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SPENDING DAYS IN NON-TOPIA

A Story
written for
the place of
Non
and those
who happen
to be
trapped in it.

104

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text excerpts:
Augé, Marc: «Non-Lieux. Introduction à une anthro-
pologie de la surmodernité», Seuil, 1992. Lambert,
Léopold: «The necessity of Utopia», 2010.

image pieces:
snapshots from A. Hitchcock, Vertigo.
photos from G. Garcia. Images from
the internet, unattributed.



TODAY,

I woke up IN THE FRIDGE.



My clock was broken.

And the alarm was wrong.



I placed a mirror on the floor

and tried

to see the opposite

side of

my nose

...

Oh, I forgot.

My name is... It doesn't matter;

I am the resident of a Non-topia.

One day, without knowing exactly how,

ignoring my initial destination and having

forgotten where exactly I was coming from, I

found myself

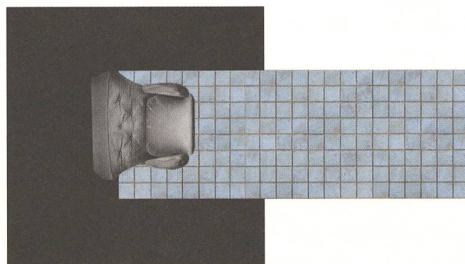
here; in the place of Non.

No walls. No clocks....

No space. No imagination. No destination.

I have already counted 450 sunsets.

I am still here....



confusion

— This place keeps on confusing me

I don't know where

to put

myself.

I change places. And positions.

And see no difference.

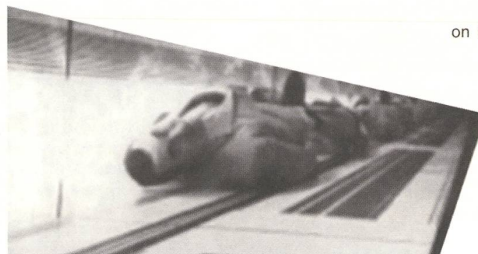
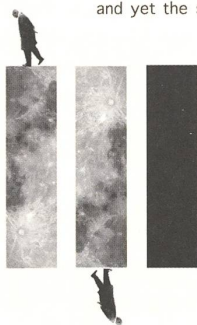
Everywhere is different

and yet the same. Now I

understand

why

people hate
airports.



I put my FEET
on my head.

I don't FIT.

I was
meant to

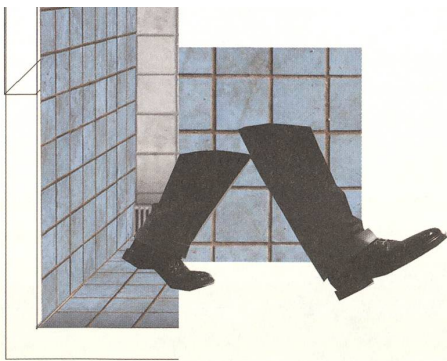
build this space.

Now the space is building
ME.

It becomes a
mold and I

take its shape. A NON shape.

Where is my suitcase?



The suitcase is open. My tools have become rusty. They don't work anymore...

Maybe if I stand ON my books... They said that if I climb on them I'd manage to see the other side of the wall. I am still short... I find no door out.

My foot is still on my ears. I'll make a flip. Someone clapped. See...acrobatics work sometimes. I'll try a turn. Someone clapped again. Good Job ... Et alors? I am still in this fridge.

I walk I walk I walk... And the planet spins along... It fools me. I go nowhere. I am trapped in the NON.



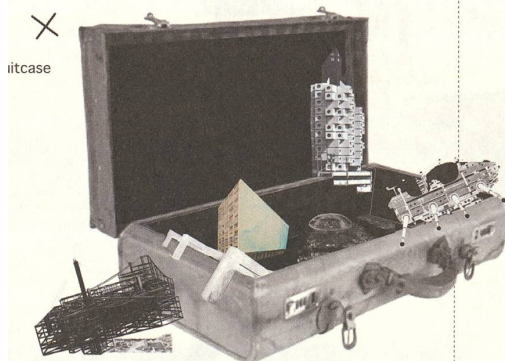
i walk



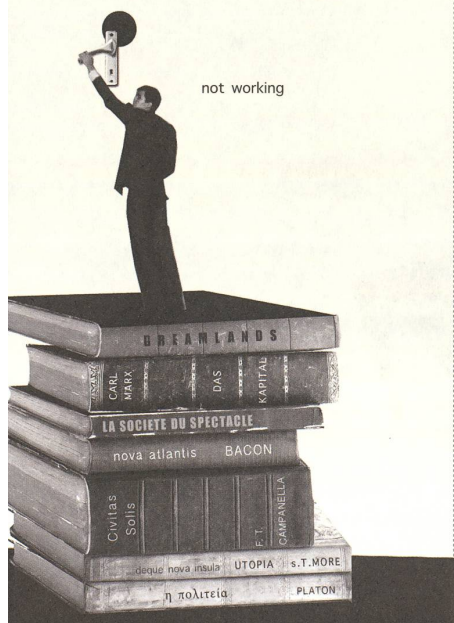
i walk



i walk



✕
itcase



not working

distance

I need to think. I need to concentrate. I feel as if I have lost my imagination. The imaginary places where I always escape to.

*

imagination is the ability of an individual to produce virtual images based on memory.

Imaginary is a collective construction based on a common horizon to work towards.

"What defines a totalitarian society is the absence of the imaginary. It needs a tremendous work in order to rebuild a beginning of imaginary in societies"

The case of western capitalism is interesting: instead of preventing imaginaries to exist, it intrudes and corrupts them from the inside, in a process of normalization that has been invented in order for capitalism to survive.

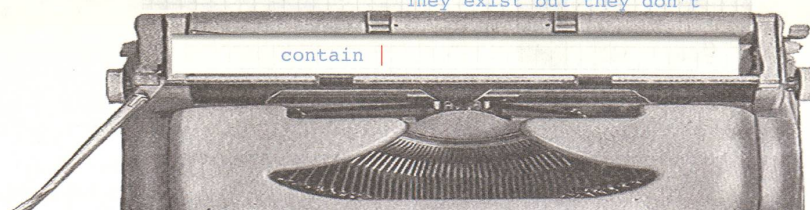
The territory of the imaginary is called

UTOPIA

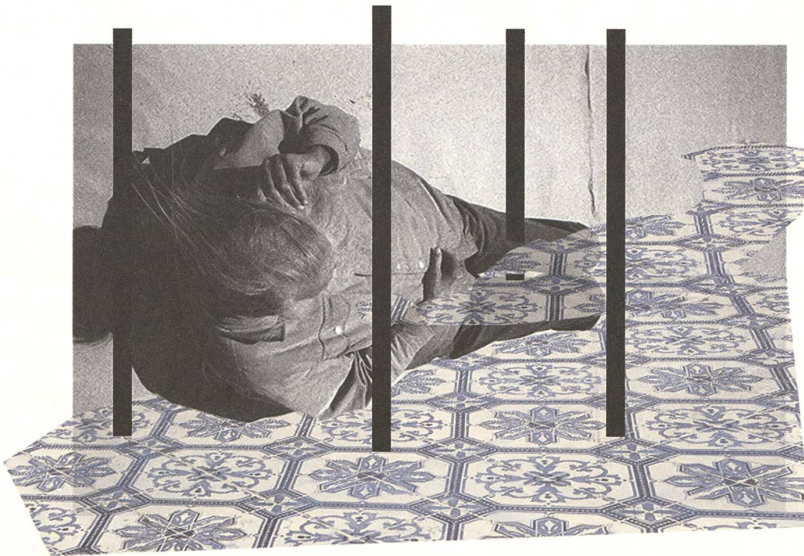
"non-places are the opposite of utopias.

They exist but they don't

contain |



Sitting on my armchair,
staring at my Non-topia's
endless horizon, I realize
that I cannot reconstruct
the world. What I should
begin reconstructing is the
(damaged) territory of my
imaginary.



bed

Today is Thursday.
I will sleep UNDER
my bed.
I need to dream.
Whatever is strong
can take shape and form.

And somehow like this,
maybe I'll manage to find my way on...

