

Nicht-nur-Spekulativ  
Sanna Helena Berger

Wenn man Methoden und Improvisationen mit einer kritisch orientierten Praxis zusammensetzen, und Minimalismus-Semiotik signalisiert, nah ja; komponiert, dann ist es notwendig, dass man neben der Semiotik und Taktik, die an die Konvention erinnert, auf eine stark formalisierte Logik und eine kreative Ausstellungs-philosophie zurück greift.

Ein Gegengewicht zu den stummen Prozeduren—

*...When visiting Zürich for the first time, and Philipp's gallery in preparation for my show there, I spent some time at the KUNSTHAUS. I first went to the wrong entrance, next to Rodin's gates of hell, not knowing that Philipp was waiting for me at the new entrance, across the street, above ground, nowhere near hell, where we'll have a chic coffee in the chic café. The ceilings are high and the width is determined by a giant Max Ernst piece - "Pétales et jardin de la nymphe Ancolie" from 1934, which makes me think of building buildings which adjust to the measurements of art rather than adjusting art to the measurements of buildings.*

*It makes me think of making homes, not only institutions and their accompanying watering holes, spaces which provide the right conditions for art, rather than the acquisition of art suiting one's already existing concrete (as in immovable, fixed and resolute) architecture. There is a known banality in treating art as interior, but I'd go further and question the accessorising of art into an already existing life. Art should disrupt life and disturb the status quo, not melange seamlessly in, not become a placated component assuaged into the collector's composition.*

*Signifikant-hoch, 2024*

(Die Umgestaltung des Raums zu einem Kunstwerk vis à vis der Umgestaltung des Raums mit einem Kunstwerk)  
Particleboard, Paper foil, Plastic edging, Fibreboard, Paint, 482 cm x 40 cm x 28 cm

Mein Kunst-haus-Erfahrung stellt eine unzertrennlich Untersuchungsstrategie für meine Haus-kunst-Erfahrung dar. Selbstmontage-Kunst, untrennbar von einem Formalität-definiertes-Thema - das banal-große (signifikant-hoch) -galerie-spezifische Objekt. Aber vielgestaltig - kein trivial-kunst - kein Konflikt zwischen Kunst oder Fertigkeit - Kritisch-orientiert und ein Gegengewicht zu den stummen Prozedur der Geraden.

Stripped of functional form and 'pure' purpose, made to stand sans motif, without object, displaying nothing; Ohne ohne. As a consequent object, signifikant-hoch. Familiar but extraordinary. Showing compartmentalised pictorial spaces within, changing throughout the day, throughout the night. Standing monumental somewhere between the readymade and unready-made. Made size-specific but ersatz-seeming of something so banal, so familiar and by-product-simulacrum-y it perhaps enters into its own category, ism or position? Following a standard domestic staple in a 'non-standard' scale, could its position perhaps become the new 'avant-garde-banal'?

Ich stelle also eine Off-the-shelf-Hypothese im Regal auf und konzentriere mich auf den Inhalt der Veränderung im Raum; The unready-made.<sup>1</sup>

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1. The "unready-made" can be seen as an intentionally intellectual and critical creation by an artist, who's work mimics or imitates an everyday object, blurring the lines between what is found (post-produced) and what is fabricated or altered (produced). By manufacturing, producing or altering an object to appear as an already existing object, the artist engages

in a deliberate act of refocusing, challenging and accentuating, not only the viewer's assumptions about authenticity, value, and meaning, but that of the act of display and showing.

The readymade already questions the value placed on 'originality' and 'authenticity' in art, but remains essential as an objet d'art. The unready-made presents an object that seems familiar yet is altered or fabricated but couples an act of criticality, questioning the viewer's own perceptions and assumptions about commodities. It prompts reflection on how we assign meaning to every-day objects and/vs art objects, and how our understanding of their reality is shaped by context, representation, and artistic intervention.

By 'making' an object that resembles a mass-produced item, or altering a familiar and existing object, in size or scale, an artist may challenge the notion of value and uniqueness in a society dominated by consumerism. Overall, the unready-made can be understood as an artistic strategy that subverts expectations, challenges established norms, and invites viewers to engage in critical thinking. Provoking inquiries through the exchange between the ordinary and the extraordinary.

Which also means that the unready-made could be seen as a theoretical movement rather than a specific art form, an intention or position. It manifests a concept, not only through its production but through placement, arranged so as to draw our attention to a specific situation — on display or as display. Displaying not necessarily an object but thematising display itself as art and opens up the possibility for a more voluminous role than the readymade traditionally has.\*

*After our coffee (Philipp has a croissant), we enter the new building, only to use it as a throughway, back into the old building, circumventing the gates of hell. We leave the Chipperfield extravaganza behind for now and walk through the long underground marble corridor. There is so much wealth in this material, in this raw material, I envisage gigantic cuts in Carrara and its endless cutting with diamond blades, fervently showered. But even with this objectively impressive material, length and presence, it is somehow too clearly aiming to impress, that it fails to be impressive. We all know the conundrum.*

*I like some details of it, such as the way the massive door-cum-gates are shaped; with a recess to be able to close above the on par long bench. Bench? We're not sure who would sit there. It seems cold and materially despotic as a place of respite or contemplation. In fact it seems its raison d'être is to impress, as a sheer proof of acquisition of raw material - marble. More of a slab, than a bench, certainly not kind to bums. There is something meta about the movement (even though of course it is stone-cold-still), its reason for being seems the investment that made it become.*

*I do not like the Olafur Eliasson clouds / up-side-down icebergs / design-boutique-y-lamps? These are not determining the width of the corridor or the feeling of the space, they are not disruptors or interlopers of anything in particular, neither are they as pieces, jarring with the existing and clear politics of taste or the narrative of wealth. But a rather "beige" composition in an already beige constitution.*

*As we emerge from the underground Philipp is in a hurry, about to open the gallery and we don't have much time together before he needs to leave. He wants to show me some of his favourites and we rush slightly, across floors, into collections, through rooms, some square, some corridors, some round or semi-circled. We see impressive murals and triptychs and some landscapes, which I couldn't care less about, because I could not care less about landscapes.*

*In this hurried historical narrative, I find a woman in the background of a Marie Antoinett-ian era tableaux vivant giving a Rock 'n' Roll V sign with one hand - pinky and index finger raised in an otherwise closed fist - an originally devilish sign (undeniably also the original inventor of Rock n' Roll). She feels uncannily 'now' and I think of Sofia Coppola and the way she weaved contemporary music and teenage-emo-semiotics into the story of Marie, aiming to make the grand dame d'bourgeoisie - a sexy despot, relatable to a 2006 youth. And how memetic the candid images of Kirsten Dunst on set, in full Antoinette plume, smoking and carrying a macbook became because of their display of a kind of Modernity V antiquity.*

*Sehr Konsequent, 2024*

Particleboard, Paper foil, Plastic edging, Fibreboard, Paint, 106 cm x 200 cm x 28 cm

(“Insofar as every artwork starts with some mode of consumption, every art object begins with shopping”  
- Joshua Simon)

Die standardmäßigen wohnungs-spezifischen Messungen reflektieren und erforschen Interaktionsprozesse in Bezug auf die Strukturen der Erwartung innerhalb des Bekannten und Banalen und die Strukturen der Verhandlung und Improvisation, die gewöhnlichen Objekten innewohnen. Gerade weil sie bekannt und banal sind, können sie auch extravagant erscheinen, wenn sie ihren erwarteten Platz (Raum) verlassen. Hung at standard painting height.

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\*And while the unreadymade does not have a specific canon of literature or associated theorists Joshua Simon writes in ‘Neomaterialism’, 2013, Sternberg Press.

“A new sculptural gesture has emerged that applies an assemblage syntax, but uses another vocabulary than that of the readymade or the neo-readymade. This gesture is the unreadymade. The unreadymade is an acknowledgement of the suspended authorship of things in the world. It is a gesture involving a whole ethics of living with things. As much as the moment in which the artist renders an object as art through display is a moment of appropriation through valorization (i.e., the readymade), it is also the moment of the unreadymade. Against the limited logic of authorship, the exhibition actualises the world from which these displayed things come from, and the world in which the exhibition itself operates. While the readymade uses display to make things from the world become art, the unreadymade uses display to make what is shown as art testify to its existence in the world as a commodity. The undoing of the appropriation power of the readymade is what allows us to see these things that come from the world as something else, namely readymades.

In our contemporary world, one could argue that only some commodities are art objects but all art objects are commodities. The notion of the readymade emphasises the artist's ability to identify and select an object, and then to valorise it as an artwork. In a world overburdened with stuff, these objects give an object's account of what it means to be in the world. This means that it is no longer an object that the artist renders as art, but rather the exhibition format — as both the narrative display of artifacts and in the institutional contract of that which is called art — that allows us to see these commodities as they truly are.”

*Philipp finds it funny that I discover this immediately, something he'd not yet noticed. I see it because it is a minor jarring detail in an otherwise good and well-mannered composition and I like idiosyncrasies of the arts. I am sure many of us do. Especially when experiencing classical archives which can feel like a catalogued experience, an indexical proof. So standard that you easily forget that it is in fact objet d'art(s) and not decoration d'tourist(s) you're experiencing when manoeuvring the canon of masters, which the city you're visiting calls their own.*

*Certainly one can be dulled, certainly one can stay alert, certainly there is stimuli to both awaken and overwhelm, but when I walk around, after Philipp has left, I come to think of these work's constitution and I start to index my surroundings and work's placements. The proximity of masters to the opening of doors, what can be seen through an entry of one room, into a third and what meets the eye down at the end of the corridors of classicist canons. This accumulation of perspectives, perspectivises my way of seeing for some time. For an hour or so I look mainly at rugs, all covering carpets, at armchairs - kind to bums. I enter rooms that are floor to ceiling wooden clad, where the ornamentalism of the decor could easily subjugate and smother. But I feel fine. Huge unadorned centres are wonderfully lost opportunities to place plinths, and on them impressive procurements, instead leaving rooms spacious where one can step back and across, softly furnished, carpeted silence where my Margiela for Hermes (to hyphen or not to hyphen?) boots make no sound - my one luxury is quiet. There is a kind of attention to the body in the institution within this opulently articulated silence. I like it here, I don't like the art overly much in general, but that doesn't matter. I like being here and so I can experience the art here, whether I like it or not, and dislike the idea of art as an omnipresent inspiration based on taste. Here, I comfortably liaise in this innocuous state, which does not imply lethargy but also does not create a friction from which animated inspiration pushes acutely through, and yet I feel, quietly... Inspired.*

*Nicht ganz Standard, 2024*

2 Brushed Aluminium frames, each 106 cm x 40 cm x 28 cm, Digital print

Text excerpts from Kunstforum Bd. 104 'Kunstwerte - Markt und Methoden', Nov/Dez 1989 / Kunstforum Bd. 209 'Die Heilige macht der Sammler' Jul/Aug 2011 / Iphone image of square slabs of stone, found in the streets of Berlin with a handwritten note saying 'Zum mitnehmen', taken by the artist, Nov 2016, Berlin

Two prints framed, one - crowded - a dense segment of text - text as material, not necessarily legible, possibly digestible but intellectually labour-implicit. The other - sparse - leaving empty space to be filled via its inversion, an entry of found zum-mitnehmen-humour, self-referential to the point of absurdity. Something extremely heavy, arduous and burdensome to take home, possibly portable but physically labour-implicit.

Inspiration can manifest as reaction. Rational displays don't necessarily turn into reductionist views and traditional framing does not always embrace conservatism. These two framed works draw parallels to the crowded sensation of one housing, to the spaciousness in the neighbouring one. (Perhaps a superfluous explanation but I am assuming a generous one to highlight, and I always prefer generosity with thoughts.) Both encased in a thick polished silver frame, not only display but also display, echoing a delectable ultra-capitalist-mannerism - a dated aesthetic I can't help but desire. It is a polished, restrained, but contradictory loud wealth, duftet nach Objekt-Lust evoked by raw material which weighs heavy in the hand. I find myself wishing there was an onomatopoeic phrase for this kind of material, since it seems appropriate one should be able to represent it with a word, which looks like a sound which becomes audible as we read it, suggesting the Onomatopoeia of 80's wealth-aesthetic.

Despite the time-specific style parentheses, these are not only frames, but objects, not complying to the content or motif but an object by which the content complies. A standard measurement which echoes the Billy bookcase. The position and scale has made it entirely other from its archetype; Nicht ganz Standard.

The distance at which we see the work, the movement it evokes, the invitation to see if from across the space creates a kind of anti-viewing-viewing-deck, rendering both text and image illegible. An act of enforced distancing which mimics the limitations that artworks are imposed by, by a present preservation-curation in which the safety of the work, and thus the human distance to it, determines its placement or surrounding obstructions (safety measures) which creates a new condition through the distance at which it places the viewer to the artwork in what seems like a Sammlungs-Interaktions-Prozedur-von-Bewahrung-Konzerne-gegen-originelles-denken-inhärent-in-den-Kunstobjekt-sind-ism. And of course a silver encased ultimate wall hung object. Readily available to re-position.

*I walk through the underground marble corridor again. I think of it flooding. I enter the New - The Chipperfield building. There is no mistaking it - I've come from experience and I've entered impression. The impression of wealth manifesting, omnipresent through space. The economy of the foyer, the capital of concrete, vis-a-vis marble and brass - the sheer, clear capital of volume. This is what 200 million looks like. Parking lot riche.*

*The impression is effective and there can be no doubt of its intention, the semiotics of good tastes and distilled cultural codes are not clandestine, in fact, not subtle, and that carries an immediacy in weight. But it weighs down on you as much as it weighs down on the art. Because once you've travelled through the foyer, up the stairs, into the private collections - passing the brass doors of mid century gospel, championed by Scandinavian good tastes and reserved wherewithal, which people can't help but use their clammy fingers and moist palms to oxidise initials, love hearts and other symbolism into, akin to the carving of trees or the piling on of locks on wrought iron or other 'I-was-here'-mnemonics and I wonder how the symbolism of such polished and perfected materials becoming so easily vandalised, sans any other tools than the primordial - the moisture of one's digits - resonate with Chipperfield and I think of the hand art at Lascaux and the anachronistic renaissance this archaic form of signature or proof this brass door or lift or guardrail now carries and the humour in this simple yet effective metaphor-meme, you enter a room, and a room after that room after another room, a room, and here it is clear that here we are not silent bodies in the institution, here we are impressionables of impressive collections.*

*And I think again of the need to build buildings which adjust to the measurements of art rather than adjusting art to the measurements of buildings.*

*Gegengewicht für Schwerpunktthema, 2024*

(Eine Frage der Möglichkeit, die Kommodifizierung der konditionen der Sammelbarkeit zu ästhetisieren)

Sterling silver 925 almond 1 cm x 1,5 cm x 2,5 cm / Hollow dimensions 1 cm x 1 cm x 1,5cm

Here is a work manifesting a simple position - being not only a work but the conditioning of the work.

Eine Sammlungs-Interaktionsprozesse-Umgestaltung. An intentional inversion of wall hung art. This piece sits not on the wall, but in the wall. Thus the work<sup>2</sup> is not only its material but its surroundings - a prerequisite housing.

A sacrificial act of display that any collector must make. And architecturally also an inversion of spaces, crowding Philipp's 'old' Kunst-haus in the front and utilising Philipp's 'new' space in the back as a Haus-kunst, as the frame for a small but presence-heavy piece of counterweight.

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2. This work is an unready-made counterpart to the ready-made work -  
Ohne, Ohne titel  
Biodegradable spoon, 9,5 cm x 2,1 cm

Roasted almond with silver coloured sugar coating, 2,5 cm x 1,5 cm x 1 cm  
Nail, plastic cable tie shown with PHILIPPZOLLINGER in December 2023.

“The subjective position is often lost in a minimalist dialectic. Material shibboleths once meant that works ohne title, sans titre or untitled held criticality and interpretation as its main objective. But now, frequently it falls mute and allows the object to be one of ensured neutral objective value. Subjective only to the viewer as their personal semiotic conclusions fill in the blanks left by the anonymity of a work sans context which condition counters the personal.

And with the pending pseudo-democratic effacement of our artistic proposition’s credibility juxtaposed by our intellectual agency of opinions, we find instead of dualism, a surge of dichotomies. But to restrict opinion into one or the other - looks or meaning, aesthetics or interpretation, material or action, narrows down the viewer’s critical agency into a forced perspective. And between evaluation and avoidance exists a world of nuance.

This delectable silver coated almond, balancing just so, atop a gelato spoon from which my daughter ate two scoops, sitting atop a monument in Italy some summers ago is a prelude. Something that came before something which is about to be produced - a delicious anticipation of works in development for this space. The readymade which preexists the unready-made. But the annulment of the predecessor of a revised version is a disregard of its process.

I consider neither original or copy, not one pedestrian or the other riche - but an act of adaptation. And by showing the process of a piece as a kind of non-hierarchical transfiguration, lends a balance to the two states - a former and latter format, en par.

A work shown in a gallery is often revised and recast through the process of discursive and institutional containment - will it fit in? To which the counter narrative of that consideration could be - will the gallery fit the piece? In the next stage, this piece will find the gallery remoulded according to its needs but here it sits in a ready-made alcove which frames it wide and voluminous and in conclusion, it fits not one, but both. “

*Here begins a process of identification of experience rather than experience. I am having a crisis of perception. I know these are positively monumentally important pieces. I know these works from lore and I can somehow simulate the reaction I am not having, akin to knowing something’s taste only from rebuilding a flavour-profile-simulacra from its texture. But I can taste it, not at all. I am plunging into the hyperbole of too much wealth, its excess as congestion. The potential beauty of the chance to experience works of this magnitude is overcome by their proximity to other works of the same magnitude, dragging them down.*

*These objects are not collaborators of this space, or in dialogue with me, they are separate and seem because of it also less impressive than I know they are. I cannot experience them because they have not determined the scale of the room or the scale of my experience and so they seem small as if pressurised by private collections whose procurements all need to be shown to be seen and incentivise more procurements. It seems more like a competition than a collection.*

*I know I’m not in a rich person’s lounge but I don’t really feel it. A vase with a bouquet of flowers stands central in one room, atop a plinth, superfluous adjectives feel exactly that; redundant - because needless to say its a very expensive bouquet. No natural light reaches this vivaciously vivid and richly prismatic arrangement and it seems fake. (Yes, this is an allegorical sketch) I am unable to be in awe of the art that I admire because of this systematic procedure of fitting art in, so I start to look at the actual material which mounts and surrounds and encases it. The material around the art. That which displays and guards and restricts and alters the art.*

*Und ihr Doppel, 2024*

Stainless Steel, 35 cm x 183 cm x 25,5 cm

Rather than try to evoke the sense of something radically new, the chrome handrail points to the old guardrail as the listed, thus immovable (antiquity), as a *raison d'être* for its rejection (modernity).

*A beautiful square silver material frames Agnes Martin, which leaves the most gentle breath of air in between the silver and Martin's canvas. I wonder if she had clauses in her sales for how her paintings should be displayed. I could imagine so. I am tickled by the coated chipboard IKEA style white floor based board lying beneath a Rothko, that I've never seen before, which quickly sets it apart from all the other pieces roped off, here favouring this rather standard-cum-in-situ-eccentric material and I wonder why this comical and somehow deviant choice, and I like it but now cannot separate it from the Rothko and like it better for the fact, but wonder how many people congregated in a room to make this decision for a material hindrance for stepping too close to the textured piece and laugh. Because it's always silly and funny to find out how un-serious institutions and structures one imagined as a kind of upper echelon of organisation and structure and method actually are and how universally messy, random and ad-hoc this stuff is... The idea of seriousness is so much more serious in itself, than the execution of it.*

*Some of my favourite works in theory make me sad as witness, as if in captivity. I don't feel like elaborating. Except to say, I am sad but I am inspired! I know already that I want to work with this in Philipp's gallery, on this most prestigious of gallery-streets. I want to consider the dichotomies between the old and the new, the condition of collecting works and showing them as a condition of preservation rather than as art, the sacrifices one might be asked to make if one were to collect my work, the conditions of a work, the display of standard but avant-garde through their deviancy, work on display, display as work... I think of the ornamental wooden clad circular room in the old building of the Kunsthaus and then the ornamental aspect of the shakespearean staircase in Philipp's space and how this proposes a viewing deck and potential for high up art and low down perspective, echelons and levels, dynamics of latent experiences, the shifting position.*

*I think of the evident dichotomies between the two rooms in Philipps gallery - the old 'kunsthaus' at the front, the clear 'gallery' - the visible showcase and the new white cube in the back, the small square, sterile and unadorned, aquarium-esque, how we've become accustomed to these spaces rather than ornamental ones. I think of spacing and measurements and standardisations, not just for the art but for the body and how differently we'll move in spaces depending on their obstructions, display obstructing art, obstruction-display as art, the economy of size and volume of space, size and volume of work and its resulting experience and impression. I think of my critique of circumstance and surroundings, I think of motivating whilst discouraging acquisitions and the perversity of that elegance.*

Nicht-bloß-spekulativ  
Miriam Stoney

What I see versus what I have. I see the words emerge in front of me, though I do not have a voice. I begin with this sentence to insist on a distinction between the two: the written word as a passive product and the spoken as an active means of interpellation, interjection, or even just *presence*. I am content with my tendentious arrangement; I wilfully recede. Ever since I started to think sympathetically about the notion of authorship – which is to say, I put aside for a moment the critique of, and certainly any *Grundskopsis* towards, an essentialising, individual authorship (this work is *by* this person, *von* as in pertaining to, belonging to, or of a certain person) in order to allow something like sympathy for the author to take their place. Writing about another author I subsume my authorship to their person, her person. She who has asked me, of all people, to write a text to accompany her exhibition – a complex game for which I am just warming up on the sidelines: text is secondary; interpretation a weak adhesive.

Confronted with so much thought, contained in and/or containing the works, I find I cannot think my way in, to emerge again in words. Hence, I shall refrain from doing so, even prevent myself from doing so. It's just past four and I've already begun numbing my senses. Take from this what you will, but I just came from an oddly cathartic psychotherapy session and when someone, analyst or not, asks how you might in the future defend yourself against another assault on your dignity, and the only feasible response you can come up with is to insist on having a “good time,” I'd like to see your afternoon play out differently. Such that now, as I pour over my own bookshelves, teetering on the precipice of a state of blissful ego dissolution, it does seem as though the books are melting, disintegrating, merging with the wooden boards and hence they're impossible to pull out, to consult or cite. And this brings me back to authorship, because authorship is a gesture of positioning oneself in relation to other authors, as an author among authors, and if you can't even grasp another book in your hand, well, what are the chances of penning a single word of one's own that could stand tall alongside any of those on the pages of the canonical tomes? The answer is zero and I'm fine with that.

Because this is the point of the exhibition text, is it not? To create a piece of writing that relinquishes authorship to the *real* author in the room. I love writing exhibition texts because I (believe I) can disappear behind them; they stimulate the hopeful defeatist within me. My name may well appear on the page, though it will be without the currency of an authored work. The currency, the means of exchange, are already determined by Sanna, my friend Sanna, Sanna the artist, Sanna, the speculation – that's Sanna Helena Berger to you and to me too, actually. Because an exhibition text is also a performative unrelation to the artist – the ideal starting point for such a text, a prerequisite of which being, though never achieving, something we could call “neutrality.” In nobody's interest is a partial description, advertising the exhibition from within the exhibition, and not only because that would be something dull or embarrassing, but also because it would be tautologous and redundant.

What I'm getting at is that authorship is a relational process or better put, a negotiation, and therefore, it requires two or more subjective positions in order to come out or to fruition. The unready-made – if I understand the concept correctly, and even if I don't, I'll make myself clear enough anyway – seems to work like that awfully coy gesture of declaring one's own ego dissolution in a text written with the first person singular. The act of crafting something that mimics a product of mass manufacturing or displacing an object into a situation where its function or symbolism causes a glitch in the room – the pact of authorship is sealed by the artist's ostentatious vanishing act: no indexical trace but a name. And it is in this capacity that she returns to us as the author. Posing the titular question in the 1969 essay “What is an Author?”, I always thought Foucault gave the most satisfying answer in *Discipline and Punish* in 1975. Authorship, which I conflate with an *authority*, is most potent, most real, in the minds of those who find themselves *subjected*, regardless of whether that one particular authoring person is tangible within the room or the work. You could try and reinstate the self, the *auto* within the author, but the so-called “author-function” is to constitute that work as a third space between the *subjected* and the *subject* of the exhibition, and there's very little space for life-sized people in there. We should have known that authorship isn't all it's cracked up to be.



A conference on the dialectic and anti-dialectic is streaming live on a background browser. A bemused lecturer poses this question, presumably in response to another question from the (to me) inaudible audience: “You’re accusing me of civilising the real?” And now I wonder, Sanna, am I accusing you of civilising the real or am I civilising the real? Insofar as the exhibition gestures emphatically towards itself as such, *nicht-nur-spekulativ* (the German houses the adjective and the adverb within the same word), it would be wrong to think that this self-referentiality is merely the passive encirclement of a hermetically closed system: civilising the real. The work of speculation is centripetal, tending towards an accumulation at the (proprietary) centre. The force of reference, even self-reference, is always centrifugal, entailing a drift towards the periphery and beyond. The continual to and fro between forces charts an imperfect circle: a “wide, abundant circumference around the work,” as you call it, to contain and accommodate – artist, writer, exhibition, visitors, speculators, etc. Whether or not that equates to civilising the real depends on what exactly the *sondern-auch* invites into attendant space, or the way I finish the unfinishable sentence: *das, was ich habe und nicht sehen kann*

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In *Nicht-nur-Spekulativ*, Berger creates an exhibition articulating two conditions, *zwischen Haben und Sehen*. Exploring standard formats, display concepts and containers, thematising the exhibition format itself as collaborator, Berger takes a forking path. Referencing modernist minimalism as the aesthetics-of-aesthetics, conceptualising her idea of ‘Objektschwäche’ - Objektive Kriterien der Wesentlichkeit: *Das Material*. She re-positions domestic objects as readymades and re-conditions them as unreadymades. Showing them in two conditions, where the extremely minimal setting as ‘Kunst-haus’ is contrasted by the familiar objects echoing home-standard measurements and models as ‘haus-Kunst’,

Site-specificity-cum-size-specificity conceptualises the conditions of collecting where *Nicht-nur-spekulativ* but *Konkrete*, *Konsequente Objekte* contemplates art collecting as commodification versus commitment. Since the title refers, not merely to the ‘not-only-speculative’ ways of concretising work’s meaning, but to the artwork’s inherent objection to speculative collecting. Berger opposes the idea of acquiring artworks as a speculative value, whether in storage or on show, by letting the artworks stipulate their conditions of ownership, not vice versa. By size, by assemblage, by caveats of housing - concepts by which the artwork should not fit the ‘house’, but the ‘house’ should be fitted to the artwork. *Konsequenzen des Besitzes* where conditions set by the artwork premises its potentiality for collection.

Utilising German principled art-academic terminology as the epitome of *Kunst-Kritische Manierismen* - an aesthetic *Konkrete Argumente* poetry - words are not simply their meaning but also their materialisation. Where reflection, via works which materialises through German literature and theory, titles, themes and content, on what differentiates a theoretical critical practice from a *Nicht-bloß-spekulativ* critical praxis. Considerations in keeping with her formal practice, where both discursive and concise discourse thematise and materialise critical agency. By infiltration and mimicry, but never by mockery, of post-institutional standardised principles of production, of both fine arts and knowledge, whilst adopting anything-but a *besser-wisser* attitude, posing both questions and making potential statements through a *Nicht-nur-Spekulativ* Kontext.

Sanna Helena Berger works with site and situation-specific installations informed by critical agency and auto-biographic transparency. Her auto-didactic narrative applies a reflexive discipline, perspectivising her encounters with the art industry and its methods. These experienced standards are thematised in a meta-manner praxis which seeks to demystify her own production of art by applying philosophical empiricism, treating her experience as both content and reference. Installations consist of readymades and un-readymades, materialising the contrast between the two forms. Berger phenomenologically explores the formalism of a clear and present *objet d'art* and repositions the domestic object in its place. Through this selection Berger utilises strategies which prompt reflection on how we assign meaning and capital to the idea of originality and commodify it as exclusivity. Her site-specific practice thematises the exhibition itself as artwork, where formal minimalist modernity informs her ubiquitous aesthetics of aesthetics where objects act as collaborators. Whilst her performances deliver often dense monologues narrativising critical discourse, not only on the topic of art-at-large, but on the topic of her subjective and objective experience with art - as art.