

A sequence which corresponds
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Don't leave bulk storage as a last undertaking and forget it.
Place it somewhere in the building where it costs less than other rooms - because,
of course, it doesn't need a finish.

Provide a service. A volume. A path.

As an author I aim to facilitate a change in this room's qualities. Tune into the contour of the
situation. The paths may be straight, but they are continually treaded.

I discreetly increase the awareness of your own body in this space, feel free to individuate myself
as a key focal point in your reception.

Depart from an accepted standard.

Condensed interiors make for frequent minor bruising. Especially in the folds of arms and knees.
Small discolorations in shades of greens and blues.
Leave the door on a slant, half-open to another room, then, a facade and eventually the world
immediately beyond it.

A small sock has accidentally found its way into my washing.
It is an artefact of an every-day that I don't settle in. This is something observed. As a result:
A method of molding, a ledge of rock or protruding strip of land.

I'm on the periphery. A skirt around the circumstance. The paths may be straight but I pass in a
wide and ample loop providing a short respite from a ho-hum situation.

I use the shape of my self to outline the room. I define a spatial awareness. I cross a threshold of
two environments. I've been promised an altered state. The material I produce is a reference to a
theory I've had; A sequence which corresponds.

The action of re-allocating something.
An authorship en masse. An alternate route.

I am viewing myself discreetly. I move carefully and gradually in this every-day setting.
I microwave.
The movement I make is not only a going through of motions but an action, the action of turning
something aside from its course.

There is a wealth in this skill. A facility. A complex whole; an indirect heading.
I don't specify but signify the importance of a broader emphasis on myself as a mileage;
An activity that diverts the mind from altruistic etiquette.

I lounge outside, in a new, revised set of principles.

I place something roughly in the middle. Lay out the space so that they create a sequence which begins with an entrance but eventually leads to the most private of domains.

I re-route the standard, disregarding the method according to which something is done proper and although my deviation is unhurried, it is a continuous movement from one place to another. An indirect course. An estimated 2 minutes slower.

A just-post potential passes by. A service which I could provide. Instead here; now; an awkward presence and the scandalous absence of the work whose place a domestic utility took.

I too quickly confirm this erasure of work. What I once saw as my advantage; the full control of my surroundings, now seems like a perfection of action by thought only.

I gravitate naturally towards the edge of this space. Traversing the point of the center which neatly organizes what I perceive as errors around it and make it to the cusp which puts it roughly to rest. I don't linger in the open.

This room is not usually a room.

I don't delight in generous movement or feel secure in a providing of pathways. In a circle one can become intensely aware of one's own self. In relation to the periphery I try to refrain from roughly in the middle.

I skirt.

I have no reason for this seeming grand analysis of a mundane practice of this co-habitant. It is an experimentally open situation.

What are my assumed responsibilities? Sensory trips undertaken in isolation from the shared social work? A labor? Is this a table setting? Is there another act coming? I circulate this space.

The middle is still empty and it needs to be embellished. The sound of glasses, whispers and laughter enlivens a room. Resisting the impulse to either chime in or remove myself, I leave it exactly where it falls. Off center.

A still water.
Paths fixed with obvious informality.

The most intuitive way to describe the need for this room is to say that the space must follow suit as I swell with respect for the outside of these walls, located just behind this door, down that long corridor towards the outer perimeter of the room.

Under a series of given circumstances, and only under those circumstances, an agglomeration of rooms closely connected turns from a structure into a sentiment.

A presumption.

On the first 4 or 5 steps sits a group of people gathered together in one place for a common purpose.

By entering this make-shift, ad-hoc, temporary room I grant you an opportunity to learn more about yourself than of me as the mediator or the author as the provider of my scripted precise references that aim to provide a pathway to self-reflection.

Recognize that you are not assembling your existence from components like an erector set, but that you are instead weaving a structure which starts out globally complete, but flimsy; then gradually making it stiffer but still rather flimsy; and only finally making it completely stiff and strong.

Leave behind a viewed mode of experience and react openly to this setting.

I am a form of subjectivity. An analysis of the typical. A stock-take.

Completely disregard the pre-existing knowledge or types of normative standards.

I know it is difficult to render yourself as a basic but allow a little stillness in this preexisting condition which is so filtered through norms and aims and standards that it is lost in utterance in a void of spectatorship

This is not a flat surface. Combine this convention with aware viewing.

Awake, face sunned in au fait.

There are no pre-conditions which you cannot overturn in co-existence.

Drive through systems, take-away place.

Comment on the language. Comment on the commentary of the language. precision stunts the possibility of delivery in the building plan. Ornamental needs have spread so widely, that very often people forget their instinct for the things they really want to keep around them.

Remain basic; Soft baked.