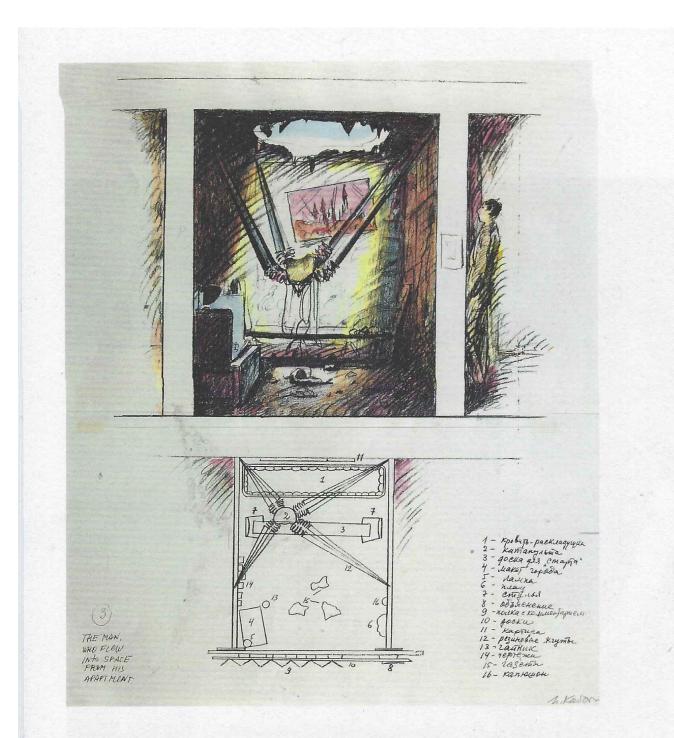
# **"NOT EVERYONE WILL BE TAKEN INTO THE FUTURE"** ILYA AND EMILIA KABAKOV

I went to see this exhibition at Tate Modern with no expectations or real understanding whatsoever. I had caught a glimpse of the above photograph of the installation "The man who flew into space from his apartment" which really captured my attention. It's not everyday that you are faced with an installation that makes you feel that its narrative is truly genuine/might have actually happened. The chaotic nature of the work, really makes he piece believable in my opinion (I'm struggling to call it "work" as it feels as if it is a real room inside somebody's apartment). I really loved the way that the bits of dust/ cement from the ceiling had been placed exactly where you would imagine them to have fallen as the man decided to catapult through the

roof. I also think it is so great that the artists considered a makeshift way to create a catapult, and a way to access it through a simple plank of wood and two (dining room) chairs, again this makes me think of a man that was running through his apartment, looking for whatever he could find in his desperation to catapult himself into space.

I was led to thinking about "Space" (galaxies and planets) and "Space" as a literal thing (personal space, privacy) perhaps due to the context of the man living in a tight, communal apartment, he is using (outer) "Space" metaphorically, in order to symbolise his desire for a private space of his own. BOOK SCAN ; **"Not everyone will be taken into the future",** Ilya and Emilia Kabakov, (2017), *Tate Enterprises Ltd.* 

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One of the most interesting elements of the piece for me, had to be the imaginary witness accounts from different characters. This is effective to me as we know that the man was living in a communal space, through these other characters we begin to understand character dynamics through their perceptions of each other.

Concept drawing for *The Man Who Flew into Space From His Apartment* 1985. Drawing dated 1985

Ilya Kabakov *The Man Who Flew into Space From His Apartment* 1985 Mixed media installation Dimensions variable

*The Man Who Flew into Space From His Apartment* was created over a period of three years and was one of the only installations to be staged within the limited space of Kabakov's Moscow studio. The work was first presented outside of Russia in 1988 at the Ronald Feldman Gallery

cooking and washing facilities in overcrowded co This room, eclectically decorated from floor to ce with propaganda posters, has been left in a state the protagonist having achieved his dream of leas apartment forever by way of a catapult that has la

in New York as part of a multi-part installation called *Ten Characters*, a life-sized version of the character studies that Kabakov previously explored in his album works.

Upon entering a vestibule, the viewer encounters a doorway that has been incompetently boarded up, thereby offering a view into what seems to be the living quarters of a communal apartment – a form of domestic residence that still exists today in densely populated urban areas of the former Soviet Union, in which multiple households share the same through the ceiling. A written text presented in gives witness accounts from the neighbours. Iiving in such close proximity with one other, additional they are not on intimate terms with the man. The therefore suggests a tension between the different championed by the Soviet Utopia, where the dreat travel is used literally to escape the supposed rom communal living. NIKOLAEV'S STURY

above and as though from the side?

ect.

rth.

ets.

I didn't know him well ... He arrived two years ago, having been recruited for a construction job. He was given a room in our communal apartment. Where he worked, don't know, I was I is neighbour. His room was to the right of mine. He never visited me, and he let others into his room reluctantly. I don't know if he has anyone, he always livec alone. Two fellows sometimes came to see him. One of them brought the painting which is hanging in his room. When he moved in, he remodelled his room. He couldn't get his hands on any wallpaper so he covered everything with posters which he bought. He said it would be cheaper that way.

Our communal apartment is large, twelve families. We live in a four-storey building, on the top floor. Almost every day for a few months he went to the attic. The neighbours asked what he was doing there, but he almost never talked to anyone, and almost never used the kitchen, even though his door was just opposite it. He would only put the teapot on to boil.

I dropped in on him about six months ago-his room was full of scattered blueprints, some of them were glued right to the wall. I thought that they were for the building site where he worked. On a table in the corner stood a model of our block, our street, and you could see our building. I asked

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The "folding cot"

features in the

installation.

him why there were metal bands attached to the model and leading upward from the root of our house. He suddenly said

that it was the trajectory of his future flight. He fixed very poorly, without any furniture, and his slept

on a folding cot without a sheet. He telt, as he told me, that he wasn't quite an inho of Earth, as though he had been born not here at all, and that not waiting for death, he had to leave for there, wh

according to him, he should be...

I'll tell you a little about his 'grand theory'. He imagined the entire Universe to be permeated by huge sheets of energy which 'lead upward somewhere' These gigantic upward streams he called 'petals'. The plane of movement of the galaxies, stars and planets does not correspond to the direction of the energy of these petals. but intersects them, periodically passing through them. Thus, the Earth together with the Sun periodically crosses through one of these enormous 'petals'. It you knew this precise moment, then you could jump from the orbit of the Earth onto this 'petal'-i.e. you could enter. join, this powerful stream of energy and be whinled upward with it.

He told me that he knew, that he had calculated this moment. It only lasts a short time, about twelve minutes. He kept that day a secret. But to enter that stream you had to give your body an initial movement, momentum, so that a departing force would pick you up. For that initial thrust he counted on the energy of the ficle of the moon and two heavenly bodies - Sirius and Pluto - which at that very moment would add the necessary pull as a result of special cosmic cones.

For this transfer to the 'petal', he thought up his project. He realised it on April 14, 1982 in the middle of the night ...

To realise his plan for departure, he decided to build a catepult in his room, which would give him the initial velocity at the moment of take-off. Bu his calculations, it would propel him to a height of 40 metres above the Earth, where he would enter the sphere of action of the energy of a 'petal'. He fastened four extension wires made of thick rubber in the two corners and at both sides of the room. Stretching them, he attached the catapult to a hook serewed into the floor. The lock mechanisms on the hook were supposed to release the saddle of the catapult suddenly. But at the moment of take-off, he also had to pass through the colling of the room, the attic and the roof of the building. For this he installed

### BOOK SCAN ; "Not everyone will be taken into the future", Ilya and Emilia Kabakov, (2017), Tate Enterprises Ltd.

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Neighbour recounts of "The man who flew into space from his apartment" by characters :

#### Nikolaev, Startseva and Golosov.

plastic and was intended to protect the body in the open cosmos and for traveling in the 'petals'. In the sack there cosmos and for trateging tank, navigation instruments and other equipment...

#### STARTSEVA'S STORY

I was sleeping when suddenly there was a terrible explosion nearby, as if the building were crumbling. I ran out into the hallway dressed like I was. All the neighbours ran out too, in their night clothes. There was smoke pouring from his room some sort of steam and the smell of something burning. His door was completely destroyed, hanging by the hinges. Inside the room everything was surrounded by smoke, some sort of machine was hanging from belts. The entire ceiling was blown away, you could see a hole, and there was also an enormous hole in the roof. There was wind and rain and everything was rattling, water was pouring in on the floor through the hole. Nikolaev climbed up to seal everything with plywood at least ...

### GOLOSOV'S STORY

Character "interacting" with installation

A car arrived immediately from the nearby police station. The started to search for him all over the block-maybe he was lying somewhere or had fallen - but they didn't find him anywhere ... Maybe he really did fly away, that sort of thing happens.

Some of the papers and drawings were taken by the investigators. The junk in the room was thrown out-here it is, a part of the plywood from the attic where he was busy doing something, with some kind of blueprint glued to it ...

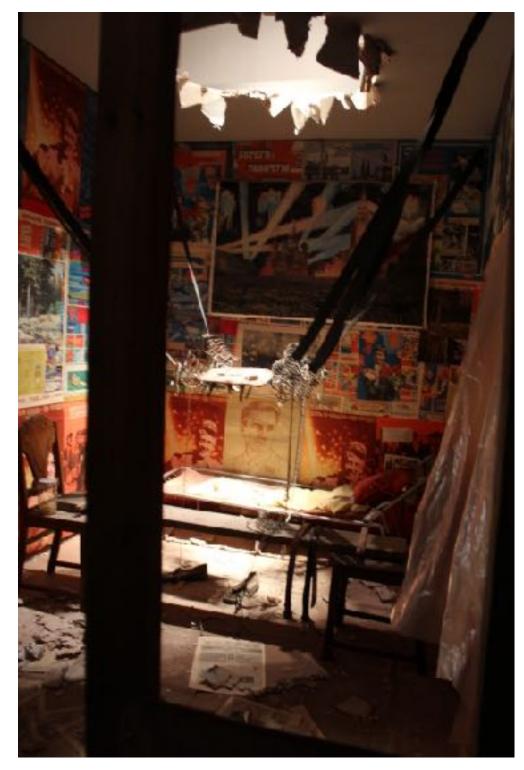
The repairmen from the ZhEK (housing maintenance committee) nailed boards over the door so that no one could enter or touch anything. But curious outsiders continually ome by, moving the boards and peeking between the cracks Ind the model on the table still stands, as it was, under the imp, just like it did when he was still here...

ounding, for this he installed powder charges along the antire perimeter of the calling and roof, so that at the moment of take-off the coiling and part of the roof above the room would be ripped away by an explosion and thus release him into open space. He kept from me the hour and date whon he would carry out his plan, and therefore at the moment of explosion I ween't in his room. But it seems to me that someone must have been there to help him get into the space sack and to release the looks on the catapult. The space sack was made of clear

Before reading about the piece, I was slightly critical of the boards over the door, obstructing the view of the installation partially- but after reading the "story" by Golosov, it makes sense... the boards over the door that I thought were there for "security" reasons become a part of the story that the "ZhEK" installed which adds to the story and makes it all more believable.

My photos of "The man who flew to space from his apartment"









#### SCAN OF TICKET AND PRESS RELEASE - CONTEXT

Ilya and Emilia Kabakov are amongs! the most celebrated artists of their generation, widely known as pioneers of installation ar-

Ilva Kabakov was hnm in 1933 in Dneproportovsk Incw Eniprol in Ubraine, formerly part of the Soviet Union. When he was eight, he moved to Moscow with his motiver, he studied at the Art School of Mesrna, and at the VI. Surikov Art Institute.

Artists in the Soviet Union were obliged to follow the officially approved style, Socialist Realism, Wanting to retain his independence, If/a supported himself as a children's book illustrator from 1955 to 1967, while continuing to make his own paintings and drawings As an 'unofficial artist' he worked in the privacy of his violocow aftic studio, showing his art only to a close circle of artists and intellectuals.

 Iva was not permitted to travel outside the Soviet. Union until 1987, when he was offered a tellowship at the Graz Kunstverein, Austria. The following year he visited New York, and resumed could, with Emilia Jekach, Born in 1945, Emilia trained as a classical planist at Music College in Incutsk. and studied Spanish Language and Literature at Moscow University Defore emigrating to the United States in 1973. Iya and Emilia began their artistic parthership in the late 1980s, and were married in 1992. Together, they have produced a prolific output. of immersive installations and other conceptual works addressing idea; of stupia, dreams and fear,

to reflect on the universal human concition.

Tate Modern, Bankside, London SE1 The Eyal Ofer Galleries, Boiler House, Level 3 ILYA AND EMILIA KABAKOV

NO PHOTOGRAPHY PERMITTED 07-November-2017 Tuesday Admission from VISITORS HAVE 30 MINS FROM THE STATED TIME TO ENTER. Last admission one hour before closing Normal closing hours 6pm Sun-Thurs, and £10.00 Ref: 18935665 Student (with 102

10:30

The piece entitled "The man who flew 2 into space from his apartment", is perhaps representative of the way that the artist himself might have felt being held almost "captive" in the Soviet Union for many years (I believe he was held captive for 54 years) after such time one might be desperate to escape both the physical and creative constraints.

If art has rules and is monitored/filtered, is 1 it art? Or is it the transmission of bourgeoisie ideologies? Perhaps

indoctrination? another form of propaganda?

3 I got the sense of the search for Utopia by the political propaganda that can be found throughout the exhibition. I got the sense of fear as I walked through Room Eight (Labyrinth, My mother's Album), I will speak about this in more detail.

SCAN OF INTERVIEW FROM FRIEZE, no.190 October 2017. "Arts, Culture & Appropriation" issue.

Ilya & Emilia Kabakov



#### **RED** is used for my annotation

If you could live with only one piece of art what would it be? Why do we have to choose?

#### What is your favourite title of an artwork?

This is a really strange question but, that said, *How to Mest on Angel* (2003), and of our own works, is the best.

What do you wish you knew? Everything that's possible or impossible to know.

#### What should change?

Too many things to mention but, especially, people's ability to be compassionate and tolerant towards each other and protective of children, mothers and older people.

What should stay the same? Culture.

What could you imagine doing if you didn't do what you do? Being a musician: I think this goes for both of us. Ifya wants to play violin and I still dream of being a planist.

#### What music are you listening to? Classical, romantic, country and the music I can hear even when it's not playing: the music of the wind and water and the music of silence.

#### What are you reading?

Eya reads Russian history, classical literature, poetry and biographies. I read poetry, romance and historical novels, detective stories, art articles and art history.

#### What is art for?

Art, music and literature are the things that make - and keep - us human

 Born Horn, Fundsi from the series
"Still Water (The River Thames, For Example)", 1999, 1ithograph on paper, 77 × 105 cm.
Courtesy, American Acquisitions Committee 2005
"Tate, London 2017"

What images keep you company in the space where you work? EMILIA KABAKOV: We mainly are surrounded by paintings that are works-in-progress. But we do have one picture: *Talisman* by the Ethiopian artist Emilia is interested in the preservation of culture, this definitely comes through in the exhibition.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE THE LOOK OF?

Gedewon. He made it for me 20 years ago and it is absolutely heautiful and magical. I can not live without this work and I do feel protested by it.

### What was the first piece of art that really mattered to you?

It wasn't a particular artwork so much as the atmosphere of the museum. The sacred feeling of a temple you sensed the moment you entered. It stays with you forever.

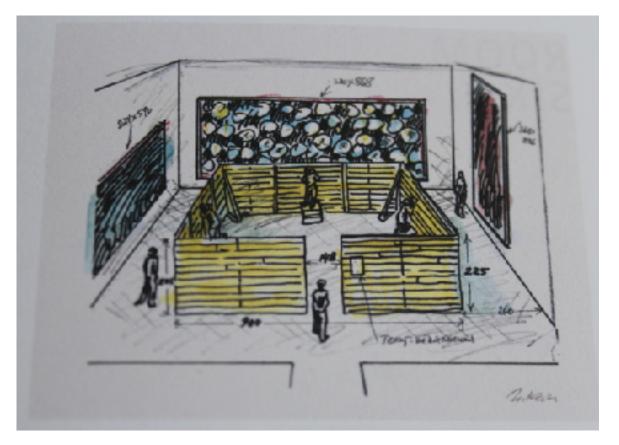
FRIEZE NO.190

"Water, always, in any weather. Calm, stormy, in the morning, at sunset, even at night."

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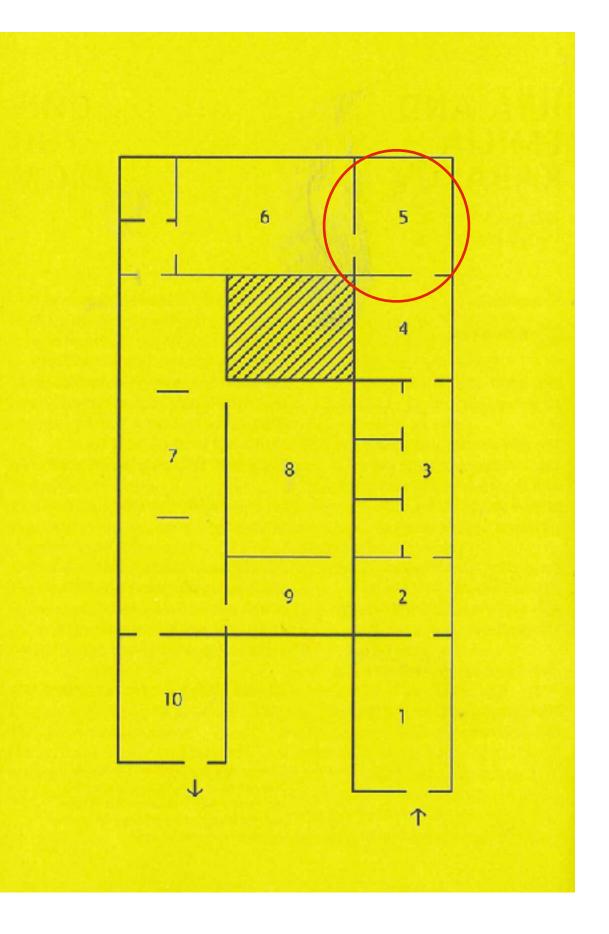
ILYA and EXCLUS KARAKOV live in Long Island, USA. Their solo exhibition in the Hirshhom Museum and Sculpture Garden. Pachington D.C., USA, rune until 4 March 2018. Their retrospective at Tate Modern. London. UK, runs from 18 October until 28 January 2018: it will then travel in the Hermitage Maseum. St Poterolourg Russia, and the Stare Tretyakov Gallery. Moscorn, Russia. Their concurrent solo shares at Thuddeus Royae Collery in London and Paris, France, open this month.

OCTOBER 2017



The limits of visual perception are explored in *Three Nights* 1989. The three large paintings all relate to the theme of night, whether it be a starry sky or a nocturnal insect. However, they are placed behind a large screen, allowing only a partial view of each work. Viewers must look through monoculars, which are directed at small apertures through which magnified images of little white men can be seen.

With its emphasis on preventing and enabling different ways of looking, Ilya has linked this work to two irreconcilable types of knowledge. He contrasts the information that you can learn from conversations or books, which can be broken down and analysed, and the mystical revelations that 'descend upon you', which can be almost impossible to comprehend or communicate to others.



When I entered Room 5, the wooden borders were almost touching the wall, we were not permitted to walk around the perimeters as illustrated by Illya in his plan to view the works. I walked up to the monoculars, beside them on the ground in big black writing it said "Do not touch". Perhaps they/the gallery decided people should not be able to interact... as such, I did not really enjoy this piece because I feel that I needed the intended element of interaction, from where I was stood inside the wooden confines I could not even view half of the paintings. Hopefully the gallery will decide to change this, so that the viewer can experience the piece fully.

### My photos from the exhibition:

I noticed the reappearance of "Tested!"(1981) in "The window into my past" (2012) though it's adaptation has a very different context. I feel that the 1981 piece was intended to capture a live moment in history, whereas the 2012 piece is about studying the history and reflecting on the past events.





The Window Into My Past 2012

The Window trite My Past represents a triple-layered memory. At the centre of the composition is ilya's 1981 painting Tested/ A depiction of a work by a minor artist from a forgoten book, Tested/ is itself orce removed from the original source and given new meaning by Kabakov's appropriation of it. Here, it becomes the centrepiece for a depiction of one of the artists' exhibitions, with visitors sitting al desks to study books relating to the works on display.

### ROOM SIX

Not Everyone Will be Taken Into Autore was the title of a 1962 usay about the Russian artist Kazimir Malesinh, Artich Lys contracted to A YS. a journal of onofficial Russian art fluit was published in Paris He imagines Malevich as a char smark visit mary leading his people upwards mailter future. He than rememisers his art school, where the most deserving pupils were selected to go to the Young Pioneer camp, while the rest were with behind, itya reflects that some artists will go forward and become part of the history of art, but many others will be forgotten.

In the installation of the same name, made by fiys and Emila in 2001, a train is already leaving the platform, carrying all of those selected to be part of the future. Discarded canvases billing to mind all of the artists aliandoned to obscurity, whether they have taken out of favour with a political regime or simply become unfash onable. As the art world is 53 focused on keeping up with the present moment, the kabakuvs ask. What will happen to these works tomorrow?"



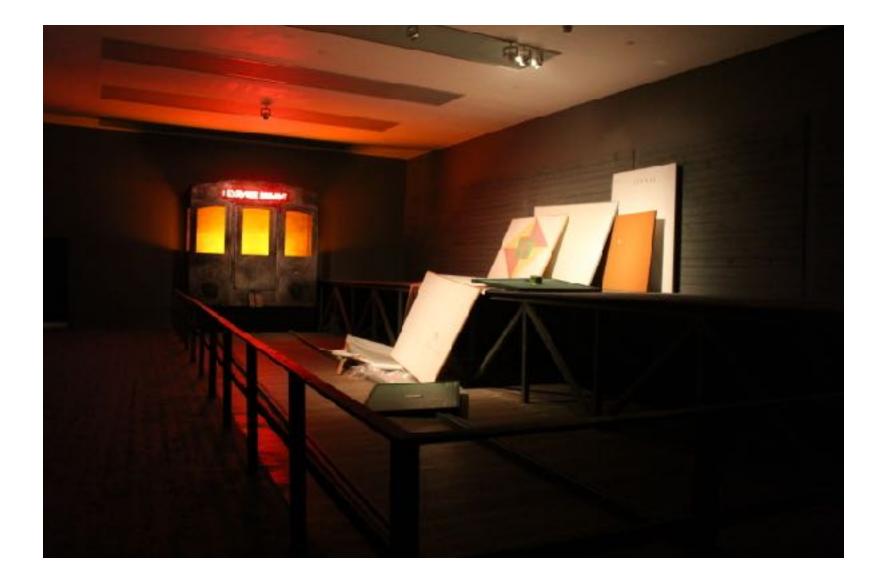
Not Everyone Will Be Taken Into the Future was the title of a 1983 essay about the Russian artist Kazimir Malevich, which Ilya contributed to A-YA, a journal of unofficial Russian art that was published in Paris. He imagines Malevich as a charismatic visionary, leading his people upwards into the future. He then remembers his art school, where the most deserving pupils were selected to go to the Young Pioneer camp, while the rest were left behind. Ilya reflects that some artists will go forward and become part of the history of art, but many others will be forgotten.

In the installation of the same name, made by Ilya and Emilia in 2001, a train is already leaving the platform, carrying all of those selected to be part of the future. Discarded canvases bring to mind all of the artists abandoned to obscurity, whether they have fallen out of favour with a political regime or simply become unfashionable. As the art world is so focused on keeping up with the present moment, the Kabakovs ask, 'What will happen to these works tomorrow?"

This piece really excited me, it made me feel like I was actually stood on a platform about to witness the events unfolding for myself, many other rooms with paintings on the wall felt as if I was in a gallery looking at an exhibition, this room for me was a real experience. I walked onto what felt like the platform for a train, it was dimly lit, with the exception of the brash glaring red words on the train. In place of the trains' destination were the words "Not everyone will be taken into the future". The piece was unsettling as it felt like we were just seconds away from the train speeding into the canvases and works of the "failed/forgotten" artists that had fallen into the way of the tracks. Though the train did not move, I feel that the viewer knew exactly what was about to happen and the destruction that would unfold, this was really quite intense.

After the exhibition, when I read more about the piece and the 1983 essay where only the most "deserving" art pupils were selected to go to the young pioneer camp whilst the rest were left behind. I thought about audience placement and purpose a bit... it is an art exhibition, many artists and art students go to see these exhibitions. Ilva and Emilia are aware of this (I'm sure). As an art student, I was stood on what I thought was the platform, not on the train...am I a part of this piece? are the artists trying to say that I (or indeed other artists/students) will not be taken into the future (of art)? that there is no room for most of us? that our works will be abandoned and disregarded?

### PHOTOGRAPHS I TOOK IN ROOM 6:





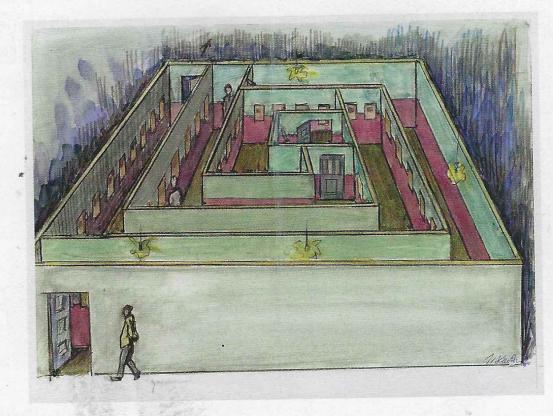
### STILLS FROM A VIDEO I TOOK IN ROOM 6:







### Emilia Kabakov on Ilya Kabakov's Labyrinth (My Mother's Album)



Drawing for Ilya Kabakov's *Labyrinth (My Mother's Album)* 1990

Ilya Kabakov Labyrinth (My Mother's Album) 1990, a spiralling, fifty-metre-long installation containing the life story of the artist's mother in 76 framed works

I was already a curator and art adviser in New York when I started working with Ilya Kabakov, who had left the Soviet Union for the first time in 1987 for exhibitions in Europe and the US, before settling in New York in 1992. Ilya had matured as an artist in the Soviet Union, so Soviet visual culture – from children's books to propaganda posters – was very familiar to him. It shaped his and generations of artists' work.

All images in Soviet times were staged and retouched, and, for Ilya, they already constituted works of art. Due to censorship, photographs were cleaned of any undesirable elements before they were printed in a magazine or newspaper. This meant that all those depicting a happy Soviet life or the incredible achievements of the Soviet system, its workers, government and the like were actually works of fiction. Ilya despised the falsity of this propaganda - for him, the system represented a void. In his albums, begun in the 1970s, he absorbed these images and added another level of fictional narrative to them, recounting invented stories of Soviet life or Soviet personages. The Ten Characters 1970-4 series of illustrated texts, for example, explores the 'little man' in society, each album representing, in the style of a different 20th-century art movement, the suffering and eventual disappearance - by death or liberation – of an artist-protagonist.

proverbial 'little man' who featured in Ilya's stories – an archetype who also appeared in Nikolai Gogol's novels and was typical in the Russian empire and later Soviet society. He took all these official shots, but his passion was for photographing sculptural plinths, monuments and park sculptures, subjects that were colloquial and old-fashioned, favoured by the type of simple, honest men for whom life didn't give many opportunities for excitement and adventure.

In 1987 Ilya decided to create *My Mother's Album*, combining Uncle Juda's official views of a flourishing village with his mother Bertha Urievna Solodukhina's memoirs, which chart her poignantly tragic life – a very different reality. For Ilya, his mother represented millions of women in Soviet socety who, because of war and revolution and problems in life during the supposed happy Soviet time, struggled to survive and protect their children. The juxtaposition of these images with the personal accounts of her misfortunes created unbearable tensions on each page.

Then, in 1988, Ilya created the first version of the instalation Labyrinth (My Mother's Album) – a claustrophobic

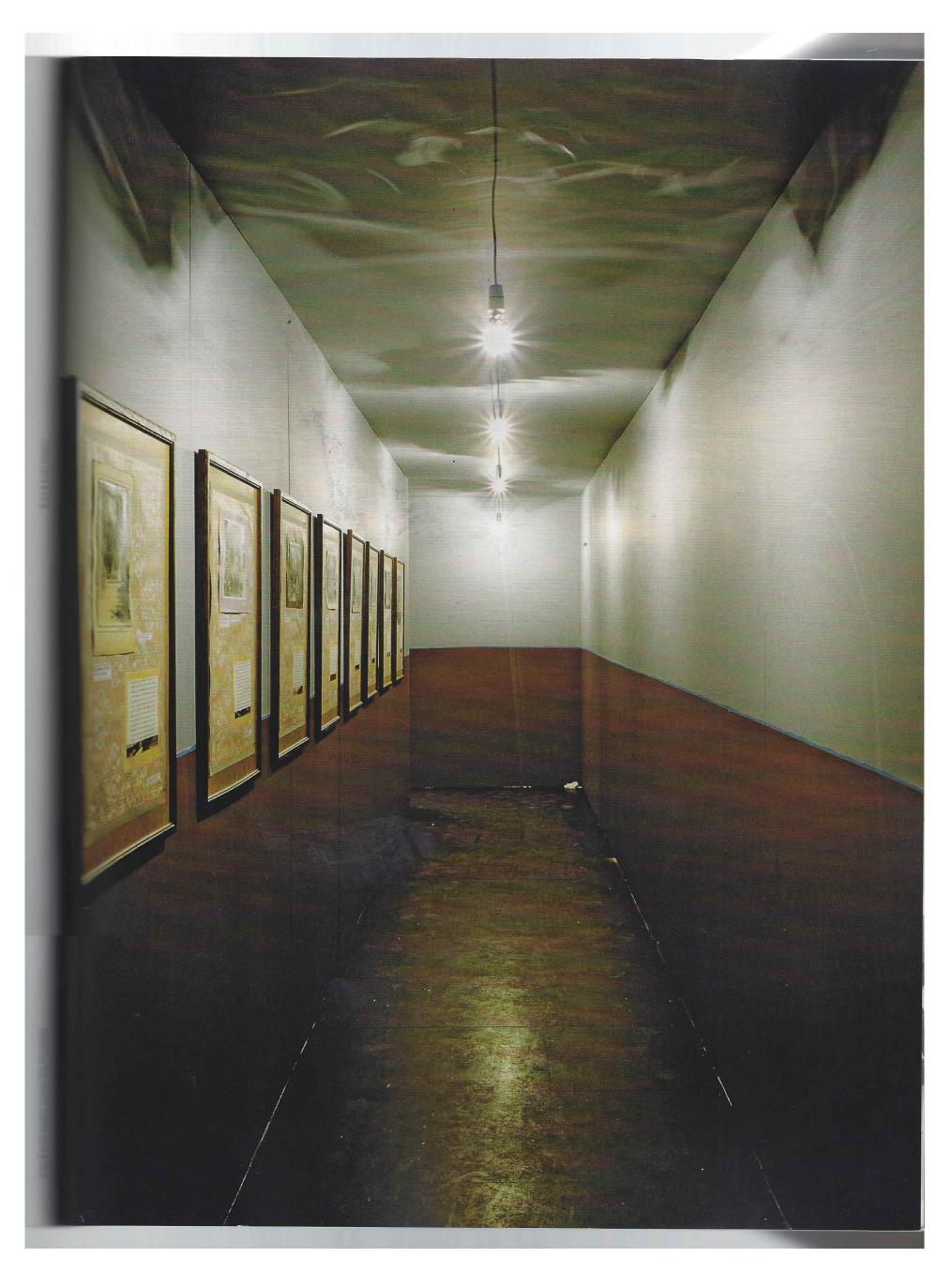
At some point Ilya came into the possession of a group of photographs taken by his uncle Juda (Yuri Grigorevich

Blekher) – some were images of Moscow, but mostly they were everyday views of the small coastal town of Berdyansk on the Black Sea in south-eastern Ukraine, where he lived. A provincial photographer who took pictures of weddings and was commissioned to take portraits, Uncle Juda was precisely the maze-like corridor with 76 framed works hung along its walls These showed images taken by Uncle Juda alongside framents cut from 1950s Soviet postcards and typed excern from his mother's haunting memoirs. Reflecting Ilya's inabity to protect his mother from poverty and homelessne *Labyrinth (My Mother's Album)* is a dialogue – a tribute son to his mother, but also to all women in Soviet society.

Ilya and Emilia Kabakov (born 1933 and 1945, Dnepropetrovsk) are artists and working in Long Island, New York.

40 TATE ETC. ISSUE 41 MIDDLE

## SCAN : Tate Etc, Issue 41 ROOM 8



# **ROOM EIGHT**

'When I think about that world in which my mother's life passed', Ilya has said, 'what arises in my imagination is a long and semi-dark corridor which is twisted like a labyrinth, where behind each new turn, behind each bend, there is not a bright exit glimmering in the distance, but just the same grubby floor, the same grey, dusty, poorly painted walls illuminated by weak, 40-watt light bulbs."

Labyrinth (My Mother's Album) 1990 is one of Ilya's few directly autobiographical installations. Resembling the décor of a communal apartment building, the walls are lined with photographs taken by Ilya's uncle, and a memoir by his mother, Bertha Urievna Solodukhina. The text recounts her struggle to survive and bring up a son during the Soviet era. The corridors curve in a double spiral, first leading into the centre, then winding out again. As the visitor approaches the centre, an audio recording of Ilya himself can be heard, singing Russian romances half-remembered from his childhood.

Please do not use mobile phone torches in this installation

### **ROOM 8: My photos**





Room 8 sent me into a panic, as you can probably tell from the blurred photo. I was unsettled from the moment I walked through the pitch-black creaky corridor. When I got to the labyrinth, I felt panicked. It was so narrow and dingy...you could not see around any corner, then I noticed the noise. I have been to a Greek Orthodox church before in my childhood...the sounds and "songs" the priests would sing always unsettled me and felt so eerie. I believe that the Russian Orthodox church shares many similarities, a big one being the sounds and songs...so when I heard Ilya's singing I got the memories from the church during my childhood which sent a shiver down my spine. This singing combined with the fact that I could not see whether there might be someone physically/something within the labyrinth around the corner that I didn't anticipate made me so uncomfortable. I instinctively walked as fast as I could through this room. As I walked, the singing seemed to get louder and louder...I was anticipating something, I did not know what, but I didn't want the surprise...I was so relieved when I exited the labyrinth. It was after I left and was reading about the piece that I found it was the voice of Ilya singing romantic songs. The corridors themselves felt uneasy...though this is a memoir which usually would be positive, I felt deeply distressed. Perhaps this means the memoir is honest.