

Koridori lõpus oli peegel

THERE WAS A MIRROR AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY

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Fotoprojekt ja näitus „Koridori lõpus oli peegel” jälgib Haapsalus rannapromenaadil asuva endise laste taastusravihaigla maja muutmist butiikhotelliks ning seda, kuidas autori lapsepõlvemälestused haiglas viibimisest hakkavad muutuma koos maja uuenenud arhitektuurilahenduse ja funktsiooniga.

Olen käinud hoones pildistamas alates 2017. aasta sügisest, mil maja oli äärmiselt lagunenud ja sees oli veel vana haiglainventari riismeid. Hotell peaks valmima 2020. aastal. Jagan teiega katkendeid projekti päevikust.

August 2017

Käisin tütrega Haapsalus, ei mäletagi täpselt, mis asjus. Kui asjad aetud, jalutasime mere äärde, mängisime Aafrika rannas ja vaatasime kauneid luiki. Mulle nii meeldib Haapsalus, eriti suvel. See on minu lapsepõlvekoht.

Promenaadil jalutades viisin tütre vaatama maja, mida tuntakse Friedheimi villana. Selles 1885. aastal ehitatud ilusa arhitektuuriga baltisakslaste villas, kus kunagi peeti salongi ja nauditi muusikat, kus suvitasid teiste hulgas Oskar ja Aino Kallas, oli nõukogude ajal laste taastusravihaigla. Mina ja minu kaksikõde Mariann tulime siia esimest korda ravile nelja- või viieaastaselt. Vanemad tõid meid siia Tartust, see sõit kestis ilmatu kaua, vist lausa kaheksa tundi. Jäime alati umbes kuuks ajaks, vanemad käisid vahepeal külas ja tõid kohvriga puhtaid riideid. Minu kohver oli sinine.

Kui haigla uue hoone sai, seisis maja peaaegu 20 aastat tühjana. Nüüd hakatakse siis lõpuks remontima ja sellest tuleb uhke butiikhotell. Könnime tütrega ümber maja ja ma üritan mõnest aknast sisse piiluda. Ei paista eriti midagi. Tahaksin nii väga teada, kas majas on kõik ikka veel nii, nagu ma seda mäletan. Räbaldunud kardinad akende ees on küll samad. Kuidas ma pääseksin sinna sisse vaatama?

November ja detsember 2017

Sain loa Friedheimi villas pildistada! Astun majja sisse nagu koju. Esimeseks üllatab mind pimedus. Loomulikult,

The *Koridori lõpus oli peegel* (There Was a Mirror at the End of the Hallway) photo project and exhibition observe the transformation of the former children's rehabilitation hospital, located on the beach promenade in Haapsalu, into a boutique hotel, and how the author's childhood memories of being in the hospital change with the renewed architecture and function of the house.

I have been visiting the house to take photos since the autumn of 2017 when the house was extremely dilapidated and had remnants of old hospital equipment inside. The hotel is due for completion in 2020. I will share with you extracts from the project diary.

August 2017

I went to Haapsalu with my daughter, can't even remember exactly why. When we had done what we needed to do, we walked to the sea, played on Afrika beach and looked at the beautiful swans. I really like Haapsalu, especially in the summer. It is the place of my childhood.

Walking along the promenade, I took my daughter to see the house known as Villa Friedheim. Built in 1885, this beautiful Balto-German villa where salon parties were held and music enjoyed, and Oskar and Aino Kallas spent summers, among others, was a children's rehabilitation hospital during the Soviet period. I and my twin sister Mariann came here for our first treatment when we were about 4 or 5 years old. Our parents brought us here from Tartu and it took forever, something like 8 hours. We always stayed for about a month and our parents used to visit us and bring clean clothes in suitcases. My suitcase was blue.

When the hospital moved to a new location, the building stayed empty for almost 20 years. Now it is finally being renovated and will become a fancy boutique hotel. I am walking around the house with my daughter, trying to peep in some windows. Can't really see much. I'd really like to know whether everything is the same in there as I remember.



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elektrit ei ole ju sees. Aga lõhnad on tuttavad ja minu peas rullub lahti ruumiplaan. Trepp, arstide tuba, elektriravi kabinet, mudaravi kabinet. Trepi all hoiti kohvreid. Nüüd mahajäetud koridorides kolades on kõik järsku kuidagi väike. Kõik on kui peo peal. Igatsen täita valgeid laike oma kaardil, vaadata üle ka kõik need kohad, kuhu lapsi ei lubatud. Võimusuhted on muutunud, ma võin minna, kuhu tahan, ei ole mingeid reegleid ega kedagi keelamas. Eriti tahan teada, mis on tornis.

Kui esialgne soe nostalgivoog vaibub, hakkab kahtlema, mida ma tegelikult üldse mäletan. Neljaselt siin oldud ajast ei saagi ma eriti midagi mäletada, sest varased lapsepõlvemälestused tuhmuvad väidetavalt 7.-8. eluaastaks. Aga hiljem? Ma olen üldse kehva mälu, peamiselt meenuvad kehalsed aistingud, vaated ja mõned pildid, sõnades raskesti väljendatavad. Mu keha oli siis väga teistsugune: väiksem, lühem. Ma liikusin teisiti, nägin teisiti. Iga ruum ja detail vallandab mingi mälestuse, kuid fotole neid püüda ei õnnestu. Ringi kõndides kirjutan neid hajusaid mälestusi üle oma praeguse tajuga.

Seitsmenda palati lagi on sisse vajunud, sinna sisse ei pääse. Kahju, sest seitsmendas olin vist kõige sagedamini. See kõik, mida ma sellest ruumist ei mäletanud, on nüüd päriseks kadunud.

Sein söögisaali ja võimla vahelt on lammutatud ja taastatud esialgne suur ruum. Ühe akna ette on maja haldaja tõstnud tooli, ta vist mainis jah, et käib siin omaette nautimas vaadet lahele. Vaade on tõesti muljet avaldav. Küllap imetlesid seda ka siin suvitanud baltisakslased. Mina ei mäleta, et oleksin nendest akendest kunagi niimoodi välja vaadanud.

Mängutoa põrandale on katuselt sulanud lumest valgunud suur veeloik. Akende ees on klounidega kardinad. WC radiaatoril „kuivavad“ praegugi mingid riided. Kraanikausid on pisikesed ja madalal, emailitud ööpottidega riulilt ei ole enam.

Mäletan selgelt, et koridori lõpus asuvate WC-uste vahel oli peegel. Öösel mööda pikka koridori pissile minnes jälgisin seal seal iseenda lähenevat kuju. Peegli jälg on seinal alles, seega on tegemist faktiga. Kui maja ära remonditakse, siis ei saa ma selles mälestuses enam nii kindel olla. Igaks juhuks teen peegli jäljest pilti.

Aprill 2018

On ilus ja päikeseline ilm, maja lööb selles valguses lausa särama. Tornist avaneb imeilus vaade! Palju asju on juba majast ära viidud. Ühes endises palatis seisab veel katkine ratastool. Aknalaua on maha kruvitud ukseilidid arstide nimedega. Pildistades mõtlen, et lapsena ei oleks ma siia niimoodi tagasitulemist uneski ette kujutanud.

Oktoober 2018

Esialgu ei taha objekti töödejuhataja mind majja sissegi lasta: „Seal ei ole enam midagi, seal on ohtlik!“ Annan allkirja, et vastutan ise, kui minuga midagi peaks juhtuma. Mind lubatakse, kiiver peas, ainult üle ukse vaatama. Ega midagi eriti

The ragged curtains on the windows look the same. But how could I get in to have a look?

November and December 2017

I got permission to take photos in Villa Friedheim! I step into the house like it is my home. The first thing that surprises me is the darkness. Of course, there is no electricity. But the smells feel familiar and the spatial plan rolls out in my head. The staircase, the doctors' room, the electrotherapy room, the mud therapy room. The suitcases were stored under the staircase. Wandering around these abandoned corridors makes everything seem kind of small. As if on the palm of my hand. I miss filling in the white spots on my map and check out all the places where children were not allowed. The power balance has changed and I can go where I please, there are no rules and no-one to tell me not to. In particular, I'd like to know what's in the tower.

As the first warm feeling of nostalgia subsides, I start having suspicions about what I actually do remember. I can't really remember much about the time I spent here when I was four anyway because our early childhood memories are said to fade away by the age of 7 or 8 but what about later? I don't have a good memory anyway and can generally recall only some feelings and a few images that are hard to express in words. My body was very different back then, smaller, shorter. I moved differently and saw things differently. Each room and detail triggers some kind of memory but I am unable to capture them as photos. Walking around, I am rewriting these diffused memories with my current senses.

The ceiling in the seventh ward has collapsed and it's impossible to go in. It's a shame because I think I used to spend most time in the seventh. Everything I didn't remember about this room is now really gone.

The wall between the dining hall and the gym has been torn down and the original large room restored. The house manager has put a chair by a window to sit here and enjoy a private view of the bay. The view is impressive, indeed. I guess the Balto-Germans who spent their summers here admired it as well. I can't remember ever having looked out of these windows like that.

A large puddle of melted snow from the roof has spread over the floor in the playroom. The curtains on the windows have clowns on them. There are some clothes still drying on the radiator in the bathroom. The sinks are small and low and the shelf with the enamelled night potties is gone.

I can clearly remember a mirror between the toilet doors at the end of the corridor. Going for a pee at night in the long corridor, I used to watch my own silhouette getting closer in the mirror. The marks of the mirror are still there on the floor, so it is a fact. Once they renovate the house, I can't be that sure about that memory any more. Just in case, I'll take a photo of the marks.



vaadata olegi, kõik on seest tühjaks lammutatud, põrandate asemel on liiv, maja varjatuid kihid on skeletina paljastunud. Seinas olevas hiigelaugus seisab ekskavaator. Kõnnin mõnda aega nõutult promenaadil ja pildistan merd. Siis lähen kohvikusse ja süüa ühe koogi. Eneselegi ootamatult tunnen suurt leina.

Aprill 2019

Ilm on taas päikeseline ning majas käib vilgas ehitus. Seal, kus enne oli uks, on nüüd sein, mõned trepid on vahetanud asukohta. „Kõik tuleb nii, nagu vanasti oli, originaalplaani järgi!“ kiidab objektijuht.

Koridori lõpus haigutab auk, mille ees ripub kile. Enam-vähem saan veel aru, millises ruumis ma olen. Ehitajad näitavad mulle tsaariaegseid telliseid, mis seintest välja tulid.

Hiljem kodus avastan, et mälukaart, millele pildistasin enamiku piltidest, on otsad andnud. Neid fotosid ma enam kätte ei saagi.

September 2019

Ehitus edeneb jõudsasti ja ma kipun vahepeal majas ära eksima, sest ruumide paigutus on nii palju muutunud. Laste-

April 2018

The weather is beautiful and sunny, making the house really pop. The tower is a wonderful sight. Many things have already been removed from the house. There is still a broken wheelchair in a former ward. On the windowsill, there are door signs screwed off the doors, with the names of doctors on them. Taking photos, I'm wondering if I could ever have imagined, when I was a child, coming back here like this.

October 2018

At first, the site manager is unwilling to let me into the house: "There is nothing in there anymore, it's dangerous in there!" I give my signature, stating that I take responsibility should anything happen to me. Even to look inside I have to wear a safety helmet. And there is not much to look at anymore: everything has been taken to pieces inside, there is sand instead of floors and the hidden layers of the house look like a bare skeleton.

There is an excavator in a giant hole in the wall. I keep walking along the promenade for a while, taking photos of the sea. Then, I go to a cafe and have a slice of cake. Much to my own surprise, I am mourning.



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toa seinte asemel on nüüd rohelised võrgud, läbi nende paistab kaunis vaade merele. Sinna ehitatakse rõdu või veranda. Ma ei tunne enam mingit nostalgiat. Pildistan läbi erinevate ukse- ja aknaavade peamiselt valgust.

Juuli 1997

Ainukesed fotod, mille ise haiglas oldud ajal tegin, on aastast 1997. See oli vist viimane kord, kui ma seal käisin. Mul oli oma väike „seebikarp“, mille kõikjale kaasa võtsin. Pildistasin peamiselt sõpru, merd, luiki, õde.

Üksikud fotod on tehtud haiglas sees. Istumised palatis nr 9 koos kaaslastega, kelle nimesid ma meenutada ei suuda. Ühel fotol piilub akna trellide vahelt hakk, keda me keelust hoolimata toitsime. Teisel fotol paistab mu selja tagant disko-festivali „Karsummer 97“ poster, mille järgi teangi, et oli aasta 1997. Peaesinejaks oli Leila K. Ma ei mäleta, kas käisin sellel festivalil.

Kõige rohkem paelub mind foto, kus seisn koridoris selle peegli ees, mida ma mäletan. Seda peeglit ei ole pildil näha, ma lihtsalt tean, et see oli seal. Koridori teises otsas on samuti peegel ja selle ees seisab keegi teine. Ma ei mäletanud, et neid peegleid oli kaks - koridori kummaski otsas. Teine inimene teise peegli ees on nähtav ainult tumeda figuurina. Korraks arvasin isegi, et ehk on tegemist minu peegeldusega. Aga ei, seal oli ikka keegi teine veel.

April 2019

The weather is sunny again and the house is busy undergoing renovation work. Instead of a door, there is a wall now, and some staircases have changed position. “Everything will be the same as it used to, according to the original plan,” the site manager says. At the end of the corridor, there is a yawning hole with a sheet of plastic in front of it. I can more or less tell which room I am in. Builders show me the bricks found in the walls, originating back to the Tsarist era. Later at home, I discovered that the memory card on which I took most of the photos had died. So I will never see those photos.

September 2019

The renovation is really coming along and I keep getting lost in the house because the position of the rooms has changed a lot. Instead of the walls in the children’s room, there are green nets now, with a beautiful view of the sea opening up through them. A balcony or a porch will be built here. I don’t feel nostalgic anymore. I’m mainly taking photos of the light through different doors and windows.

July 1997

The only photos I took in the hospital are from 1997. It must have been the last year I went there. I had my own soap box of a camera and I took it everywhere with me. I mainly

Juuli 1999

Palusin Mariannel otsida fotosid Haapsalust ja ta leidis mulle mõned.

Ühel fotol istub ta palatis voodil, ajakiri põlvedel, ja vaatab üllatunud näoga kaamerasse. Fotol on kuupäev: 7 12 '99.

Sel aastal mina enam haiglasse ei läinud, õde käis üksi. Olime 17-aastased. Mul pole mingit mälestust sellest, mida ma tegin suvel 1999.

Teisel fotol tantsib õde mängutoas, mille akna ees on klounidega kardin. Küsin, kas ma tohin neid fotosid oma näitusel kasutada. „Jäta need endale,” ütles Mariann, „mina neid ei taha.” Tema ei tunne haiglas oldud aja suhtes mingit nostalgiat, ta ei taha sellest kohast midagi teada. Tal on omad mälestused. Ma parem ei küsi ka.

photographed my friends, the sea, the swans and my sister.

A few photos had been taken inside the hospital. Sitting in ward No. 9 with buddies whose names I can’t recall. On one photo, there is a jackdaw peeping in through the bars on the window, we used to feed it even though we were told not to. In another photo there is a poster of the disco festival *Karsummer 97* behind me, so I know that was the year. The main performer was Keila K. I can’t remember whether I went to the festival.

I am most fascinated by the photo of myself standing in front of that mirror. The mirror is not in the photo, I just know it’s there. At the other end of the corridor, there is also a mirror with someone else standing in front of it. I didn’t remember that there were two mirrors, one at either end of the corridor. The other person in front of the other mirror is only visible as a dark silhouette. For a moment, I even thought it could be a reflection of me. But no, it was someone else there.

July 1999

I asked Mariann to look for photos of Haapsalu and she found some for me. In one, she is sitting on her bed in a ward, a magazine in her lap, looking into the camera, surprised. The date of the photo says 7 December 1999. That year, I didn’t go to the hospital, my sister went alone. We were 17. I have no recollection of what I did in the summer of 1999.



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In yet another photo, my sister is dancing in the playroom that had the clown curtains at the window. I asked her if I could use these photos for my exhibition. "Keep them," Mariann said, "I don't want them." She feels no nostalgia towards the time we spent in the hospital, she doesn't want to hear anything about that place. She has her own memories. And I prefer not to ask.



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