

## micro celebrities

commissioned by MARCEL HILLER

with DOMINIQUE HURTH / DAMARIS KERKHOFF / K. H. KJÆRSKOV / ALWIN LAY / THOMAS MUSEHOLD  
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You are drunk...yes, you too. So what? Watch it, you will soon know. An alien is nothing more than a figurative display of our paradigmatic faulty reading of the other person. It lurks about. Some of us, presumably non-aliens, can think about things, string theories for instance and others produce something or paint....Produce? Paint, what's that?...well, whatever. Whether concrete or self-referential stuff, combined as much as possible with registers of unresolved stories for permanence, aliens perhaps, we here as true producers are if at all successful then as derivatives among other things...Success? We? You perhaps... No WE. There cannot be a You or I without the We... You mean, we should not let ourselves be used to decode consistencies? Yes, yes something of the sort and always the threat of valorisation...You paranoid neo leftist...Listen, a number of styles exist in parallel waiting to be instantiated in their specific milieus or the other way round...yeah, yeah...What now does The Now mean? Is something contemporary only because it by way of a predication incorporates the tangible, almost instantiated future into the present? Is not a *contemporary now* very easily quantifiable by anchoring representational content formats until its .....Departing from formats is surely THE THING...perhaps in your self-help compilations...and releases our time from the transcript of its administrators and flings us into experience...Perhaps artistic productions harbour existential forms which some or the other superior one flits past like any postal code or a zombie code without being tweaked by some algorithm. For, internet forever speaks with its mouth full and sweeping denigration by all is wrong on our part, even when it as a fully compliant avant-garde of merchandise ranges from being beneficial to pleasant for everyone...now wait...For, success in particular continues to be accomplished by barely quantifiable, psychological...but these error rates! These...do WE constitute the error? Am I the error?...look, a WE, it's like this: everyone says 'I' and that is why there has always been an underpinning of a 'We' in the 'I'-speak, refusing to toe the line operates as a secret logic: this WE can only be expressed by saying 'I' here and now...good to talk about it...That means this 'We' is first and foremost my 'We', bearing nevertheless in mind that it hold good for others too, failing which it ceases to be a 'We'. Now, others too believe the same. We basically tend to misjudge ourselves in the 'We' of our personal context, and yet this misconception constitutes the criterion of potential, at all....And this title? Mirco what?....*micro celebrities* at the peripheries of attitude without grand gestures, visual milieus of Ephemere, milieus that cannot be conceived as the suppressed or the residual that sooner engages in the 'self' than with micromanagement, that seem to be wrought by a metric in the realm of the private...yeah, yeah, yeah...okay?

Marcel Hiller