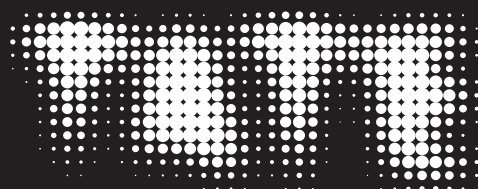


ED ATKINS

2 APR – 25 AUG 2025

# LARGE PRINT GUIDE



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All information is correct at the time of publication

# CORRIDOR 61

## Corridor 61

### **ED ATKINS**

2 April – 25 August 2025

**Ed Atkins** is supported by  
The Ed Atkins Exhibition Supporters Circle:  
Danish Arts Foundation

Tate International Council  
Tate Patrons

Curated by Polly Staple, former Director of Collection,  
British Art and Nathan Ladd, Curator,  
Contemporary British Art, with Hannah Marsh,  
Assistant Curator, Contemporary British Art.

This exhibition has been made possible as a result of the  
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Studio images courtesy of Ed Atkins

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Exhibition Build: MCD Heritage Ltd, James Lumber

Graphics Printing and Installation: OMNI

Lighting: Dalkia UK, Steve Jackson, Dylan McAleenan

## VISITOR INFORMATION

The exhibition is divided into eight rooms. There are 60 works in the exhibition, including 11 moving-image works.

Most rooms contain looped videos with sound. Video durations are listed on wall labels. Lighting levels in the gallery vary.

There is seating in some rooms and portable stools are available at the exhibition entrance.

Ear defenders, ear plugs, magnifying glasses, reading overlays, ramble tags and communication cards are available on the shelf below.

Large print guides are available at the exhibition entrance and on the Tate website.

A quiet room is available on the main floor, next to the Play Studio.

Toilets are located outside the exhibition space on the ground floor. The Changing Places facility can be accessed through the Clore Gallery. Please ask a member of Tate staff for directions.

The film in the final room is two hours long. Screening times are listed below and outside the final room:

10:30 / 12:40 / 14:50

**My life and my work are inextricable. How do I convey the life-ness that made these works through the exhibition? Not in some factual, chronological, biographical way, but through sensations. I want it so the more you see, the richer, more complex, less authored, less gettable things become. – Ed Atkins**

Ed Atkins is best known for his computer-generated videos and animations. Repurposing contemporary technologies in unexpected ways, his work traces the dwindling gap between the digital world and human feeling. He borrows techniques from literature, cinema, video games, music and theatre to examine the relationship between reality, realism and fiction.

This exhibition features moving image works from the last 15 years alongside writing, paintings, embroideries and drawings. Together, they pit a weightless digital life against the physical world of heft, craft and touch. Atkins uses his



own experiences, feelings and body as models to mediate between technology and themes of intimacy, love and loss.

Repetition and deviation act as structural devices throughout the exhibition. Atkins splits artworks across rooms, repeats them or alters their format. He wants to induce a sense of the familiar made strange, of digression, mistake, confusion, incoherence and interruption. For him, the exhibition represents a reimagining of the messy, unravelling realities of life. The artist introduces rooms and artworks in his own words.

Ed Atkins was born in Oxford, England in 1982. He lives and works in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Please use this space to read publications by Ed Atkins and other titles chosen by the artist.

Please return the books after you have looked at them.

Ed Atkins born 1982

## **How it's made**

2015

with Simon Thompson

Video and sound

Duration: 19hrs, 44 min

This video consists of excerpts from **How It's Made**, a Discovery Channel TV programme that shows how various household products are manufactured. The artist Simon Thompson and I edited scenes together to obscure the finished items. It's 19 hours of industrial production, overdubbed with a reading of Marcel Proust's 1913 novel **Swann's Way**. The video presents a dream of the past as a tangible, visible, romantic place. From the perspective of the present, these labours have been obscured by the immaterial, automatic illusions of the digital. – Ed Atkins

Courtesy the artist, Galerie Isabella Bortolozzi, Berlin,  
Cabinet Gallery, London, dépendance, Brussels and  
Gladstone Gallery, New York

X91316

# ROOM 1

The first work you encounter is a machine-embroidered patchwork of stained linen stretched over acoustic foam. The barely visible text is a diary my Dad kept while undergoing cancer treatment, bluntly alphabetised into dispassionate nonsense. Throughout the show, embroideries act as material counterweights to my digital videos. Found fabrics, spoiled by use, are stretched to video aspect ratios and covered with unfathomable lists. Where the videos project, the embroideries absorb, putting out silence.

The videos in this room, **Death Mask II: The Scent** and **Cur**, are two of my earliest experiments. I made them right after finishing art school at The Slade. As soon as I started editing footage and sound together on my laptop, I fell in love with the process – what it could contain and the feelings it could express.

I wanted the subject of the camera to recede, allowing the editing, sound, and effects to come to the fore. I started making videos that explored how they were made and how they structured sentiment, confessing their artificial nature while remaining oddly ignorant of it. Slickly edited digital footage is interrupted by messy reality in the form of excess, frustration and accident. These are fragments of unknowable sensation.

I was thinking a lot about the material and emotional extremes of death when I made these videos, as well as the texture of grief. My Dad had recently died, which suffused my life with loss. I wanted to find a vessel and a language to contain these feelings. I began to think of high-definition digital videos as corpses – vivid, heavy and empty. These early short videos are more or less horror films.

## Death Mask II: The Scent

2010

Video and sound

Duration: 8 mins, 19 secs

**Death Mask II** is all synth noise, vivid, posterised colours, jump cuts and weird advertainment. I wanted to present a montage of sensation, desire, and generic familiarity. To both entice and repulse. I pined to reanimate the dead, to make videos that were necromantic.

Riz Ortolani wrote the music that accompanies the repeated unfolding clock-calculator. It was composed for Ruggero Deodato's low-budget horror film **Cannibal Holocaust** (1980). The music is sickly and sweet – innocuous for the genre. It's also very catchy.

Tate. Purchased with funds provided by the Brian and Nancy Pattenden Bequest 2012

T13450

## **Cur**

2010

Video and sound

Duration: 5 mins

**Cur** is a very intimate video that quickly sheds its specificity in order to foreground its construction. As well as using clichéd emotional cues and tropes, this happens through performative (deliberate) 'accidents'. Autofocus racks badly, lens flares are sought and dwelled on and audio blurts and cuts unceremoniously. I lean hard on these signifiers of supposed authenticity, forcing or markedly faking them. This use of mocked-up accidents is something that runs through all my work as a kind of confession or double-speak.

Courtesy the artist, Galerie Isabella Bortolozzi, Berlin,  
Cabinet Gallery, London, dépendance, Brussels and  
Gladstone Gallery, New York

X91650

ROOM 2



## Anticlockwise from door

**Hisser** is one of my first entirely computer-generated videos. It was inspired by reading a news story about a man in Florida who went to bed one night only for a sinkhole to open under his bedroom. The earth swallowed him up, and his body was never recovered. I started to fantasise about every story ending like this. Sinkholes opening up abruptly under beds throughout history, throughout literature and cinema. This idea attracted and consoled me.

The video repeats across three screens of different sizes. The bedroom's dimensions are modelled to a 16:9 ratio, so it fills the screens perfectly. There's a confusion of scale: the scene appears like a theatre stage, or an elaborate dolls house with one wall removed. The plasticity and reproducibility of digital video is underscored by the scaled repetition.

The computer-generated character is a customised stock figure from the online 3D marketplace Turbosquid. The character's facial movements and speech are mine, recorded and mapped using rudimentary performance capture technology. So I am in there too, performing, wearing the figure like a mask or a skin.

**Hisser** brims with things I wanted to exorcise. Feelings I wanted to see, ordeals I wanted to put the character through. I wanted him to apologise and to be punished, to suffer. It was around this time that I started calling the characters in my videos 'surrogates' or 'emotional crash-test dummies'. They can cope with things that I cannot. Although our relationship isn't literal or 1:1, this surrogate is a version of me. The things that happen to it are rehearsals of the unimaginable. O, to be swallowed by the earth and never retrieved.

## Untitled

2023

Coloured pencil on paper

This is a self-portrait, one of several in the show. It took a long time to reintroduce drawing into my practice. Eventually, I embraced the self-evident connections between drawing and my videos – questions of representation, attention and labour. I thought I'd be straightforward about the self-portraits: make them look traditional and somewhat technically impressive, as well as kind of grotesque. I loathe my body and the way I look. I am often entirely destroyed by an encounter with an image of myself. The intense scrutiny required to draw these images offered a kind of therapeutic distance. As a thing to copy, I could stare at myself comfortably for hours.

Collection of Eleanor Heyman Propp

X90608

## Beds

2025

Motor, battery, wooden bed frame and cotton sheets

The mechanism that undulates inside these two empty beds was designed for the play **Sorcerer**. I wrote and directed it with the poet Steven Zultanski in 2022. In the play, as a kind of psychological proxy, a single bed stands slightly off-stage, its covers writhing unceasingly.

We wrote **Sorcerer** during the Covid-19 pandemic. It's a play about intimacy and the pleasures of being with others and of being alone. The awkwardness of live theatre is present in much of my work. When an actor breaks character during a scene, it's known as 'corpsing'. I want everything I make to corpse.

Courtesy the artist

X91887–8

# ROOM 3

## Anticlockwise from door

### WALL TEXT 1

**Refuse.exe** is a piece of software that runs across two screens. This is the lower screen, the upper is in a later room of the exhibition. Here, a litany of junk and weather falls onto a stage, accumulating in a great mound of crap. The work is generated live using a modified version of the video game engine Unreal. It's a physics simulation as proposition – a rudimentary video game that plays itself. Importantly, it is not a recording. Each run-through is scripted but fundamentally different.

I think of **Refuse.exe** as stripped back theatre. It was originally conceived as such. I wanted to reduce drama to a grim concentrate. Bin juice. A sequence of things would drop down to an empty stage at dramatic intervals, forming a big pile. I got quite far with these plans – talking with theatres about the load-bearing capacity of their stages, how to stop shards of glass flying into the audience, etc. – but my ideas were ultimately too expensive and impractical. Dramatising a simulation felt like a fantastical alternative.

Lists of things are everywhere in the show. Lists are my favourite kind of literature: flat, objective and pragmatic while remaining abstract, personal and withholding.

**Refuse.exe** is a list of waste. It relates to the ordering of material and psychological things as data, an organising principle that can feel both violently crude and deeply satisfying.

## WALL TEXT 2

**Old Food** is a group of looping computer-generated animations among racks of costumes. It stages a pseudo-historic world of peasantry, bucolic landscape and eternal ruin. The characters weep continuously, their lives devoid of dramatic redemption. I had the title **Old Food** long before I made any of the work. Food seems at such profound odds with the digital. The tears in these videos have the same weird feeling.

I think of these animations and the figures that populate them as things that yearn. They long for the inarticulacies of life – experiences that the technology cannot reproduce. The baby, the boy and the man weep constantly, without cause. They try and fail to speak, gawping imploringly from their screens. They're me. The costume racks stand between

in their thronged masses. I got them from the Deutsche Oper, an opera house in Berlin. The costumes are heavy, soiled husks, absent their animating actors. The audience completes the work, as the only living bodies in the room.

**Old Food** is significant because it's almost completely devoid of my voice: there's no speaking or overt lyricism. It marks the beginning of a deliberate impoverishment in my work – the feeling of wanting to speak but not knowing what to say. A universe of foley, sound effects and field recordings blooms in place of speech, a world reported through sound. Eyelids slap and peel, heavy leather creaks and buckles tinkle in caricature. And then the music begins.



## Contemporary Art Writing Daily

### Untitled

2017

6 laser engraved wood panels

These texts are by the anonymous writing project Contemporary Art Writing Daily (CAWD). I don't know who they are, but they're my favourite art critics. For **Old Food**, I wanted them to write a series of wall texts without having seen the work itself. I described the videos, the thinking, and what I was into via email, then asked them to write whatever they wanted in response. They sent me a backwash of institutional ventriloquism, Wikipedia entries, grotesquery and humour. The texts are laser-burnt into offcut bits of museum trash.

Courtesy the artist and Cabinet Gallery, London

X100227-32

## Good Smoke

2017

Video and sound

Duration: 16 mins

At the climax of **Old Food**, 'Extended Circular Music No.2' by the Swiss composer Jürg Frey is performed by the characters – and by extension, me. The loop of piano music rhymes with the loop of the videos: it's purgatorial. It also allegorises the failure of memory, the loss of a sense of an ending.

Frey's music is extraordinarily, depleted. Depleted not in a pejorative sense, but rather a deliberate impoverishment that essentialises what's left. The sound feels incredibly close to the listener, yet resoundingly absent and lonely. This sensation is part of what I'm looking for in my later animations.

Courtesy the artist, Galerie Isabella Bortolozzi, Berlin,  
Cabinet Gallery, London, dépendance, Brussels and  
Gladstone Gallery, New York

X91327

## **Good Boy**

2017

Video and sound

Duration: 16 mins

Over the years, I've tested my belief that computer-generated imagery (CGI) always fails to produce a convincing representation of life, regardless of its ever-increasing graphical fidelity or 'realism'. In asking digital technology to conjure things it cannot truly represent or experience it becomes intrinsically pathetic. By compelling computer-generated characters to enact feelings of sadness, I'm trying to compare (but not confuse) CGI's representational impotence with some essential melancholy of human experience.

Courtesy the artist, Galerie Isabella Bortolozzi, Berlin,  
Cabinet Gallery, London, dépendance, Brussels and  
Gladstone Gallery, New York

X91321

# ROOM 4

## WALL TEXT 1

**Pianowork 2** is an animated recording of me playing Jürg Frey's 'Klavierstück 2' at Mimic Productions in Berlin on 22 June 2023. It was a very hot, early summer's day. Mimic created a 'digital double' of me, scanning my head and hands. It was the first time I'd used a computer-generated figure with my own likeness. I played the piece at an upright piano, wearing a sensor-filled Lycra onesie with a head-mounted rig holding an iPhone a short distance from my face.

I tried very hard to do what Frey's score asks. I counted the beats in the vast rests, the 468 instances of the same fourth, the precisely instructed micro-shifts of tempo. I worried about and tried to depress the keys with the correct **pianissimo** dynamic to follow the previous decayed chord played 40 seconds prior. This agonising pace makes for a terrific mounting of anxiety.

My love of pianos comes from my Mum. She plays beautifully, and her repertoire accounts for much of my sentimental taste. Pianos are machines too, but my identification with them is empathic. My own roboticness, when alone, is often an excuse for instinctive interactions with technology. Performing 'Klavierstück 2' is a gorgeous crisis, a worrying that operates between my roboticness and my trembling humanity.

I wanted **Pianowork 2** to be as stripped back as possible, to refocus on what I felt was important in my use of digital video. However lifelike the fake, there will always be an irrecoverable remainder. This works both ways: I want to rediscover the human in the most inhuman places.

## WALL TEXT 2

Nearby are two more machine-embroidered lists. They're 'samplers', spaces of literature. I took two historical lists as my starting points. The first was written by the French artist Antonin Artaud around 1943, scrawled in a notebook while he was interred in a psychiatric hospital in Rodez. The second is by the Japanese author Sei Shōnagon, a list of squalid things from around 1000 CE.

I extended both lists using GPT 3, the artificial intelligence language model. This was a relatively early version of the AI – one that felt feral, unpredictable, and slightly frightening. The entries written by GPT 3 are by turns hilarious, impossible and mind-bogglingly violent.

Embroidered, the lists become almost illegible, but I like to think their effects still filter through, like enchantments.

You can read the extended lists in the exhibition catalogue.  
Copies are in the reading area outside the exhibition.

# ROOM 5



## Anticlockwise from door

### WALL TEXT 1

**Voilà la vérité** is a short video that reworks a single sequence from the 1926 silent film **Ménilmontant**, directed by Dimitri Kirsanoff. It was digitised from a knackered, toned print lent to me by an archive. I've been obsessed with this scene for years – its unaffectedness, the perfect combination of acting and the impossibly real.

I cleaned, colourised, upscaled, smoothed, frame-interpolated, focus-pulled and re-rendered the footage using a raft of artificial intelligence-employing software. I feel like the resulting video is haunted. It's a short essay on the history of the moving image as illusion. The title, **Voilà la vérité** (This is the truth), is the only discernible text in the film: a fragment of a headline on the newspaper that wraps the food.

The foley artist David Kamp performed and recorded a new soundtrack of naturalistic sound – along with less naturalistic elements from me. Two voice actors, Rivka Rothstein and Héctor Miguel Santana, provide the screen characters with new voices. They don't speak but do sob and sigh and eat.

Of course, it's sacrilegious, this forensic, compensatory, fake restoration. It's a dupe, even if the dupe is a sincere attempt at reanimation.

## Untitled

2020

Ink, gouache and graphite on board

These paintings of mattresses and pillows came from a desire to make work that suspended contradictions. As subjects, they're like the costumes from **Old Food**: upholstered with emptiness. I painted them from photos of my bed, my pillow – straight after getting up off the real things. They struck me as illegible indexes, heavy with dead skin, mite husks and petrified droppings, as well as the bodies that are no longer there. Making these paintings accrues time. On top of the dead skin, dreams and sweat is brushwork. I do love spending a long time on barely anything.

Tate. Purchased with funds provided by the  
European Collection Circle 2021  
T15779

## Untitled

2022

Ink, bleach and coloured pencil on paper

I paint and draw my own hands and feet. More impassive evidence, more looking at myself. These drawings and paintings are truthful things, faithful representations that reveal little. The generic 'foot-ness' of a foot. An excess of truth then, made available by the same kind of failing artifice that aims to convince. But the lack of life begs the point. Perhaps they explore a technology of representation that seeks to conceal through revelation. I wanted to conjure intimacy, ugliness, fidelity and obscurity – a history of overly striving image-making.

Private collection

X91072

## WALL TEXT 2

**The worm** is a computer-generated animation of a phone call between me and my Mum, Rosemary. She is on one end of the line, in England during one of the Covid-19 lockdowns. I'm in a Berlin hotel room, covered in motion capture sensors and monitored by two operators in the room next door. Our conversation is unscripted. We talk about Mum's relationship with her mother and the inheritance of a perceived unlovability. Feelings passively instilled across generations. This lineage is a worm – Mum refers to it this way in passing, as if it were a creature we all knew and named as such.

I wanted the video to be an artificial documentary of something very much alive and utterly real. The digitally rendered TV studio and smartly dressed figure are references to the British screenwriter Dennis Potter's last interview, with Melvyn Bragg in 1994, two months before he died from pancreatic cancer. In it, Potter talks astonishingly about dying and how it italicises the world. Perhaps most famously, he describes the blossom on a tree seen from his window as the 'blossomest blossom'.

**The worm** is projected onto an empty birch plywood box, an ominous piece of obscure modular furniture. Accompanying the video is an incidental soundtrack called **Love**, which plays in the neighbouring room of the exhibition. Sound is

everything. The particular quality of Mum's voice over the phone, the clunk of my mic as I shift position or scratch my nose. Absence and presence, weight and touch are all reported. In my animations, sound is often a source of excessive, compensatory, confessional materiality.

## Information Panels

2021

11 laser engraved acrylic sheets

I asked CAWD to write texts to accompany **The worm**, as with **Old Food**. They were written as a response to my emailed aspirations for the work, way before the video existed and took on its final tone. The texts speak about realism, music, Preservaline and Zoom calls. These were etched into sanitary white plastic.

Language is an essential part of my work. Institutional texts can sometimes feel grimly pragmatic, treating artworks as things to be explained away. CAWD were a terrific bulwark. They helped make the works more obscure, richer, and messier.

Courtesy the artist and Gladstone Gallery

X100259–69

## Copenhagen #5

2023

Coloured pencil on paper

The drawings in this series are self-portraits as awful spiders, some dead. I'm trying to take the realism of my self portraits and confuse it with something drastically other. Spiders stand in for all kinds of fears, myths, histories and psychological crises. They're formless, like spit, and my self-identification with them is ultimately alien. I recall a scene from the 1978 film **Invasion of the Bodysnatchers** where a botched bodysnatcher comes running up to the protagonist: a dog with a man's face. My expression here carries the same blank feeling – any trace of human psychology is a misrecognition on the part of the viewer.

Courtesy the artist and Cabinet Gallery, London

X91652

## Untitled

2023

Coloured pencil on paper

To make these drawings I set up a series of mirrors and spent hours scrutinising my alien face from many unflattering angles. The process was liberating. I wasn't encountering the shock of a glimpsed reflection. I was calm and detached. I had a job to do: to draw the thing in the mirror. The finished drawings still hold some horror for me, but the process opens a distance that allows me to cope. They act as masks, again. Plenty of the poses are corpse-like, but that was mainly unconscious.

Courtesy the artist and Gladstone Gallery

X91408



# ROOM 6

I began making these Post-it note drawings in 2020, during the Covid-19 pandemic. They started as daily additions to my daughter's lunchbox. Little hellos, little irruptions of love into her day. They were also a way for me to achieve something. Everything I was working on had been cancelled or indefinitely postponed, so the drawings were often the only things I'd make in a day. Unburdened by pretty much anything, they accrued their own importance. I would retrieve them when my daughter got home – often blotched and warped by a satsuma or softened by proximity to a banana – and keep them in a little folder.

My daughter is not impressed or moved by projected significance; she is a child. Her sense of the drawings' preciousness, or lack thereof, quickly made it apparent that they were mainly for me. I still make them for her, but as with so many gestures towards children, there is a latent unrequitedness I must accept and even enjoy. So much of parenting is sweet mourning – for each and every moment of a child's life that leaves, never to return, replaced by something new.

I think the Post-it drawings are the best things I've ever made. The excuse for their production is unquestionable, founded as it is in love. Their reach towards a marred infinite is also utterly devotional. The designs are desirous, improvised, expedient and dreamy – allied with good dreams. They are

divine to me, the cryptic legend at the bottom of the map of this exhibition and of my life.

## **Refuse.exe**

2019

Two-channel video, custom software and sound

Duration: 15 mins, 40 secs

This is the upper screen of **Refuse.exe**. The lower half is installed in an earlier room of the exhibition. Here, trash falls in heavenly peace, the violence of impact deferred. There's respite in this suspension, even if the end is already known. It reminds me of 'the cloud': digital storage kept out of sight, impossibly immaterial to the consumer. In reality, massive servers and data centres are gobbling up the world.

ENTER	Drop
ACTION	Fall
INTER-ACTION	Land
DEATH	Cease
REFUSE	Remain
Repeat	

Tate. Purchased with funds provided by the  
European Collection Circle 2021

T15781

ROOM 7

**Anticlockwise from door**

## **Sky News**

2016

with Simon Thompson

Video, silent

Live feed

**Sky News** is a muted live-stream of the 24-hour television news channel. Without sound or subtitles, the everyday activity of watching the news becomes a detached exercise in observation and interpretation. It produces a kind of readymade banality, the 'liveness' predicated on a mutating, mediated construction of reality. In this way, the work also exhibits perpetual death.

Courtesy the artist, Galerie Isabella Bortolozzi, Berlin,  
Cabinet Gallery, London, dépendance, Brussels and  
Gladstone Gallery, New York

X91317

## Untitled

2022

Digital print on aluminium

This print is the right shoe of the computer-generated interviewer from **The worm**. I like the way it looks here, next to a painting of my naked foot. It shrieks the various artifices stacked on whatever my foot is: painting, photography, computer-generated mesh, shoe? The still from the video has been upscaled with the (now-superseded) image enhancing software Topaz Gigapixel. A lot of the more pointless, microscopic detail was dreamt up by the AI.

Private collection

X91036

**Untitled**

2023

Coloured pencil on paper

I was writing my confessional book, **Flower**, at the same time as drawing this series. They both confess the same thing over and over: 'I don't know who I am.'

Private collection, NY

X91409

# ROOM 8



**Nurses Come and Go, But None For Me** is a film in two parts. The first is a performative reading of my Dad's cancer diary. The second is a reenactment of a role-playing game I play with my daughter called The Ambulance Game, in which she feigns illness and demands a series of fantastical medical treatments. My Dad, Philip, called his diary 'Sick Notes'. He wrote it in the six months before his death in June 2009. It's an astonishing document. An account not only of his illness but also of the personal and public contexts that shape a body's decline. Feelings of longing and self-pity, the loss of independence, the social life of the hospital, the bureaucracy and administration of terminal illness, and the discovery that he is and has been loved. It's excruciating and funny, tedious and very sad.

In the film, Peter (Toby Jones) reads the diary to an invited audience of young people. After finishing, he lies down on the floor and pretends to be sick. His partner Claire (Saskia Reeves) treats him by feeding him magical concoctions, covering his face with Post-it notes, discovering diamonds in his vomit, and so on.

The diary and the game were both originally private creations, not subject to public consumption. Despite this, they presume the fantasy of an audience. The film literalises the fantasy by staging the creations as performances.

For Dad, the diary might have been a way to reclaim life through writing, letting go of the details of the world. Similarly, The Ambulance Game is a child's way of play-acting control through illness and enjoying that control. Like the diary, it's a rehearsal of the unimaginable. Unlike the diary, once the game ends, the question of recovery becomes irrelevant.

**Nurses Come and Go, But None For Me** is screened in full at the following times:

10:30 – 12:30

12:40 – 14:40

14:50 – 16:50

A Film by Ed Atkins and Steven Zultanski

From a diary by Philip Atkins and a game by  
Hollis Pinky Brockbank Atkins

Featuring: Toby Jones, Saskia Reeves, Bella Aubin, Caroline Elms, Misheck Freeman, Chengxi Fu, Alfie Jallow, Tom Lyons and Ayesha Ostler

Producer: Pinky Ghundale

Director of Photography: Oliver Curtis BSC  
Music: Derek Baron  
Gaffer: Harry Wiggins  
Electrician: Sami Hussein  
Spark Trainees: Aggi Mentel and Toby Norman  
First Assistant Camera: Ben Foat  
Second Assistant Camera: Luca Parasiliti-Holt  
and Tamara Turoczi  
Grip: Michael Farrell  
DIT: Andrew Elvis  
Video Assist: Nico Corfield  
Production Design: Tim Adams  
Props Runner: Monika Saleh  
Costume Designer: Teddy George-Poku  
Hair & Make Up Artist: Solange Koniak  
First Assistant Director: Andraz Kadunc  
Second Assistant Director: Lynn El Safah  
Production Runner: Karla Hunter  
Sound Recordist & Mixer: Andy Paddon  
Boom Operator: Andrea Cremonini  
Camera, Grip & Lighting Equipment: Panavision,  
Digital Orchid Group, The Grip Company,  
Panalux Insurance: Tysers  
Digital Intermediate: Harbor  
DI Colourist: Alex Gascoigne  
Colour Assist: Steve Knight  
DI Editor: Justin Drew

DI Producer: Munah Yahkup

Digital Lab Technicians: Jashesh Jhaveri  
and Mark Shrapnell-Smith

Dialogue Editor & Re-recording Mixer: Alex Bird

Commercial Director: James Corless

Managing Director: Thom Berryman

Music: 'Intermezzo No.1 in B Minor,  
Op. 119 – Adagio' composed by Johannes Brahms,  
performed by Derek Baron

'Nurses 2'

Written and performed by Derek Baron

Thanks to: Rosemary Atkins, Harry Atkins,  
Hollis Pinky Brockbank Atkins, The Master  
Shipwright's House, RADA, Klose & Soan Catering

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A Daya Films Production

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