

Anna Victoria Regner

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hanging onto honey dreams, 2022
paper, clay, poem



'hanging onto honey dreams'
paper, clay, poem
2022

raking the bedsheets
hanging in silence
tangled in some trees

after sunset, the air is thick
there is a nectar, sweet juice
that flowers contain

incense laden
faint white with veils
the sweetest trail leads to treasure

clinging to flowered curtains
come the bees now
wing after wing

making up ladders
to reach the towers
where honey lies

all but gone
hollow
imbedded

in bed
the dream of something sweet
still lingers on

- Anna Victoria Regner



twilight picnic, 2021
fabric, ceramics, picnic basket, performative reading



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S at dusk, at dawn.

M black and white. through the uncurtained window.

S comes the odor of damp earth.

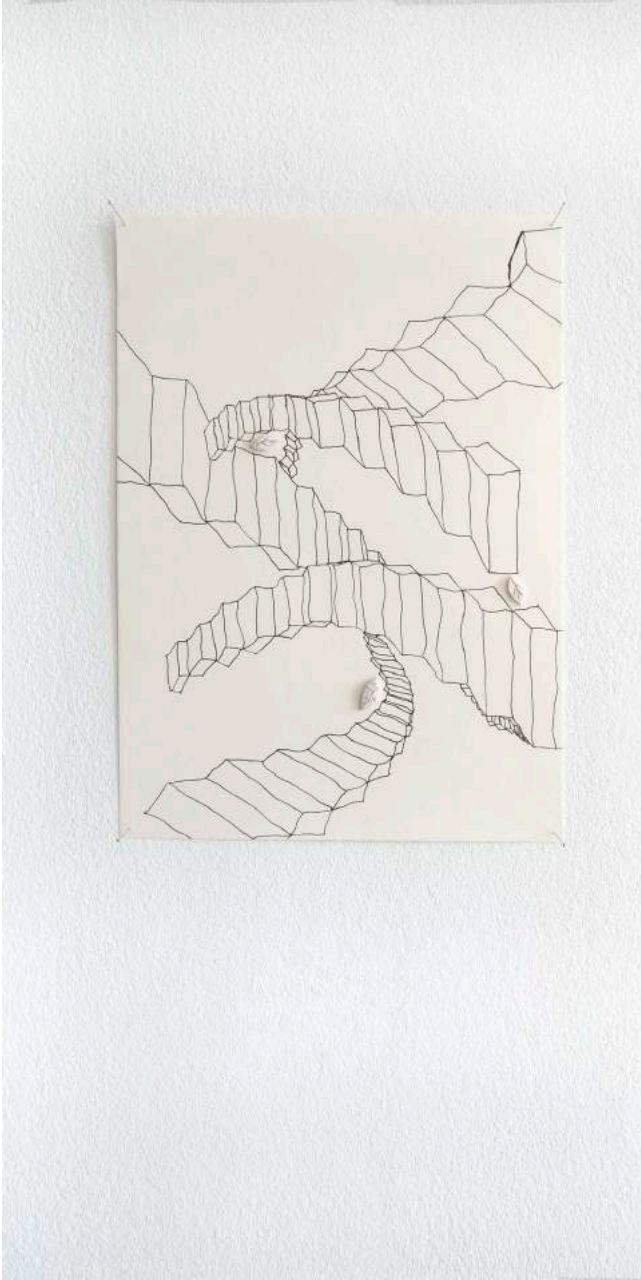
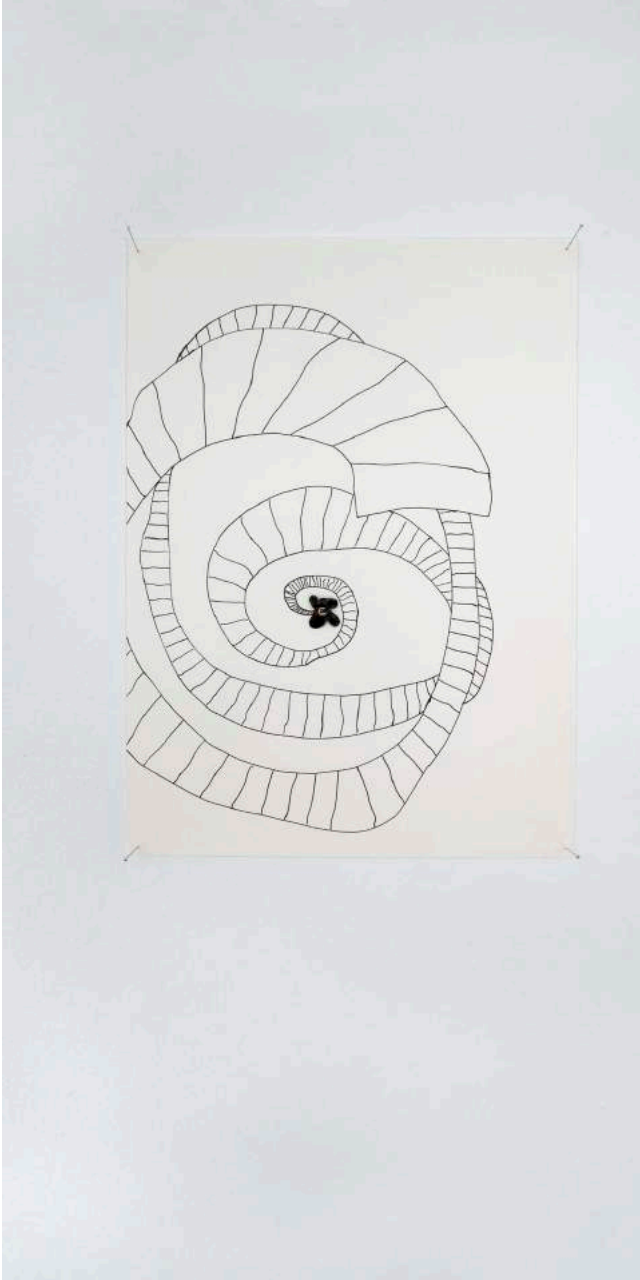
M and the sweet heavy scent of roses.

S we will never be together.

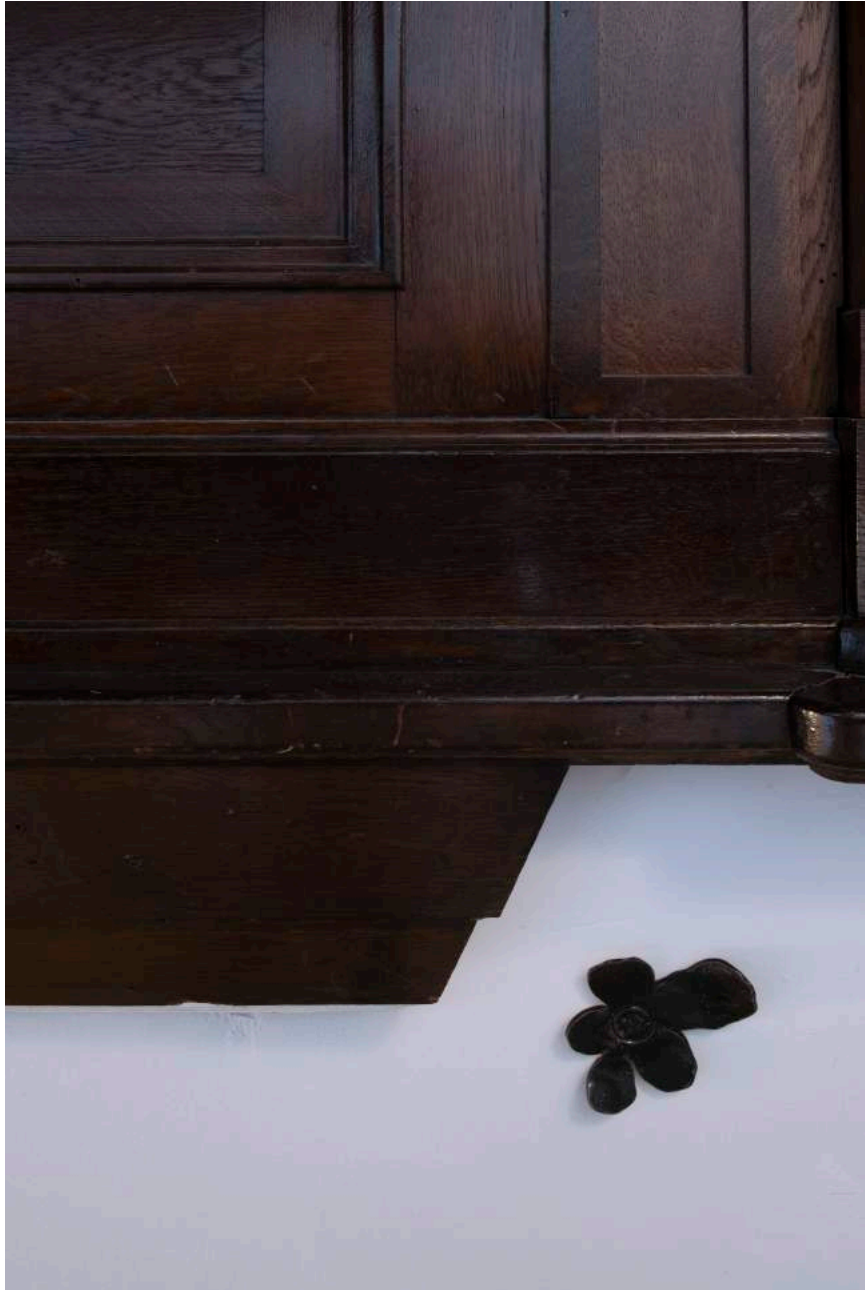
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below (lost notes), 2021
ceramics, drawings, performative reading



I am going to end now with the most beautiful word, nice and slow, fresh and medieval, eternal as a stone, novel as a flower, mouth to mouth, or a floral stone. it was a drop of ink, petunia-like, and the word painted my mouth violet. like crushed fruit, like crushed velvet blood. you are the lowliest, lowliest, lowliest of words, I thought, as I smiled with black teeth.



apples in somnia, 2021

ceramics, candles, earth, sound piece, Ø 4m



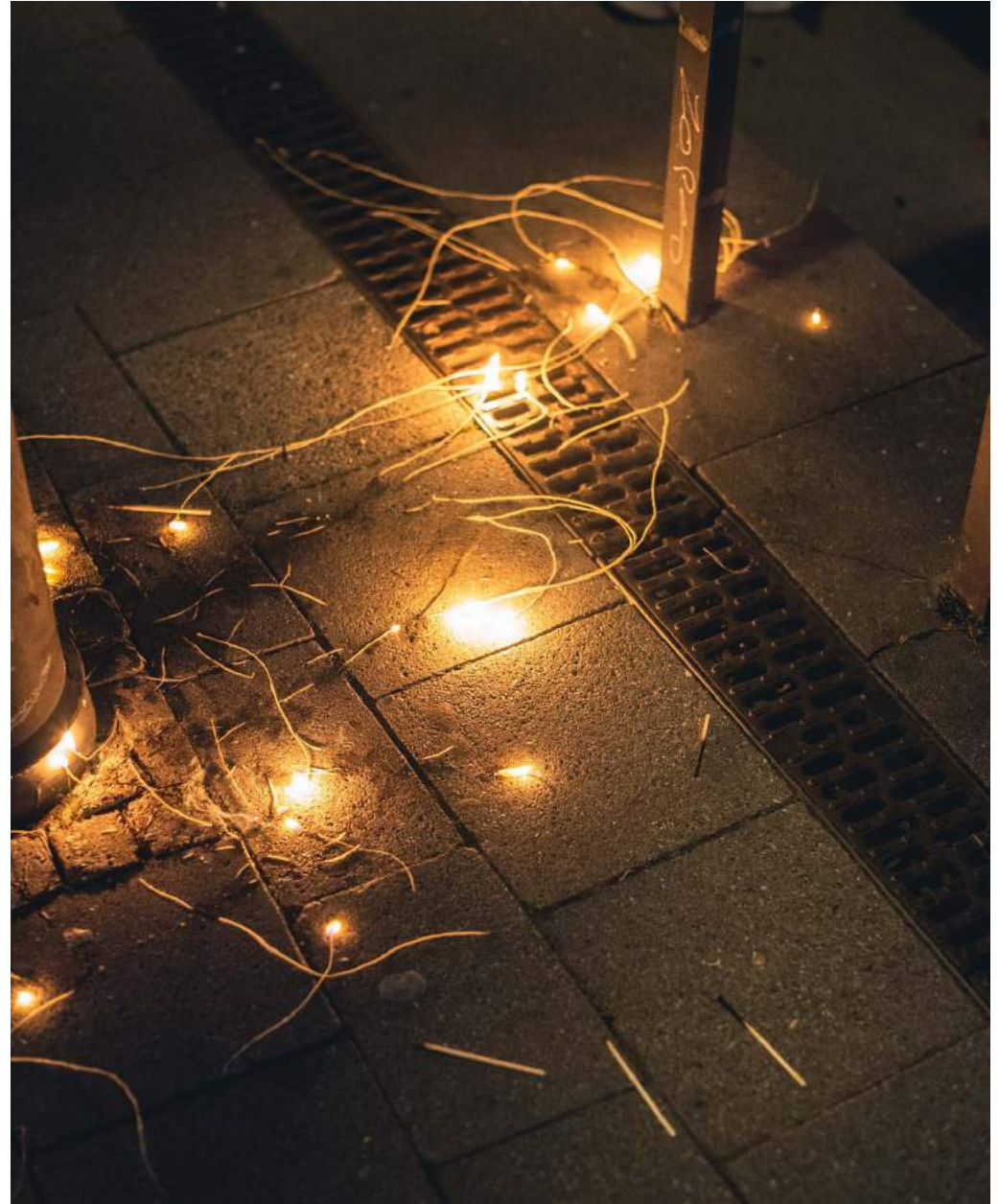
a painter bends branches to create wind. I looked through the green filter of my eyes and painted a circle for protection of the overflowing dream into real life. like a sculpture defines its shape by shadows under raised and swollen parts. purple shadows, the color of ripe plums, the nightmare still looms above. soundcloud.com/annavictoriaregner/apples-in-somnia



spider eyes in guts and feelings, 2020
wick, performative reading



I once picked a flower about to open. ready to smell it a small caterpillar emerged from its center. it had been eating the petals, destroying that which held it safe. enchanted by tragedy, I was acutely aware of beauty. I was acutely aware of the collapse of beauty! I threw it away in terror to decompose and slip away into the soil.

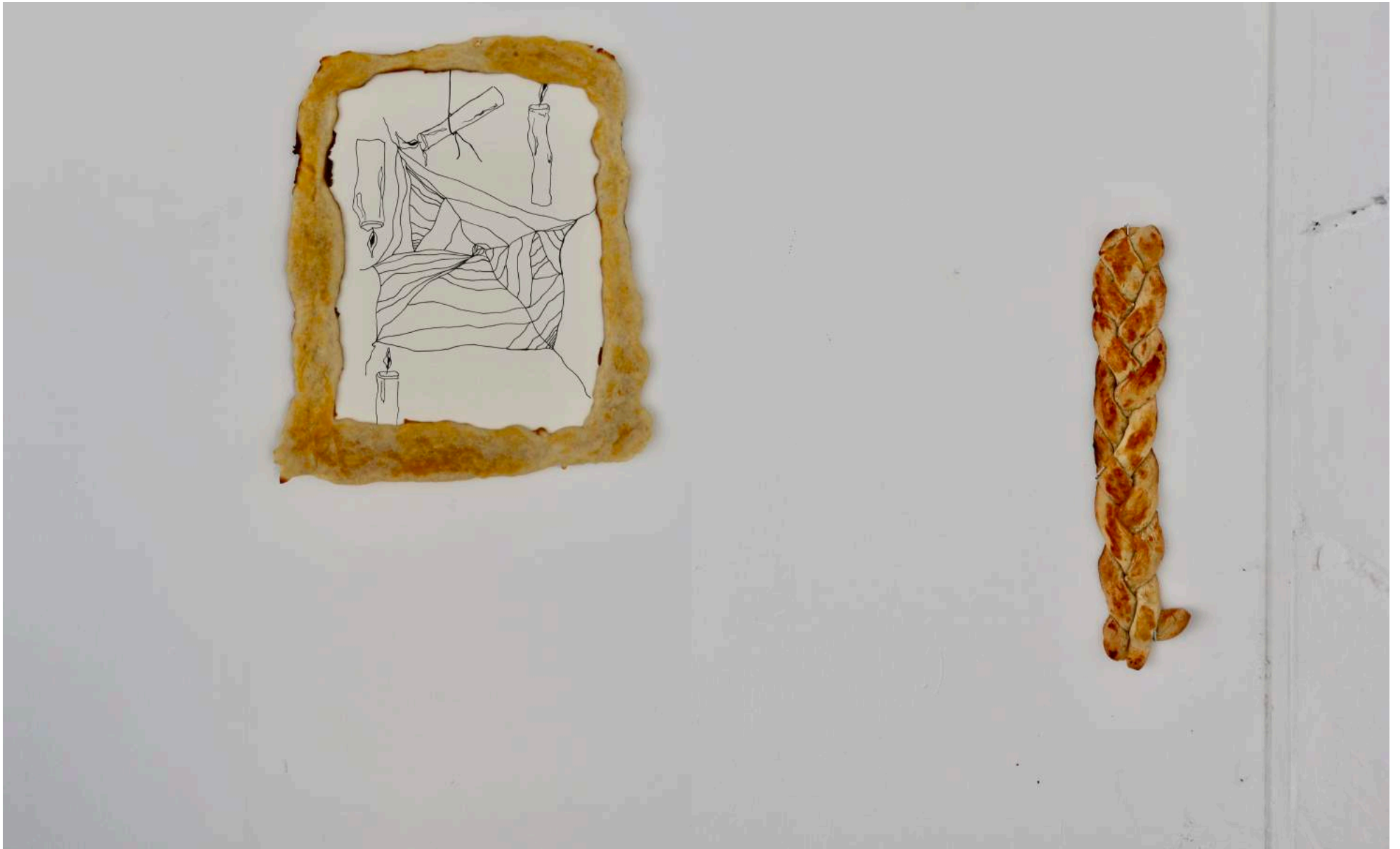


a place to(o) gorge(ous), 2020
drawings, bread, performative reading





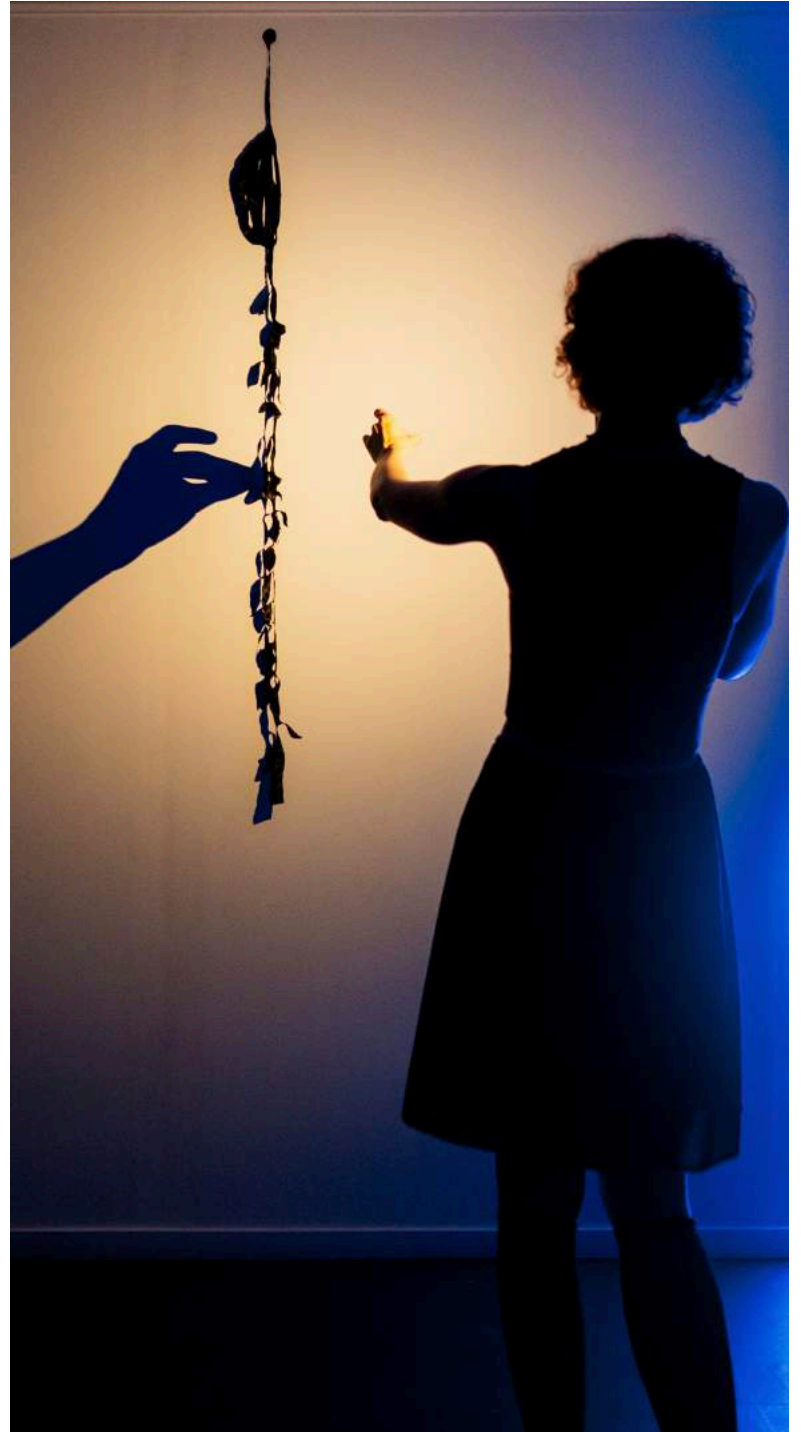
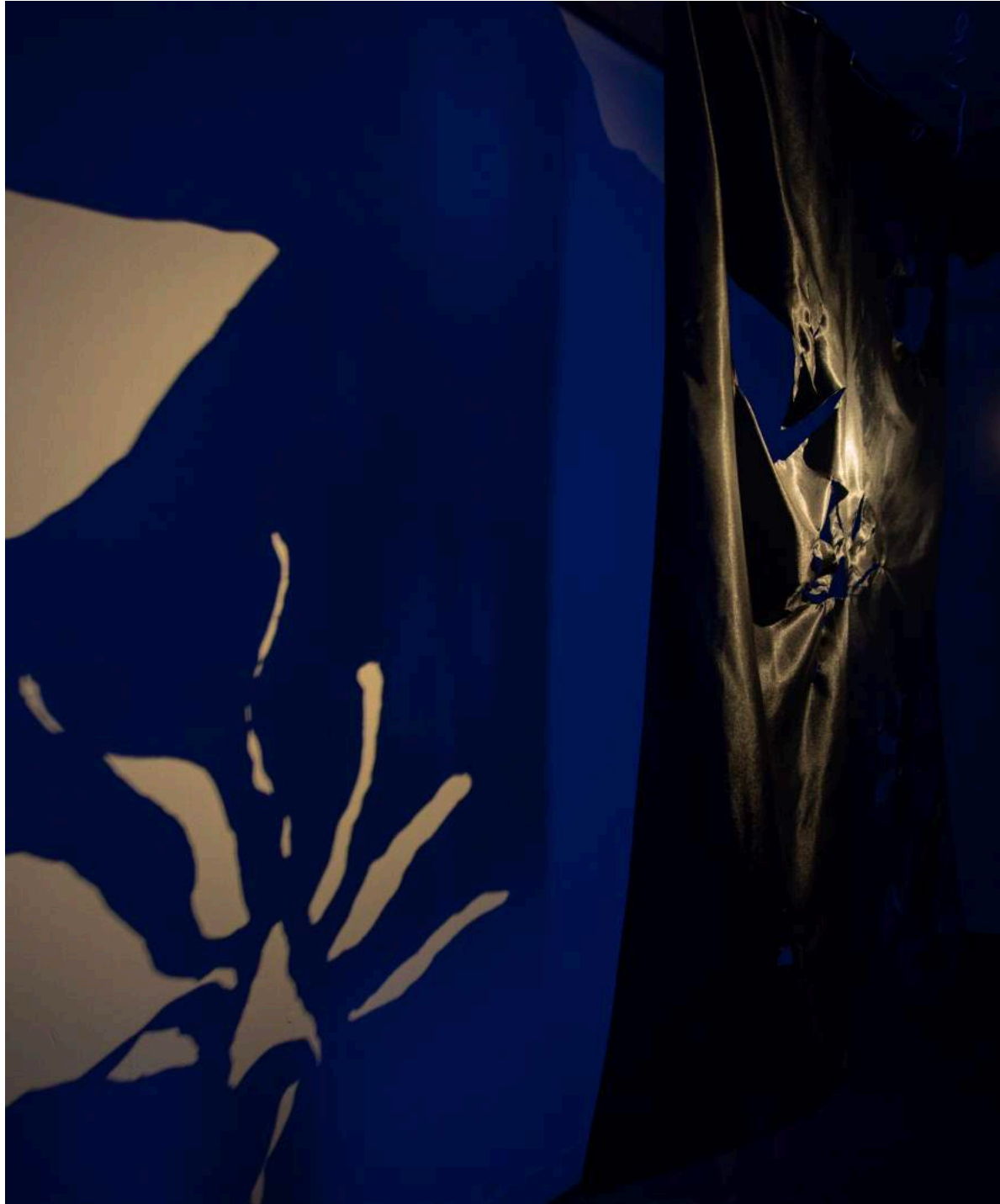
lost in dreams, I lost my credit card and lost all hope. memories are made for the future, so I will never burn my finger again.



fresh cut reduction, 2023

silk, clay, aluminum, sound, performative reading





it was a violent and dry night with a threat of transition in the air being breathed. the light of the moon was as thick as mud and bleached like the sun. a charmed and dangerous beginning of the unknown, the momentum that came from fear. a long minute would unfurl of the same color and on the same level as a point emerging from itself in a straight and sluggish line. it would soften the excessive, rude, and solitary existence of the twisted and motionless roots. the doors would open and instead of the cozy wealth that a carpet announced you found emptiness, whispered silence, and shadows. the wind communicating with the world through windows without curtains.



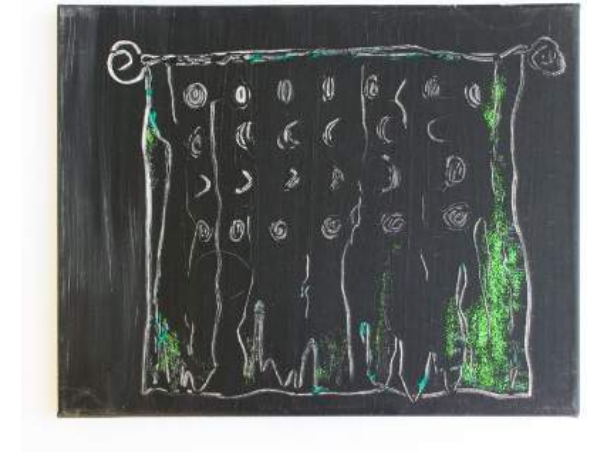
the softest touch, a softer knife, 2020
gouache on canvas, 24 x 30 cm



*altogether, I think we ought to read books
that bite and sting us, Franz Kafka
noted*, 2020
gouache on canvas, 24 x 30 cm



*what is a window, other than a boxed in sense of
freedom?*, 2020
gouache on canvas, 24 x 30 cm



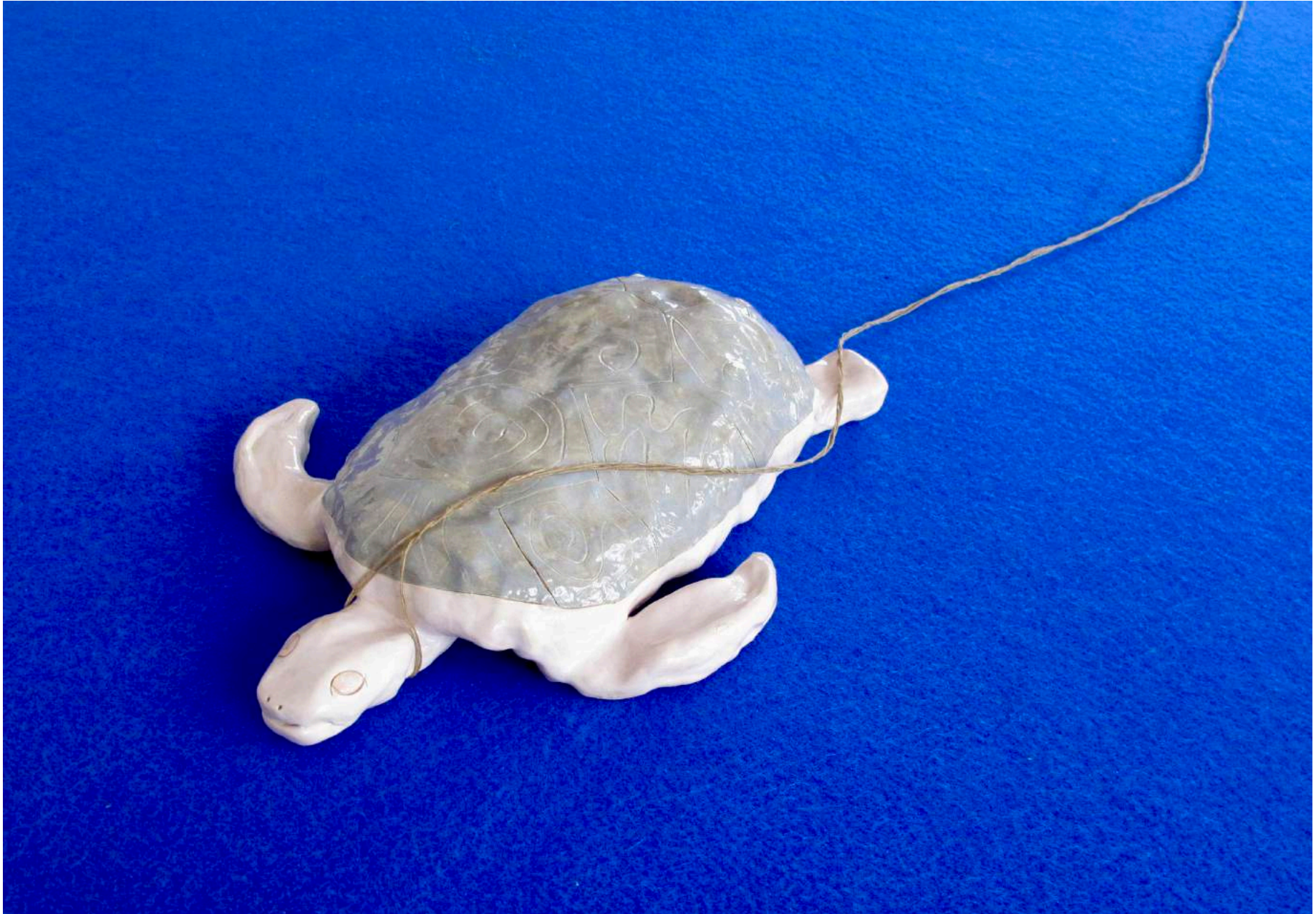
Dear Hamburg, lange Zeit bin ich früh schlafen gegangen, 2021
bed, paintings, performative reading



carving out shadows, 2023
performance with cut out mirrored candles



distant hills dwelled in blue, 2021
ceramic, string, performative reading



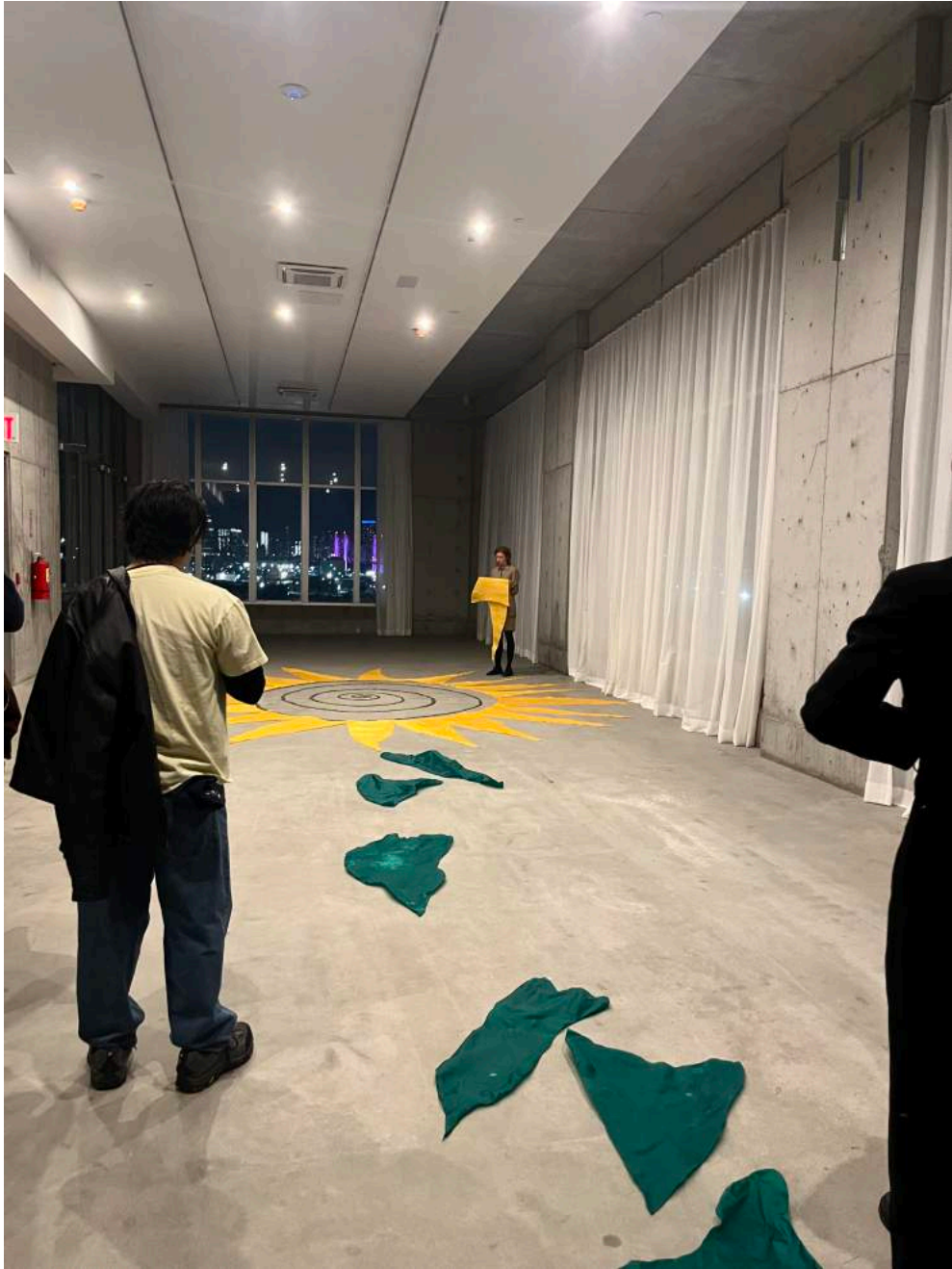
at its edges and depths the world is blue, I thought, while taking a kind stroll through the city. the furthest blue. I dwelled on blue; blue is the light that got lost, light at the end of the spectrum. it does not travel the whole distance from the sun but disperses among the molecules of air and scatters in water, like sailors in a Victorian shipwreck poem.



spelling spiral, 2023

silk, sunflower seeds, sound, performative reading





bedtime reverie (snake bites), 2021
wick, ceramics, wood, book of poems



the best time for writing is nighttime - right before coiled and sleeping with the flickering light of a candle - the room extends, slipping upside down - moths struggled in the chalice - statues moved so much that at times I wondered if perhaps they were alive - the imprint of flowers looked like tracings or claw marks on paths in the dark - the outline of the fire escape - nights spent in shared fantasies of other places and places that replace the boundaries of bed, floor, walls



artist statement

The main focus in my practice lies on storytelling, which roots in personal observations, wishes, memories, lies, and dreams. Writing is always my starting point for collecting, understanding and questioning reoccurring thoughts about my surroundings. Often written in fragmented forms, I experiment with ambiguity in terms of content by merging the everyday fantastic with alternative realities, facts and fiction. The real constitutes itself by permanently overlapping with the symbolic and the imaginary. Possible dream journals take philosophical excursions. Within this narrative of parallel realities the lines between personal und universal, tragedy and comedy are blurry or dissolve completely.

My pieces may be considered poetic spaces, in which physical presence and imagination merge, consisting of ceramics, drawings, paintings, sound, diverse organic materials and text. Words finding their way through shrinking candles, wilting flowers, burning spider webs, molding bread; there is always the fleeting component, a transience or change.

Performative readings often reveal a deeper insight. My voice has become more and more important to me throughout my writing, letting an assortment of words outside my body, leaving them in a room, hovering, for someone else to pick up, keep and interpret freely. Where does a story begin and where does it end? There are a myriad of ways of viewing, contemplating, regarding ourselves and others, growth and decay, time and death. Starting with the truth and ending in my dreams, is my resolution.

CV

place of birth:
Vienna, Austria

Education:

2016-2021 BFA, Academy of Fine Arts Hamburg
2021- Candidate for MFA, Academy Of Fine Arts Hamburg

Scholarships:

2019 Erasmus programme, Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam
2020-2021 Deutschlandstipendium
2022 ASA Scholarship, State University of New York at Purchase, New York

Exhibitions (Selection):

2017 *Too Early Works*, Elektrohaus, Hamburg
2017 *Nicht Mehr, Noch Nicht*, Werkleitz Festival, Halle
2018 *Miles and Bonus*, Xyzzy, Thessaloniki
2018 *venom dreams 4ever*, Golden Pudel Club, Hamburg
2018 *Toxic Boom Room*, benzene, Hamburg
2019 *summer pastime*, Rietveld Pavilion, Amsterdam
2019 *shift_beyond the binary*, Frappant Galerie, Hamburg
2019 *silent bite*, Pony Bar, Hamburg
2020 *KINGKONG2020*, Spoiler Zone, Berlin
2020 *a closed dog, an open blanket*, Golden Pudel Club, Hamburg
2021 *and yes I said yes I will YES*, Salon am Moritzplatz, Berlin
2021 *Gastgarten Launch*, Hamburger Kunsthalle, Hamburg
2021 *Magazine*, Kunstverein in Hamburg, Hamburg
2022 *daisy*, The Barn project space, New York
2022 *Like Morning Dew*, Ice Cream Social, New York
2022 *Did You Too See It, Drifting, All Night, on the Black River?*, Ely, New Haven
2023 *carving out shadows*, Ridgewood, New York
2023 *fresh cut reduction*, VENT, New York
2023 *spelling spiral*, 53 Scott Ave, New York

Curatorial Activities:

2019 silent bite
2020- Trauma Team <http://traumaonline.de/>