

***No Full Stop* with Anne Bourse, Mania Godarzani-Bakthiari, Isabelle Morton Curated by Julia Künzi 18.9.–17.10.2026 Opening 17.9.2026, 6–8 pm**

The concept of art as knowledge production has been lingering around for longer. Through archival montage or juxtaposition, through speculative fabulation, in a para-fictional aesthetic or as research, exhibitions and the works within more often than not address something, uncover something, challenge dominant narratives, foreground marginalized knowledge, respond to crisis, are identifiable. Research propositions within a discursive field. This exhibition has no topic, and the art works are not examples of a curatorial category. I came to invite Anne Bourse, Mania Godarzani-Bakthiari, and Isabelle Morton quite intuitively. What binds the three practices together stayed just out of reach to name, but felt somehow right; it did not make sense, but is “making sense” a productive way of thinking about art? I decided to go with this intuition, as a way of going with something before it hardens into a category. Not a topical thread, but a feeling that we all share an interest in a specific condition, one that isn’t looking for an ending. Not one of finishing statements or explanations, not commentary, not certainty, something softer.

Early on, despite “the journey is the destination”, we learn what ultimately counts is the final form: the test result and the grade, the polished version. Edges are smoothed, hesitations erased, lines drawn with vigor, letters signed off. A draft occupies a different condition. It keeps the possibility of continuation alive while suggesting a direction. Isabelle Morton’s works sit within this potentiality. While carefully and deliberately assembled, the techniques and materials she uses flirt with staying provisional: left-over cut outs of paper and foil, bearing traces of color, attached with humble nails, wedges as fixtures, fingerprints. The series *Hook, line, and sinker* (2026) leans on to the walls as architectural comments, cutting the fragmented exhibition space into new angles. On a closer look, their edges show themselves to be cautiously curved, cut-out and sanded, turning the normed scantlings into shaky but elegant silhouettes.

In Anne Bourse’s words, “All the clubs in my work, whether real or fantasized, are mental spaces, empty boxes (une boîte de nuit) to be filled. It’s a box that channels desires, materials, and leftovers, and a place to think about music and the night, whether the sleepless night or the one when, deeply asleep, we dream.” Bourse builds such places from fragments and intimacies: drawings, self-made, pieces of writing, furniture, clothes, things found or kept around. They come together as loose environments, somewhere between a room, a stage and an imagined interior. There is something delib-

erately porous about these works, sensual and flickering. They seem inhabited, but it is never entirely clear by whom. Rather than one fictional world, the elements allow different characters, hauntings and associations to pass through them.

Different dunes appear in Mania Godarzani-Bakthiari's film *BRB (Be right back)* (2023). One in Iran, one in California, a model, a placeholder graphic. Two characters climb these soft hills, both together and on their own. The different sites start to overlap. Scale becomes uncertain and distances collapse, what at first appears to be a landscape might just as well be an image of one. The dunes shift between model, place, memory, without settling entirely into any of them. Also her sculpture (*Frauenplatz*) *Model after Günter Anlauf* (2026) can be read within this framework. It is a model of the former water playground in what was once called "Frauenplatz," in Berlin's Olympiabad. While the Nazis built the whole complex for the 1936 Olympic Games, the water fountain was added in 1978/79, designed by Berlin sculptor Günter Anlauf. It's no longer spouting water today, but its whimsical concrete-scape remains in place. Where the dunes blur scale and place, the pool out of marzipan, a material so dense in sugar it's basically made for eternity, sits between decay and preservation: a perishable thing that stubbornly refuses to perish.

Somewhere in this in-between, thinking about the practices, circling around how to propose these different evasive worlds, I found myself with Maurice Blanchot. In "The Infinite Conversation", he talks about interruption, pauses, emptiness and incompleteness not as absences, but as productive conditions of thought and speech. He points out that the breaks and silences are what ties a conversation together: "The pause that permits exchange, the wait that measures infinite distance"¹. Perhaps the same can be asked of the works here: to be finished without being closed, completion and closure being two different things. I like to think of all of them as being just a slight tick out of sync. Although some parts are recognizable as familiar reminders or markers, they don't inform, they oppose the buzz words and embrace ambiguity, slip their own classifications and open doors to personal fictions.

– Julia Künzi