dieser Welt, 2018
Oil and acrylic on canvas
175 x 145 cm

STUPIDITY
NOT
HOME





Baum, 2018
Glazed clay
50 x 28 x 7 cm

Stupidity Is Not Home

Stupidity Is Not Home shows paintings by Ali Altin and ceramic sculptures by Sophia Domagala. Assuming that the artistic urge to create, originating from the subconscious (home), cannot produce anything “stupid”, both have an intuitive approach to artistic creation.

Like a medium in search of frequencies from a collective subconscious, Ali Altin evokes mystical worlds in his paintings using various painterly and graphic techniques. What at first glance looks like abstract, expressive layers of paint and brushstrokes is transformed into bodies, faces, entire narratives when viewed. From a tangle of brushstrokes, a yellow man appears as if he were about to emerge from the canvas; pasty fields of color transform into a scene in which DPT is taken out of the fridge. The scenes from Ali's paintings seem to refer to our subconscious. They are mysterious, grotesque, sometimes threatening, but also humorous and sensual. He often uses automatic techniques to create images, such as washing canvases with previous paintings in the washing machine, so that new structures appear, from which bizarre images emerge. They don't require more than a few accentuations to become images that remind the viewer of a dream or a delirious experience.

In her sculptures, Sophia Domagala processually explores the external forms of the representational world. This process can be described as an intuitive approach to a physical body that Sophia examines and seeks to understand through repetition. Driven by a subconscious interest in a form, Sophia explores this curiosity in order to analyze its meaning and persistence. She simultaneously develops the theme through her creative work. In *Stupidity Is Not Home* she shows a ceramic series made of cherries, which appear as a fragile wall sculpture or laying in a large pile in front of us. Their dual form refers to connection and unity, but also holds the potential of separation at the most vulnerable point. Thus the cherries symbolize affection and erotic desire, but also fragility and pain. With her method Sophia examines external phenomena and transfers them to a symbolic level by triggering associations that address the collective memory and subconscious.

Text: Elena Cheprakova

Press: [Kirschenmann und Spiegelwand, taz](https://taz.de/Kirschenmann-und-Spiegelwand/!5592854/)
<https://taz.de/Kirschenmann-und-Spiegelwand/!5592854/>



Der Kirschenmann, 2019
Glazed clay, 15 x 15 x 10cm

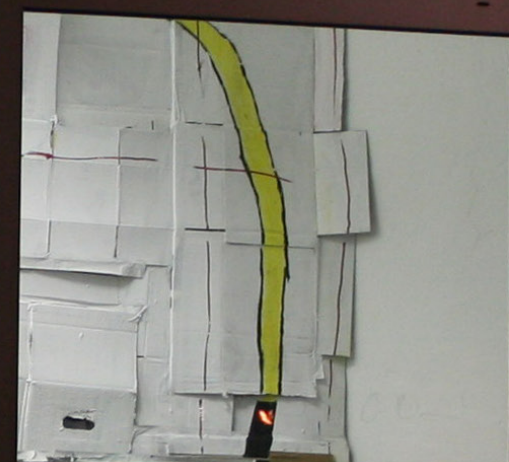


Installation view, **Stupidity is not home**
SP2, Berlin, 2019



Ribbecks Träume, 2019
Glazed clay, acrylic on concrete
220 x 80 x 110 cm

KXME





Holes and Dreams, 2019
Mixed Media



Exhibition view, **K X ME (One Thousand Times Me)**
Marzahner Promenade, Berlin, 2019



Installation view, **K X ME** (*One Thousand Times Me*), 2019



Clock, 2019
Acrylic on MDF, glazed clay

I THOROUGHLY RESPECT
THE BIRDS 'CAUSE
THEY ARE NOT EVEN
LISTENING. I DO LIKE THEM
A LOT.

zopf

Intern

Bundesweit
eine Nummer:

0800

zopf@zopf.de

Umzug

zopf



Loop, 2019
Acrylic on MDF





BETWEEN
LIPS AND
FOREHEAD



Between Lips and Forehead

The soft material on the floor of the exhibition space still seems to contain an original form, the forest, the accumulation of trees or tree fragments. S. Domagala also takes up fragmentary and organic forms in her paintings. Delicate leaves, plump cherries, simple forms such as circle and line determine the pictorial language of the large-format

compositions and are condensed into groups, clusters and rows through repetition and arrangement. They are intrinsic elements, imitating natural growth processes, which are deepened and further developed in series.

“Do not make detours. Simple means poor, not much. Simple is easy, but it is not easy to be simple. The difficulty of simple is that it demands lightness.”

In the simple symbolic imagery and the gestural formulations, S. Domagala is looking for the lightness as described by the philosopher Hannes Böhringer in his essay. The search for simplicity is a central concern of many contemporary artists and is not easy to achieve. The simple is always in danger of being too simple and thus becoming banal or disappearing into the heavy.

Omitting the obsolete, using the obvious, working quickly and directly are the artist's tools of the trade. Raw nettle cloth, a cotton fabric in plain weave, serves as the picture support.

The renunciation of elaborate mounting on stretcher frames underlines the immediacy of Domagala's working method and refers to the original decorative, covering and clothing function of textiles. The use of pictorial cloths to line and transform spaces has a long tradition in arts and crafts, as does the mental link between skin, garment and wall.

BETWEEN LIPS ANF FOREHEAD = In the area between lips and forehead are eyes, nose, mouth. The sensual perceptible - be it the smell of sawdust, the feel of cotton fabrics or the visual stimulus and sweet taste of a ripe cherry - guide as a central theme through the exhibition.

Text: Eva-Maria Knüsel

Press: [Getanzt wird sowieso, Moritz Gramming](https://kubaparis.com/sophia-domagala/)
<https://kubaparis.com/sophia-domagala/>



Exhibition view, **Between Lips and Forehead**
SIC! Raum für Kunst - Elephanthouse, Lucerne (CH), 2016

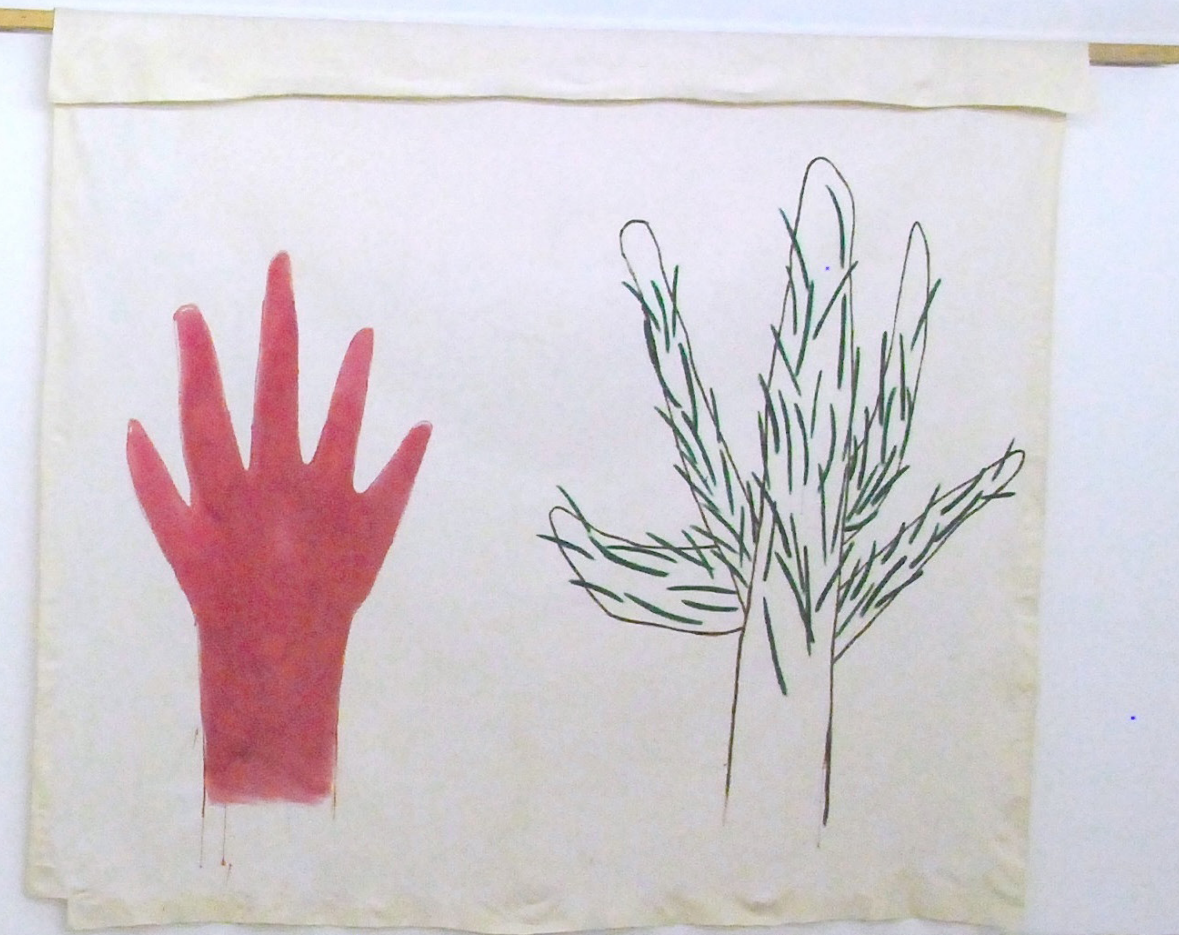
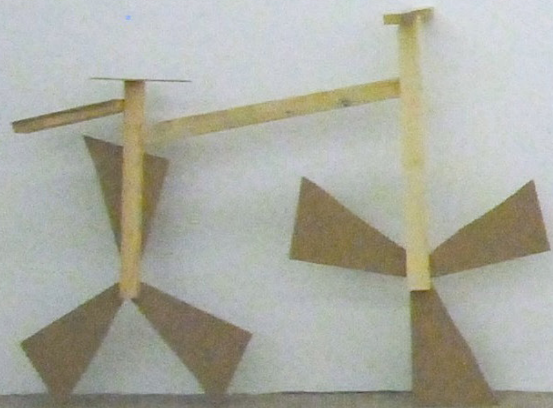


Exhibition view, *Between Lips and Forehead*
SIC! Raum für Kunst - Elephanthouse, Lucerne (CH), 2016



FREESTREET

SPIELE MEHR
KLAVIER
MIT MIR





Exhibition view, **Retrofrost**
Schleckermarkt, Kiel, 2013



Installation view, **Retrofrost**, Schleckermarkt, 2013

Sophia Domagala 1981 born in Hamburg, DE, lives and works in Berlin, DE

Education

- 2013 BA Fine Arts, HBK Braunschweig, Klasse Walter Dahn, DE
- 2005 Université Panthéon-Sorbonne, Paris, FR
- 2006 MA History of Art / Philosophy, Humboldt University Berlin and Free University Berlin, DE

Awards and Grants

- 2022 Stiftung Kunstfonds NEUSTART KULTUR Stipendium
- 2021 INITIAL Sonderstipendium Akademie der Künste
- 2017 Preis der Nationalgalerie (Longlist)
- 2014 Nominierung Berlin Art Prize (Honorable mention)
- 2014 Goldrausch Künstlerinnenprojekt art IT
- 2011 Artist in Residency, MetroArts, Brisbane, AU

Solo and Two-Person Exhibitions

- 2021 BEGGARS, Mountains, Berlin, DE
- 2021 Schwarze Streifen auf Blau, as part of Wie baut man Brücken über unruhiges Wasser? curated by East of Elsewhere, Rostock, DE
- 2021 Weltaneignung, with Lotta Bartoschewski, ad/ad, Hannover, DE
- 2019 Rückwärts und im Kreis, with Felix Oehmann, Shoefrog, Wien, AT
- 2019 Stupidity Is Not Home, with Ali Altin, SP2, Berlin, DE
- 2019 The mirror is my mother, Studio Picknick, Berlin, DE
- 2019 K X ME (One thousand times me), Marzahner Promenade, Berlin, DE
- 2018 SEHR GUT, with Dagmar Schürrer, Centrum, Berlin, DE
- 2018 EASE ESAE, Kaskl, Berlin, DE
- 2018 ALL, with Julia Hansen, Kunstverein Bad Doberan, DE
- 2016 Between Lips and Forehead, sic!-Elephanthouse, Luzern, CH
- 2013 All these Blues, Kunstraum B, Kiel, DE
- 2011 WHAT’S IN YOU FOR YOU AND WHOSE IN YOU FOR HIMSELF?, MetroArts, Brisbane, AU

Group Exhibitions (selection)

- 2022 Apples and Lines, Groupe Exhibition, STELLA, Berlin
- 2021 Direkte Auktion, Salon am Oranienplatz, Berlin, DE
- 2020 Piece of Pen II, Rundgaenger by Schierke Seinecke, Frankfurt a.M., DE
- 2020 Assisted Survival, Mountains, Berlin, DE
- 2019 It was all a Dream, curated by Laura Helena Wurth, Haus am Lützowplatz, Berlin, DE
- 2017 The Surface of Shrimp – The Gesture of Soap, curated by Zoë Claire Miller, Funkhaus Nalepastraße, Berlin, DE
- 2016 Never Shown on Purpose, curated by Hannah Beck-Mannagetta and Ulrich Vogl, CIRCLE1, Berlin, DE
- 2016 Über die Unmöglichkeit des Seins, curated by Lena Fließbach, Kunsthalle Exnergasse, Wien, AT
- 2014 Helium (Goldrausch 2014 Exhibition), Projektraum Flutgraben, Berlin, DE
- 2014 Berlin Art Prize, Kühlhaus, Berlin, DE
- 2013 17/13, presented by Kunstgruppe Köln, Salon Schmitz, Köln, DE
- 2012 Ein Nest mit Eiern, Das Giftraum, Berlin, DE
- 2010 Zeit für wilde Harmonien, The Forgotten Bar Project, Berlin, DE
- 2010 La Bonne Horse (Class Walter Dahn), Bonner Kunstverein, Bonn, DE

Publications

- 2021 BEGGARS, exhibition catalog, Mountains, Berlin, DE
- Nothing is going to change my world, exhibition catalog, Berlin, DE
- 2021 Whose world is this? The world is yours, the world is yours it’s mine, it’s mine, it’s mine, Palmpress Publishing, Hannover, DE
- 2015 Things go pass. Go things! Things go?, artist book, Berlin, DE
- 2014 Helium – Goldrausch, Berlin, DE
- 2012 My White Gangster, Edition Taube, Berlin, DE
- 2009 La Bonne Horse – Klasse Walter Dahn, Braunschweig, DE

DOMAGALA
2019