

portfolio

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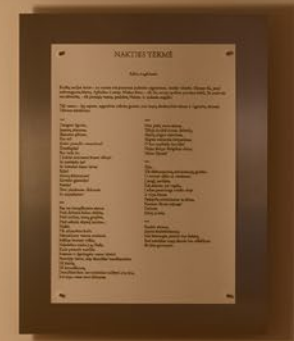
Saskia Fischer is an interdisciplinary artist working with images, objects, texts, and environments.

Her research is concerned with the paradigms that form and inform landscape as a reflection of cultural and social values. She examines the ways Western understanding separates anthropological urbanity from a colonial concept of nature, reinforcing problematic notions of femininity and what is ‚natural‘. Her working motifs draw on transitory architectures and the fabricated barrier between nature and the commons.

This interdisciplinary research is expressed through photographs, film and installations synthesizing diverse media blending materials and motives from architecture, mobility, urban planning, landscape design, horticulture, gender studies and art history.



Twilight contains infinite possibilities to dream, hide, and engage in other nocturnal activities, in secret and anonymous. *After Dark*, a suite of four light sculptures is presented alongside four short stories by international authors. The colourful lanterns, fabricated from genuine antique glass, guide us through the exhibition rooms. Their glow draws us into and out of the film *The Night Gardener*, mimicking a grand theatre, or an illuminated pavement. Short stories accompany each sculpture, each reflecting several of the film's motives: dreams and cinema, care and identity, language and transience, fruit and power. These texts introduce us to the film, but also guide us away from a literal interpretation, strolling down different footpaths through this metaphorical garden.



THE ATTENDANT AND THE SHADOWS.

Francesco Urbano Pagani

I had worked there my entire life. I could recognize almost all the regular patrons and their habits. They had aged alongside me. One spring afternoon, just a few months before the final cinema, someone entered who, for the first time, struck me as being a woman. She entered with a friend, both of them in their twenties. He was wearing a black hoodie, and she had on a brown windbreaker and a baseball cap. It was her voice that made me suspect she might be a woman.

They paid full price, and I let them in. They walked down the long corridor lit by blue neon lights and immediately slipped into the main hall. Inside, there were about fifteen seats, most of them covered with scattered items in their usual seats. The two newcomers moved hesitantly. I saw them hurry in and take seats in the first row on the back right. They were looking toward the screen with the tension and camaraderie of a first flight taken together.

As we entered the hall, everyone must have thought we were two young men looking for adventure. That's how we were perceived in the darkness. And that alone was enough to create a certain excitement around us. We were enveloped by it. Some men stood at the side doors, waiting as on others observed us from the rows ahead, still others began moving to seats closer to ours.

I don't think it crossed their minds that the person next to me could be a woman. Her identity had been assumed in advance, along with her location. The spite of the place had taken over. It wasn't my fault for me. In that flow of destiny, we were two young beings with blurred edges. Skin, flesh, and a mix of projections. Semi-saturated colors. Like plastic that, in the night, seems to reveal human figures. We were shadows of ourselves. Misunderstandings. Outlines shaped by the fantasies of others. We were pure image, abstraction. We were cinema.

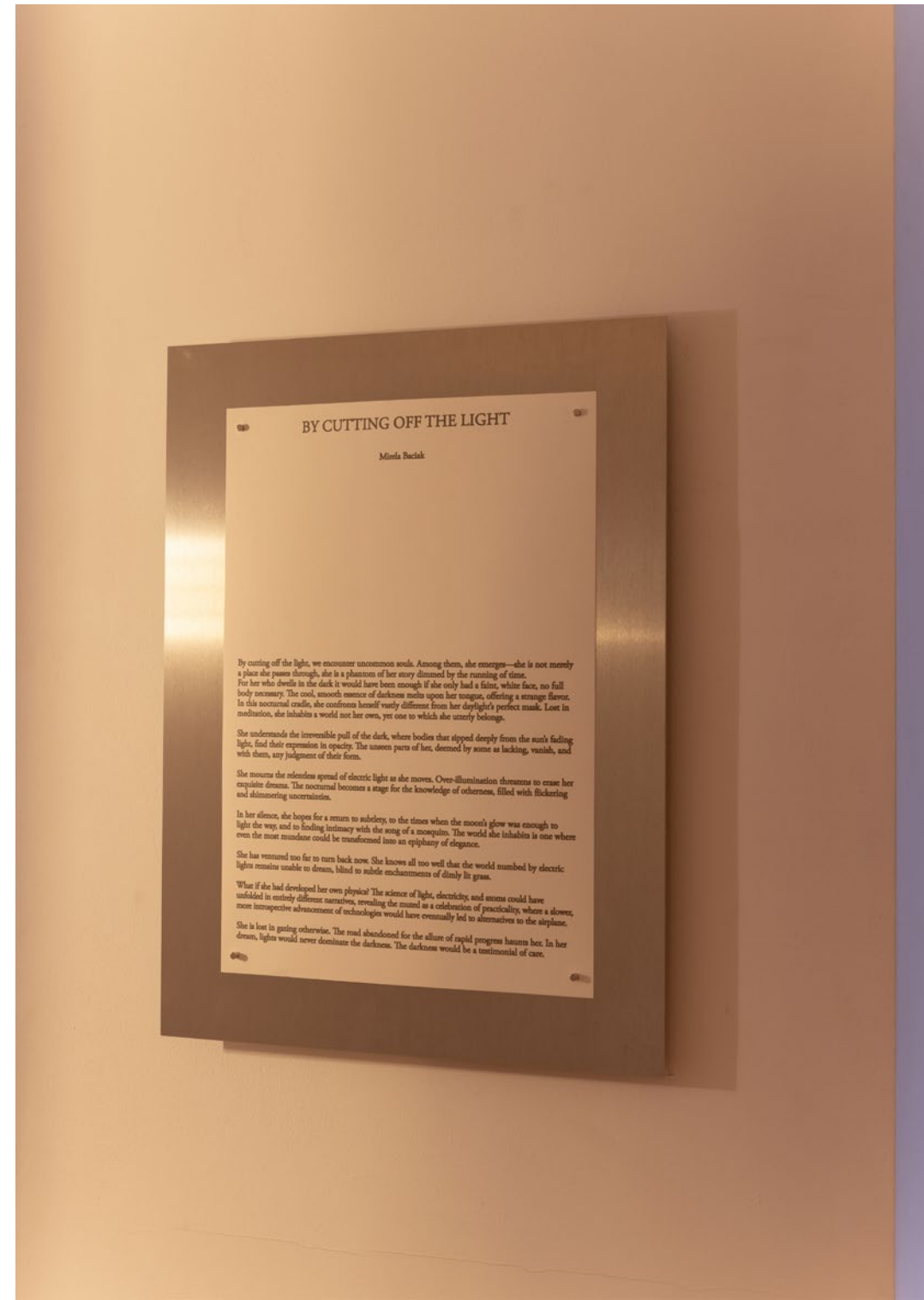
I have always been an avid reader and moviegoer. Ever since I was a child, I loved spending time in libraries and movie theaters. They were safe havens for me, places where I could find refuge. It was as if humanity in those spaces, managed to calm itself, to pause the chaos and storms of the world. Each person immersed in their own act of creation—opened the screen, opened the page—as much as that they began to see others as their own kind.

But that place was different. It was a place of disconnection. Disconnection from myself from the screen, the walls, the carpet, and everyone around me. When that old man sat down next to me and began moving chairs, ever closer, I felt as though every boundary could be crossed and that, by simply sitting there, I had already given my consent. My seat could be invaded, my body occupied. I myself was violating that space.

I shot up and walked straight to the exit.







BY CUTTING OFF THE LIGHT

Miela Back

By cutting off the light, we encounter uncommon souls. Among them, she emerges—she is not merely a place she passes through, she is a phantom of her story dimmed by the running of time. For her who dwells in the dark it would have been enough if she only had a faint, white face, no full body necessary. The cool, smooth texture of darkness melts upon her tongue, offering a strange flavor. In this nocturnal cradle, she confronts herself warty different from her daylight's perfect mask. Lost in meditation, she inhabits a world not her own, yet one to which she utterly belongs.

She understands the irreversible pull of the dark, where bodies that slipped deeply from the sun's fading light, find their expression in opacity. The tawny parts of her, denuded by some as lacking, vanish, and with them, any judgment of their form.

She mourns the relentless spread of electric light as she moves. Over-illumination threatens to erase her exquisite dreams. The nocturnal becomes a stage for the knowledge of otherness, filled with flickering and shimmering uncertainties.

In her absence, she hopes for a return to sublety, to the times when the moon's glow was enough to light the way, and to finding intimacy with the song of a mosquito. The world she inhabits is one where even the most mundane could be transformed into an epiphany of elegance.

She has returned too far to turn back now. She knows all too well that the world numbed by electric light remains unable to dream, blind to subtle enchantments of dimly lit grass.

What if she had developed her own physics? The science of light, electricity, and atoms could have unfolded in entirely different narratives, revealing the mind as a celebration of penicillarity, where a slower, more introspective advancement of technologies would have eventually led to alternatives to the airplane.

She is lost in going otherwise. The road abandoned for the allure of rapid progress haunts her. In her dream, light would never dominate the darkness. The darkness would be a testimonial of care.





THE EARTH SMELLS OF APPLES

Goda Gutshalk

We are not in Vilnius we are in Geneva, New York, amidst a fifty-acre orchard with 2,500 apple varieties—a living archive of the apple's global journey. This arboreal ark, now a museum, first blossomed by the spirit of John Chapman—Johnny Appleseed (1774–1845)—a missionary, American pioneer, nurseryman, environmentalist, and mystic whose life was as unconventional as the wild apples he planted. Here, we set out to create an unusual apple pie, a fruit of unassured nature.

Not the sugar-sweet, comforting kind you know, but something else: a rockinging—a taste we might ask barefoot Johnny to serve us, knowing full well he would reject the request.

As far as we know, Chapman never set foot in Geneva. Yet this orchard, a collection of apple trees gathered from every corner of the world, holds his ghost—a fluid, non-conforming figure whose mystical connection to nature challenges our assumptions of control and familiarity.

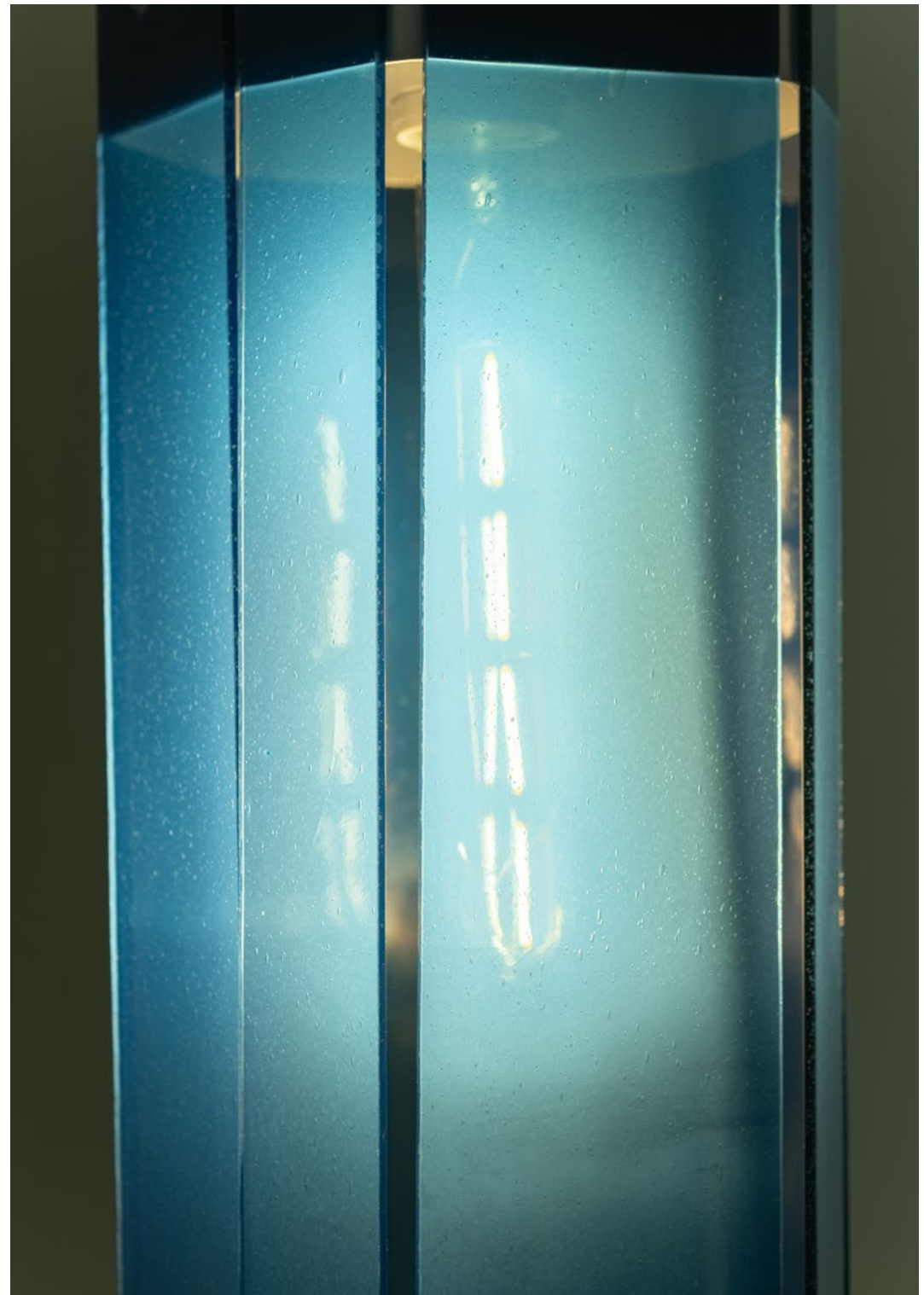
Since the era of the New England Puritans, apples have served as enduring symbols of a settled and productive landscape. To European settlers arriving in the New World, fruit trees embodied the vision of a "sweet" environment—one reminiscent of the imaginary land left behind, inspired by the idyllic westerlies of Eden as described in the Bible, characterized by abundant clean water, fertile soil, and cultivated order. Describing land as "sweet" was a way of asserting that it fulfilled human aspirations and needs. But here, we aim to serve a pie that opposes the dark side of human desires—not from the globalized, perfect apple brands-free, polished with a glossy sheen, and always on demand.

Chapman's apples were not for eating. His seedlings grew wild and bitter, producing fruit destined for cider that numbed the harsh realities of the frontier. His imagined pie would not be sweet. Sugar, in the 17th–18th centuries, was a luxury tainted by the violence of Caribbean plantations. Honey, introduced by European bees—was scarce and displaced. If his pie had sweetness at all, it came from maple sugar, scraped from trees long harvested by Indigenous people.

The recipe would go like this: fermented apples, sharp with wild yeast; coarse, unrefined flour; and a bitterness that lingers, like a frontier wind cutting through fragile orchards of pippins and froesehman gnus.

Each bite would taste of survival, of landscapes not yet reshaped by settler colonial hands, and of ecosystems unyielded by ambition. Such a pie wouldn't comfort but would challenge, provoking thoughts about monocultures, survival, and our relationship with the land.

Today, the apple is sleek and commodified, its untamed origins stripped away. Trademarked and massed as pale imitations of the rugged pippins that once defined the New World's frost. Yet even as we mold the apple to our desires, it endures—a witness to our histories of resilience, exploitation, and the uneasy legacies of settler colonialism.



The Night Gardener (Nakties Daršininkė), 2025

Saskia Fischer

17:30 min. super 8 | 2k
english, lithuanian

filmed, written and directed
by Saskia Fischer

with contributions by
Dani V. Keller
Ana Lipps, JL Murtaugh,
Liudmila, Eglė Kliučinskaitė,
Melitta Baumeister, Mihał Plata
Barnett Cohen, Justinas Vencius,
Alexandra Bondarev, Justina Šimonytė
and Short Notice Studio

link to trailer
vimeo.com/1054221905

exhibition views by Laurynas Skeisgiela
Text by JL Murtaugh
Drifts Gallery, Vilnius, LT



The film *The Night Gardener (Nakties Daršininkė)* follows a surreal character roaming dim landscapes during the blue hours. We listen to their inner voice, their thoughts on being a fluctuating, migrating, shapeshifting, ever-changing character that mirrors the changing seasons. They witness the persistent human alteration of geography and its corresponding effect on individuals and their surroundings. Shot on 8mm film during the spring and autumn of 2024 on the Curonian Spit, it imagines the mythical caretakers who might act as eternal stewards of the vast lands humans can only borrow.



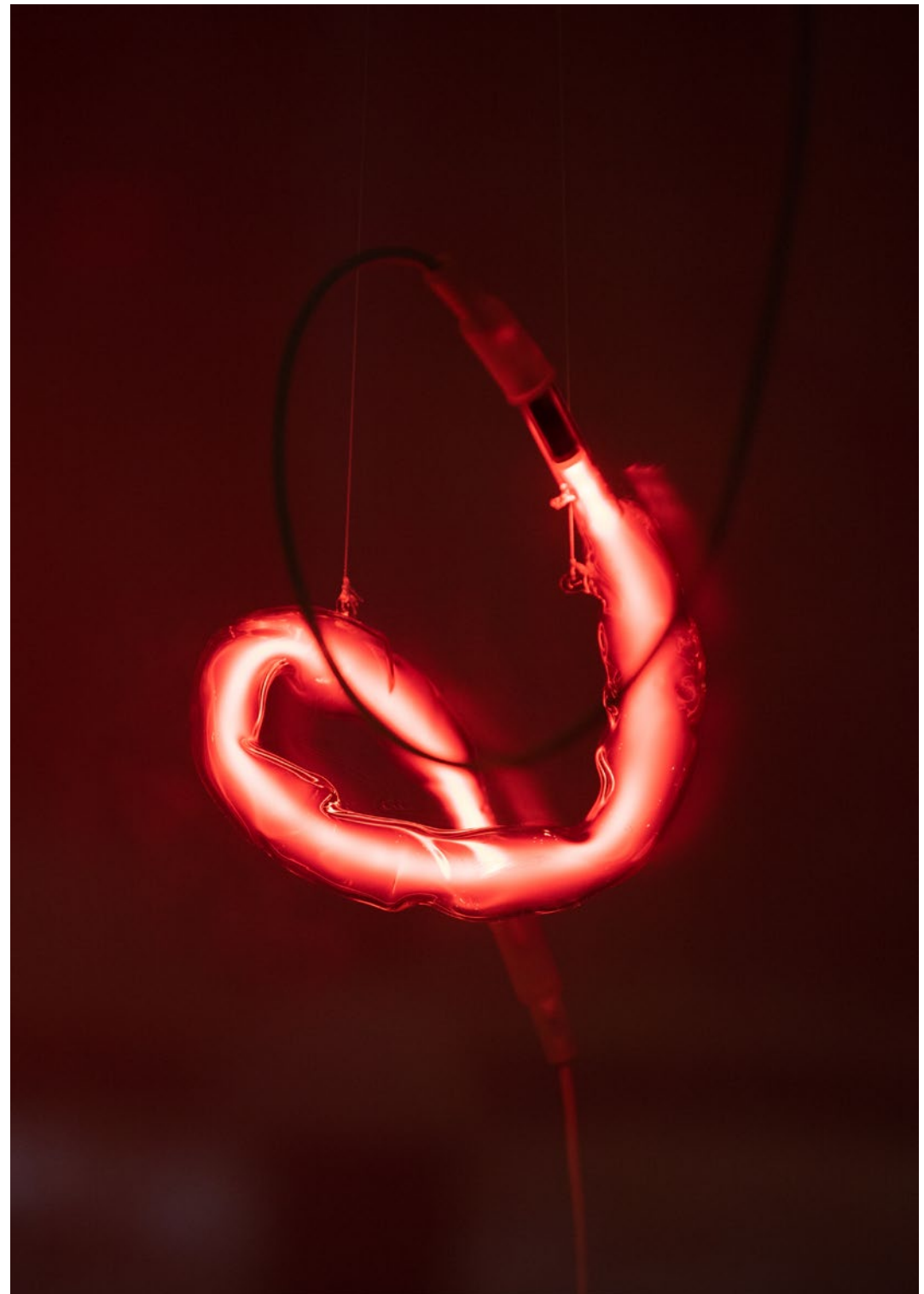




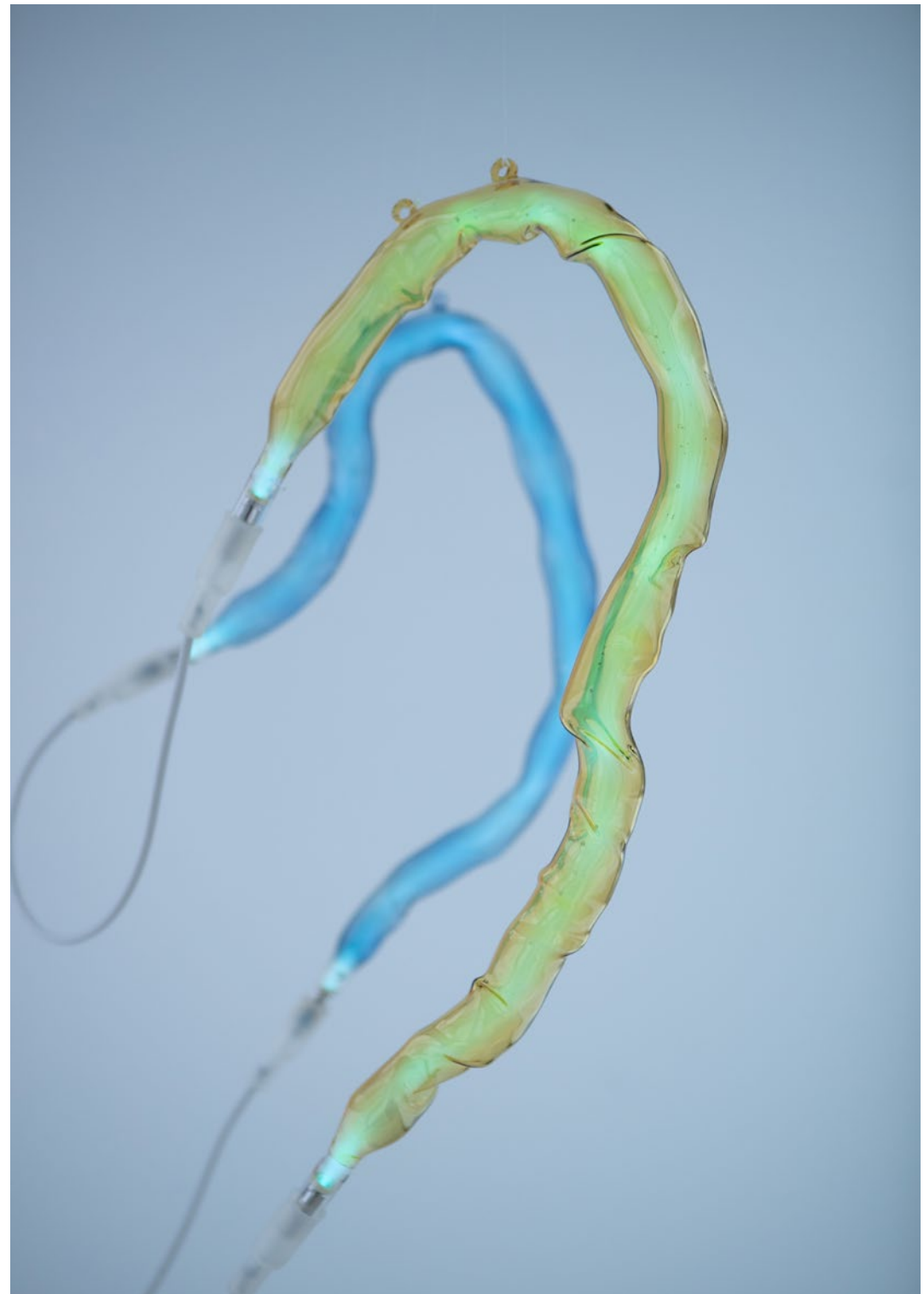
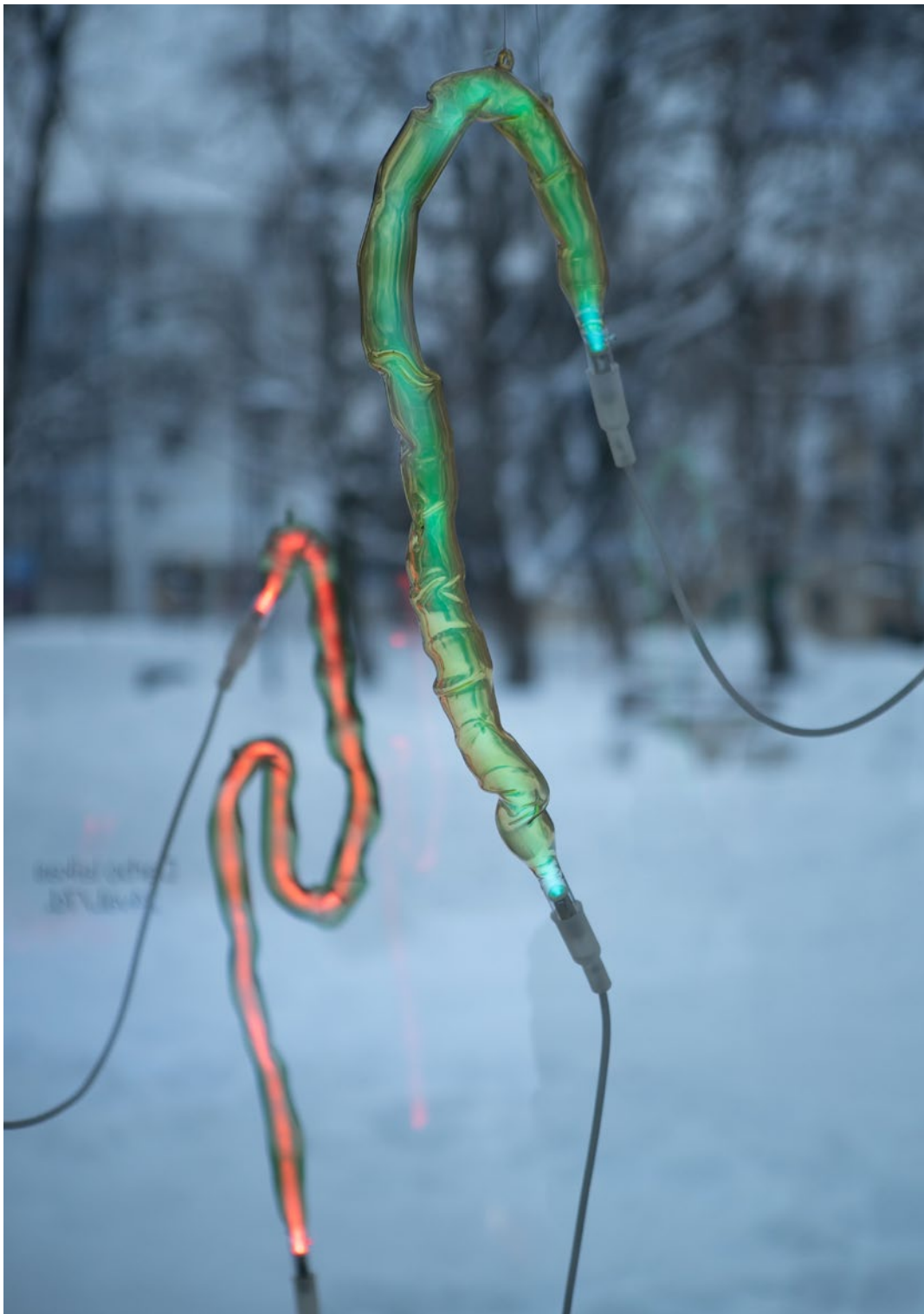
Lights is concerned with the relationship between identity and landscape. The work explores the prospects for female and queer people to inscribe themselves into the surfaces of our cities and environments. Thus proposing a speculative future scenario of equality and visibility. The origin of this confrontation is a feeling arriving from a tangible lack of female and queer history and representation within our urban landscapes. How can you make yourself visible, engage with a city or a place and speak to it? Advertising techniques came to mind like neon signs. And then the writing itself. Instead of overthought, perhaps thought-out words and sentences, I thought of scribbles, of intuitive, casual and unbiased signs from which new symbols can emerge.

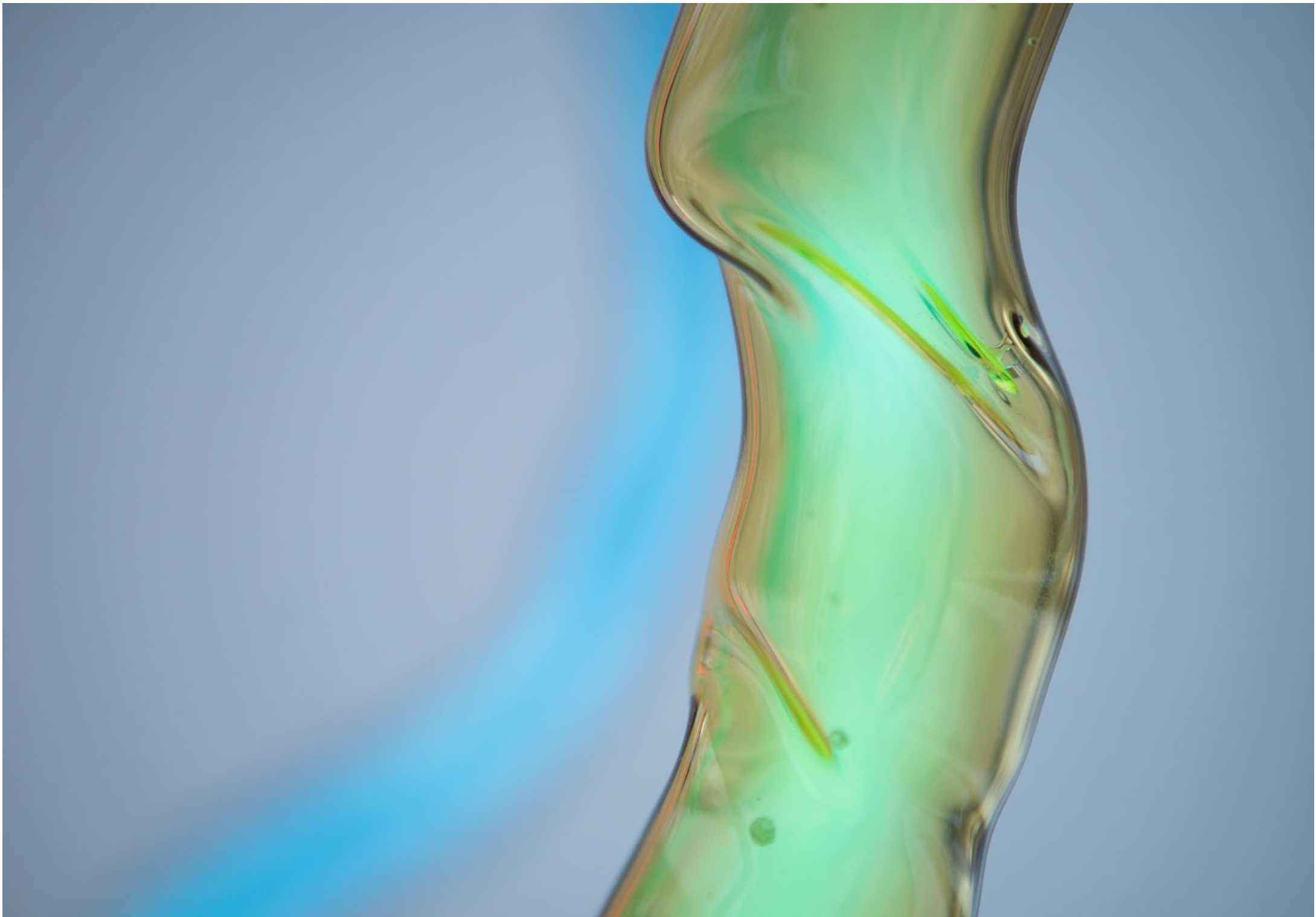










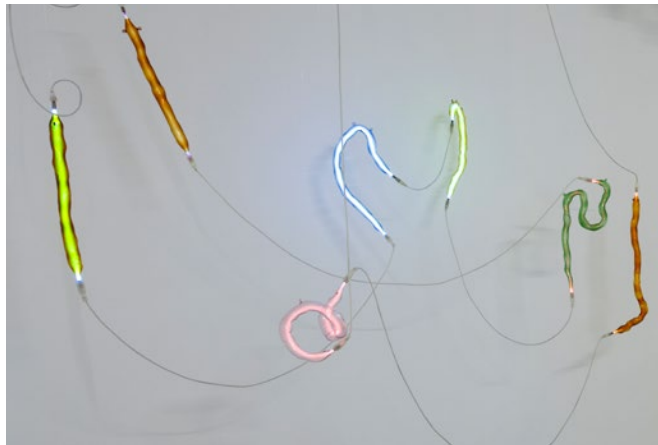


Lights, 2022 - 2024

Saskia Fischer

borosilicate glass, neon, argon, wire, transformer
variable dimensions

glass work by Ferran Collado
exhibition views by Paul Kuimet
City Gallery, Tallinn Art Hall, Tallinn, EE



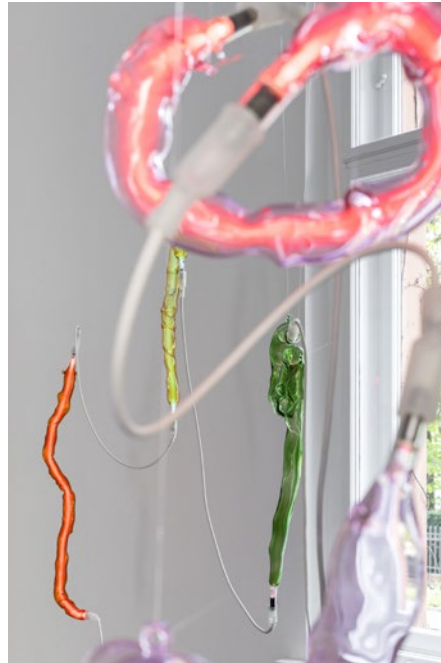


Lights, 2022 - 2024

Saskia Fischer

borosilicate glass, neon, argon, wire, transformer
variable dimensions

glass work by Ferran Collado
exhibition views by Jannis Uffrecht
Nova Space, Bauhaus University, Weimar, DE



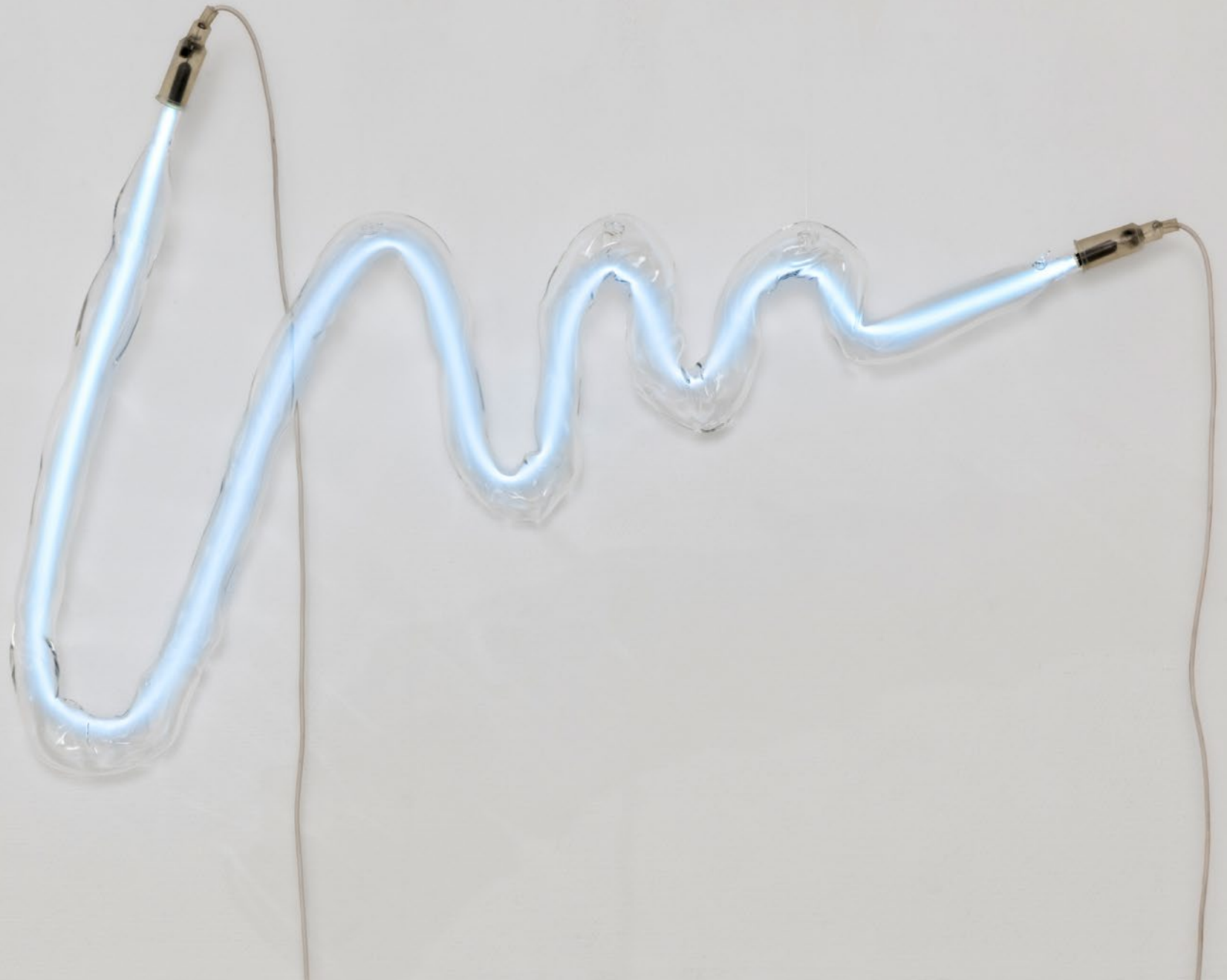


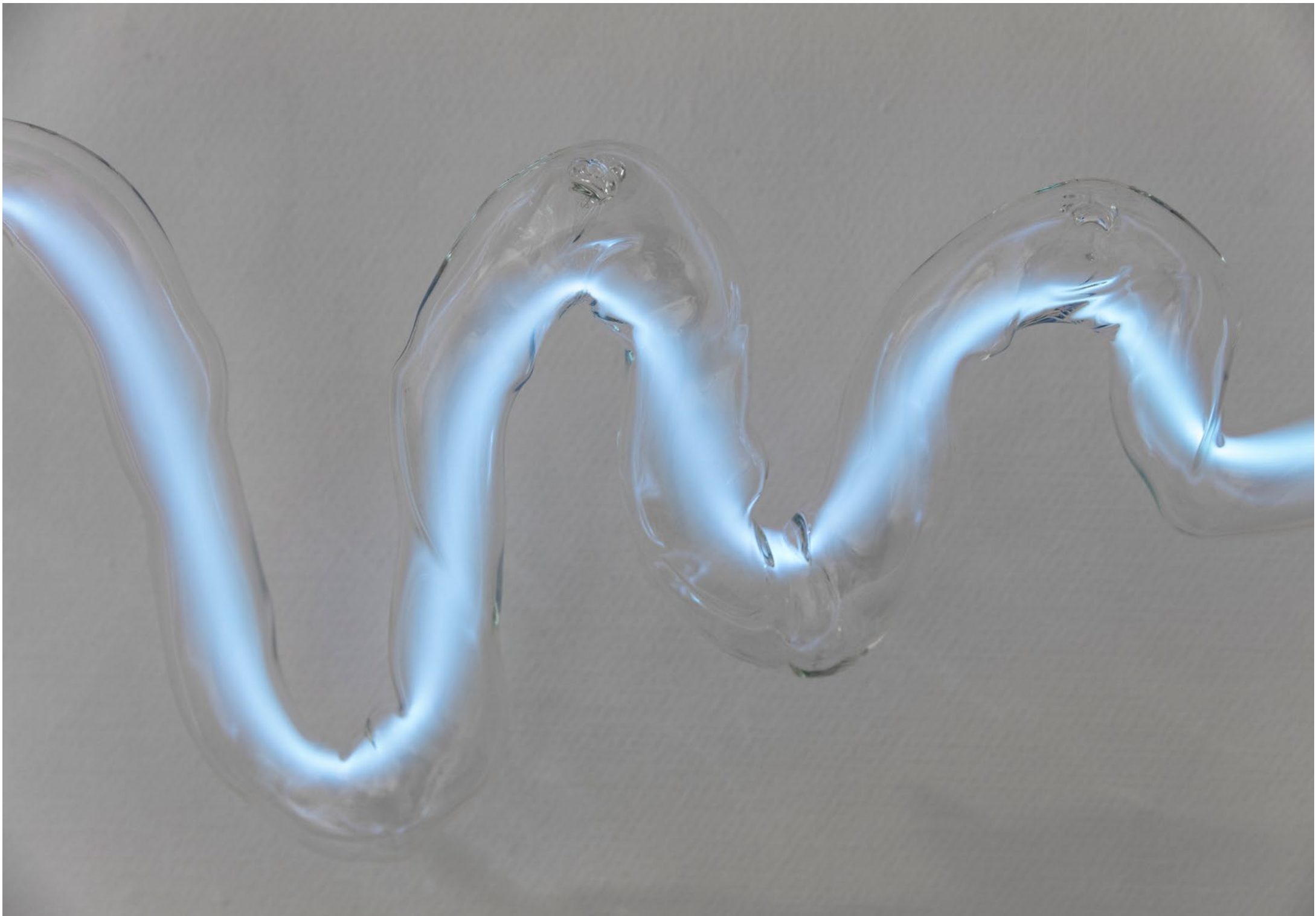




Lights (Arendal) is a new, site-specific work specifically made for Norske Kunsthåndverkere and Bomuldsfabriken Kunsthall. The work explores the prospects for female and queer people to inscribe themselves into the surfaces of our cities and environments.

The work attests to this idea of inscription into the public sphere: In a previous iteration in Vilnius, *Lights* made a huge spatial impact far beyond its location and did what it was intended to do, inscribe itself into the landscape and rephrase our perception of it through its joyfulness.







Lights, 2024
État (Glass 1, Red Handle), 2018

Saskia Fischer

borosilicate glass, argon, wire, transformer
60 x 95 x 10 cm

glass work (*Lights*) by Ferran Collado
glass work (*État*) by John Moran
exhibition views by Johannes Ocker
Hermann Haake Stiftung, Domäne Monrepos,
Ludwigsburg, DE, 2024





Saskia Fischer





performance
costumes: steel, brass, organza, silk, rubber
and glass keys, duration ca 2:30 h

performed by Mona Gablenz
and Almar Martinez-Londono
exhibition views by Daniela Wolf
Staatsgalerie Stuttgart, DE



Reaching beyond a glass ceiling requires a key. These symbolise equal access and can unlock invisible barriers.

In 2024, three glass keys were made for *Stirling Ballet*, a choreographed piece for female and trans performers staged on the 40th anniversary of James Stirling's postmodernist addition to Staatsgalerie Stuttgart – a collection that overwhelmingly features male artists. One was later included in the film *The Night Gardener (Nakties Daržininkė)*, an ode to otherness and stewardship of land. The costumes for *Stirling Ballet* are derived from structural elements such as the curved window front, the shapes of the travertine facades, and Oskar Schlemmer's iconic *Triadisches Ballett*.

Saskia Fischer







escalators, castors, hand-made glass jugs, LEDs,
metal, perspex, wood, paint
variable dimensions

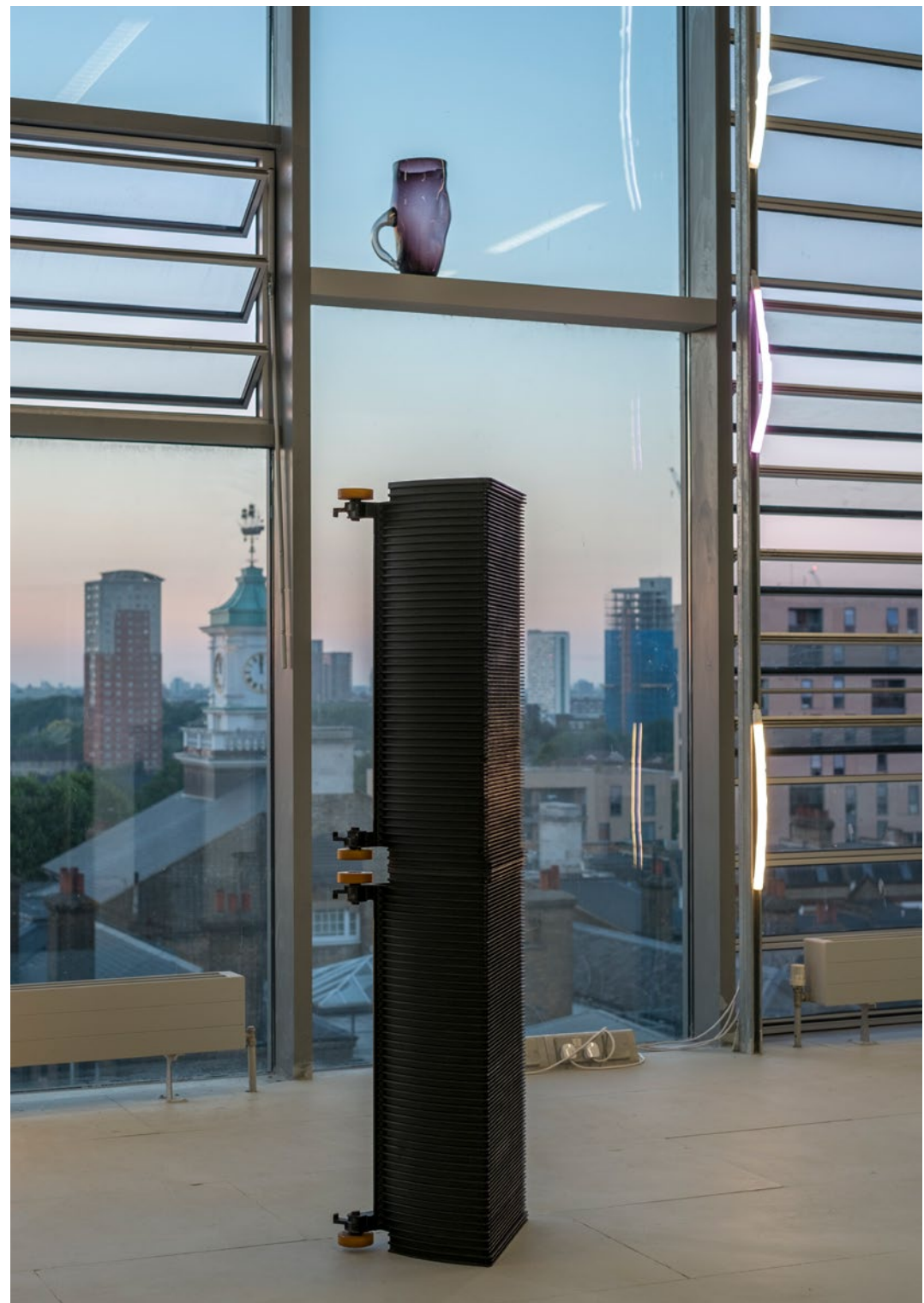
glass work by John Moran
exhibition views by Saskia Fischer
Goldsmiths, University of London, UK, 2018



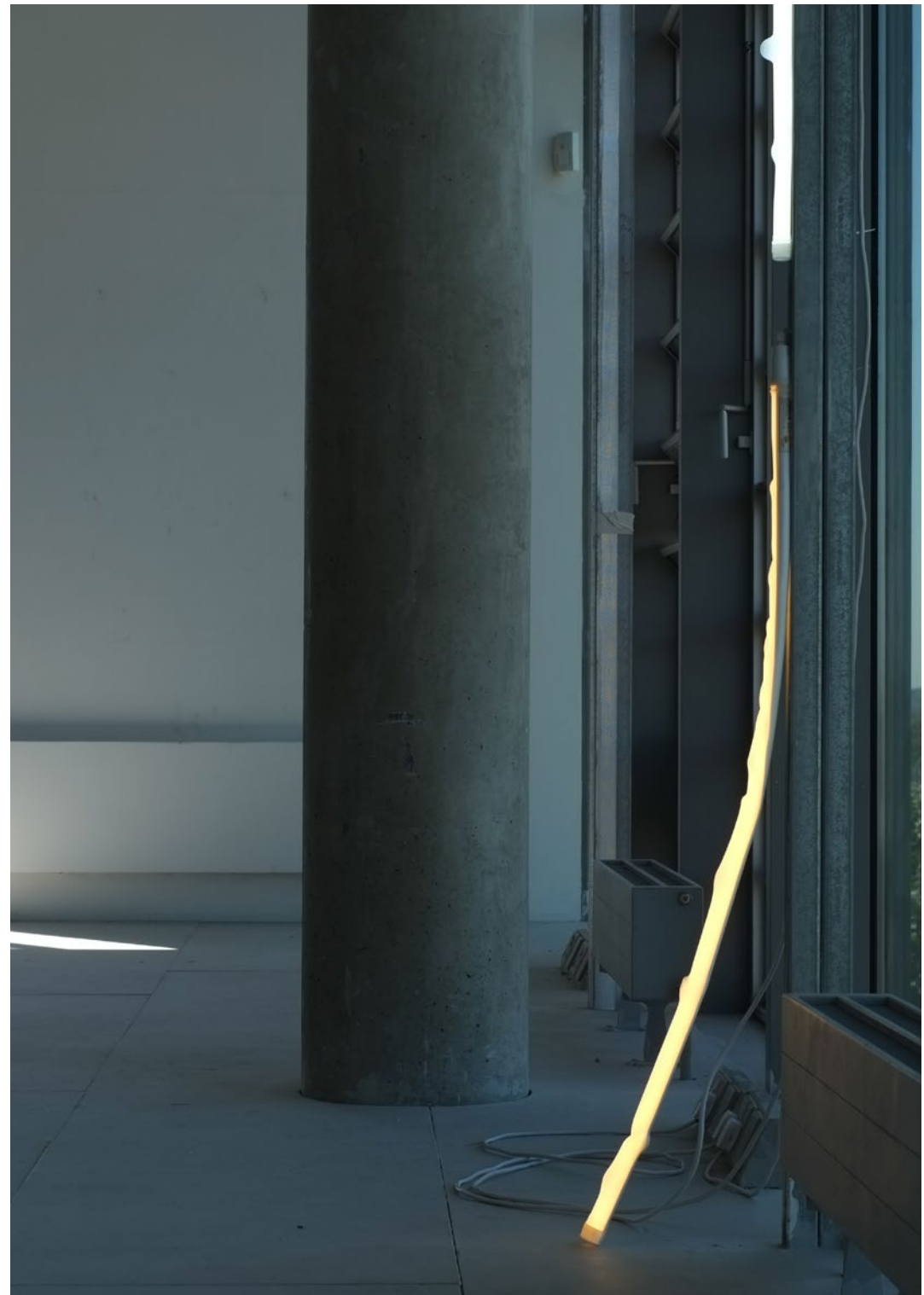
État was created as both an homage and a critique of life in the city. The work was preceded by months of research into the gender-exclusionary implications of modernist and post-modernist architecture, the social demarcation of minimalism and the cultural, binary separation of urban space and nature. The group consists of three larger sculptures, three glass objects, several lights and a smaller, lying sculpture. *État* was my thesis from Goldsmiths in London and my first sculptural work.













The most common blossom in urban plantings is the violet (pansy). It is a small, unfashionable flower, yet it is often the only feminine representation in constructed urban environments. In German, the pansy is called Stiefmütterchen or Little Stepmother. It is named after its largest petal (the stepmother) overlapping, thus 'suppressing' the other smaller petals of its flower (the stepdaughters). In English, the term ,pansy' is derogatory, and associated with physical weakness, femininity, or queer identity.

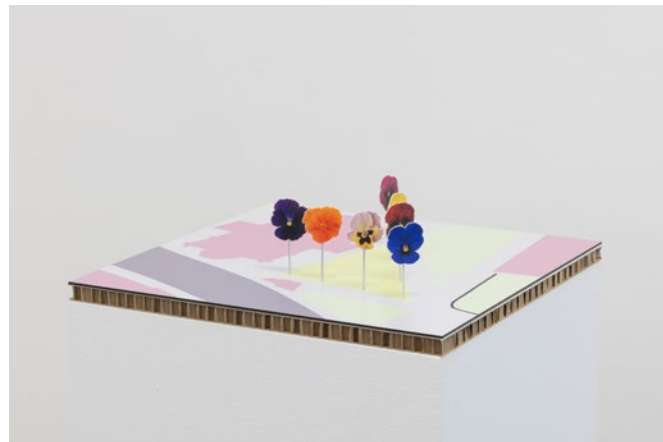






latex print on aludibond, steel
utilising existing public infrastructure
seven prints, each ca ø 100 cm
architectural model 40 x 40 x 12 cm

exhibition view (scale model) by Paul Kuimet
street views by Roman-Sten Tõnissoo
commissioned by Tallinn Art Hall, Freedom
Square, Tallinn, EE



Pansies are common flowers in urban landscapes, and often their only ,feminine‘ design features. In some languages, the pansy is called the ‘stepmother‘ flower as its largest petal, or ‘stepmother‘, overshadows the smaller petals, or ‘stepchildren.‘ In fairy tales and pop culture, the stepmother is often portrayed as wicked, evil, and selfish, emphasising competition between women and the cult of youth. The English name ‘pansy‘ also carries pejorative connotations, as it has historically been associated with physical weakness, femininity, and queer identity. Colourful and optimistic, the installation engages public space and explores the marginalisation and under-representation of women and LGBTQIA+ bodies and histories, drawing on the pansy’s symbolic connotations.





parts 1-2 published in *Desired Landscapes 5*,
edited by Natassa Pappa, Athens, GR
photograph by Giorgos Vitsaropoulos



1 NEW YORK, 2019

Us have mapped the places that make us safe; scoring crevices of light into the shadows cast by the cities imposed on us. Yet map and territory never matched. How often have I thought: I belong here and still have no place.

The city is a forest which generates its own topography, shaping my movement, leading me around the concrete pits of municipal civilisation where I find stone to carve my sculptures. Its language is transformation, the flexibility to shape shift according to demography, power, and economy.

Can it ever belong to us? Us women, us migrants, us exploited, us marginalized? Can it incorporate our ability to imagine and reinvent, to see what isn't yet but what can be: how places inspire feeling if only we could end the arbitrary binary between what is nature, and what is not? What if we could access every space with the confidence of co-ownership and acceptance, overwriting the discrepancy between identity and representation, through being visible and fluidly inscribed into place?

'The forest is a city'¹ Paulo Tavares wrote. A garden, a field, a shelter. Home to the multiplicity of beings that dwell their life here on earth. Built by societies that don't conceptualize difference into the world.

2

ENGADIN, 2021

Supposedly the archetype of nature is the alps. And yet, I find myself underneath an exalted concrete bridge crossing the steep and narrow valley of the river En. The bridge divides the image I have of the valley in two. A mountain peak lurks over the monolithic line that is drawn from one side to the other. The city is already here.

My glance turns away from the mountains and down to the forest floor, where I pick the first wild strawberries of this year.

I once read 'Life is necessarily complex'². However here, where it's either mountain or valley, forest or meadow, the concept of 'heimat', as a home or habitat, a place of longing, seems utterly plausible. Romanticised and politically charged it pictures generations of nuclear families farming the land in control of its wilderness. A lineage and tradition, a place to belong; a lie. In reverse this projection paints us with the colour of otherness.

I imagine us being the wild forest strawberries, a collective of nuts disguised as fruit, but actually roses, growing in horizontal connections of stolons, building our map through a woven network of arms, and legs that hold each other. A safe passage through our city.

3

NIDA, 2022

From where I stand, I can barely see the border through the white-covered dunes. Maybe later, in the spring or summer, who knows when this war will end, will the border reappear from under the ice. It might have changed its appearance or location or disappeared altogether. I am hoping for the latter, but who gets to decide?

We bring up fluidity when we talk about identity while ignoring water's other states of aggregate. This feeling of not belonging is that of ostracism. As if I am told I am ice, but not gas when I am water. As if the collocation of my molecules and atoms would change by the power of your words. I'd rather not say who I am. Words manifest, like monuments, or border stones, through differentiation new hegemonies are forming, as further we fraction. I refuse to determine myself, so I can satisfy your need to identify me, as who I might no longer be.

As for my location, I am in a place, between places, maybe a crossroad, a buzzing intersection, or a calm hermitage. I don't know yet where I am, and honestly, I don't need to know. Refusing to identify is a dialectical issue, but not a problem I have for myself. Who am I? Me seems, as so often, not enough.

Where does it leave me? Preciado proposed utopian gender before transcending to Uranus³. Snowy like the border, making the distinctions, the territories, the insides and outsides, the dualisms and hegemonies disappear under its shell of ice, that is protecting my soft but boiling hot core.

One day the past and our current present will reappear. And it won't be the ice that will reveal them but the sand that formed this landscape's soft but violent dunes. Uncovering layers of complex and ambiguous times, one would wish for borders to have never been established.

1 Paulo Tavares: Forests, in Post Human Glossary, edited by Rosi Braidotti and Maria Hlavajova, 2018

2 Life is Necessarily Complex: Unnatural Participations, edited by Anna Mikkola and Louis Mason, 2018

3 Paul B. Preciado: An Apartment on Uranus, 2019

composer - Jūra Elena Šedytė
director - Greta Štiormer
sculptor, set designer - Martynas Bernatonis
costume designer - Valdemara Jasulaitytė
visual artist - Kamilė Dambrauskaitė
lighting artist - Saskia Fischer
lighting assistant - Edgaras Varkulevičius
sound director - Milda Radvilaitė
producer - Erika Urbelevičė
creative consultant - Rugilė Barzdžiukaitė

performance views by D. Putino
Arts Printing House, Vilnius, LT, 2024



The interdisciplinary stage work *Kompostas* invited the audience to hear an ensemble of three composted and deformed pianos. The ambitious ecological narrative of the play was created by a team of young artists from different artistic disciplines. On stage, the audience saw recycling schemes transformed into expressions of music and physical theatre.









Vita 1/3

2025

Sutemos (After Dark), solo exhibition, curated by JL Murtaugh, Drifts Gallery, Vilnius, LT*tbc*, group exhibition and catalogue, Villa Merkel, Esslingen, DE (October 2025)*Pansies (Riga)*, public art work commission, University of Latvia, Riga LV (November 2025)

2024 - 2026

Lecturer, Mathilde Planck Fellowship, State Academy of Art and Design, Stuttgart, DE

2024

Lighting Concept for *Kompostas*, directed by Greta Štiormer, Arts Printing House, Vilnius, LT

Guest Lecturer, Photography Department, Estonian Academy of Arts, Tallinn, EE

Artist Talk, Estonian Academy of Arts, Tallinn, EE

Residency, Nida Art Colony, Nida, LT

Catalogue, *Out and About*, BB-Stiftung, Stuttgart, DE*Out and About*, JO47B, BB-Stiftung, Stuttgart, DE*Verweile doch du bist so schön*, Hermann Haake Stiftung, Seeschloss Domäne Monrepos, Ludwigsburg, DE

Stipend, Hermann Haake Stiftung, Stuttgart, DE

A Place between Night and Day, curated by Brigit Arop, Linnagalerii, Tallinn Art Hall, Tallinn, EE*Pansies*, commission for a public art work for Tallinn Art Hall at Vabaduse Väljak (Freedom Square), Tallinn, EE*Taufrisch*, Gedok Stuttgart, DE*Bunch*, curated by Zofia Małysa-Janczy, C U at Sadka, Kraków, PL

Residency, C U at Sadka, Kraków, PL

Anything Goes – in 2064, initiated and curated by Bettina Kraus and Antonia Low in dialogue with Susanne Kaufmann-Valet and Hendrik Bündge, Staatsgalerie Stuttgart, DE*Zero is the Moon*, curated by Sophia Scherer, Nova Space and Bauhaus University, Weimar, DE

Studio Grant, Cultural Office Stuttgart, DE

Residency, Nida Art Colony, Nida, LT

Ned i gruvene, opp i skyene, curated by Johanna Zanon and Kari Skippervold, Norske Kunsthåndverkere and Bomuldsfabriken Kunsthall, Arendal, NO

Stipend, Lithuanian Cultural Council, Vilnius, LT

2023 - 2025

Weissenhof Programme, State Academy of Art and Design, Stuttgart, DE

2023

Studio Grant, Lithuanian Interdisciplinary Artists Association, Sodas 2123, Vilnius, LT

Kunst am Bau (art in architecture) finalist for Züricher Park, Nürnberg, DE

On/Off - Questions of Timing, curated by Norina Quinte and Naama Rahamim, Schaufenster, Berlin, DEMagazine, *Herbarium, Sztuka i Dokumentacja*, edited by Cornelia Lauf and Flavia Prestininzi, Academy of Fine Arts, Gdansk, PL*Touched Untouched*, Württembergischer Kunstverein Stuttgart, DESummer School, *Coexistence of Organisms and Communities*, 35m2 Prague, CZ

2022

Lights, solo exhibition, curated by Milena Cerniakaitė and Aušra Trakšelyė, apiece Gallery, Vilnius, LT

Residency, Rupert, Vilnius, LT

Lecture Performance, *Paratext*, Hangar, Barcelona, ESSummer School, *Postsocialist Ecologies*, LCCA Riga, EKA and KUMU Tallinn, Valmira, LV

2022

Residency, Hangar Barcelona, ES

Stipend, Ministry of Science, Research and the Arts Baden-Württemberg, DE

Nomination for *Frischzelle*, Kunstmuseum Stuttgart, DE*Bitte Recht Freundlich*, Museum im Steinhaus, Bönnigheim, DE*Kosice Seed Library*, curated by Borbála Soós, Šopa Gallery, Kosice, SK*Bangkok Biennial, stricte intimité*, curated by Lee Anantawat, Tristan Deschamps, and Sathit Sattarasart, The Shophouse 1527, Bangkok, TH

2021

Essay, *The City is a Forest*, in *Desired Landscapes*, Issue 5, Athens, GR*Violets*, commission for a public art work, Institut français, MWK Baden-Württemberg and Current Festival, Berliner Platz, Stuttgart, DE*A Year of Exhaustion*, curated by Tristan Deschamps, Borkheide, DE*A Garden for Autarkia*, initiated and curated by Saskia Fischer and Lukas Strolia, Autarkia, Vilnius, LT

DYCP award, Arts Council England, London, UK

Residency, Fundaziun Nairs, Scuol, CH

Stipend, Ministry of Science, Research and the Arts Baden-Württemberg, DE

Fellowship nomination, DZ Bank Art Collection, Frankfurt/Main, DE

2020 - 2021

Residency, Cité International des Arts, Paris, FR

Stipend, Ministry of Science, Research and the Arts Baden-Württemberg, DE

2020

Hotel Happiness, curated by Paul Chapellier, Beverley Gadsden and Miriam Naeh, virtual exhibition, UK/IL*Chairs*, in: *Wormhole Magazine*, Kunstakademie Düsseldorf, DEPodcast, *Reading Continues at Home*, curated and edited by Malou Solfeld, Das Weisse Haus, Vienna, AT

2018

A Certain Wendung, solo exhibition, Kaskl Galerie, Berlin, DE*The Salamander Devours It's Tail Twice*, curated by Ashley Middleton, Gallery 46, London, UK*Goldsmiths MFA Degree Show*, Goldsmiths, University of London, London, UKCatalogue, *Goldsmiths MFA Degree Show*, Goldsmiths, University of London, UKCatalogue, *OR*, edited by Gaps (Sofía Corrales, Golnoosh Heshmati, Flavia Prestininzi) and Belinda Martin, Madrid, ES*The Stuff That Fits You*, curated by Paul Chapellier and Beverley Gadsden, Musgrove, London, UK*Conspiracy Of The Real*, curated by Kate Pickering and Sam Plagerson, Tenderpixel, London, UK

2017

Infinite Vanitas, curated by Felice Moramarco, San Guiseppe, Conversano, IT*A Handful Of Uncertainty And Joy*, curated by Javier Chozas, Chalton Gallery, London, UK*Let's Yarding*, curated by Gaps (Sofía Corrales, Golnoosh Heshmati, Flavia Prestininzi) and Belinda Martin, Graham Rd, London, UK*Give Me A Body Then*, curated by Felice Moramarco, Santacroce, Altamura, IT*Eine Platz In Der Welt*, curated by Gisela Bullacher, Kunsthaus Essen, DE*We're All Involved In This Mess*, curated by Felice Moramarco, EnclaveLab, London, UKCatalogue, *Reset The Apparatus*, Die Angewandte, Vienna, AT

2016 - 2018

MFA Fine Art, Goldsmiths, University of London, UK

2016

Collector Destroyer Voyeur, Palermo Galerie, Stuttgart, DE

X Auf Ypsilon Framed, Zollamt Studios, Offenbach, DE

2015

Das Bild Als Gegenüber, curated by Gisela Bullacher, C-Hub Mannheim, DE

Tase, Estonian Academy of Arts, Tallinn, EE

No Image Is As Good As Any Other, curated by Merilin Talumaa, EKA Galerii, Tallinn, EE

Nimeta, duo show with Lisi Högler, Galerie 52, Essen, DE

Räige Päike, artist book, Tallinn, EE

2014

Glass, Sculpture and Installation, Photography, Erasmus, Estonian Academy of Arts, Tallinn, EE

Näitamiseks/Müümiseks, Rundum Space, Tallinn, EE

BLICK | BLIK, Manifesta 10 Parallel Program, Taiga Art Space, St. Petersburg, RU

Catalogue, *Manifesta 10 Parallel Program*, St. Petersburg, RU

Stipend, Marianne Ingenwerth Foundation, Essen, DE

Residency, UNESCO Exchange Programme, Stiftung Zollverein Essen DE, Anadolu Kültür Istanbul TU, Klassikstiftung Weimar DE

2010 - 2015

Photography studies, Folkwang University of the Arts, Essen, DE

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March 2025