

Linda Reif
Another Girl, Another Planet

invited by Sherine Anis
as part of the independent exhibition program Pappenheimgasse 37

In October, the darkness came fast in the evening turning the clear fresh autumn sky into a deep all-swallowing black. One evening the sky lit up from an outstanding aurora. A green, mesmerizing light vibrated all across the firmament. I went outside to lay on the ground and stared into the atmosphere. It was, and still is one of the most spectacular things I have ever seen. After some staring it felt like the lights were just in front of me, floating directly on my retina. Space in my face.

The sun has since long set and a cold wind is sweeping in, pushing away the last remnants of summer. The autumnal decay has already started and another seasonal circle is slowly closing itself. Another year, another fall, another night, another another. Not like this one doesn't matter, but more like the warming comfort in the fact that if you don't like this one there is another one and there will be a next. The sheer multiplicity of things can make your brain explode for sure.

When we freeze a moment for ourselves, I believe we do it to put a stop to that infinity. To capture the vast amount of things, possibilities, feelings. And we do this constantly: subconsciously saving snippets of life in an everlasting struggle to grasp it – make sense of it! It is not possible of course. Life's complexity doesn't allow us to understand. It's not the point and not the goal. To understand that is already far enough. Anyway, these snippets – we can call them memories now – as much as they are the pathetic tries to fathom life's grandness, in a larger context they are also what connects us to others. Through our experiences, shared or not, they're weaving the fantastical fabric called life. (Andreas Waldén)

