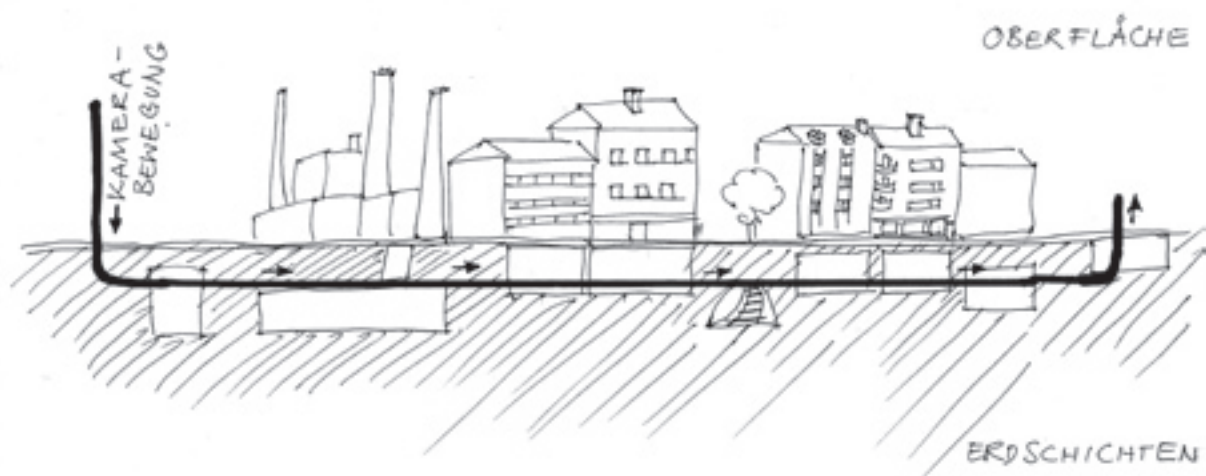


VIDEOGRAPHY

Clea Stracke
Verena Seibt



Video Installation
HD, 8:50 min. 2009
MaximiliansForum, Munich 2011

"All art is at once surface and symbol.
Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril."
Oscar Wilde: The Picture of Dorian Gray, Preface

Some meters below the houses, streets and city-squares, the other life begins. The camera digs through grey layers of earth, in a labyrinthine twilight zone of hallways, shafts and vaults that tunnel under the city like a network of roots. Library catalogues and archives glide by, where peculiarities lie and the one travels through the cathedral-like hall of a water reservoir, followed by laundry rooms and basement storage units dim in yellow lamplight. The world above penetrates only damped and filtered, this world below: as pale rays of light, dripping through cracks, or as quiet organ tones, which drift from afar into the stillness of a crypt. Club beats cut a way in, and the stamping of feet; later, only the fine whispered sounds of rustling paper or a creaking door remain, along with the buzz and hum of unknown machines, the liquids sloshing through a maze of pipes and tubes, and the gurgling of the sewer system.

Amidst all this, sporadic traces of humanity and signs of absence: a lemonyellow sphere which, as if propelled by the hand of a ghost, careens through a deserted bowling lane; a small cart that circles the fossilized plastic of a model train landscape; a Jukebox plays its last song in a wood panelled hobby room and falls silent. The things – the devices – below the surface are sleepily left to their own devices; only rarely are they awakened by a shadow. Time has stopped for them, as if they would no longer belong to the present, though they have not completely disappeared.

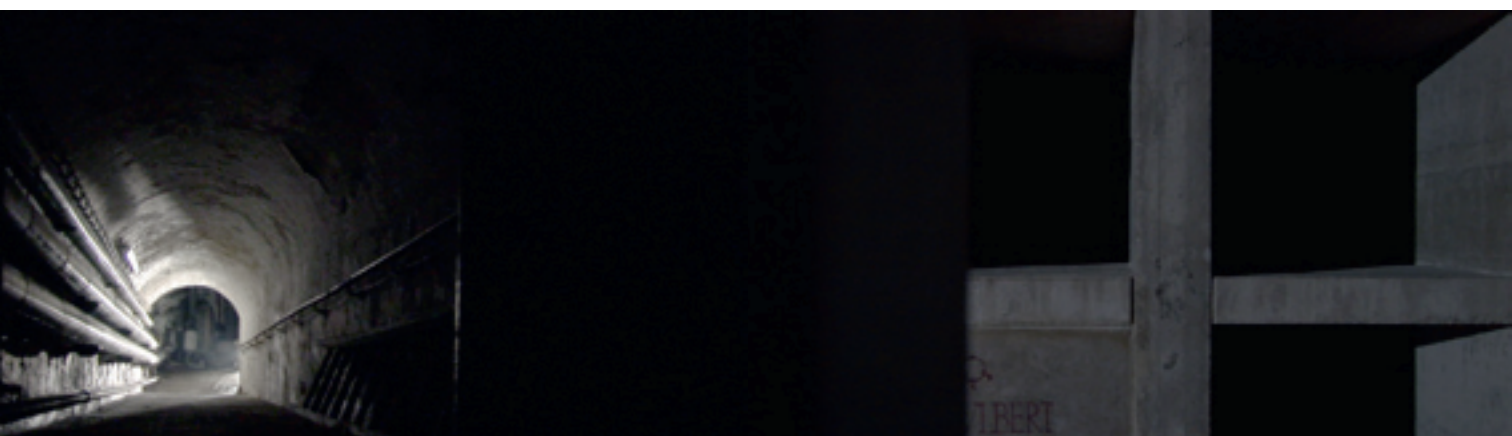
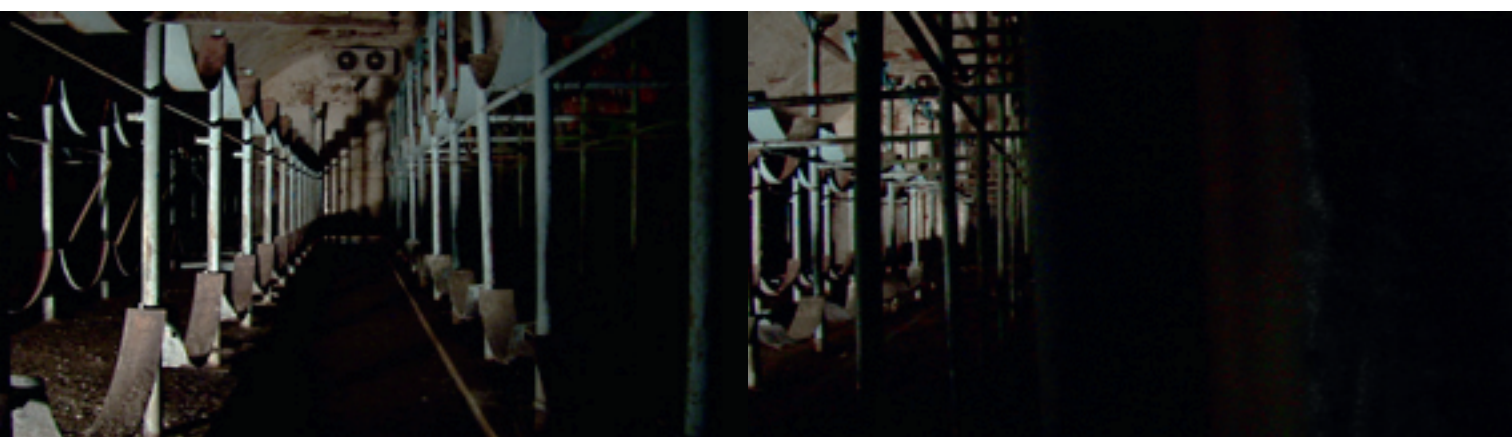
Narratives pop up – and are once again left to themselves. This urban underworld could be our own. A storehouse for the half-remembered and the half-forgotten; a closet for preliminary ideas, finished tasks, for archives and preserves; a place for that which seems useful, but which does not seem to be needed in the foreseeable sort-term – or that which could be dangerous, but cannot be otherwise disposed of. We sense that exploratory drilling under our own skin would run across similar undigested, unexplained, non-sanitized realities – and also that our arbitrary sorting out and stowing away means that our own personal underworld could be an explosive that is not fully under our control. One that could, sometime, go off.
(Christian Hartard)

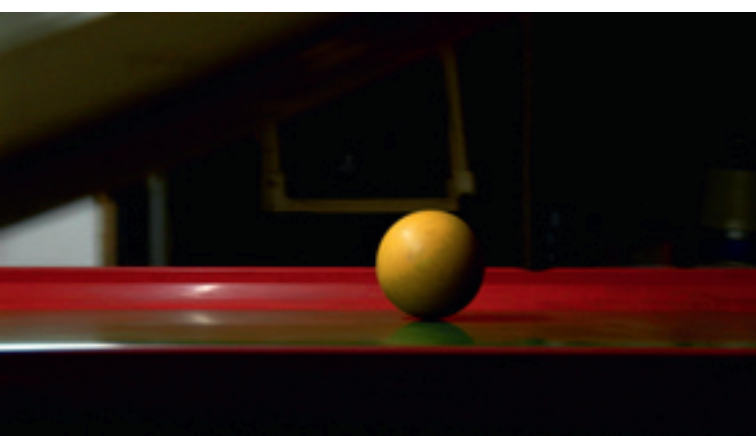
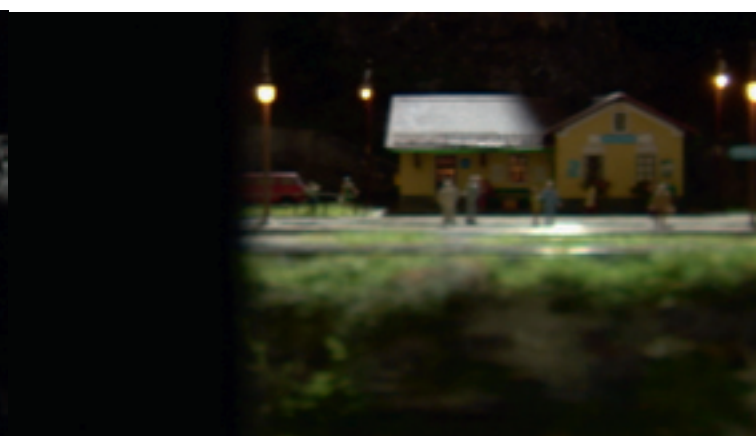


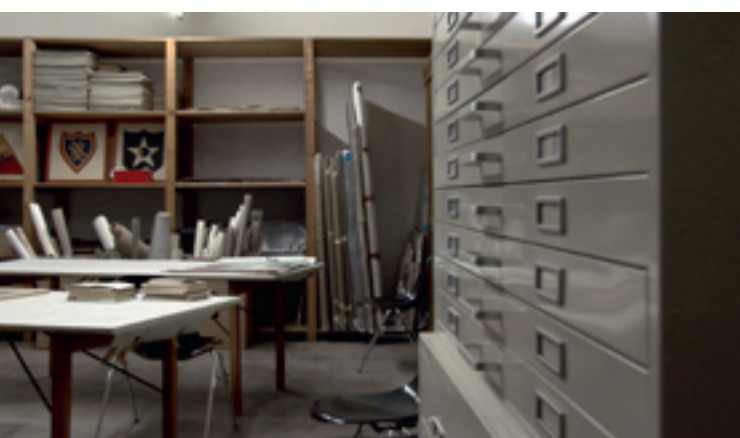


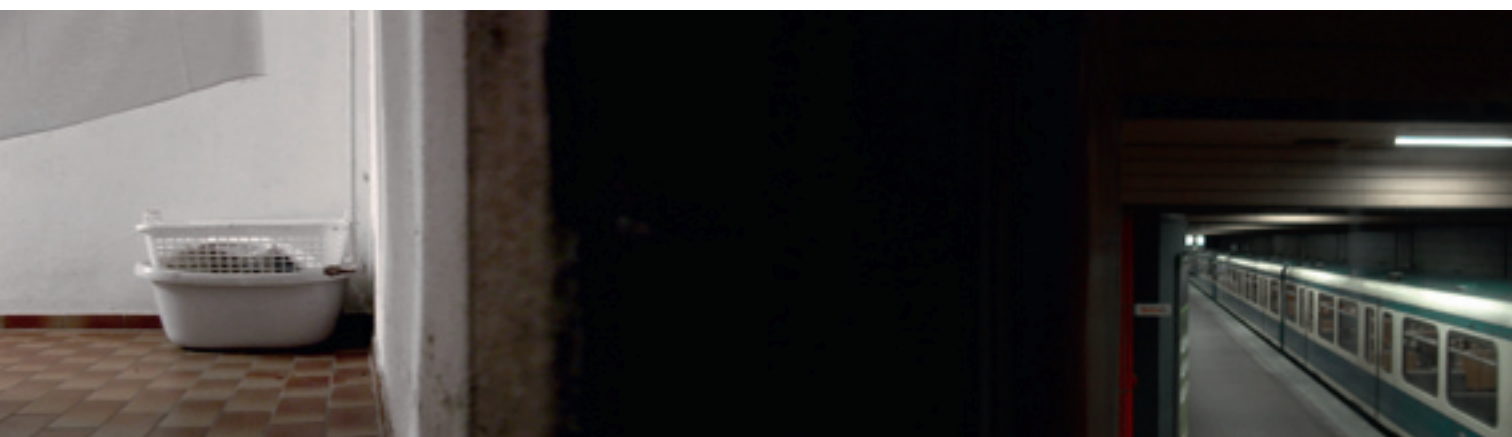
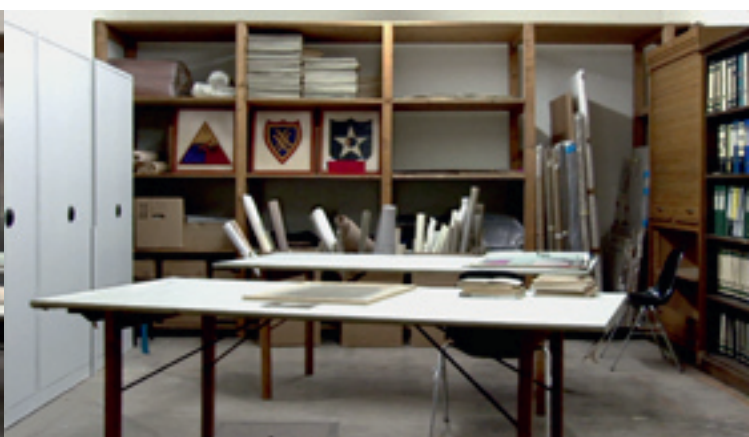












(Autokino)
Space Installation,
Weicht, East Allgäu Region 2009,
Peugeot 205, rain machine,
video projection on canvas (loop),
car radio
Radiomix: Carl Stracke

*The rain is drumming; the windshield
wiper sings a monotonous song.
I follow the white stripes in the night.*

The outdoor installation Drive-in Cinema achieves a high degree of suggestion, despite its simple methods. The Peugeot 205 faces the screen, like at a drive-in theatre. The wipers run and run. They tirelessly sweep away the water from the rainmachine, mounted on the roof rack. Sitting inside the vehicle, the beholder hears a soundtrack combining a radio program, engine noise, and the pitterpatter of raindrops. On screen, a night-time drive. Not only have the artists constructed a homage to the drive-in culture of the 1950s and 1960s, they have also crafted an illusion-machine, that, standing still, simulates spatial forward motion and holds on to a moment, like a precious memory, with a laconic melancholy.

(Anna Schneider)









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Drive in Cinema,
Installation view

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Drive in Cinema,
Filmstills

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View from the inside

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Installation modell



(Und das Schiff fährt)
Video HD, 5:10 min., 2009

Fluctuat nec mergitur.
It is tossed by the waves, but does not sink.
(Parisian city motto)

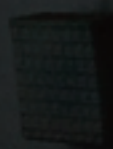
In *And the ship sails on* Seibt and Stracke have transformed Munich's Academy of Fine Art into a heavy tanker, sailing through rough seas on an uncertain course - as a metaphor for art and its institution.

The institution of art is, like the ship, a closed system, distanced from the outside world. Seibt and Stracke ask us to question our free will, when housed in such institutions. The sailors are, as they gaze into the uncertain distance, assembled in rows before the ship's railing, full of hope as they intone Schubert's *Ode to Art*, to the sobs an accordion. On the command bridge, the captain aims his telescope toward the horizon: No land in sight. But the ship sails on.

(Christian Hartard)



moved me to a better





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And the ship sails on, Projection
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And the ship sails on, Film Stills





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Film Stills, And the Ship....

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Sailors are singing „Hallowed Art“

p. S. 27

„An die Musik“, (Hallowed Art)

Text: Franz von Schober,

Song by Franz Schubert

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Musik: Franz Schubert
Text: Franz Schubert
Satz: C. Kelnberger

Tenor 1
 Du hol - de Kunst, in wie - viel grau - en Stun - den
 O! hat ein Seuf - zer dei - ner Harf ent - flo - ren,
 Tenor 2
 Du hol - de Kunst, in wie - viel grau - en Stun - den
 O! hat ein Seuf - zer dei - ner Harf ent - flo - ren,
 Bass 1
 Du hol - de Kunst, in wie - viel grau - en Stun - den
 O! hat ein Seuf - zer dei - ner Harf ent - flo - ren,
 Bass 2
 Du hol - de Kunst, in wie - viel grau - en Stun - den
 O! hat ein Seuf - zer dei - ner Harf ent - flo - ren,

5
 wo sich des Le - bens wil - der Kreis um - strickt, hast du mein
 ein sü - ßer, hei - li - ger Al - lort von der den Him - mel
 wo sich des Le - bens wil - der Kreis um - strickt, hast du mein
 ein sü - ßer, hei - li - ger Al - lort von der den Him - mel

9
 Herz zu war - mer Lieb ent - zun - den hast mich in ei - ne
 bes - rer Zei - ten mir er - schlos sen du hol - de Kunst, ich
 Herz zu war - mer Lieb ent - zun - den hast mich in ei - ne
 bes - rer Zei - ten mir er - schlos sen du hol - de Kunst, ich

(Holde Kunst)
Performance video HD, 6:25 min., 2012
Singer, linen, wooden base

Oh gracious Art, how often, when depression and life's wild circle had ensnared my space, have you aroused my heart to love's compassion, have you removed me to a better place! (Franz Schubert „Ode to Music“, D 547 (op. 88,4), 1817, Text: Franz von Schober)

To simply interpret this song from the romantic era as a contemporary manifesto for the art would indeed be naïve. Art as a “better world”, as a conceptual counterpart to the banality of everyday's life seems to be too much of an innocent idyll not to be questioned by the artists. Therefore, they put dividing walls between the ideal and reality – barriers that keep the utopian promise of art at a distance and reflect it in its uncertainty.

White linen becomes a filter of one's perception. By covering what is otherwise visible, it leads us into new ways of seeing. Physically present but hidden under the sheet, a vocalist transforms into a relic of an era that is long gone. Like an outdated, sleeping piece of furniture his song becomes the questionable expression of an aesthetic notion that has collected quite some dust over time. This is both funny and sad at the same time. Funny – because this “singing sculpture” comes across as a hopelessly outmoded ghost nobody is scared of any more. Sad – because the linen could also be the sheet to die on, the burial gown covering up our abandoned hopes and dreams.

Yet dismantling this romantic idea of art still bears some humorous optimism: It promotes a strong faith in a self-reflecting art and can be understood as a statement against its instrumentalization. By protecting the “gracious Art” with a cover, Clea Stracke & Verena Seibt also prevent it from disappearing. The temporarily removed objects have not been eliminated; they only hold their breath and wait.

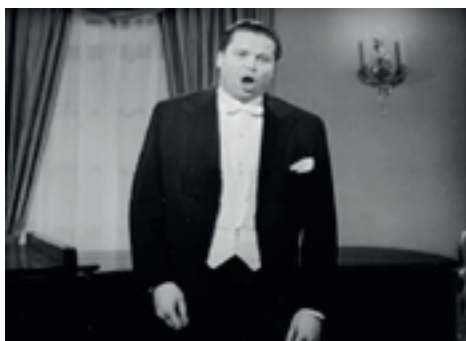








5



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 Video Stills, Gracious Art
 N. 5
 Performance at Galerie Esther
 Donatz / Der hidden singer lea-
 ves the stage
 N. 6
 Still / Fischer-Dieskau,
 Schubert-Interpreter

(Tod)

Videoloop HD, 3:00 min.

2012

This short sequence shows an attempt to illustrate death with the language of film. They say that people cannot let go their lives when they are about to die. They want to hold on to the world, to their surrounding, to their family, their daily life.

An old man heavily breathing is resting in bed in his chamber. At once his surrounding starts moving. The wall wobbles like linen in the wind and reveals as a painted scenery. He tries to straighten the linen, to move it into its original position - but a force stronger than him constantly drags his chamber away. His hands can only grab the last edge of the fluttering wall and he finally has to let it go. His hands lose their grip, the wall flies away and his blanket, cushion and bed do so. In the end he finds himself surrounded by black Nothingness. The world has gone. He sinks down. The film finally fades to black.

To introduce the audience into the work the film is screened onto a black wall in a fully black box. After the body of the actor has dissolved the room turns into black. So the audience finds itself in the same black surrounding like the dying man does.







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Death, Video Still
p. 38 / 39
Death, Photography

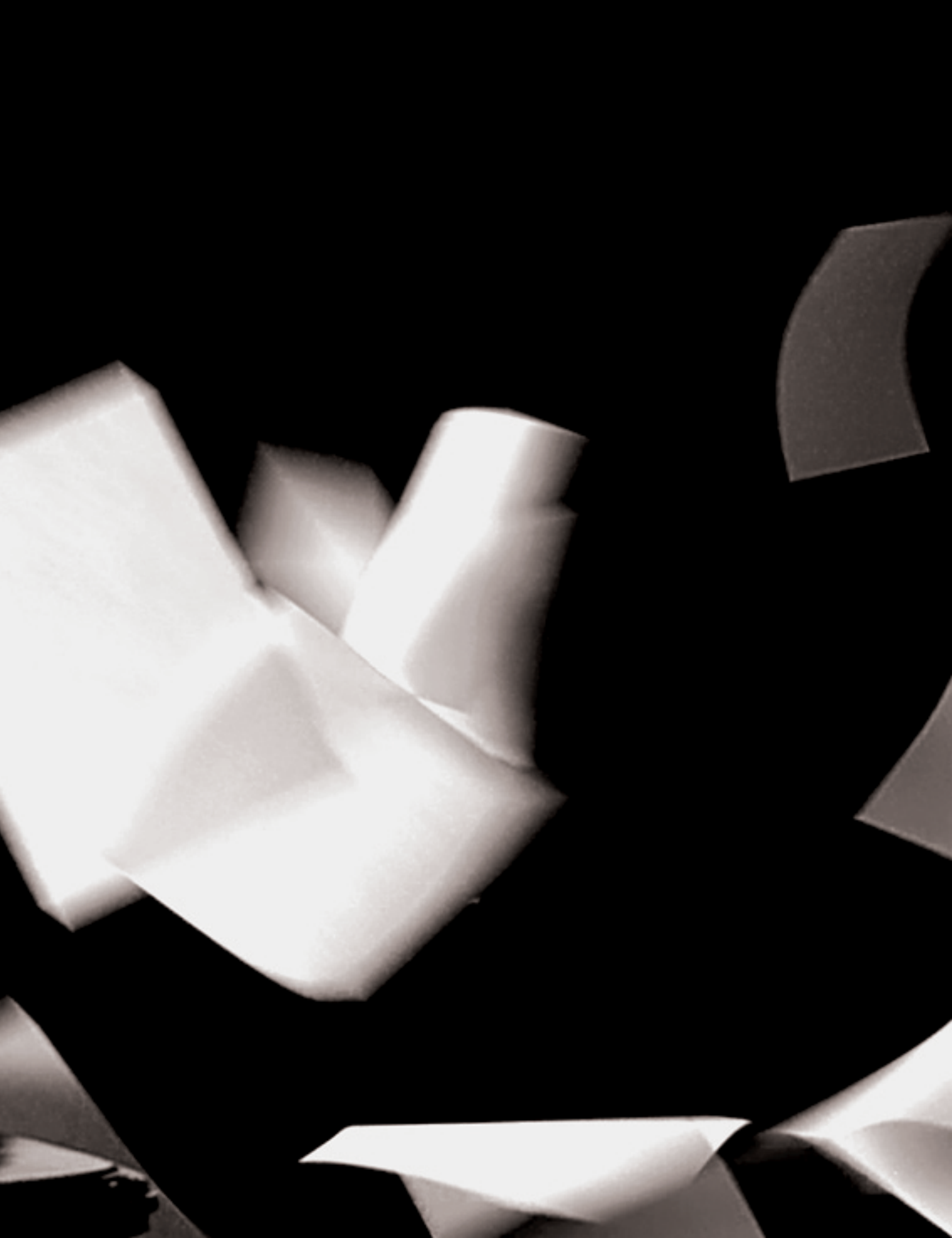
(Alles in Ordnung II)
Videoloop HD, 4:38 min.
Installation in the City Hall of Kaufbeuren, East
Allgäu Region 2011

About a special effect instrument as an antagonist
of a film sequence.

In Everything's Fine, a video-loop presented in Kaufbeuren's City Hall, ordinary sheets of A4 paper loom large. Both the pages and the A4 binder are standardized. They passively carry out strict duties that normally evade reflection as they abide by a standardization that, through its omnipresence, stakes out the framework of actions and, literally, sets the margins. Standardization and the standard go hand in hand.

As on a Brechtian stage, where props are shown to be props, Alles in Ordnung sketches a sparsely furnished office: a carpet, a chair, and a desk, in front of which lies an apparatus that itself appears furniture-like. Sitting at the desk, a respectable looking gentleman carefully organizes his typewriter and his papers. Then, sudden and unexpected, a racket sets in as the „furniture-like apparatus“ declares its true identity: a roaring wind generator. A tornado of pages spins through the air, the finely manufactured order disintegrates and in the moment of chaos, a minor catastrophe of gentle anarchy, the artificial gusts create a small wonder: as in another world, the pages float, in time-lapse, through the air, like a swarm of seagull wings, a flurry of snow or falling cherry blossoms, swaying, dancing, outside of time.

Then: calm. The phantom has departed and the leaves of papers lay still on the floor. Our gentleman, like a bureaucratic Sysiphus, begins his work anew. Is he unhappy? According to Albert Camus, Sysiphus was a happy man. The paper catastrophe is open to interpretation. In the context of Kaufbeuren City Hall, it can be related to government and management. The artificiality of the mechanically induced chaos can also be held up before the backdrop of the by now permanent capitalistically produced bank and market crises.







p. 44 - 47
Video Stills, Everything's fine (II)



Video HD, 8 min.,
Munich, 2010

Most of the year, the Theriesenwiese (Theresa's Meadow, location of the Munich's Beer Festival) is left fallow. It's a bookmark, a reminder, a place of remembrance at an unusually prominent location. It only serves its actual purpose as Munich's playground for a few weeks of the year. While viewing the clean-swept space, the audio from the Munich Beer Festival brings forth the memories of lively activity.

At the break of dawn, the camera moves slowly down the main street of the Wiesn and therefore, down the main street of the festival toward the statue of Bavaria. The place is deserted and unlit. A bundled up cyclist rides up and down the street. It begins to snow. As if blown in by the wind, one hears the sounds of the invisible Oktoberfest grow louder. One hears the operators of the carnival rides try to attract customers with their standard phrases and also the hydraulic whistling of the machinery, screaming, then the air of the „Vogeljakob's“ bird pipes, the crackling of cellophane. One moves through scraps of conversation, passes by the festival tents with singing and brassband melodies clinking out. The soundscape expands into an impenetrable wall of sound. Two realities come up against one another. The image of isolation at the unpleasant winter days meets the illusion of a giant event.

The snow, falling steadily onto the camera lens, blurs the picture. As the image of the Bavaria disappears, the noise of the festival fades until only the wind remains.









p. 51 - 53
Video Stills, Winter Journey

(Musen Bad)
Video HD, 8 min.
Filmed in Kunstmuseum Bonn
as part of the VIDEONALE 14 Pacours

By means of film the museum's architecture is transformed into a wellness landscape where paradisaical stages can be observed. But like all artificial paradises there's only a limited stay possible. Thereby the question of art and its institutions as a form catharsis becomes transparent.









fig. p. 52 - 59
Video stills, Muses
Bath









Videoinstallation
HD, 16:9, 6.40 min.

Simultanhalle, Köln 2013

In their video installation Clea Stracke & Verena Seibt choose the Simultanhalle, Cologne, as the topic and setting of their site-specific work. The artist duo focuses on the relationship between simulation and reality. Expressing a simultaneous truth the Simultanhalle is put into context with the Museum Ludwig, Cologne, as a meteorite in a residential area, a paranormal space and a place of doubling. By using illusionary tricks the simultaneity of model (Simultanhalle) and copy (Museum Ludwig) loosens our grip on reality and we land somewhere between documentary and science fiction. The seemingly solid museum (space) starts to sway and crumble, transporting the staggering protagonist in place and reality.

fig. p. 63 / 64 -65
Photos relocation
fig. p. 65
Stills observation
camera







fig. p. 67 left row
Stills relocation / View
through the protagonist's
sliding camera
fig. p. 67 right row
Stills / Awakening in
Simultanhalle

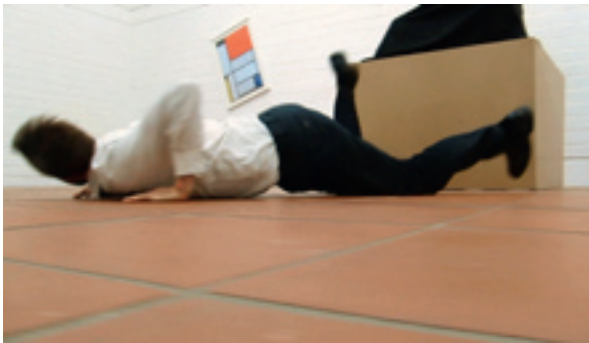


fig. p. 69
Museum Ludwig
fig. p. 69 above
Still Simultanhalle







fig.
Installation view

Because I don't love you anymore

11

Video

HD, 16:9, 20:00 min.

Buyback Centre, Wesel

A film about seperating from posessions one
doesn't need anymore.

fig. p. 75 / 78 / 79
Film stills, BECAUSE I DON'T...
fig. p. 76 -77
Installation view,
Schloß Ringenberg











Video HD
7:40 min., 2014

The video work refers to the highly symbolic painting “The Raft of the Medusa” (1819) by Théodore Géricault. Being inspired by a true naval accident off the Senegal coast, it was made only few years before Caspar David Friedrich’s “Sea of Ice/The Wreck of Hope” (1823/24). Transforming the art work itself into the raft, the video version brings up the question if the painting awaits the same fate as the passengers of the French frigate Méduse: Will it drown in the depth of the sea or is rescue in sight? Can art survive? What role will it play then?





p. 81 - 85
Video Stills





