

AMERIKA

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Elmenhorst

HD-Projektion, DVD, 6,30 min., ed. 5
2006



Reck (13 June, 2006, ca. 12.30 am)

At first glance, this idyllic place in the middle of the woods must have looked quite normal. But its very perfection pointed towards the fact that the whole village was in fact a sham – there was a “school”, a “village inn”, even a small “factory”. Reck, named after Lysander Reck, who was the commander of a nearby military training area, was set up by the army in 1999 as a training village for close combat. However, following locational changes in 2004, the Federal Armed Forces vacated the site. Most of the fake plywood buildings fell to pieces. However, some of the houses were taken over by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages and converted into sturdy sheds. One of them is used to store bundles of birch twigs and firewood. Dried wild mushrooms and herbs hang from its walls. The old “town office” is used to store bird-catching nets and various animal traps. The converted “factory” looks like a medieval kitchen. Badgers are boiled down here in order to extract their fat. Badger fat has apparently been rediscovered as a natural and inexpensive cure for eczema and rheumatism.

Reck 2006, from the series „Wanderung durch die Lausitz“, 5 diptyches with texts, infrared photography, each 46 x 60 cm, edition 3 + 1 a.p.



Trunke (14 June 2006, 1.10 am)

The planning procedure took a whole year. Then, on 3 May, 1992, the project finally got underway – the tree-felling machine was switched on, the first pine trees crashed to the ground, and the honorary mayor of the neighbouring village made a speech to an enthusiastic audience, who unfortunately couldn't hear him very well because of all the noise. He spoke of the convenient location fairly close to the B115 and the future markets in the east. A local brewery provided free beer. By the end of 1994, the Trunke industrial estate was to be built here, on the former site of a military filling station. Within a single week, a clearing the size of a football field was cut free in the woods to make way for the project. However, the area was never fully developed. Nothing but a small electrical storage house and the foundations of a sewage plant were ever actually built, and these were pulled down again in 1998. All that was left was a development area which, according to information provided by the local authorities, is to remain as it is in the longer term. Young trees and bushes are cut down on a regular basis. The filling station, on whose site a branch of the Danish Bed Store was planned for construction in 1993, is still there. Not long ago, someone gave the three petrol pumps a fresh coat of paint.



Forest Village (15 June, 2006, 2 am)

On 21 March, 2001, a public council meeting was held at this village in the woods. All of the 34 citizens who were eligible to vote passed a resolution to rename the place "Forest Village". Over one half of them had lost their jobs at the brown coal mine Nochten a year before, and since then they had been looking for a new livelihood. "Forest Village" was to provide just that – a western village and gastronomic experience, a nature reserve with its own herd of bison. Over the next two and a half years the villagers set to work on the task of completely reconstructing the village. The house of the district councillor became the sheriff's house; other buildings were made into candy shops or beer bars. On 6 October, 2003 the Southern Cross was hoisted and "Forest Village" was officially opened. In the beginning it attracted many visitors; there were country music concerts and campfires in the evenings. It is even said that there was a gold-digging session in the village pond. Nowadays the place has quietened down again. And yet the inhabitants say that they are still all of a fever. They all go around wearing cowboy hats, even the senior citizens.

Wanderung durch die Lausitz



Vierechen (15/16 June, midnight)

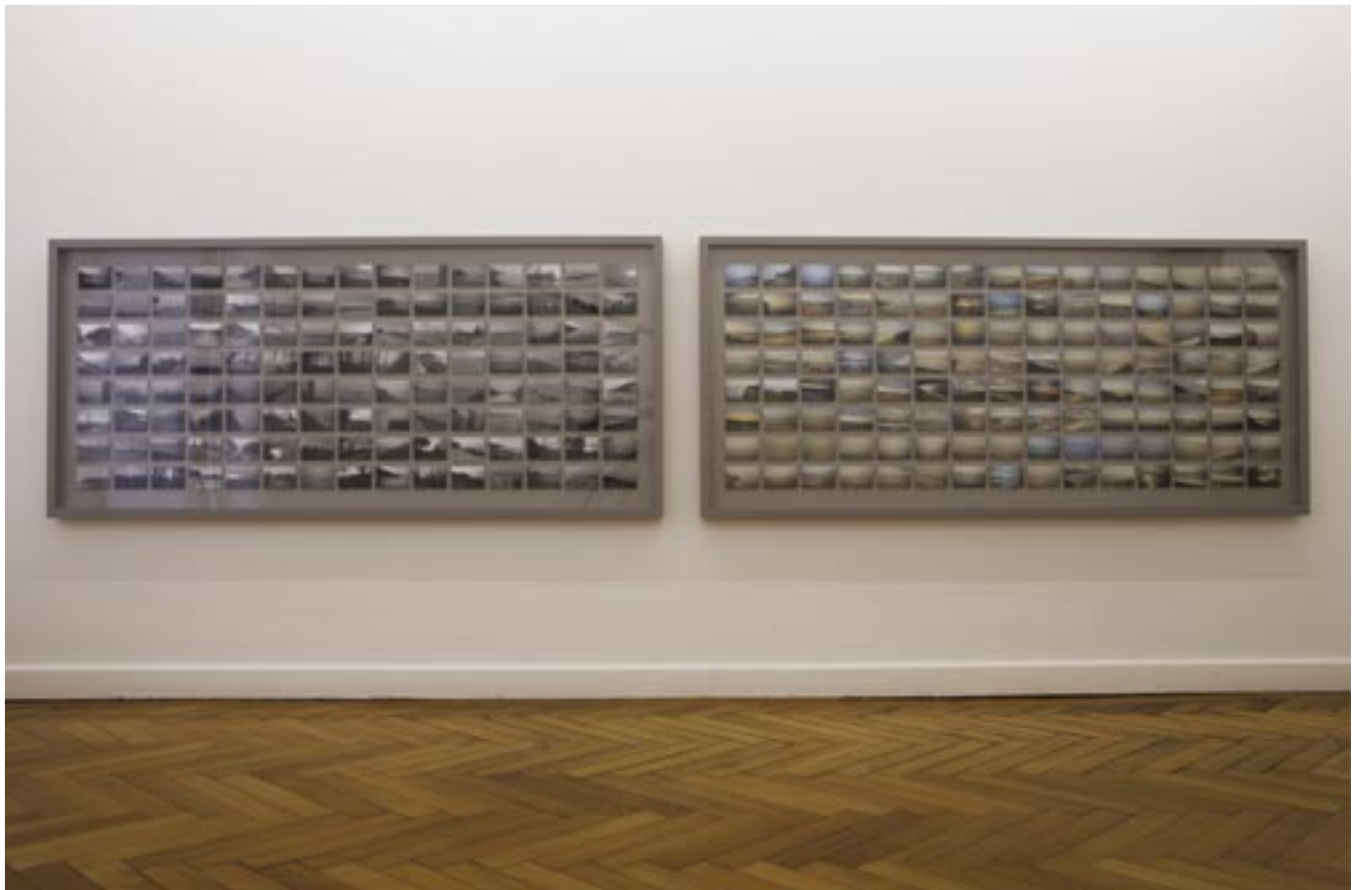
In April 2004, the last 11 employees of the building material plant Vierechen were requested to explain all areas of the production process to a delegation of Russian workers and engineers. Then everyone set to work on dismantling all the machines, packing them up and loading them onto waiting lorries. Vierechen was transferred to the outskirts of Moscow - "for the second time", joked the locals. For in 1946, all the machines in the plant had been sent to the east as reparations. Until 1944, bricks had been manufactured at Vierechen. And in the GDR era, it was used for producing finished concrete building parts. In 1991, the ailing building material plant was bought up by a large European producer of concrete and lime sandstone and underwent thorough modernisation. In the spring of 2002, there was a group management decision to transfer production. Even the lightweight hangar was taken away. In Vierechen today nothing remains but a car park. This is said to be used for so-called company meetings in the summer, which take the form of barbecue parties for former workers and employees.



Zosel (17 June, 1.20 am)

A location scout from a film production company is said to have visited Zosel not long ago. The inhabitants of the small village claim that he was looking for a location for making a short film in which "the population of a whole village dies overnight as a result of a mysterious epidemic". The man assured them many times that the planned film was not to be a documentary, but "purely art". However the inhabitants of Zosel refused his offer, not wishing to hand their village over to be used as a mere film set. After all, 70 people still live in Zosel, although all of the houses and farms in one of the streets have been completely abandoned. To avoid plundering, the remaining inhabitants try to keep up appearances by tending the front gardens, watering the flowers, even cleaning the windows. In the meantime, the Ministry in Dresden is considering what steps can be taken to solve the continuing problem of deserted settlements. Apparently it would be too expensive to pull down whole villages; the possibility of leaving them to be taken over by nature is currently being examined.

Wanderung durch die Lausitz



Kleistners Archiv

240 photographs from the archive of the refugee and suicider Alfred Kleistner from Rostock, b/w-, and color photography, showcase each 280 x 130 cm, edition 1+1 a.p, exhibition view Nassauischer Kunstverein, Wiesbaden
2006



240 photographs from the archive of the refugee and suicider Alfred Kleistner from Rostock, b/w-, and color photography, shocase each 280 x 130 cm, edition 1+1 a.p, detail 2006

Kleistners Archiv

„On 25 July 1976, shortly after 6pm, Alfred Kleistner, a medic from Rostock, put on his diving suit and strode into the Baltic Sea near Kühlungsborn. The only things he had with him were a compass, his ID, five bars of chocolate and some Obesin tablets. In 24 hours of non-stop swimming, he covered almost 50 kilometres and reached the West German island of Fehmarn. In the West, this spectacular flight caused a sensation. Kleistner had prepared his escape well. He trained for years, swimming up to 25 kilometres a day along the Baltic coast in the summer months. Even in winter, he trained in the Warnow estuary. In Warnemünde, the loner was known as »the seal«. Among Kleistner's peculiarities is the fact that in the years before his escape, he would photograph the Baltic Sea at irregular intervals – sometimes every day, sometimes every few months. On the reverse, he annotated these amateur images – mostly details of the location or the weather, sometimes also a short sentence. Two days before his escape, he wrote: »To exchange a life for time, 23 July 76«. After his escape, Kleistner went to Lübeck and,

ironically, found work with a major manufacturer of navigation technology, becoming a partner and eventually buying the business in 1987. After the fall of the Berlin Wall, he relocated part of the business to his old home town of Rostock. In June 1999, Kleistner's body was found on a sandbank in the Baltic Sea, not far from the place where he set off on his original escape. Kleistner had prepared his suicide well, tying a noose with stones attached around his neck. In his farewell letter, he gave a number of reasons for his suicide, but the most important was that after years of dwindling turnover, he had been forced to sell his company. From the mid-nineties, Kleistner had begun to photograph the Baltic Sea again. And as before, each picture was annotated – often with just the location, but sometimes with a short journal-like observation. Kleistner left an archive of 358 amateur photographs of the Baltic Sea, 240 of which are shown here.“

(from: Kleistners Archiv)



Grossmeister der Täuschung

„What made Hartmut Wachtelborn’s report all the more perplexing was the fact that he had not spoken to a soul in the last four years. From 1997 until 2001, the 46-year-old man from Potsdam, a former lecturer in educational science, had lived alone in a forest close to the border between Mecklenburg-Vorpommern and Brandenburg. Strangely enough, he made no mention whatever of what he had experienced in the forest – how he had managed to survive four winters, for example. Wachtelborn seemed to have spent far more time thinking about the problem of unemployment: „Eating bread soaked in the sweat of one’s labours was supposed to be the punishment for the Fall of Man. So in this case, work is a curse, and unemployment a state

of bliss. But these days, it’s exactly the other way round.“ Wachtelborn is said to have lived mainly on berries, maize and fish; however in the last six months he had begun stealing food from garden sheds on allotments. He had no contact with other people apart from observing them from his hiding place – allotment gardeners having coffee and cake, preparing food to put on their barbecues in the evening, and sleeping soundly in their beds at night. For him, they were no more than a source of food. Wachtelborn no longer saw himself as anything but a forest dweller, „a better-equipped version of a badger or a fox“, he said in his statement when he was arrested after being caught on one of his nightly raids.“

Grossmeister der Täuschung, five heroic plates of East Germans who did not want to leave their creative potential unused, golden off-set print on frosted glass, b/w-photography, each 50 x 40 cm, edition 3+1 a.p 2005



Grossmeister der Täuschung

„Come into my boat, desire will be our first mate, I was the best sailor of them all.“ Eye-witnesses said that 17-year-old Thomas Gathmann, at the steering-wheel of a tram belonging to the Leipzig local transport services, was singing cheerfully out of the small window as he slowly drove past passengers waiting at a stop. He had encountered no problems whilst stealing the vehicle, which had a „private service“ sign at the window, from the tram depot at Paunsdorf in the early hours of the morning. Evidently Gathmann, who was doing an industry-wide training course as a plasterer, had observed tram drivers over a long period of time, so he knew how to operate the

vehicle and switch the points. For four hours, the musical trainee drove through the city completely unnoticed. He negotiated several diversions with no difficulties, and even drove past his training school twice. The joyride first began to attract attention due to Gathmann's overcautious and slow driving. When asked why he had done it, Gathmann replied that he had wanted to „invent new routes“ and that he had „several suggestions where improvements could be made, especially in Grünau, where the service is far too infrequent, especially when people are leaving work at the end of the day.“

Grossmeister der Täuschung, five heroic plates of East Germans who did not want to leave their creative potential unused, golden off-set print on frosted glass, b/w-photography, each 50 x 40 cm, edition 3+1 a.p 2005



Kaufkraft und Heimatgefühl

Sven Johne (with Falk Haberkorn), Kaufkraft und Heimatgefühl, a room made of East German local press collected within the period of October 7th until November 9th, 2004, mixed with national press, dimensions variable, installation view Galerie AMERIKA Berlin



„[Countryside near Helbra, 08. 11. 2004]
 ‘Violence escalates in Helbra – SEK
 overpowers 52-year-old man. It is said he
 was unable to pay his instalments.’ On 8
 November 2004 Mitteldeutsche Zeitung
 reports, ‘the man defended himself with petrol
 and ignited coal starters, finally attacking
 two policemen with a chainsaw.’ What was
 first considered by police psychologists
 as a rash action, in retrospect resembled a
 perfectly premeditated attack. In the home
 of the militant economist, officials recovered
 plans and detailed instructions: ‘It’s easy.

Soak bailiffs in petrol, ignite starter and
 burn them to death. Then, wait until the
 others arrive by car, with their megaphones,
 psychiatrists, armour and weapons. I’ll still
 use my chainsaw. It’s better to be friendly
 to the enemy during the rise, for they’ll be
 back during the fall. What’s pent up inside
 for a long time finally comes out as rage.“
 there’s no way of talking with a volcano!’

(from: Helbra, Ostdeutsche Landschaften)

Ostdeutsche Landschaften

Ostdeutsche Landschaften, photographed between
 October 7th and November 9th 2004, combined with short
 reports of defiant locals, lambda-prints, off-set print on
 glass, je 60 x 80 cm, Edition 3+1 a.p
 2005



„[CountrysidenearReichenbach,09.10.2004]
 On 9 October 2004, Freie Presse quotes 44-year-old hotelier Uwe Knöfel from Reichenbach: ‘I really thought about it a lot. In the GDR I never defended myself. Today, I’ve become a fighter.’ For several years, Knöfel claims to be chief minister of the Free State of Saxony, using the Saxon coat of arms in his letterhead. This man, considered as being completely normal, was on trial in Chemnitz on charges of unauthorised assumption of authority. The former teacher read out a short statement: ‘Article 23 of the Law was annulled – as you will remember

– one month before the accession of the GDR. Therefore, there was no such thing as the accession of the GDR, nor the present FRG and her constitutive states. For this reason, two years ago, Chancellor Wolfgang Ebel nominated me as temporary minister president. The present minister of justice will confirm that the laws established within this agreement cannot – by definition – be just. We firmly believe that your judge will sooner or later be sentenced to prison. This afternoon, this morning’s utopia will be today’s reality.’“

(from: Reichenbach, Ostdeutsche Landschaft)

Ostdeutsche Landschaften

Ostdeutsche Landschaften, photographed between October 7th and November 9th 2004, combined with short reports of defiant locals, lambda-prints, off-set print on glass, je 60 x 80 cm, Edition 3+1 a.p 2005



Paradiese

Sven Johne (with Falk Haberkorn), Paradiese, seven color photographs of an artificial rain forest at »Tropical Islands Resort« in Brandt close by Berlin, text on wall, each 13 x 18 cm, diasec, Galerie AMERIKA Berlin
2005



6 diptychs, each 48 cm x 33 cm, images: b/w-photography, cached on aluminium, text: off-set print on carton, frame 50 x 60 cm, Edition: 3 + 1 a.p.
Installation view La Filature Mulhouse, 2004

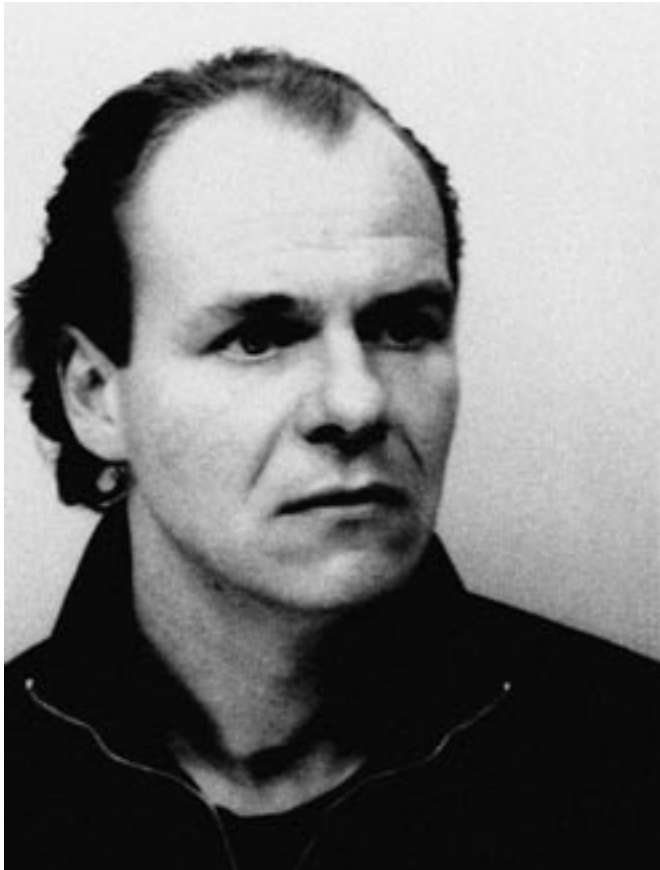
Vinta

„Vinta, the most easterly of the German islands, lies in the Baltic sea, thirteen sea miles from the coastal town of Peenemünde. Between the years of 1923 and 1992 the island, which is only around 900 m long and 250 m across, was a point of destination for a number of different people. Each of their missions here ultimately failed, either directly or indirectly. Today, the island is uninhabited.“



„[1923 Walter Banzhaven] Obsessed with the idea of finding out whether the migratory birds in the Baltic Sea region are European birds who spend the winter in North Africa, or North African birds who spend the summer in Europe, Walter Banzhaven, an ornithologist from Stettin, set up a bird-catching base on Vinta. His aim was to define whether the physiology of the birds he caught was European or North African. He provided all the birds with aluminium plaques developed specially for the purpose. However, several months into the experiment, he discovered that the majority of birds who stopped at the island were the weaker specimens. The stronger fliers were able to make the entire journey across the Baltic Sea without stopping. From then onwards, he proceeded to mark only these weaker birds with the aluminium plaques. However, due to the extra weight they had to contend with, the majority of the birds did not make the flight across the Baltic Sea, but plunged down into the ocean. Banzhaven then broke off the experiment completely.“

(from: Vinta)



„[1968 Dieter Pohlmann] The paediatrician Dieter Pohlmann had prepared his escape across the Baltic Sea carefully, over a period of several years. Whilst out sailing in the Greifswald Bodden with other members of the local sailing club, he was able to discreetly gain an accurate picture of the arrival and departure times of the patrol boats from the nearby naval base in Peenemünde. Since 1961, the GDR's border towards the sea had been sealed off. Nevertheless, Pohlmann dared to make his escape far along to the east, as he believed that the coastline here was not so heavily guarded. Thus, all he had to do was to sail beyond the 12-mile zone and head north-east towards Bornholm in Denmark. However, Dieter Pohlmann knew nothing of the existence of the island of Vinta; as a no-go area it was not shown on any civilian nautical charts. When the wall was built, a border guard base had been set up there. Pohlmann, believing he was already in Bornholm, is said to have greeted the baffled GDR border guards in Danish.“

(from: Vinta)



Lambda-Print, off-set print on glass, framed, 5 pieces,
each 110 x 150 cm, Edition: 3 + 1 a.p.
Installation view, La Filature Mulhouse, 2004

Ship Cancellation

Site of shipwreck of Savannah (1816), Empire (1918),
Ideal X (1956), Augsburg (1972), Maersk Sealand
Utrecht (1998), text on glass with reports of casta-
ways and nautic position.



Empire, Timorsee, 12° 12' Süd, 128° 44' Ost, 121 Meilen östlich
Bathurst Islands

„On June 12, 1918 the 120 metre freighter departed from Darwin, Australia, bound for Southampton. The Empire was one of the first freight ships to have its own on-board cranes, making it quicker to load and reload at port. On the second day at sea the ship was caught in a storm, during which a loose crane became dislodged and smashed the superstructures and the after deck. The Empire sank within ten minutes. One of the sailors reported the following: ‘The ten or eleven non-swimmers naturally went wild with panic, thrashing about with their hands and feet. Soon they had swallowed so much salt water that they couldn’t make any more noise. I couldn’t have stood their screaming much longer anyway. They all stayed afloat. It was almost daylight by now. We were all within a radius of fifty metres from one another, but there were only nineteen of us because the boatswain had swum some distance away, I don’t know why. Later he began screaming loudly, but fell silent again after less than an hour. I’m sure he was the first to go under. By midday the sea was much calmer. All nineteen men stayed close together until the early afternoon, becau-

se our life jackets were still afloat. But then the fabric started to get soaked through and you could feel them getting heavier. It was better to take them off. The deck hands began to succumb to the will of the deep blue sea. The first was Smith, a giant of a man. But exhaustion got the better of him and he went under, just like that. Slowly but surely, the madness came, the first sign. And as soon as the madness had thoroughly weakened them, the relentless waves did the rest. With some of them it took a quarter of an hour longer. But you could work out exactly how long it would take after the first signs appeared. In this way six or seven deck hands went under that first evening. The following night was pitch black. You couldn’t see anyone. You could just hear them moaning or screaming as metre-high waves hit them. My comrades Fletch and Pit went under that night. As day dawned, I was alone at high sea with the Dane. Then of course the Helena came.“

(from: Empire, Ship Cancellation)



Augsburg, Südchinesisches Meer, 5° 47' Nord, 110° 59' Ost,
Serasanstrasse

„When it was put into operation in 1972 the Augsburg, 261 metres long and carrying 40,000 tons of cargo, was Hapag Lloyd's flagship. The ship was specially built for Southeast Asian routes, where there was a high risk of typhoons. All the quarters for the crew members were situated at the front of the ship, to protect the cargo from the seawater which frequently swept over the decks. In December 1978, the Augsburg ran into a terrible storm. A so-called freak wave probably destroyed the entire front section of the ship. The radio operator was the only one of the 28 crew members to survive the disaster: 'It was several hours before I realised that I was completely alone in the inflatable life raft. I don't know how I got there. Again and again that evening I tried to remember what had happened in those last few minutes. No luck. To this day, I cannot remember a thing. There I sat in the raft, completely dazed. The sea was still raging all around me. I felt wretched. I couldn't eat or drink. During those first few hours, all I wanted to do was die. In the last night before I was rescued, I was scared stiff. Suddenly the spraydeck at the entrance started talking

to me: ‚Come on, lie down‘ or ‚let the others do their share, you don't have to do everything.‘ Sometimes, I started looking around the raft for the others, expecting to find them cowering down next to me. Outside, next to the entranceway, the Captain and the First Officer kept coming up out of the waves, snorting like whales. Every time it happened, I thought they were about to get into the raft with me. I honestly wondered how they had managed to stay under water for so long. I wanted to clear my head, but exhaustion pressed my eyes closed. Then the violent waves of salt water coming over drained me of all my strength. And the cold. I hit myself in the face to try and stay awake. But I must have lost consciousness again, and the next time I woke up I was on the Elma Tres. I was only in hospital for three days. That's all I can say about it. But I must tell you that since then I have had terrible nightmares. And the ground still sways beneath my feet. I often hear the sound of engines.“

(from: Augsburg, Ship Cancellation)

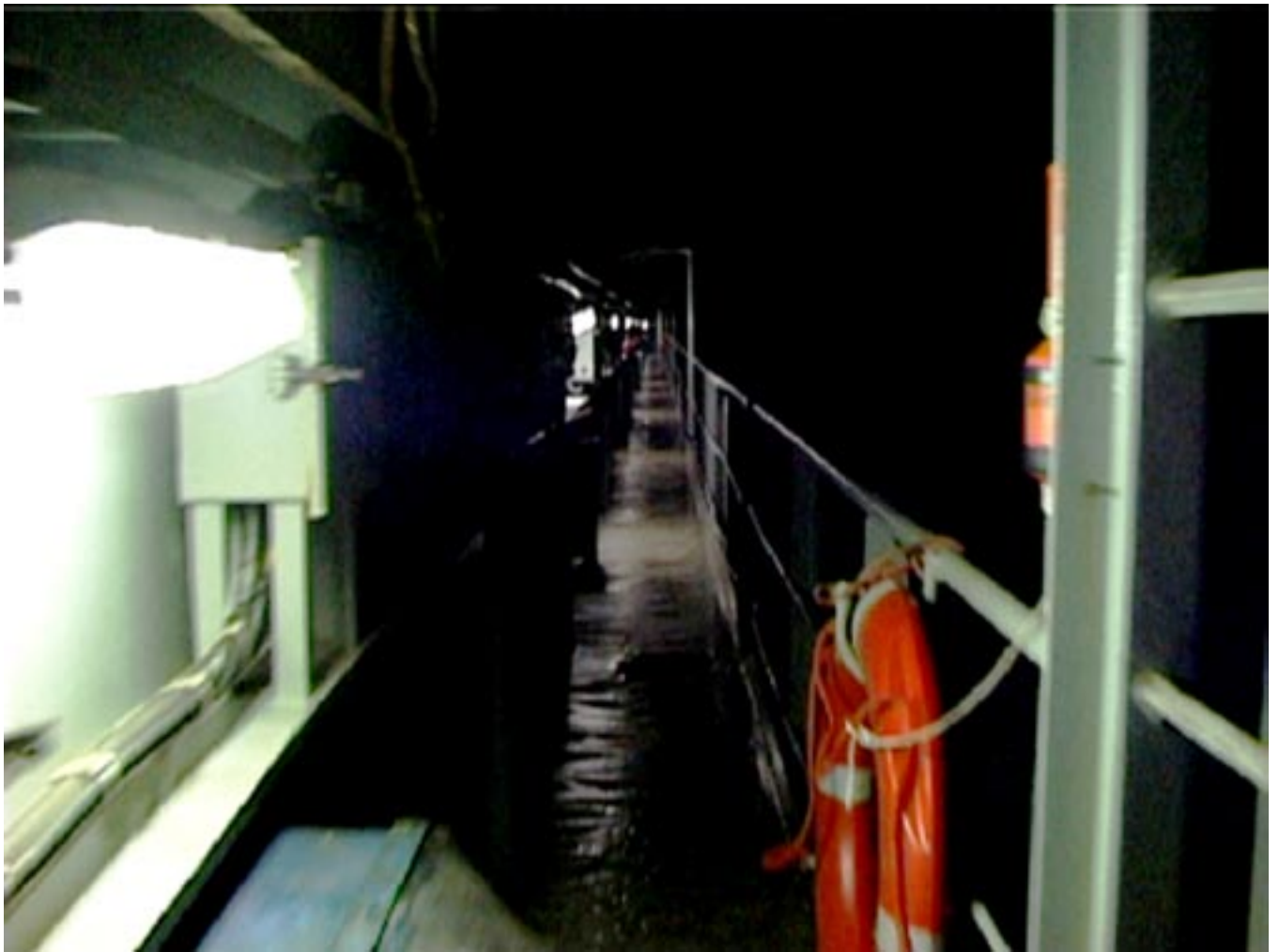


Maersk Sealand Utrecht, Nordsee, 51° 38' Nord, 2° 31' Ost, Scheldtenmündung

„In 1998, the container ship Maersk Sealand Utrecht was one of the largest and most modern cargo ships in the world, capable of transporting a load of almost 100,000 tons in 6,600 containers. The ship was controlled by autopilot and satellite navigation. With a length of 347 metres and a draught of 15 metres, there were only a small number of deep-water ports it could dock into. On the night of 13 January, 2000, following a navigation error caused by an electronic fault, the ship ran aground and capsized. In the words of one of the Philippine crew: ‘Initially we were just told that we were just going to run aground. Nothing more. No problem. We would just wait until help came. Everything was quiet on board. But then the alarm was raised, and we quickly began to list. At the time, I did not know why. The Captain and the officers said we should get the boat ready. He told us to put warm clothes and life jackets on, woolly hats too, because it might be a squeeze. He said: ‚Wear shoes, not rubber boots!‘ He said that twice. We all did as he said and gathered at the muster station. It was very cold, everything was iced up. After several attempts we realised that we could not get the

boat into the water, and then some people started getting anxious. Everything was frozen. And the ship was keeling over on its side more and more. Containers began to fall into the water one by one. Two of us jumped. The mess boy wanted to boost our morale and started singing the song from the Titanic movie. I think he was drunk. He was blowing on his emergency whistle. A third man took the whistle out of his mouth. He was wearing two woolly hats. When I could no longer stay on deck because of the listing, I jumped too. When I surfaced, the mess boy was next to me. He was staring at me. He was white as a sheet. I asked him what was the matter, but he just keeled over. The others jumped too. ‚Get away from the ship‘, the Captain shouted. I went to the mess boy and yelled at him. But he must have been dead. The Third Officer was floating next to me. He was already dead too. And all the others were dead, at least that’s what it looked like to me. It was icy cold. The Dutchmen were screaming. Then a Belgian pilot boat came and got us out.“

(from: Maersk Sealand Utrecht, Ship Cancellation)



The Flying Dutchman

In the video work *THE FLYING DUTCHMAN* a steadycam screens at night the container ship «P&O Nedlloyd Newark» sailing under German flag. There seems to be no one on board: neither in the mess, the crew's quarters nor in the engine room. Even the bridge is empty. It appears as if the ship with its freight would plough on itself through the Atlantic.

In der Videoarbeit *THE FLYING DUTCHMAN* (DVD, 16 min) sucht eine Steadycam nachts das unter deutscher Flagge fahrende Containerschiff «P&O



The Flying Dutchman

In der Videoarbeit THE FLYING
DUTCHMAN (DVD, 16 min) sucht eine



Wachwechsel

Reproductions of photographs showing abducted cargo ships, whose crew members were thrown over board at night.

23 b/w-photography, each 35 x 50 cm framed, text 35 x 50 cm framed, Städtische Galerie Wolfsburg
2003



„In the last 10 years hundreds of maritime hijackings have come to light. Apart from several oil tankers and older cargo ships, most of the hijacked vessels have been modern container ships of the senator class with satellite navigation and autopilot. The crew would be attacked by night and overwhelmed before being thrown overboard. All of the major marine nations have been hit by these precisely executed operations. The selection shows 23 of these hijacked ships. In retrospect, the fact

that no-one on land initially learned of the hijackings is a particular cause for concern. On board, the instructions of the owner or charter continued to be followed as though nothing had happened. The shipping figures even increased. There is thus good reason to believe that in view of the fact that most international trade depends on sea transport there is considerable cause for alarm.“

(from: Wachwechsel)

Wachwechsel

23 b/w-photography, each 35 x 50 cm framed (selection)
2003

Sven Johne

Exhibitions (Selection)

1976 born in Bergen (Island Rügen), lives and works in Leipzig.

1996 - 1998
studied German Literature, Journalism and Onomastics at the University of Leipzig

1998 - 2004
studied Photography, at the Academy of Visual Arts Leipzig (HGB), Prof. Timm Rautert

2004
Master of Fine Arts, Academy of Visual Arts Leipzig (HGB), Prof. Timm Rautert

since 2005 studies as Meisterschueler in Prof. Timm Rautert's class

Scholarships and Awards

2006 Recipient of working stipend of the State of Saxony.

2005 Award of the „Marion-Ermer-Stiftung“, Dresden.
Residency scholarship „La Filature“, Mulhouse, France.

2004 Scholarship of the „Alfried Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach-Stiftung für zeitgenössische Deutsche Fotografie“.
Scholarship „Schloss Plüschow“, Mecklenburg-Vorpommern.

2003 Award of the „Institute für Buchkunst“ for the Book „Vinta“ (with Till Gathmann and Claudius Niessen)
DAAD Scholarship, USA.

1999 - 2003 Rosa-Luxemburg Scholarship.

2007 Beyond the country: Perspectives of the land in historic and contemporary art, Lewis Glucksman Gallery, Cork, Irland (G) / #1, :emyt, Berlin (G) / Kongress der Futurologen, aktivist, Eisenhüttenstadt (G) / Brühlette Royal - Peripherie als Zentrum, Kunstverein Freunde Aktueller Kunst e.V, Zwickau (G) / Diplopie, Kunstverein Göttingen (G) / Seestücke, Hamburger Kunsthalle, Hamburg (G) / Arno Gisinger-Sven Johne-Liza Nguyen, La Filature, Mulhouse (G) / Don't Worry - Be Curious! 4. Ars Baltica Triennale of Photography, Stadtgalerie Kiel, Kiel (G) / Rückkehr der Wölfe, CoalMine, Winterthur, Swiss (S) / Sven Johne, La Filature, Mulhouse, France (S) / Sven Johne, Dortmunder Kunstverein, Dortmund (S) / Sven Johne / Bei den Riesen, Nassauischer Kunstverein, Wiesbaden (S)

2006 Rückkehr der Wölfe, AMERIKA, Berlin (S) / Montezuma's Revenge, Nicole Klagsbrun gallery, New York (G) / Photo-Trafic, bac, Geneva (G) / Mercury in Retrograde, De Appel Foundation, Amsterdam (G) / Don Quijote, Witte De With, Rotterdam (G) / This land is my land, Kunsthalle Nürnberg (G) / Grossmeister der Täuschung, Galerie Christian Nagel, Cologne (S)

2005 A1, AMERIKA, Berlin (G) / Erzähl mal was..., Kunstverein Langenhagen, Langenhagen (G) / Tropical Island, AMERIKA, Berlin; Goethe-Institut, Paris (S); (cat.) / The Leipzig Lens, Glasgow School of Art; German Embassy London (G) / Marion-Ermer-Preis-Ausstellung, Oktogon Hfbk, Dresden (G), (cat.)

2004 La Filature, Mulhouse (S) / GOOD NEWS FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE BAD NEWS, Galerie Eigen+Art, Leipzig (G) / Wachwechsel, Galerie Kleindienst, Leipzig (S)

2003 Kunststudenten stellen aus, Bundeskunsthalle |Bonn (G), (cat.) / Silver & Gold, Galerie 20-21, Essen (G), (cat.) /