

Making Interstices

la Biennale di Venezia

53. Esposizione
Internazionale
d'Arte

Partecipazioni nazionali

• Rudny

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Central Asia Pavilion
Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan
53rd International Art Exhibition – La Biennale di Venezia

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We are artists by education, Viktor is a sculptor and I am a painter; we started to work in joint projects and broadened the field of our artistic passions in the middle of 1990s. Photographs, video, texts became constituent elements of our installations.

The notion "type of art" does not work now as a definition. Thus, it is possible to use the same basis on photography, painting, video, installation etc. because they function within the art system not as an independent "type", but as a "form" of contemporary art... All our projects implemented in different forms are "open", they may be

called self-developing. The work must be open to the outer world as a part of an unfinished process. Self-sufficiency is expressed only in the part of the whole, in a separate photo-picture or installation, or "petrification", or a picture. Here each thing is not closed in itself; it has internal space which interacts with the outer space (i.e. the space from where this thing was "taken")... We are interested in internal interrelations in the real life. Taking photographs of fragments of our environment, we put these interrelations in the visual plan and present as a concentrated mass. For us it is

important that each separate photo-picture has integrity, completeness, and the magic of documentality.

To make the work completed, it is necessary to pay attention to the particulars behind which there are phenomena of general character. We need this "flow of life" and various interesting questions to be put to ourselves and to other people rather than ready and dull answers taken from the multi-volume history of arts.

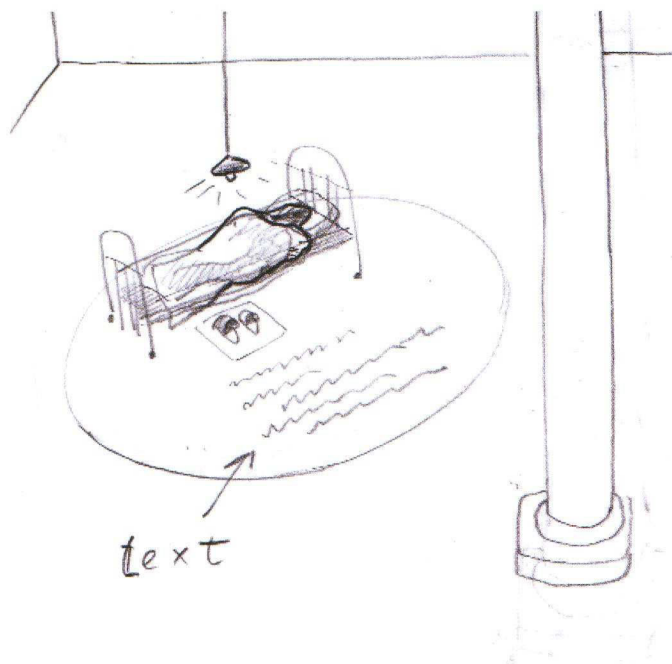
Y.V.

Serie **Petrifications**

1995-2008

Courtesy of the artists





Artist Asleep

1998

Installation

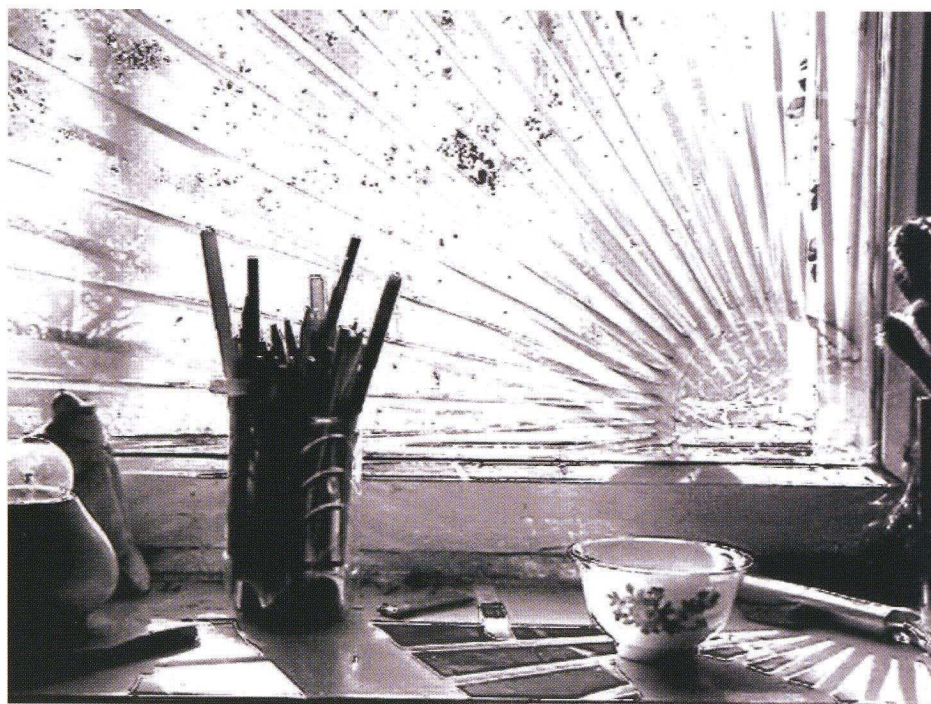
Courtesy of the artists

The artist is asleep.

To wake, to jolt and to urge him to be with time is a very useless thing to do. But the one who is always watchful, who on the qui vive and has his trade on the ready does not suit many for some reason.

You only have to wait for the sleeping block to wake up, rub his eyes open and get up as if it is "for necessity".

Well, then don't you let the moment slip. His efforts may result in a masterpiece.



Day-Night

Sun. What could be more routine and more obligatory? It is always within one's sight. This is a banal and predictable given. Nor is he keenly interested in it, fussing over his petty affairs.

But, without Its Shining Majesty all plunges into pitch darkness and indifference, the world is black and viscid, undifferentiated and

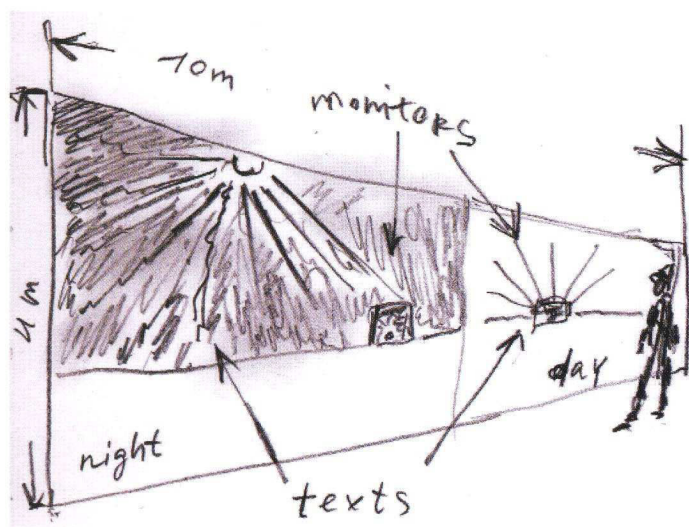
undifferentiating. Where is Europe? Where is Asia?

The omnipresent power of night is scaring, it reduces us back to nature. Only our silly confidence that the Sun will always rise at its appointed time and will not crash down on us at its zenith saves us from getting crazy and nostalgic. Its appearance is as exciting as a real show, its disappearance reconciles

us with the temporary loss. Every morning it is set free from its prison and every evening it gets in the self-same trap, thus legalizing our perception of the relativity of freedom and non-freedom.

So this "watchdog" runs along its east-west leash, and never – backwards. It guards us.

Horizon – this giant divider – spreads



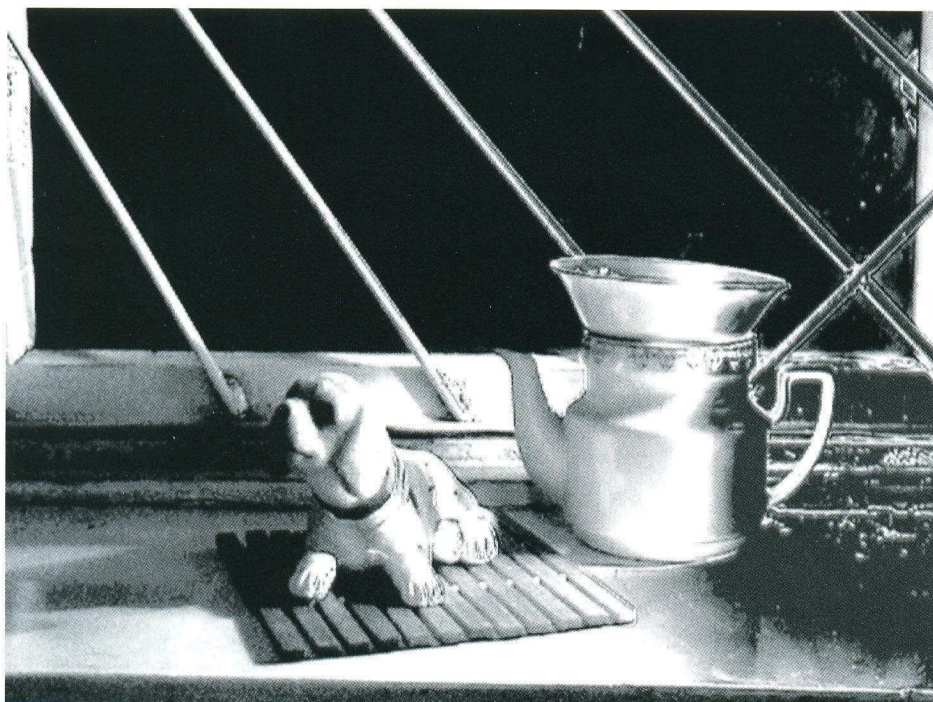
Day and Night

2007

Multimedia installation

Installation view

Courtesy of the artists



Day and Night

Stills from video

Courtesy of the artists

everywhere, regardless of countries and continents. It surrounds you, and you are always in its centre, wherever you are. Your position is advantageous – while moving, you move the centre. Such notions as “periphery”, “province”, “marginal” lose their sense with it. Your country is invariably the country of the Rising Sun.

We can hardly explain such a widely spread love of bars by anything else but our desire to always be with the Sun. The more cold and uninviting is the outside world, the more “suns” shine in the window frames of our homes. Their metallic clumsy rays visibly secure the quiet and freedom of inhabitants. Such a vulgar materialization of the divine heavenly body should not scare off an

intellectualized aesthete. It is nothing more than a manifestation of the self-defence complex.

Strange as it may seem, we feel truly free only behind bars, and the ever-present sunsets and sunrises tranquilize us and strengthen our confidence in the non-occurrence of Night.

Our voluntary captivity amounts to our freedom and is ennobled by the eternal “horizon”. It is close by, you can touch it, it frames up our landscape whichever it may be. The horizon is impenetrable from the outside, its line does not let you in, and the Guardian Sun will never fail in its sentry-duty – no cosmic force may divert it from its course. Protecting us, calming us down, “decorating” our life, this everyday object has the magic

of significance and involvement with the world at large.

Human culture has gone its long way from a free fall from the sky to barring the openings with one’s own body. Tracing back the chain – “the Sun as a product of nature” – “the Sun as a product of culture”, we shall add new links to it, integrating it into the contemporary art.

Y.V.