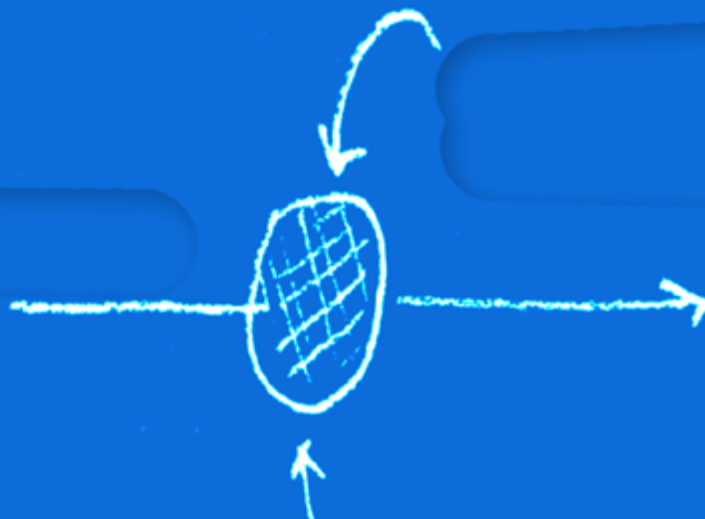


**Art &
Science**
2020
1st YEAR



**Where
were you
a year
ago...?**





During our entrance examination for the Art & Science program, we were asked to imagine a time around the year 2050 and write about the past from the perspective of historians and archeologists.

With the global pandemic and its lockdowns this past year, time feels as though it has either accelerated far too rapidly or left us in a decade-long standstill.

Just a few weeks ago, we spoke with high energy physicists who asked us to suspend our linear notions of time because in physics, there is neither past nor future.

A certain kind of dissection of time is on our minds — whether forwards or backwards, linear or circular, or in patterns we cannot yet imagine.

Catalina ESCALONA
1993

Germanist & Art Historian

Hanin EISA
1997

Character Illustrations, Part-time Gremlin

Aleksandar BACKOVIĆ
1977

Molecular Biologist, Ageing Researcher

Teresa v. MATTHEY
1989

Children of 4, Dancing, Taking photos, Writing, Drawing

Veronika NOGELLOVA
1990

Molecular Biologist & Visual Artist

Eugenie DESMEDT
1999

Amateur in Economics and most other things

Marton ZALKA
1992

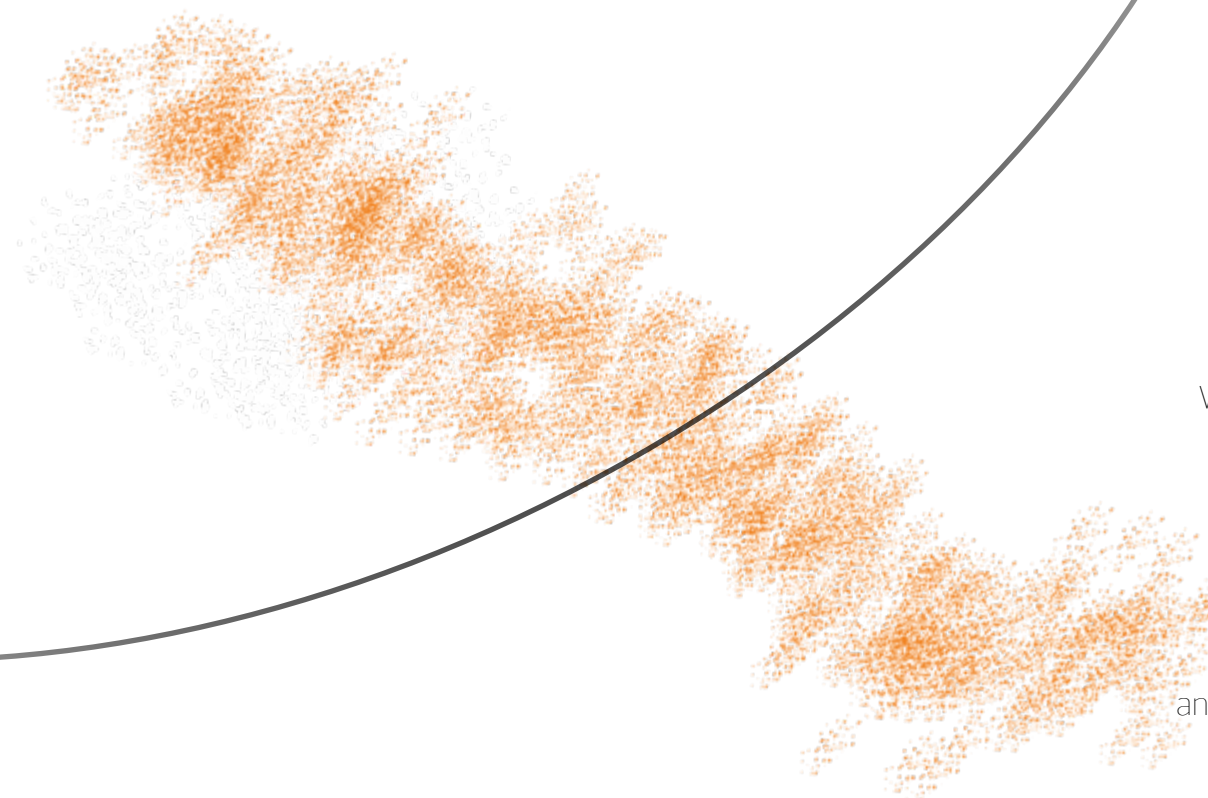
Furniture designer, lost between the whole and its parts

Malashree SUVEDI
1994

Linguist to be. Writer.

Gabriela GAŽOVÁ
1992

Swimming in a pool of apps and post-its



For our contribution to the Angewandte's
Virtual Open House,
we present a zine posing the question:
“Where were you a year...?”

We reflect on the points in our lives before
we applied to Art & Science, before we
began our year-long collaboration with
MedAustron, a center for ion therapy and
research in Lower Austria, and before our
notions of time and transdisciplinarity
would come to be simultaneously
incubated, extracted, fused, accelerated,
and beamed to reach this present moment.

1st year students of the
Art & Science Master's Program
University of Applied Arts Vienna
December 2020

A year ago, I was
writing about an ancient
modernist city located
on the banlieues of the
Sahara. A city sculpted
entirely of
COUSCOUS.



idk a lot
happened

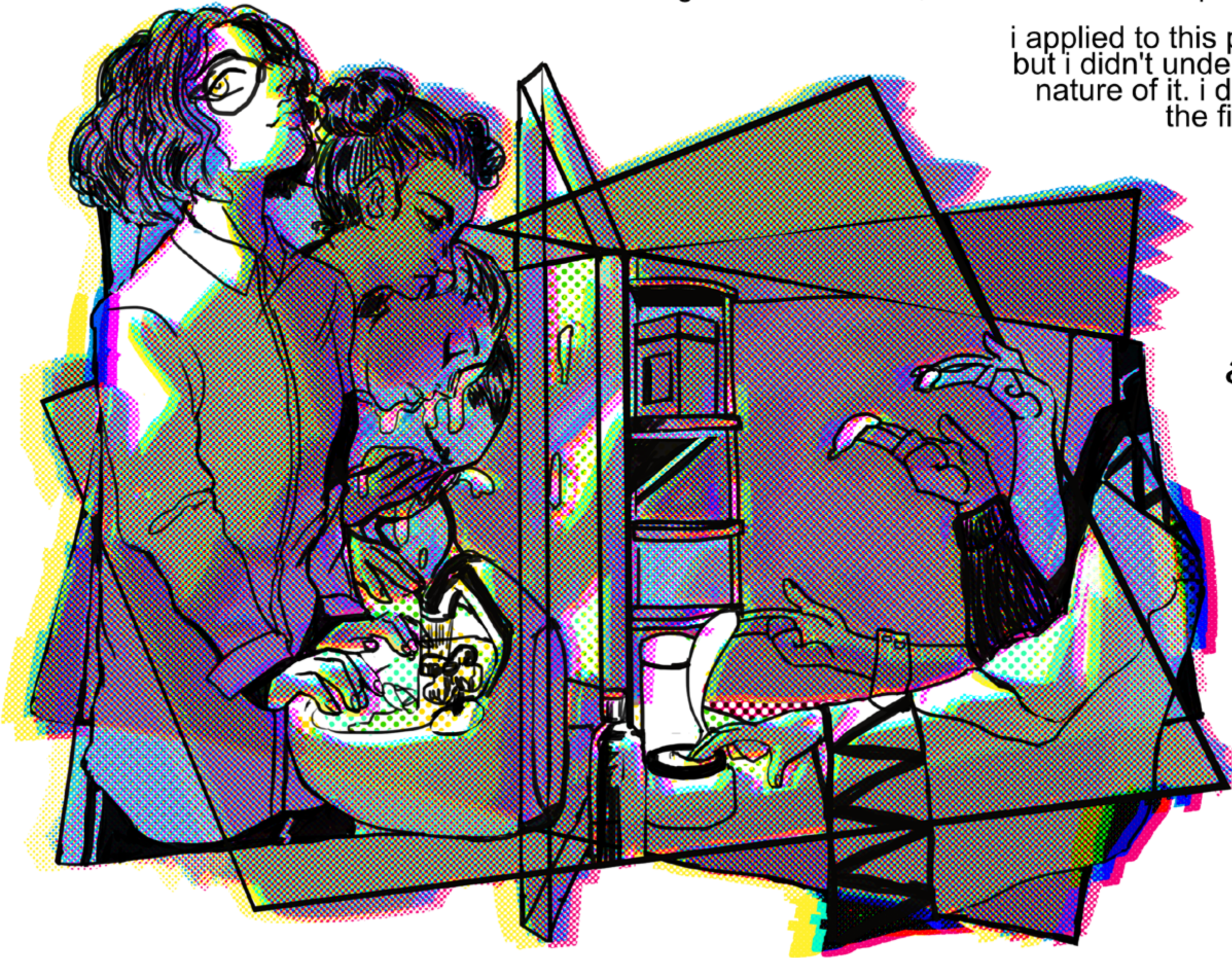
i was looking for jobs because i wanted to be useful if i
wasn't studying. i was also thinking of starting another
degree in Education, which meant more prepwork as well.

i applied to this program before
but i didn't understand the core
nature of it. i didn't even pass
the first phase haha

and now
i dooooo

hannyeisa

(kinda)



One year ago, after a failed career move, I asked tarot how did I end up in this situation

This was on a table that the deck was on



Kortkrit



Frage - treibende bei der beide umhauen
pendeln

Frage Q: How did I end up in this situation

What happens What needs to happen Situation

VI Lovers
Cardkrit
Ambiguity
Photo
turbid
XIII (Death)
Unnatural frame
change
nature
thru
end of illusion
VIII Justice
Justice
- confusion
- clarity
to give oneself
over to love

Wegen 10.11
Poker house

John Brockman
Possible hints
27 years old
AI

Optimist

Prodali su 22 knjige Vratene

SASA BACKOVIC

Yesterday and today. A comparison.



Innsbruck-yesterday

Fragments of yesterday:

Of dying and of not telling.

Who am I?! doesn't matter ...

" ...Some hid, others fled, others were killed. Not only in 1938 was it proven what the capitalist system is capable of and the people who put themselves at its service. The following years were soaked in the blood of fascism...."

" ... Councillors of all cities commemorate the progroms. Reference is made to the atrocities; the victims are remembered."

" We have arrived at a "not - time". Sometimes it seems to me that there is no then and there is no tomorrow. Dying has become daily. The same people...."

" A 'professional distance' is decisive in this respect. ... The concept of 'professionalism' comes to the fore as an excuse. The excuse for not seeing, not hearing. Watching a person being sent to his death and then perhaps sitting in the privileged Europe, clasping your hands above your head and saying how bad it is - but that you couldn't do it any other way, that you had to accept it. . . is part of the job. That's supposed to be professionalism.

" The repression is not cast into a solid form as it was then. The repression takes place individualised, with the shackling of our system. The repression is blurred, as well as the structures of our society in a "not seeing", in a "looking at itself" and thus every form of solidarity dies, a client – is alienated as a "human" and murdered as a "client" in the face of what is happening in these latitudes..."

" ... is an eternal cycle and a result of the illusion that political work exists as wage labour. I need a getaway car. Courage. Strength. Power. A getaway car. Today is the 9th. November. 81 years ago, Jews were tortured and murdered by the state. Their possessions were destroyed. The following years, killing became an everyday occurrence. Resistance became mandatory.

Today is the 9th. November 2019. ... In the years that follow, killing becomes commonplace. Resistance becomes mandatory. Resistance is mandatory..."

Somewhere far from.

500 km and more.

An edgy embrace. Too close but not lonely.

Beside the sheeps, but not the white ones.

Heavy little calf head on my shoulder.

Begged us to grow.

Standing longing and surprisingly awakening
to fall asleep again

Reaching out for dissociational silence as an excuse

Sending a forgotten city in recovery.

Letting go of the hands of her twenties.

Water.

Always longing for water.

And justice.

And sleep.

And breathing in

An In between air

And out

To land in a foggy garden.

Hello so far. Supposed Silence(d). Way.

Ten times heavy sunshine meets cold clouded windows

To let go in a trash of liberation and find pureness

And rather stay breathing

An in between air of a don't* know

Of supposed honesty

This time

Hopefully.



Vienna.today.

I feel this is all my fault.

I dared to stray from the path of science.

Now I'm lost in the woods.

Things are very exciting here in the woods.

That's for sure.

But what the hell am I doing here?

I could find my way back to the path.

I know I could.

But what for?

The scientist in me is atrophying.
The artist in me is suffocating.

My skin feels like it's on fire.

What am I doing, and why am I doing this?

I look into my eyes in the mirror.
What I see is an expression of pure fear.

VERONIKA NOGELLOVA

I have to do it. I have to apply to this Master's programme. I don't know why, or rather, the why is the most visceral reason beyond any of the rational ones I could come up afterwards.

GRASPINGS

What is treatment?
How is it to be treated?
And how can one express a language, that actually doesn't exist?
Teresa v. Matthey

Where does the hope come from?
How is time curved in the synchrotron and where?
Is quantum medicine real?
How are elderly patients treated?
Aleksandar Backović

How do we perceive beauty in abstract concepts?
In what respects is mathematics similar to spoken/written language?
Eugenie Desmedt

How to perceive an entity that cannot be seen, heard, smelled, tasted or touched?
How would it feel to stand in the middle of the synchrotron while
it's running, encircled by the spinning proton beam?
Veronika Nogellova

Regarding MedAustron's eye tumor treatment solutions:
Why doesn't the eye ever stop moving?
In what ways do we attempt to control, focus, and train the eye?
Catalina Escalona

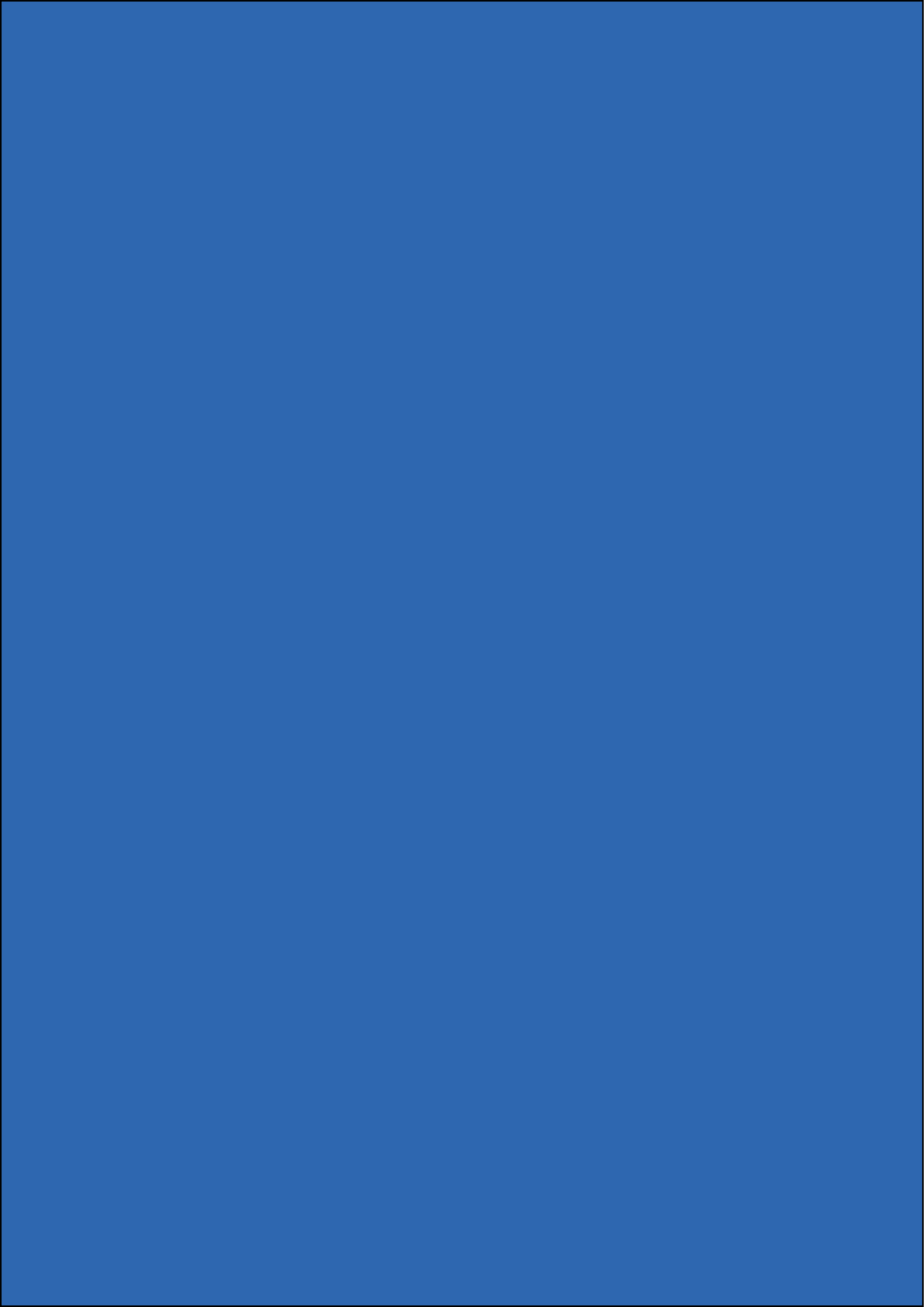
How do you interact with something that you do not understand?
How does knowledge produces wisdom and why does
wisdom implies morality?
Marton Zalka

Who are the Arbiters of Knowledge?
How does Aesthetics and Accessibility intertwine?
Hanin Eisa

What does reality have to do with
elusive elementary particles?
Is the understanding our reality a construction?
Malashree Suvedi

Why was my little brother interested in how does the motor
of the vacuum cleaner work, and I couldn't care less?
Is science sexy?
Gabriela Gažová





gen liegt am Bahnsteig.
Zwangsläufigkeit leuchtet
aus den Fenstern. Ich liebe
Geistergeschichten und
Taktlosigkeiten. Marionetten
tanzen auf einem Drahtseil,
unter ihnen die Wechsel-
wirkungen verlorener
Gedankengänge, malen
Schneeengel in unsere Erin-
nerungen.

Ein Mann steht in der Tür vom Zug
im Orbit und raucht, Schmetter-
linge im Bauch und Entschuldigun-
gen unter der Haut. Unsicherheit
zittert in der Wirbelsäule, schickt
Kälte durch die Nervenenden. Wir
zeichnen Ozeane in den Himmel,
Klagmalerei hängt in der Luft, Re-



Designing furniture, being immersed in geometry and matter, aesthetics and production.

What are the guidelines to follow?

I am asking this question from myself, over and over again.

If I narrow down my focus and I become an expert, a carpenter, an engineer, a social worker, a psychologist then the guidelines are clear but they lack the capability of managing overlapping territories.

If I zoom out and only pay attention to managing these territories then the unique textures of individual guidelines get lost in the process.

All I did last year was lose, lose at life, lose friends and lose my mind, I filled my liver with toxins and waited for someone to hold me, to tell me they loved me. But I kept losing everyone until I was sure I would completely lose myself to the point of oblivion. I would have invented this new kind of oblivion, this never existed, no atoms remaining, whatever atoms that made me didn't get recycled, breaking the laws of thermodynamics kind of way. But I heard a jagged voice in me telling me to find other things to do, other things like going back to art- to making things. This was serendipity, not god, not fate, not hope. Just luck. But I'll take the good luck. And now I'm here. Trying to make art, imposters, all of us are imposter. Last year, I had no one. This year, I have a fragment of myself, in classes, in secret crushes, in new friends, in friends, in university, in new friends out of school. In clay, doodling, sex, writing, **my love: writing**. I am made of too many commas, and too much anxiety. But I'm here- alive! And breathing! And if this pleases no one but my mother, I have done enough for now. And I will continue to make shitty art or not shitty art. And will keep asking people to love me. Last year, I was galaxies away from myself, this year, it's a few measly planets. I will make it. Or rather, I better fucking make it. Right, Ma? Ma, I want to make things, I want to meet people. I want to write poems.

Malashree Suvedi

https://open.spotify.com/track/3pGgfnCJCHU2Yaelya14GP?si=vamyKEigQ_-vLydZ78djFw

garcia
Quinn
Garcia
1500
93407

Doing last year?

i am drinking
tea from a broken pot
and it makes me feel
like i'm drinking from
an aquarium?

Monday 1.12.1973
 Sunday 2.12.1973
 Monday 3.12.1973
 Tuesday 4.12.1973
 Wednesday 5.12.1973
 Thursday 6.12.1973
 Friday 7.12.1973
 Saturday 8.12.1973
 Sunday 9.12.1973
 Monday 10.12.1973
 Tuesday 11.12.1973
 Wednesday 12.12.1973
 Thursday 13.12.1973
 Friday 14.12.1973
 Saturday 15.12.1973
 Sunday 16.12.1973
 Monday 17.12.1973
 Tuesday 18.12.1973
 Wednesday 19.12.1973
 Thursday 20.12.1973
 Friday 21.12.1973
 Saturday 22.12.1973
 Sunday 23.12.1973
 Monday 24.12.1973
 Tuesday 25.12.1973
 Wednesday 26.12.1973
 Thursday 27.12.1973
 Friday 28.12.1973
 Saturday 29.12.1973
 Sunday 30.12.1973
 Monday 31.12.1973

A hand-drawn diagram of a doghouse. The roof is labeled "dog house". The front door is labeled "dog door". The side of the doghouse is labeled "dog house". The sign on the door is labeled "dog house".

check!
Portfolio
Ch - finish
(add update
2019?)
letter!

recommending
variation letter
OFFICE
MONDAY 10:00!!
man & dad
present

Repair
PHONE!!!

PICK UP! DRIVING!

START POOL! DRIVING!

es COPY!

AKA SK
5 december 2019
A2:00
Ekit

30.11.2015

$$\vdots$$

Sunday
Today I went to
Camden with
somebody.
A.V.R.

~~Handwritten~~
Mandy

2. Advis Prime 1

Dear

~~van
hanx~~

[Handwritten signature]

吃

5

check

Poltergeist

Ch - Upper

[illegible]

2000 - 2001

OFFICE
DATA

~~1402~~

man present

SLOVENSKO

7992
09+00
12+1

A hand-drawn sketch of a smartphone screen. The screen shows a simple line drawing of a person with a speech bubble that says "Hi". The phone's status bar at the top shows the time "10:34" and a battery icon. The phone's home button is visible at the bottom.

SKA 4400

12:00
3 december 2019
12:00

Edit



00:30

Edit

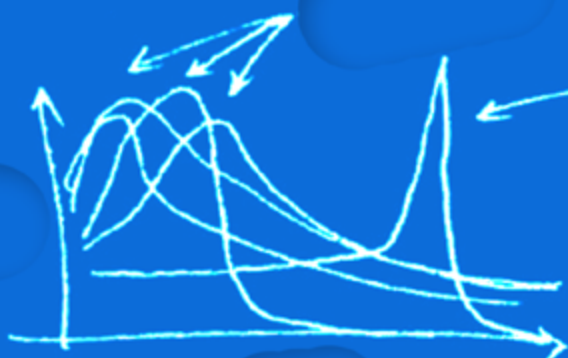
W. D. B.

now



Art & Science
2020
1st year / MedAustron
- OPEN HOUSE -

Text: Catalina Escalona
Layout and graphics: Marton Zalka



OPEN HOUSE
Z I N E