DREI

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Marcel Hiller
Junction
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Press Release

The english term ‚junction' contains a variety of meanings. It does not designate a thing, but the relational landscape of the thing involved in its constitution. It means a continual in-between, the relationship itself, in which things meet each other.

The fingernails dig into the palms.
The street is not empty.
The car's seatbacks form a textbook straight line.
The hair is tousled, though there is no wind here.
The coin is still warm.
The door opens without difficulty.
The woman skims the foam off the glass with a wooden stick.
The palm is blotchy.
The side of the house has only false windows.
The street is very busy.
The lemon slice slowly tumbles to the bottom of the glass.
The woman puts the broom back in its place.
The clothes have just been ironed.
The objects display the general resemblance to opinions.
The ash on the cigarette is already curling.
The lines on the palm are damp, their edges black with dirt.
The lips are so dry that they leave no mark on the glass.
The stains on the street visibly shrink.
The shoes have no steel toe caps.
The plates hang at regular intervals on the wall.
The woman clasps her hands behind her neck.
The chairs are joined by rails.
The thought makes the woman's face contort.
The movements all join together to form circles.
The street is easy to survey.
The woman looks at her carefully manicured hands.
The soft butter slaps onto the stone floor.
The cat saw nothing.
The tip of the fence post is thickly wrapped in a light-coloured cloth.
The car's seatback has fallen forward onto the steering wheel.
The break is still fairly fresh.
The pupil dilates.
The woman did not even hold her breath while listening.
The upholstery is slit open.
The corners of the mouth turn upward.
The cat licks the stone.
The bubble on the spittle stain bursts.
The woman fiddles with the slipped stocking.
The woman lays her hands flat on her head.
The tarpaulin billows over the abandoned car.
The barrel points at the ground.
The child's cheeks tremble while running.
The door is still swinging back and forth.
The hand stands out clearly against the darkness.
The floorboards seem loose.
The woman swallows the yawn.
The nostrils grow wider and wider.
The final sounds eventually die away into a noise.

„The" sentences are taken from Peter Handke's novel „The Peddler" (1967).

With his work, Marcel Hiller negotiates the situational conditions of approved spaces. By orchestrating these spaces using design objects, architectural structures, found footage, works of art, image- and text material as well as collaborative processes, he sharpens their readability - in opposition to their neutralizing representative claims. Marcel Hiller recently has had a row of institutional solo exhibitions including Kunstverein Bremerhaven, Georg Kolbe Museum (Berlin). In 2010 he founded Magicgruppe Kulturobjekt, a collective of variable formation, bringing together artists from different genres to develop site-specific installations. Marcel Hiller orchestrated such projects at Bonnefantenmuseum (Maastricht), Kunsthal W139 (Amsterdam), Ludwig Forum Aachen, Extra City Kunsthal (Antwerp), Kunstverein Nürnberg (Nuremberg) and Lothringer 13 (Munich). *Junction* is Marcel Hiller's inaugural exhibition with the gallery.