The rings go, the fingers stay

Múzeum körút 19, Budapest 30.01.-27.02.2016

organization: Bruno Baptistelli, Sári Ember

text: Anna Juhász

participants: Bruno Baptistelli, Károly Ember, Sándor Ember, Sári Ember, Zoltán Farkas, Masa Feszty, Márton Hakkel, Béla Iványi-Grünwald, Zsófi Keresztes, & Krisztián Zana, Károly

Lotz, József Uhlaczky, Gábor Vágó, Béla Vidovszky

There is a particular house where my family has been living for one hundred years. Now I live there too. I look at the garden through the same windows as my great-great grandfather, who died in 1917. I use the same pantry, which my great-grandmother used throughout her life. Several times a day I take the same route which meant returning home also to them.

There is a particular flat on the Múzeum Boulevard in Budapest (the protagonist of this exhibition), where three generations of the Ember family has been living for seventy years.

It is somehow inconceivable how places can condense the past decades and the abundance of stories attached to them. What can it merely mean that we are sharing the space with those, who used to live there before us? What changes if we have knowledge about the bygone, or if we just feel it, using an old apartment without the key for its reading having been provided to us? What signs do the previous users leave behind, and what do the spaces, the solutions of the floor plan, the proportions of the windows and the remaining architectural ornaments themselves reveal? And if we have some things from the past to grab hold of, then what can we feel from them posteriorly, and how can we coexist with them?

Keeping track of the changes and transformations, remembering the origin of the remaining furnishing all comes to an end at some point. After a while, the names that are linked to a certain carpet or cupboard, don't mean anything. Even if we get the grandmother to show us around the apartment, after a time, these objects will also migrate from their original environment and context, thus their meaning will change. Or they will even disappear (see the list of stolen items), and posterity will try to shape them tentatively, based on the remaining records.

The bondage, which is composed of the features of the apartment and the strict, ceremonial arrangement of its objects, raises some questions for the present dwellers: where are my own boundaries, and from what point do I start to carry the troubles left from my family? How long will I be able to share the space with this condensed time? During everyday usage, when will I be overwhelmed by the sensation of the space being so full of its past? The pieces of furniture (which are - even by their collector and caretaker – often connected to the notion of heaviness: 'terrifically heavy', 'beautiful piece, but very heavy') instead of being practical pieces serving their owners, take over the place. The aim of the flat starts to shift to the their preservation and maintenance. When the new generation starts to shape its living area, they can only do it by small alterations within this inherited system, which is only an illusion of change. As long as we live in it, most of the cases we are not even aware of these automatisms; distance is needed to discover the possibilities and opportunities of change.

This detachment and abandonment did allow this current exhibition to happen. Before the new tenants would occupy the apartment, the old ones come to say goodbye to the emptied spaces. Once again, they look at it in its sheer reality. As a gesture of farewell, Sári Ember once again opens it to the public (as she did it there in their Salon for years), inviting others as co-creators. New perspectives are added to the appreciation of the space and the family heirloom, and to the reaction to these. On the one hand, Sári herself - after spending two years abroad - have recently returned to Budapest, but she no longer lives in the Múzeum Boulevard flat. She went to Brazil, where she had been documenting the inner life of the house, which served as her temporary home, for two years. This consciousness and responsiveness are noticeable also in the current exhibition, however, from an entirely different position. On the other hand, the involvement of Bruno Baptistelli and Zsófia Keresztes allows additional, personally less biased perspectives. The interviews of Márton Hakkel explore what the flat meant to those who used it daily or lived there during the years of the Salon: the speakers sketch the last "golden age" of the apartment together.

The ensemble of the exhibited objects - artworks and memories from the heritage of the family - are being mixed with the contemporary works. The young ones practically select those things from the past, to which they feel connected, or would like to carry them on in some way, and begin a dialogue with them.

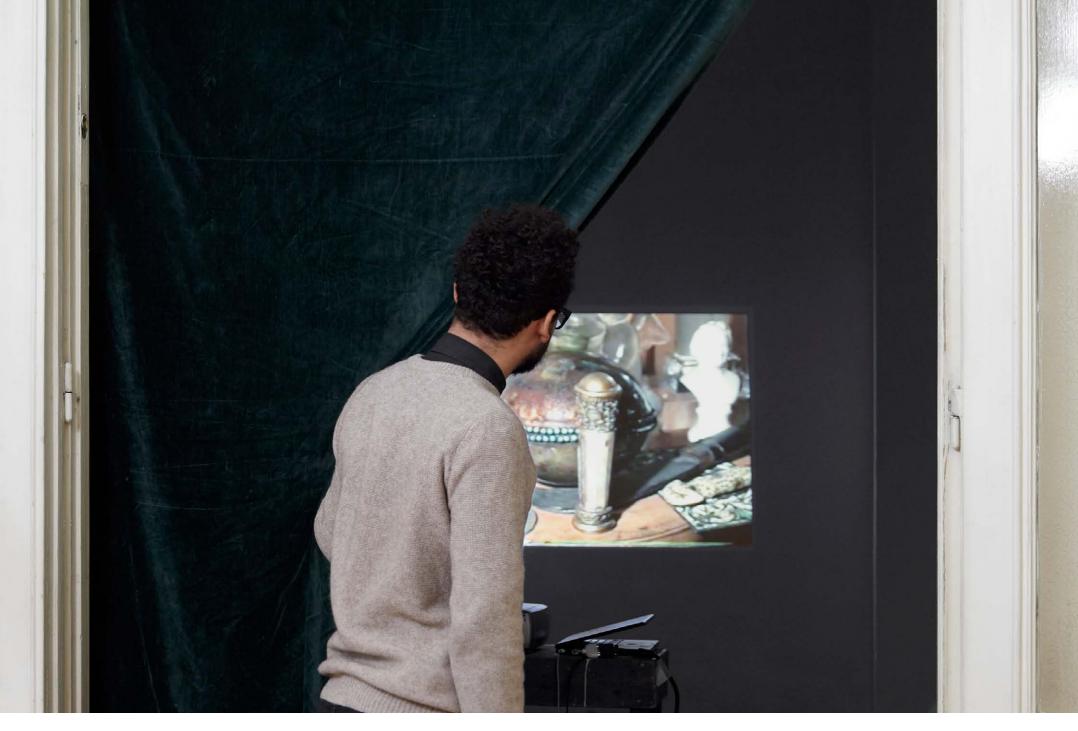
For Bruno Baptistelli not only the apartment, but the whole city is the object of new observations; hence he has the courage to put a bulky security grid in the middle of one of the rooms, next to the richly carved cabinets, and to hang his paintings on it. His works are imprints of his impressions, collected while strolling in the city, and yet there often occur some eerie similarities between them and some elements of the flat. A circulation of the factures and forms commences - what has originally resembled the plaster on the facade of a building, now begins to connect to another object.

Zsófia Keresztes is familiar with Budapest, however the apartment is a new milieu for her: she complements the living space with a false security alarm (acting as if it was integrally belonging there), and adds a plant, which underwent a strange metamorphosis. As if in the empty flat certain uncontrollable processes had begun, we are not any more in charge of what's happening to the objects: they has started a strange proliferation on their own. The space in its formerly known form starts to go through a modification, from which no return is possible to the well-known but never fully embraceable version, that still kept the traces of the former generations.

Before abandoning the apartment, the youngest generation has the opportunity to test what it feels like when it is only up to them, what is in the space. They can shape it in their own way, even if only for a short period. That is how they say goodbye: they have looked at the flat with this new face, which they couldn't see or experience so far. And then, they decide to cut the bonds and climb out into the endless blue.



installation view, entrance hall



installation view, projection room

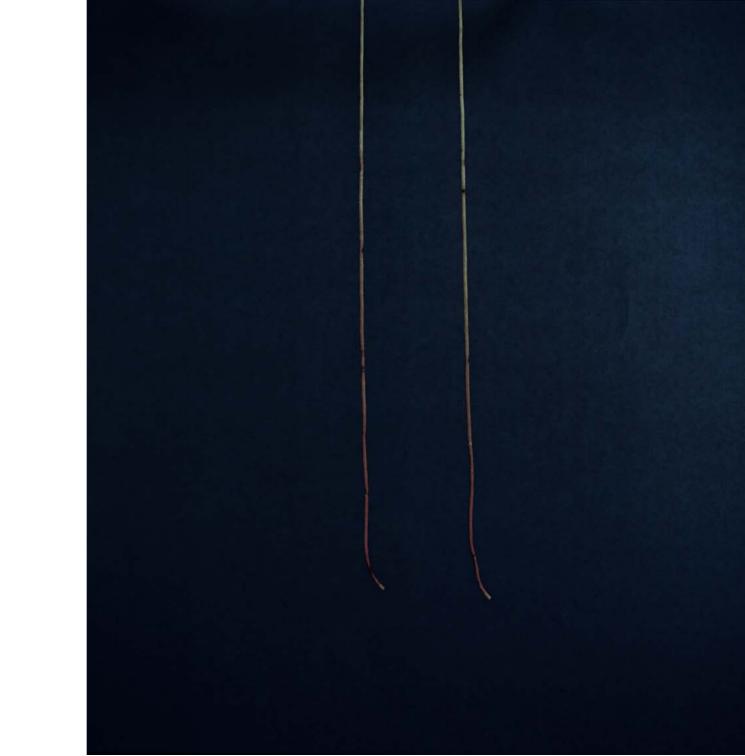


My dear family i would like you to know what are the objects, the furniture for four generations in the property of my family, which I was preserving.



installation view









Sári Ember: *Collection*, 2016, clay



Sári Ember: *Collection*, 2016, clay (detail)



Sári Ember: *Collection*, 2016, clay (detail)





Dr. Károly Ember, Mrs. Károly Ember (maiden name Magdolna Ashbóth) at the Belgrád embankment, Budapest, 1940, coloured slide film digitalized by Fortepan



Dr. Károly Ember, Mrs. Károly Ember (maiden name Magdolna Ashbóth) at the Belgrád embankment, Budapest, 1940, coloured slide film digitalized by Fortepan

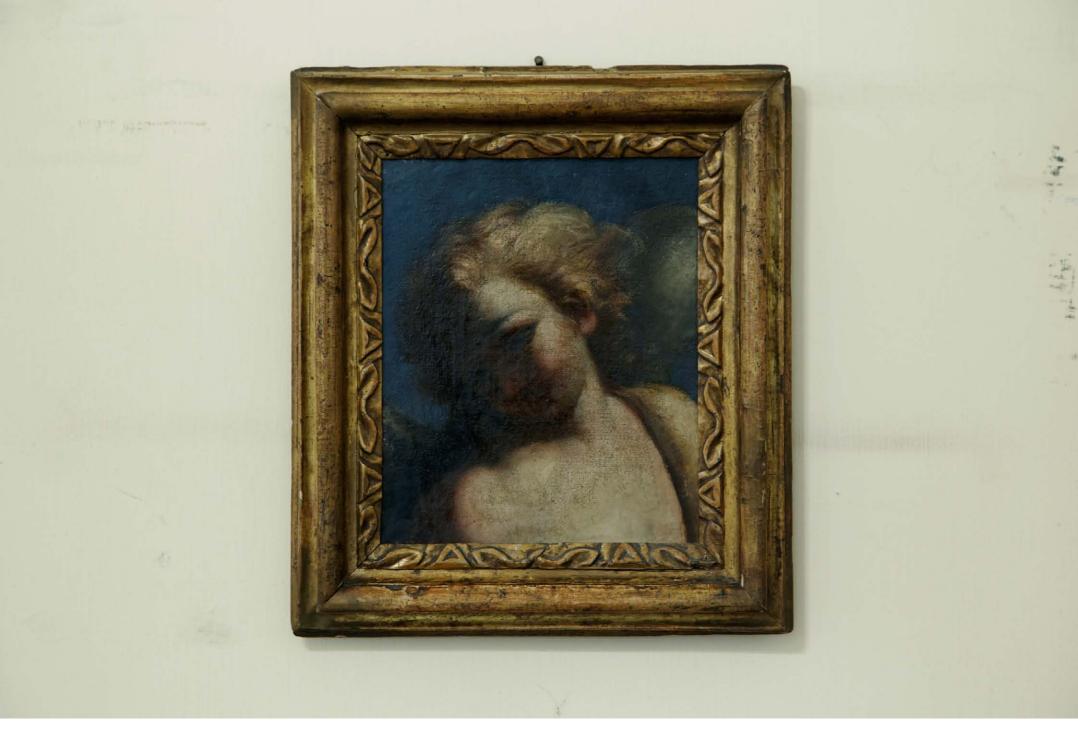




Zsófi Keresztes, *Dumb Alarm (from the series 'Priggish Hunting for Stolen References')* 2015, paper, adhesive paper, glue, expanding foam, plastic

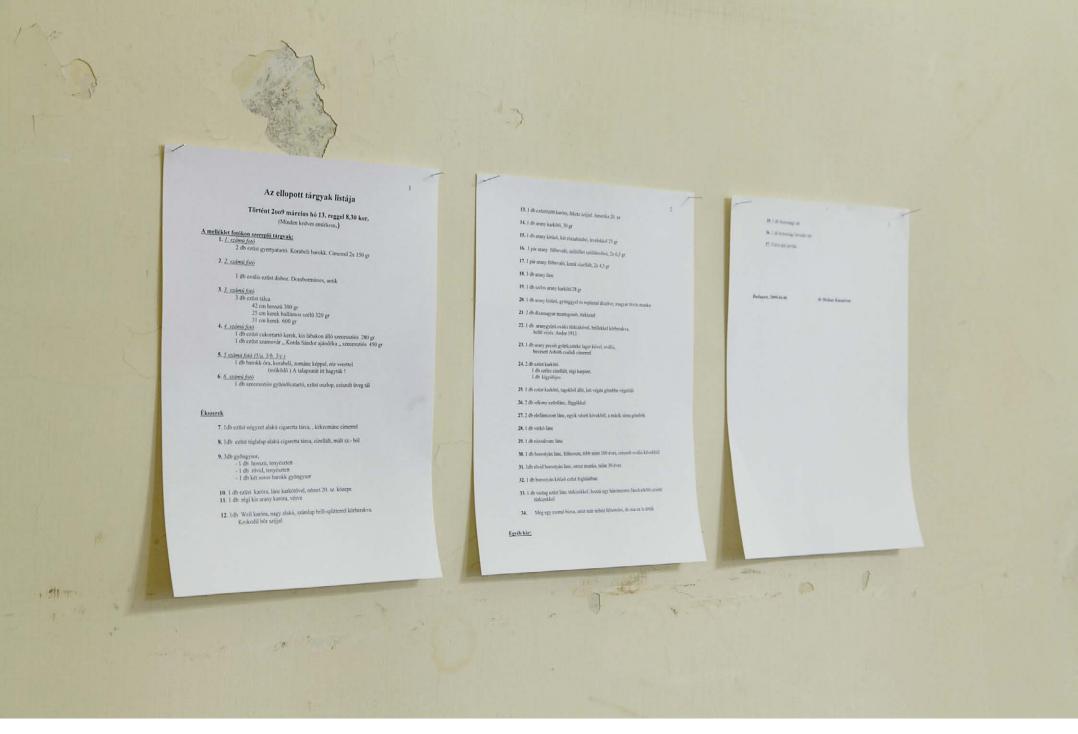


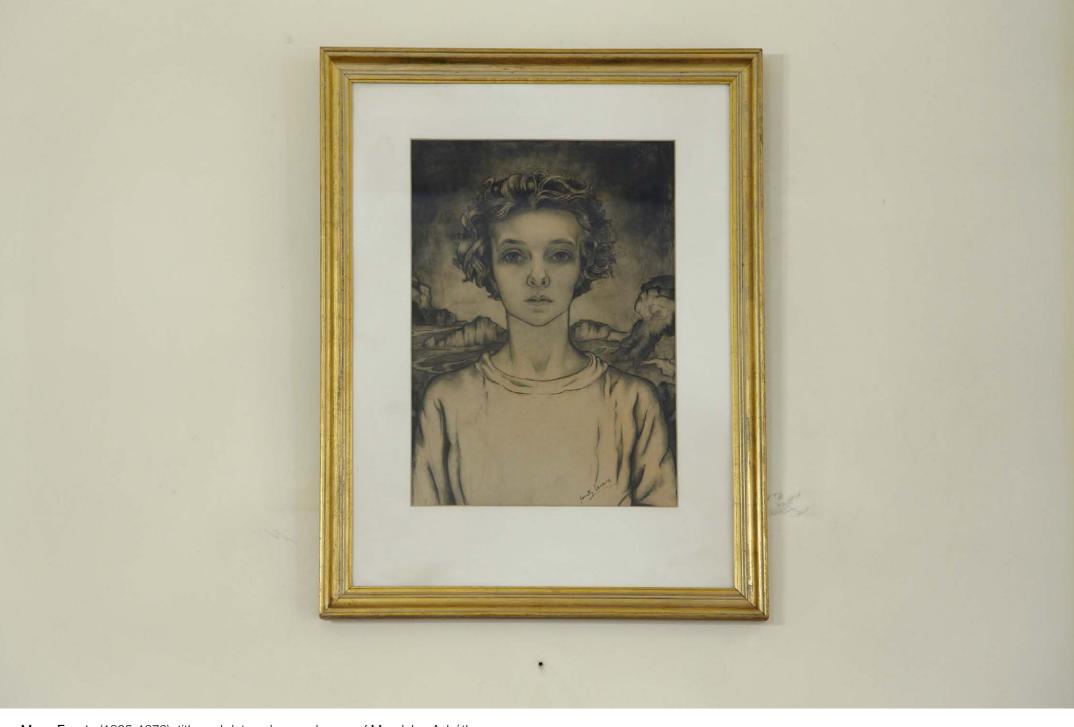




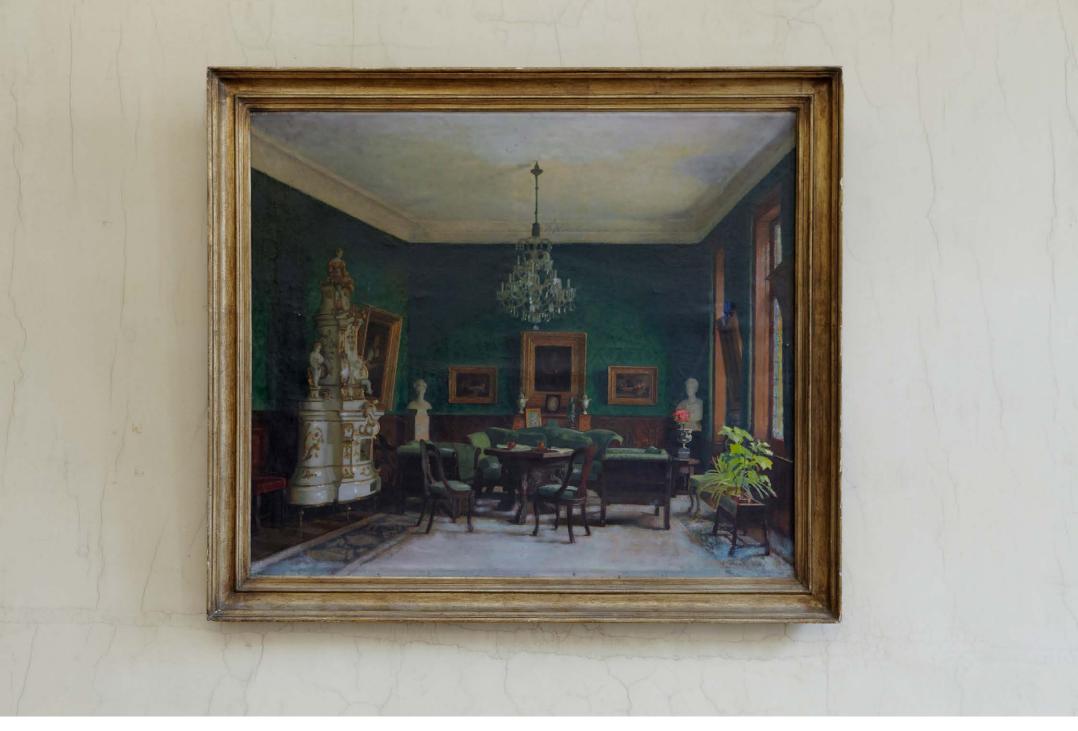


installation view









Béla Vidovszky (1883-1973), *The green parlour in the castle of Jenő Hubay*, oil on canvas, date unknown



Dr. Károly Ember

View on the Danube with the old Elisabeth Bridge, 1940

Mrs. Károly Ember (maiden name Magdolna Ashbóth) and Eluka, the nanny at the 15th of March square, 1943

coloured slide film digitalized by Fortepan



Dr. Károly Ember, View on the Danube with the old Elisabeth Bridge Budapest, 1940, coloured slide film digitalized by Fortepan



Dr. Károly Ember, *Mrs. Károly Ember (maiden name Magdolna Ashbóth) and Eluka, the nanny at the 15th of March square*Budapest,1943, coloured slide film digitalized by Fortepan



installation view



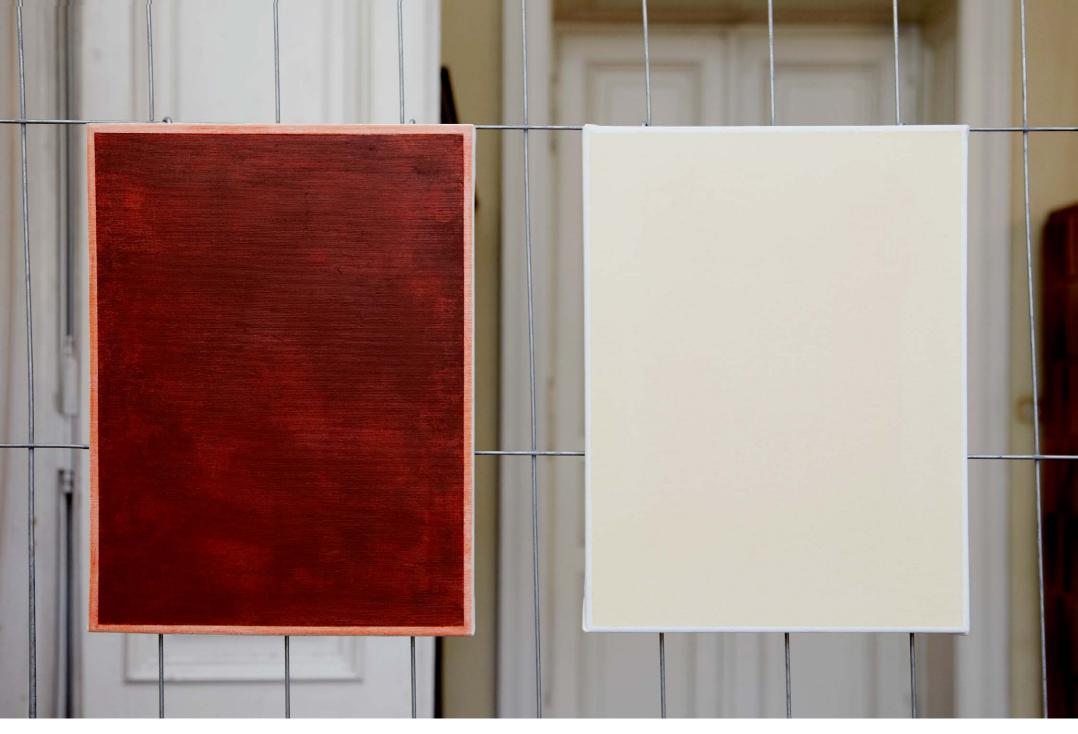
a piece of the moulding that fell down from the ceiling in the staircase



Bruno Baptistelli: For a while, 2016, installation, cordon grid and 5 paintings (canvas, acrilic wall paint, iron oxide pigment, pastel)







Bruno Baptistelli: For a while, (detail)



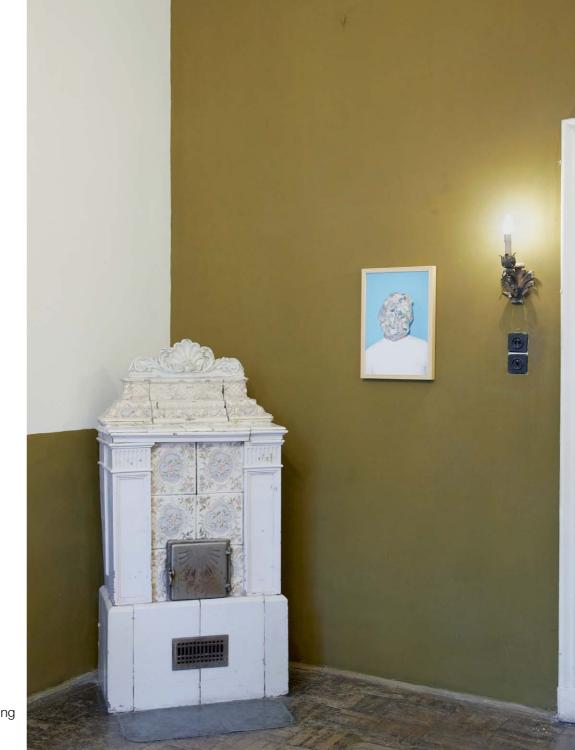


Zsófia Keresztes: **Zamioculcas Zamiifolia** (from the series 'Farmer's Room') 2013, paper, acrylic paint, imitation leather, thread, plasticine, glue









Tile stove built in 1956 with the use of the remains of a rebuilt Herend fireplace standing in the living room





installation view



Zoltán Farkas (1900–1945): *Bust, presumably of Melanie Durneiss* date unknown, bronze, legacy of Magdolna Asbóth



