

ED ATKINS KUNSTHALLE ZÜRICH

15. FEBRUAR BIS 11. MAI 2014

LIMMATSTRASSE 270, CH-8005 ZÜRICH

MO GESCHLOSSEN

DI / MI / FR 11-18 UHR, DO 11-20 UHR

SA / SO 10-17 UHR



Einladung zur Eröffnung der Ausstellung

ED ATKINS

Freitag, 14. Februar 2014, 18–21 Uhr

Begrüssung: Beatrix Ruf, 18.45 Uhr, Foyer



Unser Dank geht an:

Stadt Zürich Kultur
Kanton Zürich, Fachstelle Kultur
Zürcher Kantonalbank – Partnerin der Kunsthalle Zürich
LUMA Stiftung
george foundation
The Henry Moore Foundation

<p>VERANSTALTUNGEN: Für aktuelle Informationen zum Veranstaltungs- und Vermittlungsprogramm der Kunsthalle Zürich beachten Sie bitte die Hinweise auf unserer Homepage www.kunsthallezurich.ch oder kontaktieren Sie uns unter info@kunsthallezurich.ch.</p>
<p>KATALOG: Zur Ausstellung erscheint im JRP Ringier Kunstverlag in Kollaboration mit der Julia Stoschek Collection die erste Monographie des Künstlers. Mit Beiträgen von Joe Luna und Ed Atkins, einem Gespräch zwischen Beatrix Ruf und dem Künstler sowie zahlreichen Abbildungen.</p>
<p>ÖFFENTLICHE FÜHRUNGEN: SONNTAGSFÜHRUNGEN, 14 Uhr: 23.2. / 9.3. / 23.3. / 6.4. / 20.4. / 4.5. LUNCHFÜHRUNGEN, Mittwoch, 12.30 Uhr: 12.3. / 9.4. ABENDFÜHRUNGEN, Donnerstag, 18.30 Uhr: 27.2. / 27.3. / 24.4.</p>
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<p>ÖFFNUNGSZEITEN: DI/MI/FR 11–18 UHR, DO 11–20 UHR SA/SO 10–17 UHR, MO GESCHLOSSEN FEIERTAGE: Karfreitag / Ostersonntag / Ostermontag / 1. Mai, 10–17 UHR</p>

Der britische Künstler Ed Atkins (geboren 1982, lebt und arbeitet in London) greift in seinem Werk, das Videos, Videoinstallationen, Texte und Zeichnungen umfasst, die Virtualität unserer zeitgenössischen Bilderwelt und deren tiefgreifende Resonanz auf unsere Lebenswirklichkeit auf. Seine High-Definition-Videos, die er mit eindringlichem Surround Sound unterlegt, hinterfragen diese neuesten technischen Darstellungsmöglichkeiten, denen die paradoxe Fähigkeit innewohnt, mit immateriellen Mitteln Körper und Stofflichkeiten lebensecht wiederzugeben. Dieselbe Diskrepanz findet sich auch thematisch in seinen Arbeiten wieder: Sie kreisen um Kadaver, Krankheit und Tod – Motive, die uns unsere eigene Körperlichkeit bewusst werden lassen. Atkins digitale Kompositionen in satten Farben und präzisen Schrittrhythmen zeigen vielfältiges Filmmaterial: Aufnahmen von Wäldern, Stränden oder Früchten, aber auch Clips aus Zombie-Filmen und computergenerierte Animationen, die auf der Tonebene von Gitarrencrecendos, Horrorfilmmelodien, Dialogen oder dem Murmeln des Künstlers aus dem Off begleitet werden. Im Rahmen seiner ersten institutionellen Einzelausstellung in der Schweiz, konzipiert Ed Atkins eine eigens für diese Präsentation geschaffene neue, gross angelegte installative Arbeit. Mit drei Filmen und einem die Filme und Räume verbindenden auditiven Werk, fasst er die gesamte Ausstellungsfläche des Neubaus der Kunsthalle Zürich. Zudem werden frühere Videoarbeiten des Künstlers zu sehen sein.

In his works, which include videos, video installations, texts and drawings, British artist Ed Atkins (born in 1982, lives and works in London) explores the material quality of our contemporary visual world and its existential resonance. He records his videos in high-definition with powerful surround sound. These new options for technical presentation have the paradoxical capacity to reproduce life-like materiality and bodies using immaterial means. This paradox is also a theme in Atkins's work, which revolves around the cadaver, disease and death – motifs that raise awareness of the viewer's own corporeality. Atkins's digital compositions in saturated colours and precise editing rhythms show film material of forests, beaches, fruit and clips from zombie films, and also include computer-generated animations accompanied by sounds varying from guitar crescendos, horror film melodies and dialogue to the murmurs of the artist himself from behind the camera. As part of his first institutional show in Switzerland, Ed Atkins presents a large-scale installation created specially for this exhibition. He fills the entire exhibition space of Kunsthalle Zürich's new building with three films and an auditory work that links the films and the spaces. Earlier video works by the artist will also be presented.

All of this characteristic of the prevailing PHALLOCRACY. Summoned as upright witness for the prosecution. Needless to say, we're all of us against THUMBS UP. Even if, on those seldom-bright nights, sleights of hand, enclosed palmistry, digital universalism, repealed fists, still seem capable of saving us.

Even Pricks, brother.

Followed by ASPIRATIONAL CHUNDER. Another one-bed, pre-furnished, slit open. Punitive, hollow-point hen carcass forcibly thrown up on a tide of dirty blonde and ditched faith.

– Ultimately, this is how you and I would like to live, how we'd like to spend our hours, is what we're like – what we would like and what others like us? What they like about us, which is what we like's our homes *and how!*

An of-age couple whom, notably, work during the day and sleep during the night. Pretty apparent that this, their apartment, is a place of *caveated living*. So when the front door is double-locked and the windows are down and blinded, it's truly *rough* in there. Queasy. The walls sweating some sort of spent and vertical shame, along with whatever blended sewage of soft-shelled bottom feeders they couldn't keep down after dinner.

At night: at least a foot of cooling mattress between them.

An acronym for WELCOME and also a way of spelling HOSPITAL.

Laid to rest in this thin bed and criminally burying downward-motioning physical process, for shame. Pharmacologic prognosis chalked up on the pine headboard, turned the bed recklessly, insouciantly on its side so as to approximate, risk-free, an outlook over there, beneath the room, in the sprawling comments section, – *which we like!*

Light from the surface peters out completely at this depth. From now on, we will be relying on the glow from phosphorescent minerals in the surrounding rock-like. I can tell you, brother that a thousand unhinged teenagers were down here last night. Teenagers holding together down here, wearing out their jeans and licking the wet heads of those stalactites over there and tonguing the fungus from those hot-pink tectonic crevices over here. SPENT by 5am, they stand right there where you're standing right now and sway in time to that thin, masochistic singing most of us are anatomically incapable of hearing past twenty, twenty-one. Swaying to that thin singing and the eye-watering accompaniment of young heart magma.

(A Hospital Welcome)

– We just got home from work.
– Phew! (A distance barely possible to describe, Home and Work so completely confused) So I have a second job at the same computer. Maybe a third. A fourth, even. The anti- procrastinatory software I installed has a hard time describing the difference between work and leisure; it seems one affords the other. For each job, I wear a different expression of increasing exasperation, if that even seems possible. Generally speaking, I am far too reliant on the presumption that my brain is all the time inside my head. That it hasn't slipped out for something or other.

I go to work and I just got home at 10.
Christ! what a fucking day.
Jesus! what a fucking day.
I'm well beat.

And I well, and well I leave to get some cigarettes, coke, vodka, some milk and cheap cereal for the morning, batteries, tape, various repellents.

And come back over, and I knocked or then knock or on your door and tell you that I didn't make it to work today. That I just went online and the rest; work resting like a grub or a worm or an unfurled woodlouse in the drop-shadow of the hundred-odd tabs of Safari. So you say *OK and everything*, through the door. And so I go in my room fucking tripping, tears worked out and thumbs up and *I like it!*

– Thumbs up and into meth-wet-rolled eyes.
And I LIKE IT!

And in square tablets from the dropped, fire-retardant ceiling, a message of proto-sapien DISTINCTION strung like sausages with terminal, Classical verdict: a blooded and cocked vertical, wreathed in laurels and muscle-memories of childish, pruned grips.

So I hear this crash like a car letting itself in and I hear you screaming.
So I run back there and dead wasps and glass ashtrays breeding butts, asshole!
(The floor is the first thing anyone ever notices)

So but I turn the light on and all I see is this big hole, real big hole, and all I seen was your defrocked mattress and very basically. And that's all I seen. I jump straightaways into the hole and trying to dig you out with my hands and I couldn't find you. I heard I thought I could hear you hollering for me help to help you. Ultimately, I didn't see any part of you when I went in there. All I seen was your bedhead, the ground scarfing it, like. Like animals that eat whole, autosarcophagising themselves in some sort of rush before you come along and eat them whole.

Your earthenware depictions of brown mouths with cavities to secrete the lives of unborn prawns scoffed in Corfu. Those stowed black spherical eggs. Ultimately, we wolf cheap beds and knock back their occupants.

And I just start digging and started digging and started digging. It's hard, hung. Ploughing into staggering accumulated religious corpses with tyrannical impunity. Serried piercing for a harder fuck, like. A grip and, almost always, there's a thing to grip.

Running-through the already ran-through. And *O!* where he produces some sort of shiv from absolutely nowhere and just fucking hugs it into the other guy's guts! –His free hand finding the back of the other guy's neck, cradling this guy's weight, his head, on to his broad paternal shoulder like it's an act of love, mercy – like it's the kindest thing in the world. And he's shushing this guy as you would a child or an anxious foreigner – and he's quivering slightly with the sheer brink of it – and this poor stabbed guy's face we see in the counter shot over the shoulder, looking for all the world like he's witnessing a miracle, and he's crying and its not that convincing but that's totally part of it: that you're not really convinced and neither am I – either because the whole thing's not really that convincing, or we're just not really that convincible any more. Either way, it *really* moves both of us.

(Stabber thinks of stabbee: *I am inventing you as you are.*)

So there's blood and sand curdling gravely under this indigo nail, *scooped* by low looks sent careering out of our swiveling gang eyes.

Condemnation and apocalyptic fraternity with gravity, planting into soft-bedded crusts as agricultural prep work, scrolling down to some underlying complaint or other, and the cross-sectioned soil: ribbons of clay, sand, chalk; a cut-off cave; prehistoric boners; hordes of treasure.

(A sunken shack, essentially. Half-buried beneath a bank of topsoil. Inside, those same demented soft-shell ghosts of fierce holds and brine-swollen knots go about the process of possessing young genitals, accessed through a thousand or more mirrored tumblers, inverted, slammed onto Ouija boards, thumbed about the alphabet by wandering digits and plural desires.)

And the cops showed up. Showed up and pulled me out of the hole and told me the floor was still falling in and get the hell out of there there's nothing you can do for him now. And to make sure you're not dead, make see if you're alive. I know in my heart, etc.

But I just want to be here for you because I love you.

Text “Even Pricks” by Ed Atkins