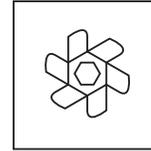


Keren Cytter, born in Israel, 1977, studied visual art at the Avni Institute for Art, Tel Aviv. In 2002 she moved to Amsterdam after being awarded a scholarship from De Ateliers. In 2006 she was the recipient of the Balolse Art Prize, Art27, Basel. In addition to creating videos, Cytter is also a critically acclaimed writer. Some of her solo exhibitions include; Frankfurter Kunstverein, Frankfurt (2005), KW institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin (2006), Kunsthalle Zurich, Zurich (2005) and Museum Moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig, Vienna (2007). She has also participated in the Moscow Biennial (2007), Hertzelia Biennial, Israel and CCA/Map Magazine/Glasgow Film Festival, Glasgow (2007). Cytter now lives and works in Berlin.

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ADMISSION FREE

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One Mile Coordinator:	Siobhan Carroll
Gallery Assistants:	Lisa Findlay, Liz Webster, Hannah Jasper
Projects Assistant:	Athene Greig



KEREN CYTTER
28 APRIL - 19 MAY 2007

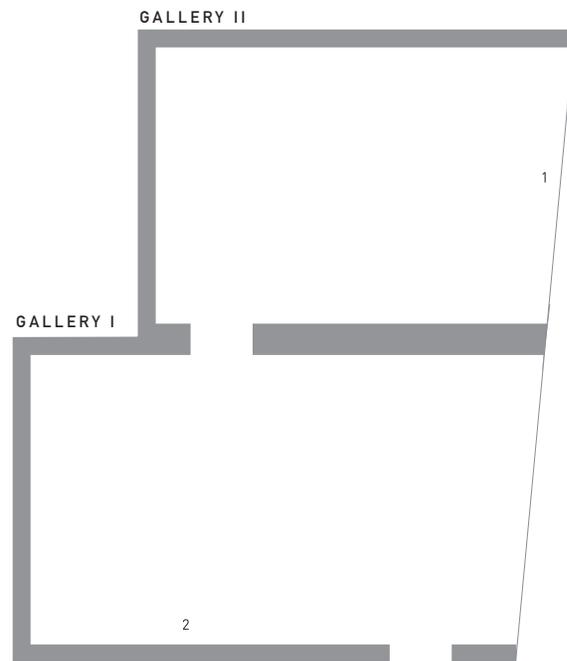


"Julia Muenstermann reading "The Man Who Climbed Up the Stairs of Life and Found Out They Were Cinema Seats."

"The Dates Series" (2004)
"Tal and Naamah" (2001)
"Family" (2002)
"French Film" (2002)



FLOOR PLAN



KEREN CYTTER

1. **The Dates Series** 2004 Digital Video & Sound Projection, 39:00 minutes, Black & White
2. **Tal and Naamah** 2001 Digital Video & Sound, 13:00 minutes, Colour
- Family** 2002 Digital Video & Sound, 6:00 minutes, Colour
- French Film** 2002, Digital Video & Sound, 11:00 minutes, Colour

Collective are delighted to present the first solo show in the UK by Berlin based artist **Keren Cytter**.

Trusting the art of Keren Cytter is a precarious endeavour. Her scripts hastily leap from lyrical thriller to comedic melodrama; the imaginary plunders the banal props of reality; the brittleness of conventional time is detonated. Even the actors in Cytter's video stories display incredulity at the words that issue from their mouths - their dialogue is dubbed into another accent, gender or language than what they simply expected would be their own.

Cytter casts real-life friends in unreal roles for her video works, only to leave her actors haunted by their own complicity in the unfolding action, and troubled by a distinctly postmodern awareness of their own manipulation at the hands of artist's unpredictable script. The bum, the abandoned lover, the Oedipal son - these parodic stereotypes are not necessarily happy with their given roles.

So, if these figures do not trust their own actions, words and memories, where does that leave the audience? Do we trust Cytter's story, which loops, splits, repeats and disintegrates at every turn, or do we turn to her wall text for instruction: the auteur's reading of events and true measure of intent? Even so, every one of the statements on the wall appears to invite the addition of a question mark.

Cytter's authorial presence challenges the audience to disprove her assertions or make its own. With or without the guiding text, each video episode unfurls in increasingly erratic directions, the narrative thread begins to snag on its own sharp bends and labyrinthine twists. But this is no chance malfunction. The spectator's mounting mistrust of the storytelling reveals itself as an extension of the artist's own wariness of language, vision and memory. It is as if Cytter is warning her audience by example, through a series of tactical manoeuvres that makes up its own petulant logic as the story unravels. The artist openly reveals the instability of her narratives by undermining them before her characters, actors and audience take the opportunity. After all, this is a game of control. At once diaristic, confessional and poetic, these episodes form a series of negotiated encounters.

Appropriating video's unique position in straddling mass-culture and artistic medium, Cytter exploits both these territories to create her own hybrid aesthetic.
(Isla Leaver Yap)

