

HOŠEK CONTEMPORARY

— EST. 2016 —

SANNA HELENA BERGER - EGO & ORCHESTRA

Monologue from the performance on 3rd June 2022

Here two extremes are defined. We rendezvous in an apex of a contradictory critique.

An ask for trust in a situation of maximum distrust; theatrics.

What will eventually turn into a thematic maxim in a biography, motivated by the sciences of conventional form equating maximum appeal, is at least in this very now, à la mode.

My agency stems from the refusal to play the game before soon-enough tiptoeing at the periphery of that same game and shortly after plunging straight in.

Is my conviction a mere echo, oscillating into the distance whilst I nestle deep into the folds of presentation? These are my morals, bursting first like a pop rock party in my mouth but quickly turning into a sickly sweet sensation and leaving a tacky residue making me reach for refreshments.

Is it possible to conceive of a new way to show the representational self? Manifested without the grand self-curatorial deception, which might set us free from the opulent illusion that the luxuries of exposure is a measurement of weighty matter. The aim of that game is to find foolproof moves where the appeal is to quickly grow luxuriant and facilitate fascination.

Concepts that I have difficulties succinctly sharing stop. I worry of becoming long winded. I become unstuck, substituting language, using falsely naive images, tuning into the totality of aesthetics. Which provides perhaps an excellent descriptor of the privacy clauses I accept and reject in the hopes of centering the impotent spot where the active and present subject remains in earshot from the never inattentive or unaware intensely present, present.

To see without being seen is never coming in first or last position, never becoming critical or instrumental but observant sans presence, with no apparent opacity as a subject, never an object, but a sphere made for scanning.

The preconditions of a strategy of always wanting more but never developing the practice of representation makes the interaction a simple confrontation. A respite from the occupational tête-à-tête of the perceived profiles, mingling tight-knit on a site which defines a place only from one's own point of view.

A view which makes the space part of a sum of places which one sees in an accumulative row of squares according to one's profile. Hardening the loose matter of seeing into a puzzle piece of the curated context, a near immediate retrospective of toing and froing with proof.

The essence of experience passes over the tongue, palatable immediately, but through this its documentation, permeates in a lingering existence of aftertaste.

It awakens the palette with the thrill of desire for the Self to be seen, documented in its seeing. If bottled, its flavour would fizzle quickly, inextricably and unpredictably, small yeasty bubbles would rise to the surface and when opened, and drunk, it would creep into the corners of the lips and dry, like microscopic stalactites.

Here lies culture.

But it is difficult to not try to yield to the universal standards of good form. Even the standards of the counteragents to convention. As these spaces are even more decodified than the simple old rules of establishment.

Look for signs of belonging in the movement, at the very moment, which even as it occurs is an entirely fragile and almost-already-passé moment. Where the median of the divided body shouts ego in a general toppling gesture. Fetching a ladder to get up the back of a very high horse, the maximum effort occupied by myself to both erase and blend effortlessly, seamlessly and without passings of judgement on hidden promotional tools and efforts, is on show here. If heard, the need for this attention can most economically be described as the need for presence. It is both saturation and plentitude of the self. A want and need and disgust for the same want and need.

Soon a sigh of relief as ubiquitous omnipresent sound envelops bodies, a relief because intricate dialectical extremes make mute points but practically all matter vibrates. Listening is more than just iconography. Hearing practises the mind from not seeing. It reduces the noise from the brutal imbalance typical of this kind of monologues pretending to be dialogues.

Acts like these which densely carry on compel the attention of others only momentarily, whilst the execution is entertaining, but should not keep long since to no avail we naturally come to resist sensations which removes the private dimensions. Where instead I speak rarely, prefer whispers which challenge the ear to the express purpose of listening.

Here I favour echoes which bounce off the alight illusion of a captive audience, the recoil off and onto bodies. The oscillating repetition hides in the folds of this close contact. Instead of my voice, position yourself within the noise of the least aesthetic, wide-ranging, sonorous, incantatory meaning which makes the most eloquent matter. An orchestra.

An entirely inconsistent agency which is thrown off balance by multiplicities, the blended body, the entirely unoriginal body. A saturation of presence to come to terms with, a general doppelgänger, hidden at the front, in plain view, is a want to make the material vibrate with prestige whilst both surrendering to and abhorring the representational image. The scene of underlined reflection is the admittance to doting on false idols but, Ah! Here is the relief, the confessional woman at large, also inextricably small quietens.

Text © Sanna Helena Berger

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