

AMANDA
WILKINSON

Images Disturbed by an Intense Parasite
Film and Video Programme
March – June 2020

Jenkin Van Zyl, *In Vitro (Mr Lonely Mix)*, 2020

Exhibition dates: 21 April 2020 - 27 April 2020

**To access the video, please subscribe to the gallery mailing list:
<https://amandawilkinsongallery.com/mailling-list/>**

In Vitro (Mr Lonely mix) (2020) - Number 236 performed by Ted Rodgers

Each entombed in ice, with only a flashlight to signal to the master of ceremonies and medical staff, our turnstile was in motion.

Our closet with a revolving door, in prosthetics reverse engineered from fairy-tales,
All together, All alone, in pilgrimages to oblivion.

Each dead ringer was assigned a rosette printed with the scene titles:
like

Number 27—*Decaying Forward*
Number 177—*THE LOOK... AND FEEEL...OF REAL*
Number 163—*Mr Crisis Actor*
Number 17—*The Spread Eagle*
Number 237—*Mr Lonely*
Number 2—*Attentive Audience Member*
Number 66—*Personality Dish...*

and for twenty-four hours Number 237 was at the centre of our movement, costumed to resemble an actor who'd been on set too long.

*'Are we having a Good Time!!!!.....
Or are we at least having the right kind of Bad Time?!?!?'*

screached the tannoy.

*'Welcome to a vast pageant of fatigue,
Our-
not-fake-
not-real-
hard-body-
entertainment'*

In Vitro (Mr lonely mix) extracts and remixes footage from *In Vitro* (2020, 40 minutes), the film at the centre of a labyrinthine installation, commissioned as part of the Director's Programme for Glasgow International 2020 to be installed at Tramway.

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In Vitro (2020) moves from the vast into the claustrophobic. Gliding over the frozen tumulus' of a faux-Viking film set in Iceland, we descend into a coup of subterranean bunkers fashioned from fuselage culled from air-crash sites.

Inside is a soiled lottery, where a cast of 6 ghouls rotate rituals in an effort to role-play love, re-enchantment and oblivion in a parody of the overwhelming horror that is flooding their refuge chamber.

Hollowing one another out for the production of dead ringer cakes, they are made incubators for a zero sum game of power, generation and regeneration. Despite it being clear that they are trapped by ambivalent forces of fate, they cling onto fragments of possibility in a call to connect and proliferate.