

I DREAMED  
WE WERE  
ALIVE



# FRIEDERIKE GÖSWEINER

# EKATERINA ANOKHINA

# LENA ROSA HÄNDLE

# YULIA TIKHOMIROVA

# HANNA PUTZ

# BORJANA VENTZISLAVOVA

Die physikalische Größe Zeit hat als Formelzeichen ein kleines t, für time, sie wird in Sekunden gemessen und beschreibt die Abfolge von Ereignissen, hat eine unumkehrbare, eindeutige Richtung ... Als sie nicht schlafen hatte können, gestern, hatte Bob ihr die Zeit definiert, er hatte auch vom Zusammenhang von Zeit und Wärme gesprochen, davon, dass nur das Vorhandensein von Wärme ein Vorher und ein Nachher unterscheide und es für das Wörtchen jetzt keine physikalische Entsprechung gäbe, weil das, was wir als Gegenwart wahrnahmen, nichts Objektives sei. Ihr MacAir hatte sie links neben sich auf dem Bett aufgeklappt gehabt und aus dem Skype-Fenster hatte ihr Bobs Gesicht entgegengeschaut. Sein Mund, der manchmal festfror, während er sprach (als dehne sich das Jetzt, hatte Pippa gedacht), sodass sie ihn immer wieder bitten musste, zu wiederholen, was er eben gesagt hatte, formte Sätze, denen sie versucht hatte zu folgen, in dem Wissen, die Anstrengung, die sie das kostete, gepaart mit dem beruhigenden Klang seiner Stimme würde sie einlullen, sie bald einschlafen lassen. Sie hatte ihn gebeten, ihr „etwas Physikalisches“ zu erklären, wie das früher ihr Vater getan hatte für sie, wenn sie nicht einschlafen konnte, als sie Kind war und er noch nicht tot.

Wie immer hatte sie auch gestern versucht, sich sehr genau zu merken, was Bob ihr erklärte, hatte versucht, exakt zu memorieren, was er sprach, diesen anderen Blick auf die Welt zu verstehen, der ihr fremd war und über den Vater doch vertraut. Warum erinnerte sie sich jetzt daran, fragte sie sich, als sie das Bild, das auf dem Schreibtisch der Mutter stand, in die Hand nahm. An die Definition von Zeit, und dass es kein Jetzt gab oder eher: dass jetzt keine objektive, feste Größe sei, weil die Zeit keine feste war, sondern relativ. Bob hatte Einstein zitiert gestern, den Spruch, den man kannte: Zeit sei eine Illusion, eine harntäckige zwar, aber nichts weiter als das ...

Jetzt. Eine Illusion. Der, den sie jetzt ansah, war tot. War schon eine ganze Weile nicht mehr. War jenseits der Zeit, die sie und er und Bob wie alle Menschen bewohnten. Von Heidegger war das, der Mensch als *Bewohner der Zeit*, das hatte ihr Vater oft zitiert, und Bob war gestern darauf zurückgekommen, als er vom physikalischen Problem mit dem Jetzt sprach. Der, den sie jetzt ansah, war ihr toter Vater. Er war lange tot (was hieß lange?), aber jedes Mal wieder traf sie der Schmerz erneut, wenn er ihr begegnete, wie jetzt. Auf dem Bild sah er nach unten, sah nicht direkt in die Kamera, sah sie also nicht direkt an, sah auch der Frau neben ihm, ihrer Mutter, nicht in die Augen, die auf dem Bild wie er den Kopf ganz leicht geneigt hielt, ihm zugeneigt. Auch sie blickte nicht direkt in die Kamera, sah wie er leicht nach unten. Er stand auf dem Foto links, das hieß in *Wirklichkeit* (das war auch so ein problematischer Begriff,

The symbol for the physical variable time is a lowercase t, for time. It is measured in seconds and describes the sequence of events. It has an irreversible, definitive direction ... When she hadn't been able to sleep yesterday, Bob had defined time for her. He had also spoken of the connection between time and heat, saying that only the presence of heat distinguishes a Before and After, and that there was no physical analogy for that little word now because what we perceived as the present had no objective existence. She'd had her MacAir flipped open on the bed to her left, and Bob's face had been looking at her from the Skype window. His mouth occasionally froze up while he was talking (as if extending the Now, Pippa had thought) so that she had to keep asking him to repeat what he had just said. The mouth was forming sentences she was trying to follow, and she knew that the effort this cost her combined with the soothing sound of his voice would lull her and soon put her to sleep. She had asked him to explain "something about physics" to her, as her father had done for her when she couldn't get to sleep, when she was a child and he was not yet dead. As always, yesterday too she'd tried to take note of what Bob was explaining to her. She'd tried to memorize exactly what he was saying, to understand this different view of the world, which was foreign to her and yet familiar by way of her father. Why was she remembering that now, she wondered as she picked up the picture that stood on her mother's desk. Remembering the definition of time, and that there is no such thing as Now, or rather: that now is not an objective, fixed quantity, because time is not constant, but relative. Yesterday Bob had quoted Einstein, the familiar saying: time is an illusion, a stubbornly persistent one to be sure, but no more than that ...

Now. An illusion. The person she was looking at now was dead. Hadn't existed for quite some time. Was beyond the time in which she and he and Bob dwelt like all people. That was from Heidegger, man is a dweller in time. Her father had often quoted that, and yesterday Bob had come back to it when he was talking about the problem physics has with the Now. The person she was looking at now was her dead father. He had been dead a long time (what did 'long' mean?), but the pain affected her anew every time he came face to face with her, like now. In the picture he was looking downward, not directly into the camera, so he wasn't looking directly at her. Nor was he looking into the eyes of the woman next to him, her mother, who in the picture held her head as he did, just slightly tilted, inclined toward him. She too was looking not directly at the camera but like him slightly downward. In the photograph he was standing on the left, which meant that in reality (that was also one of those problematical concepts, Pippa thought, and

dachte Pippa, nicht nur physikalisch) war er rechts gestanden. Einen Arm hatte er um seine Frau gelegt oder die, die später seine Frau werden sollte, sie konnte nicht sagen, was stimmte, ob sie in dem Moment, in dem der Fotograf den Auslöser seiner Kamera gedrückt hatte (Pippa tippte auf Tante Dodo, von ihr stammten die meisten Schnappschüsse im Familienalbum), schon verheiratet gewesen waren oder noch nicht. Die Hände ihrer Mutter waren nicht zu sehen, sie verschwanden, in den Manteltaschen wahrscheinlich, dachte sie, die sie sich unter dem unteren Bildrand denken konnte. Auch sie vergrub ihre Hände gern in tiefen Manteltaschen, dachte sie dann, und vielleicht dachte sie nur deshalb, es müsse so sein, ihre Mutter müsse ihre Hände in den tiefen Taschen ihres Trenchcoats vergraben haben, den sie auf dem Foto trug, weil das eine Eigenart war, die sie an sich selber kannte. Mit Sicherheit zu sagen war es jedenfalls nicht, bloß sehr wahrscheinlich.

In der Physik war auch vieles bloß noch wahrscheinlich, dachte Pippa. Die Position eines Elektrons war nicht absolut zu bestimmen, sie ließ sich nur *in Relation* zu einem anderen Punkt feststellen. Realität war nur ein Konzept aus Bezogenheiten, keine objektive Größe. Wirklichkeit ist Wechselwirkung, hatte Bob gesagt. Um die Wichtigkeit der Bezogenheit der Dinge zu erkennen, brauchte Pippa keine Physik. Das sage einem ja der Hausverstand, hatte sie Bob entgegnet, dass ein Punkt allein ebenso wenig bestimmbar war wie ein einzelner Mensch sich nur aus sich selber heraus bestimmen konnte, dass der Mensch für sich ja gar nicht überlebensfähig sei. Und er hatte dann darauf gemeint, umso besser, aber die Physik erkläre es eben anders, *wissenschaftlich*.

Ihre Eltern sahen einander nicht direkt an auf dem Foto, aber gerade darin schien etwas zu liegen, das Pippa jedes Mal wieder, wenn sie das Bild betrachtete, berührte, was sie, nachdem der erste Schmerz über den toten Vater, der ihr auf dem Bild so jung entgegenblickte, wie sie ihn nie gesehen hatte, nie sehn hatte können, vergangen war, auf eine Weise tröstete, sie beglückte. Jetzt aber erst, jetzt fiel ihr ein, was es war, was sie da sah. Als ob sie es nicht nötig hatten, sich einander zu vergewissern, dachte sie, weil es da eine Bezogenheit gab, eine ganz und gar selbstverständliche, natürliche, eine gegebene Bezogenheit aufeinander. Sie waren einander gewiss, völlig gewiss, als könne ihnen niemals jemand etwas anhaben, so sahen sie aus. Sie musste sich nicht umklammern, nicht einander mit ihrem Blick fixieren. Darin drückte sich die Selbstverständlichkeit ihrer Zusammengehörigkeit aus, dachte Pippa. Sie waren einander zugeneigt, als müsse es so sein, wie zwei Koordinaten in der Raum-Zeit, die durch eine unsichtbare innerliche Verbindung in ihrer jeweiligen Position gehalten wurden, einander hielten, weit über diesen einen Moment, den sie betrachtete, hinaus.

Der Moment, den sie in dem Moment besah, das Jetzt, das sie jetzt studierte, war lange vorbei. Sie selber war damals noch

not just for physics) he had been standing on the right. He had put one arm around his wife, or the woman who would later become his wife. She couldn't say which was right, whether or not they were already married at the moment the photographer had pressed the camera's shutter (Pippa guessed it was Aunt Dodo, the source of most of the snapshots in the family album). Her mother's hands were not visible, probably disappearing, she thought, into her coat pockets, which she could imagine below the lower edge of the picture. She also liked to bury her hands in deep coat pockets, she thought, and maybe that was the only reason she thought her mother must have been burying her hands in the deep pockets of the trench coat she was wearing in the photo, because it was an idiosyncrasy she recognized in herself. It could not be said with certainty in any case, it was merely quite probable.

In physics there were also many things that were merely probable, Pippa thought. The position of an electron could not be determined absolutely, it could only be established *in relation* to another point. Reality was only a concept of referentiality, not an objective variable. Reality is reciprocity, Bob had said. To realize the relativity of things Pippa did not need physics. Common sense told you, she'd replied to Bob, that one point by itself was just as indeterminable as an individual human being trying to determine himself from within, that human beings by themselves weren't even capable of surviving. He had responded by saying, so much the better, but physics just explained it differently, *scientifically*.

Her parents were not looking directly at each other in the photo, but there seemed to be something about this very fact that touched Pippa again every time she contemplated the picture. Whatever it was, after the first pain over her dead father had faded away—he was so young in this picture, looking out at her, as she had never seen him, never could have seen him—this something somehow comforted her, made her happy. But now for the first time, now she realized what it was she saw there. As if they had no need to reassure each other, she thought, because there was a referentiality there, a totally self-evident, natural, given referentiality to each other. They were certain of each other, totally certain, as if no one could ever do them any harm, that's how they looked. They didn't have to clutch each other or fix each other with their gazes. This was how the implicitness of their belonging to each other expressed itself, Pippa thought, their relativity to each other. They were inclined toward each other as *if it had to be that way*, like two coordinates in space-time that were held in their respective positions by an invisible inward connection, holding each other well beyond this one moment which she was observing.

The moment that she viewed in that moment, the Now she was now studying, was long past. She herself had not yet existed at that time, and no one had known that she would someday

nicht gewesen, und niemand hatte gewusst, dass sie einmal wäre. Dass sie einmal dieses Bild betrachten würde, ähnlich alt oder jung wie die beiden auf dem Foto in schwarz-weiß, Querformat, 13x18 cm wahrscheinlich, das in einem hellen Holzrahmen hinter Glas dem Sonnenlicht (Lichtquanten würde Bob sagen) und seinen Auswirkungen auf Silbergelatine und Fotopapier trotzend hier auf dem Schreibtisch stand, während eine Abfolge von Ereignissen in unumkehrbarer Folge Zeit generierte ...

Sie strich mit der rechten Hand über das Glas, wischte den Staub fort, der sich darauf angesammelt hatte als Resultat dieser unumkehrbaren Abfolge von Ereignissen (Zeit klang schöner, dachte Pippa), wie sie das bei ihrem Telefon gelegentlich tat, mechanisch, gedankenverloren, eine automatisierte Geste, die ihre Hand aus Gewohnheit ausführte.

Ob es dann physikalisch betrachtet eine sinnlose Aussage sei, wenn sie sagte, *jetzt bin ich hier*, hatte Pippa Bob gestern gefragt. Aber bald darauf musste sie eingeschlafen sein, sie erinnerte sich an keine Antwort mehr, nur an sein Guten-Morgen-MMS, das sie selbst zeigte, schlafend im Bett, ein Skype-Screenshot. You now+here. Nowhere near stand als Botschaft dabei, begleitet von einem schniefenden Emoji, und dahinter: miss u!

Jetzt war sie hier und ihr Vater tot und ihre Mutter beim Einkaufen. Auf dem Bild war sie nicht und ihr Vater und ihre Mutter jung. Und schön, sie fand beide schön, ein schönes Paar, er blond, sie dunkel, er ein Lockenkopf, halblange Haare, sie ihr glattes Haar am Hinterkopf zusammengebunden. Sie hielt das Bild näher zu sich, sodass sie die Qualität des Fotopapiers deutlicher sah, die Struktur seines Wirklichkeitskonzeptes, dachte Pippa, wie versponnen das Klang. Die beiden auf dem Foto lächelten. Ein unbesiegbares, jugendliches Lächeln war das. Hinter ihnen verschwommen ein Baum, zusammen mit den Mänteln, die die beiden trugen, verriet er die Jahreszeit, Frühling musste gewesen sein, das Laub schien jung. Als würden sie für immer bleiben, in diesem einen Augenblick, diesem Jetzt. Als sei alles nur passiert, um sie hierher, in diesen einen Augenblick zu führen, in dieses Jetzt und Hier, das sie in Händen hielt, festhielt, entrissen dem Fluss der Zeit.

Der Ausdruck in ihren Gesichtern, ihre Körper, diese Innigkeit, die sich zwischen ihnen auf dem Foto so deutlich nach außen kehrte, ließ sie mehr sein als bloß zwei Menschen, die einander hatten, in diesem einen Moment hatten, den das Foto festhielt, ließ das Jetzt mehr sein als bloß ein Augenblick. Das war das Wesentliche, dachte Pippa, das Wesentliche lag zwischen ihnen und zwischen ihr und ihnen, als sie das Telefon, das in ihrer Hosentasche vibrierte, hervorholte und Bobs Gesicht am Display in ihrer Linken aufleuchtete, während sie in ihrer Rechten immer noch das Bild der Eltern hielt.

exist, that someday she would be looking at this picture, more or less as old or as young as the two people in the photo, black and white, landscape orientation, probably 5 x 7 inches, which stood here on the desk in a blond wooden frame, behind glass that defied the sunlight (Bob would say light quanta) and its effects on silver gelatine and photographic paper, while a series of events in an irreversible sequence generated time ...

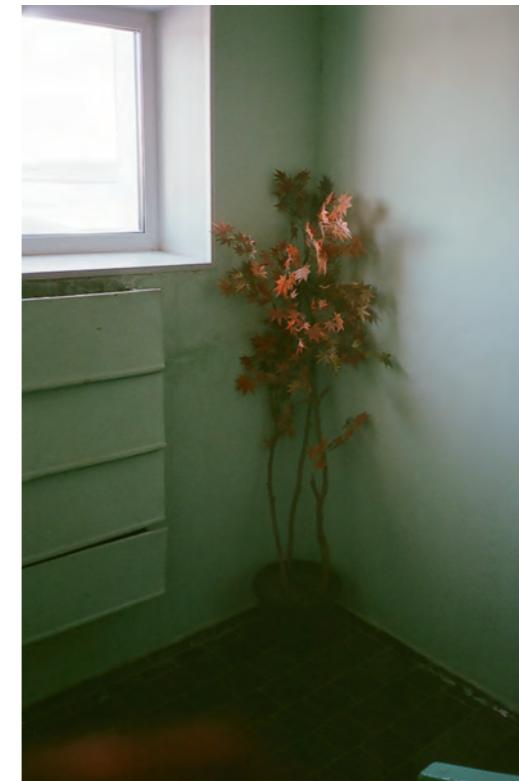
She ran her right hand over the glass, wiping off the dust that had collected on it as a result of this irreversible sequence of events (time sounded better, Pippa thought), as she occasionally did with her telephone, mechanically, absentmindedly, an automated gesture that her hand executed out of habit.

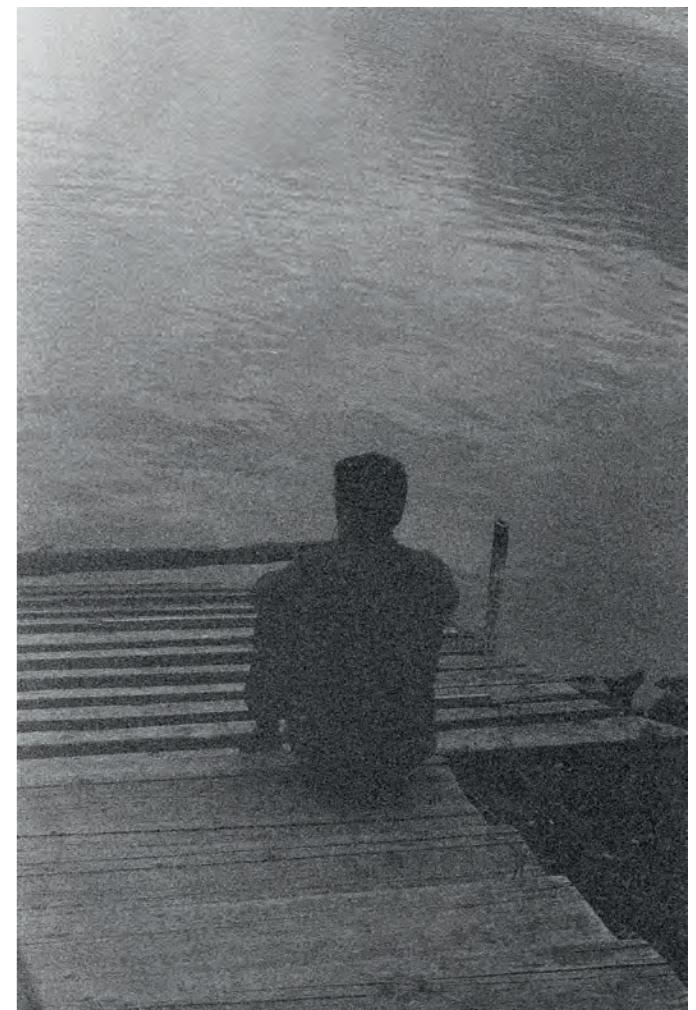
So was it a meaningless statement in terms of physics when she said "now I am here," Pippa had asked Bob yesterday. But soon afterward she must have fallen asleep. She couldn't remember any answer, only his good-morning MMS, which showed her sleeping in her bed, a Skype screenshot. You now+here. Nowhere near was the attached message, accompanied by a sniffling emoji, and after that: miss u!

Now she was here and her father was dead and her mother was out shopping. In the picture she was not, and her father and mother were young. And attractive, she found them both attractive, a handsome couple, he blond, she dark-haired, his curly hair chin-length, her straight hair tied at the back of her head. She held the picture closer so that she could see the quality of the photographic paper more clearly, the structure of its concept of reality, Pippa thought, how fanciful that sounded. The two in the photo were smiling. An invincible, youthful smile it was. Behind them, a tree out of focus. Together with the coats the two of them wore, it revealed the season: it must have been springtime, the leaves seemed young. As if they'd stay forever, in this one moment, this Now. As if everything had happened only to guide them here, into this one moment, into this Now and Here, which held them in its hands, held them fast, wrested from the flow of time.

The expressions on their faces, their bodies, this intimacy between them that was brought to light so clearly in this photo, which let them be more than just two people who had each other, had each other in this one moment, which the photograph held fast, letting the Now be more than just a moment. This was the essence, Pippa thought. The essence lay between them and between her and them, when the telephone vibrating in her trouser pocket brought her back, and Bob's face lit up in the display in her left hand, while in her right hand she was still holding the picture of her parents.

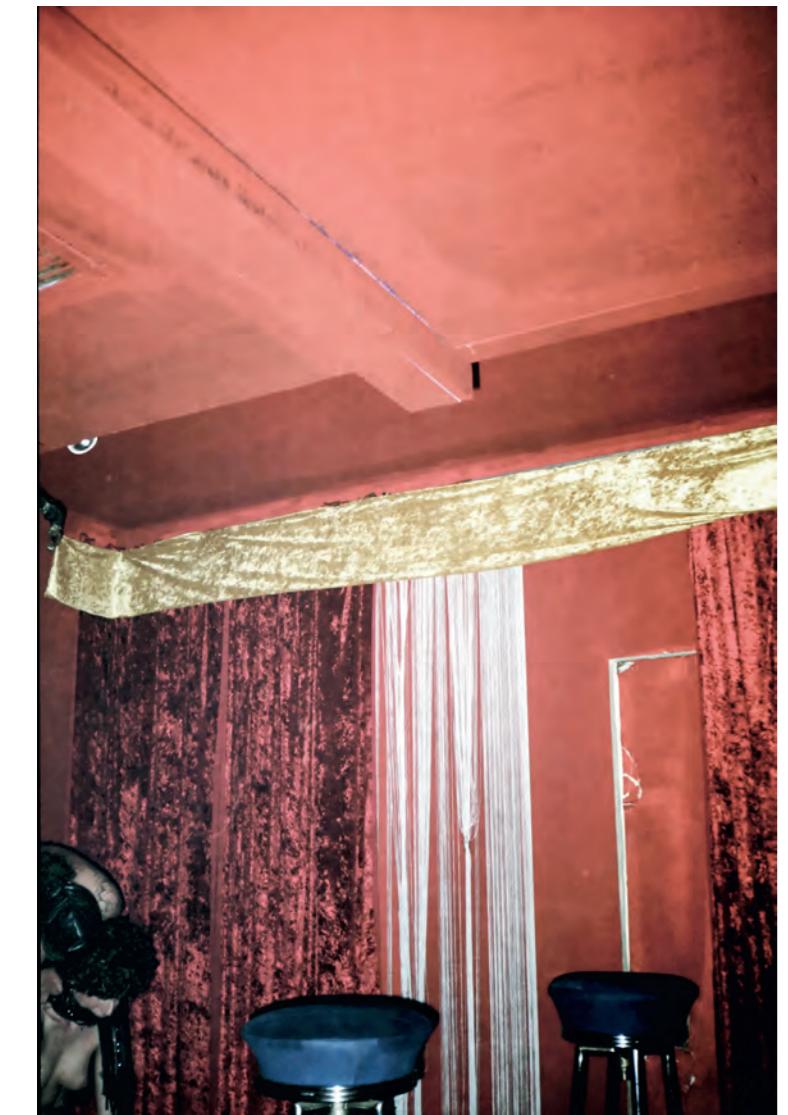
Translation: Geoffrey C. Howes

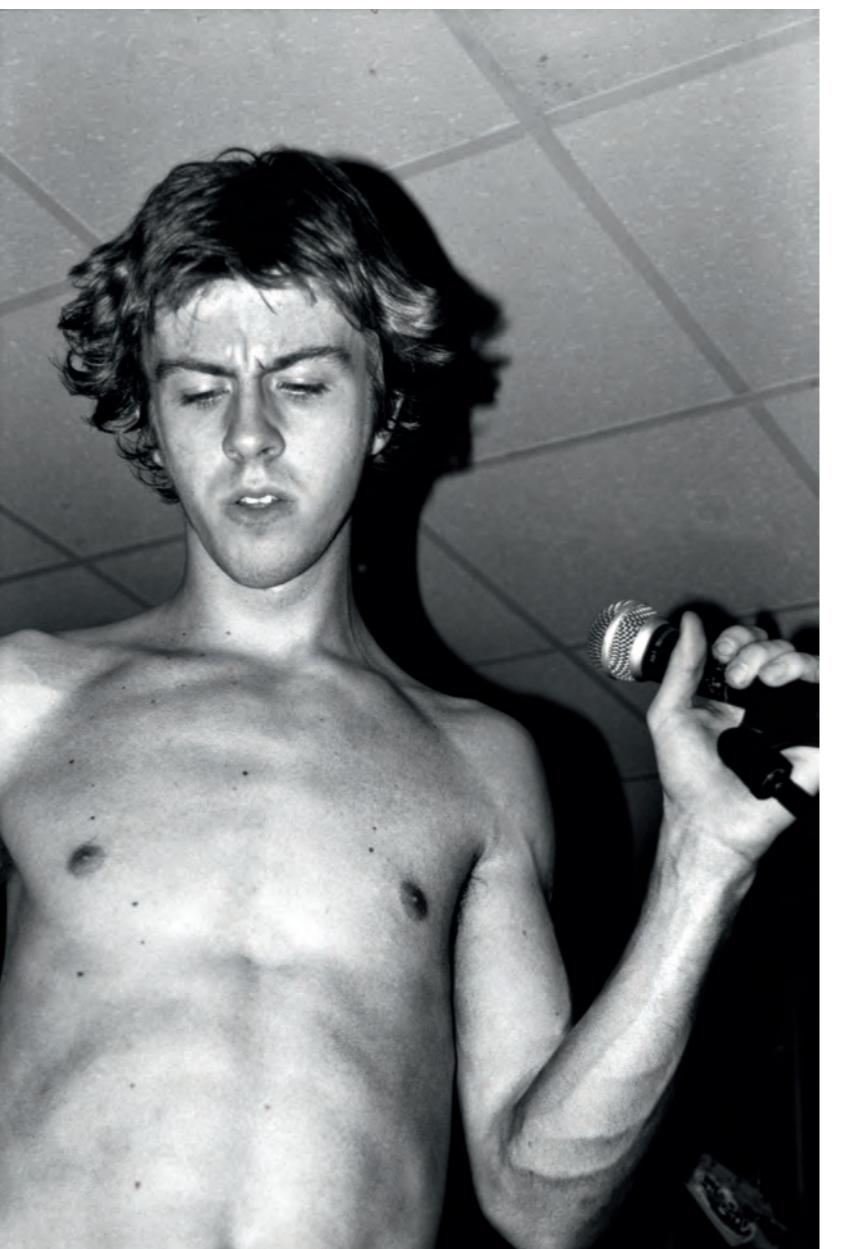






LENA ROSA HÄNDLE





YULIA TIKHOMIROVA









## BIOGRAPHIES

**EKATERINA ANOKHINA**, born in Moscow in 1983, studied Social Psychology at the Russian State University of Humanities and Photography at the Rodchenko Artschool in Moscow. Her graduation work – the self-published photobook *25 Weeks of Winter* – was first presented at the ViennaPhotoBookFestival 2013 and was subsequently re-published by Peperoni books. Her second book *Inner Mongolia* was released 2013 in collaboration with dieNacht publishing. In 2014 Anokhina became the winner of the international portfolio review at the Photovisa Photofestival in Krasnodar, Russia. Her work has been exhibited in Russia, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Slovenia and Italy, and published in photography related online and offline media. She lives and works in Moscow.

**LENA ROSA HÄNDLE**, born in Berlin in 1978, studied Gender Studies at the Humboldt University in Berlin and Photo Design at the BEST-Sabel Photo Design School in Berlin. She achieved her Master degree in Artistic Photography at the Academy of Visual Arts in Leipzig in 2011 and the postgraduate degree „Meisterschülerin“ in 2013. Since 2013 she is an assistant professor at the academy of Visual Arts Vienna. Lena Rosa Härdle's artistic practice and research deals with queer-feminist discourses, which are often linked to socio-political movements and queer visibility. She engages critically with contemporary societies and searches for utopian potentials. Her artist book *Laughing Inverts* was published in 2015 by Kehrer publishing and nominated for the German photobook award 2016. Her work is part of the public Art Collection, Dresden.

**YULIA TIKHOMIROVA**, born in Saint Petersburg in 1981, studied Journalism at the State University of Saint Petersburg and worked for several years as a correspondent for a German-Russian newspaper as well as for Swiss Radio International. In 2010 she earned her Master's Degree in Photo Editing from the Rome Luiss Business School. She is in charge of *YarT Photography*, a cultural association, providing resources for the development of documentary photography. In her projects Tikhomirova examines the relationship between humankind, history and nature working mostly in northern territories of Russia and Finland. Tikhomirova is currently attending a Master of Fine Arts in Imaging Arts and Photography at the Fondazione Fotografia Modena. She currently lives and works in Bologna, Italy.

**FREDERIKE GÖSWEINER**, author and literature academic was born in 1980 in Rum, Tyrol and grew up in Schwaz. She studied German Philology and Political Sciences at the University of Innsbruck. She works as a freelance lecturer and critic (e.g. for *Die Presse*, *Literatur & Kritik*, *Literaturhaus Wien*). Since 2012 she is working as a scientific assistant at the LFU Innsbruck. Her book *Traurige Freiheit* (2016) is her first novel. In November 2016 she was awarded with the Austrian Book Prize in the category 'debut'.

**HANNA PUTZ**, born in Vienna in 1987, works primarily in the medium of photography. Her work has been exhibited at KUNSTHALLE Wien, LENTOS Museum, 21er Haus, MOCP, FOAM Museum, The Photographers Gallery, AUTOCENTER Berlin, FOTOHOFF Salzburg and at the 2016 th Moscow Biennale. Her work is published in TAR Magazine, New York Magazine, Libération, SPIKE Art Quartely, Zeit Magazin, I-D, Another Magazine, Wallpaper\*, EINE, DUST Magazine and Dazed&Confused amongst others. She was a visiting lecturer at the University of Art and Design in Linz, Austria as well as at the Bauhaus University in Weimar, Germany. She lives and works in Berlin and Vienna.

**BORJANA VENTZISLAVOVA**, born in Sofia in 1976, studied Visual Media Art and Digital Art at the University of Applied Arts in Vienna. Borjana Ventzislavova is a cross-disciplinary artist who works in the fields of photography, video, installation, performance and media art. In her works she analyses stereotypical roles and models of representations and the impact of political and social power structures and control mechanisms on our existence. Her work addresses issues of mobility and crossing of socio-geographical and cultural borders and deals with the complex process of communication and translation. She lives and works in Vienna.

## PICTURE CREDITS

**Cover:**  
Ekaterina Anokhina, from the series *25 Weeks of Winter*, 2013

**Centerfold:**  
Borjana Ventzislavova, *I dreamed we were alive*, from the series *Works for Public Space*, 2012–ongoing

**Back Cover:**  
Yulia Tikhomirova, from the series *Baltica*, 2003–2016

**Ekaterina Anokhina**  
from the series *25 Weeks of Winter*, 2013

**Lena Rosa Härdle**  
*Ramell*, 2009, from the series *Laughing Inverts*  
*Su am Meer*, 2008, from the series *Laughing Inverts*  
*Roter Vorhang*, 2008, from the series *Laughing Inverts*  
*Wassermann*, 2007, from the series *Laughing Inverts*  
*Cot*, 2006, from the series *Laughing Inverts*

**Yulia Tikhomirova**  
from the series *Baltica*, 2003–2016

**Hanna Putz**  
*Untitled (Diptychon 1)*, 2017  
*Untitled (Diptychon 04)*, 2017

**Borjana Ventzislavova**  
*We are nowhere and it's now. This must be the place*, from the series *Works for Public Space*, 2012–ongoing  
*It's just me in there and I'm naked*, from the series *Works for Public Space*, 2012–ongoing

## IMPRINT

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