

# H A M L E T

Dominic Michel

*over the bed, under the skin, inside the head*

Exhibition: March 1<sup>st</sup> - April 4<sup>th</sup> 2021

Opening Hours: by appointment only - [date@hamlet.love](mailto:date@hamlet.love)

Entering, saying hello to a bunch of somehow anthropomorphic objects and maybe also body parts. *Untitled* seems the most precise non-descriptor for objects so specific. Anyhow, taking a slight turn to the right and encountering the simplest and maybe least hidden trompe-l'œil ever: layered human silhouettes but only recognizable after passing through the room to take a look at them from the front, or the side, or wait... – yes, where does the profile actually begin? Where does the face begin? Where does the body begin? The layers are oh so clear and still a group of maybe a dozen people and at least one dog are hard to strip down and disassemble. Borders and boundaries fuzzy, a video still hanging on the wall pushing this notion one more time with the image showing a broken shop window – a somehow undefined space between public and private, value-driven yet non-economic, communicative but monological.

Turning the next corner, a series of videos. Shaky, chronologically and visually hard to determine, again. In *Cascade*, unidentifiable protagonists – albeit lacking a specific task – seem to assume the right to roam. The borders are oh so clear and still so hard to strip down and disassemble. Framed by model-resembling living room setups sandwiched between IKEA-shelves, the available input fizzles until there is nothing left to encounter besides an empty room, blocked by a semi-motivated plinth. Maybe *Untitled* meant nothing more than that in the first place – or maybe, just maybe, *Untitled* is an offer, an opening. Who knows.

*Clifford E. Bruckmann*