



**PHOTO STORY:  
-ISLAND-OF-A-DAY-OFF**

Titel Deutschland: I R G E N D W I E I R G E N D W O I R G E N D W A N N

Genre: *Ich bin Brioni-Typ*

Laufzeit Kino: 7 7 M i n u t e n

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*"Welcome to the place that will help you sort out your little mess.  
... Feel free to pick among the details as you please, everyone else does. But remember, 'Das Schloss' means both the Castle and the Lock, and the keys are never quite as simple as they seem."*  
(Quoted from **Das Schloss**, a site for Franz Kafka)

## **DAS SCHLOSS**



*... like a key to unknown chambers within the castle of one's own self.*  
**Kafka's letter to Oskar Pollak**, November 9, 1903.

*Parody to everything. O a novel( without a novel), , to life, to death, art, philosophy, the process of writing, Dublin, Jewish, Irish, Brits, sex, text, tower of Babylon, inland, sea, man, woman, Kirk, me, you, him, us, parody on Everything and Anything. Parody on parody. That is what hold the entire thing. Parody in unavoidable though its objectivity is subjected to subjective caprices of language.*  
**Danilo Kiš** (1959)

**Let's start from the very beginning...**



*But I digress. You're not concerned with the village. You want the Castle, and you've already gone back to the proper authorities to get the needed documents, ..*



*..only to find out that the Gods themselves are filing away your papers, Gods who crawl up six flights of stairs just so they can climb into bed with the insincere wish for a little pet, a little crossbreed even, something just to whisper in their ears and dance about to keep them entertained. And when they're not worried about that, they're chasing down children's tops and dreaming of one day visiting the sea, and that's all you see when you follow them throughout the entire town, their whole lives are nothing and yours is less than nothing, because aren't you the one who followed them through the village? And weren't you looking for the Castle? ..*



*..Who am I? I thought you were looking for the Castle. But who am I? I think you mean we. Yes, we, I know you can barely tell us apart from your vantage point but there are more of us all the same. We are your assistants, sent directly from the Castle, but not quite from the Castle, from an official of the Castle, but not quite that either, from a replacement of the official. I know, it's as if we were sent by the translation of a desperately unfinished manuscript, but we were sent all the same, and our job is very clear. From what we hear you take everything very seriously. You come to our little village, throw off your tired old sheets, and pretend as if your very arrival were something momentous, a preconceived judgement, something to be remembered, but we've been told to teach you that it's really nothing at all. In short, we've been sent to cheer you up, to always remind you that your little quest is nothing but a futile journey from nothing to nowhere, that this whole village and this chimera of a Castle are really shadows on strings manipulated by a malicious jokester in the sky. But we wanted to cheer you up, so we give you this advice: don't believe anything we've just told you. Your arrival is momentous, you will assault the mighty Castle, you will penetrate its deepest door, and you will emerge outside triumphant, to redistribute the land to all us hopeless hoppers. Go ahead, try your best, but by the end – never say we didn't warn you – it may all backfire in your face. By the end we will be complaining that you cannot take a joke.*

(Quoted from **Das Schloss**, a site for Franz Kafka)

## **BRAVE NEW WORLD**

*~ A Defence of Paradise Engineering ~*

No Utopia can ever give satisfaction to everyone, all the time. As their material conditions improve, men raise their sights and become discontented with power and possessions that once would have seemed beyond their wildest dreams. And even when the external world has granted all it can, there still remain the searchings of the mind and the longings of the heart.

**Arthur C. Clarke**, *Childhood's End*

**UTOPIA**: Utopias are sites with no real place. They are sites that have a general relation of direct or inverted analogy with the real space of Society. They present society itself in a perfected form, or else society turned upside down.

**HETEROTOPIA**: Heterotopias are formed in the very founding of society. They are real places. They are something like counter-sites, a kind of effectively enacted utopia in which the real sites, all the other real sites can be found within the culture, are simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted.

### **(BRAVE NEW WORLD, NEXT STEP: RENT-A-BOAT)**



**THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A BOAT**: The boat is a floating piece of space, a place without a place, that exists by itself, that is closed in on itself and at the same time is given over to the infinity of the sea. The ship is heterotopia par excellence.

**Michel Foucault**, *Text / Context of Other Space*, *Diacritics* 16.1 (1986)

## **LONELY PLANET**



...  
*the next time you're alone  
you can  
create a world of your own  
make it magic*

give it love  
make it all you're dreaming of  
...  
it's tempting to pack up your throne  
move in  
make this magic place your home  
but nobody else can go  
you'll be forever all alone  
forget  
bounce from right to left  
no longer broken hearted and I don't know when it  
started  
oblivion  
**macy gray**



*From the Bible to Lonely planet – literature as travel liturgy, Adam and Eve*



*From the Bible to Lonely planet – literature as travel liturgy, Adam and Eve went swimming?*

## OBJETS NOMADS / ISLANDS' ARTIFACTS ETC

- *implications of an interpretive archaeology*



which way to go? *That's the idea, let's contradict each other.*

I called for my horse to be brought from the stable. The servant did not understand me. I myself went into the stable, saddled my horse and mounted. In the distance I heard a trumpet blast. I asked him what it meant but he did not know and had not heard it. By the gate he stopped me and asked "where are you riding to sir?" I answered "away from here, away from here, always away from here. Only by doing so can I reach my destination." "Then you know your destination" he asked. "Yes" I said "I have already said so, 'Away-From-Here' that is my destination." "You have no provisions with you" he said. "I don't need any" I said. "The journey is so long that I will die of hunger if I do not get something along the way. It is, fortunately, a truly immense journey."

**Franz Kafka**, My Destination

As Einstein used to say when he was deep in his cups, "It's like being on two trains at once. One is going nowhere and the other is going in the opposite direction."

## MUSIC



*pot-pourri*, what do you see?..



An artifact, as is accepted, is a multitude of data points, an infinity of possible attributes and measurements. Which ones are made and held to constitute its identity depends conventionally upon method and the questions being asked by the archaeologist. But I also hold that the artifact is itself a multiplicity. Its identity is multiple. It is not just one thing. The artifact does not only possess a multitude of data attributes, but is also itself multiplicity. We come to an object in relationships with it, through



using, perceiving it, referring to it, talking of it, feeling it as something. This as is vital. It is a relationship of analogy - as if it were something. And it is always ironically something else - our references to the object are always metaphorical. That object find is not the word/label/category 'pot', though we can legitimately treat it as if it were, given certain interests and goals - projects. And these projects, interests and goals are culturally and socially constructed and meaningful. There is an infinity of possible relationships with an object and these literally make it what it is for us. The relationships are not abstract or given, but social and historical. So the materiality of an object has a history. That pot found by an archaeologist is not what it was.

...

So rather than saying that this illustrated object is a pot, we might also acknowledge that this object becomes a pot, that is due to my productive relationship with it. Of course, this does not mean that I can say it is an axehead, but I can make of it many things, depending on interest and purpose.

...

That pot can take us in many directions, but so many seem closed by the standard narrow and empirical definitions of archaeological method and science. We are invited to follow the artifact and the people it unites through their projects and interests to attend to the artifact. This is a sensitivity to its historicity, its life and the way it gathers many sorts of things, people, feelings, aspirations. people, aspirations, projects ...).

...

With archaeology detached from the dualisms of society and object world, and no longer concerned with simply establishing correspondences with 'objective reality', there comes a sensitization to experience of our own materiality and historicity.

**Michael Shanks**, The life of an artifact



## rhythm & blues

und wir, die an steigendes Glück  
danken, empfänden die Rührung  
die uns beinah bestürzt,  
wenn ein Glückliches fällt.

**Alessandro Baricco** - Castelli di rabbia  
for German tourists only...

## NUMBERS



### **Three**

Beyond a certain point there is no return. This point has to be reached.

**Franz Kafka**, from "Reflections on Sin, Suffering, Hope, and the True Way"

We must be lost. We've passed the point of no return three times in the last hour.

from **Flightless Hummingbird**, a pseudo periodical about Art, Paranoia, Eschatology, Fashion Tips



### **Two**

#### THE TIME OF OUR LIVES

A Cylinder Story

*'Thy bed is my universe,*

*Thine eyes all that mine can see.*

*Wrap me in thine infinite sheet -*

***Present there, is not time like thee?'***

When I left, he gave me his copy as a souvenir. I am still working on a translation and hope soon to publish this example of extraterrestrial verse. When at last it appeared that it was time for me to go home, he decided to accompany me and stay a while again in the hope of finally grasping why we were so obsessed with counting time. We climbed once more into his spacecraft, but this time, the journey seemed to take an age. Fortunately, I was able to occupy myself by working on my translation and my friend had thought to supply me with a large stock of soups and casseroles. Imagine my amazement to discover, when I got home, that only six of our days had passed during my absence. I had to admit that my friend was, in some strange way, right about how time worked. We had something to eat, then I settled down to ponder all the new ideas I had been taught. He, meanwhile, settled down in front of my mantelpiece clock and, tutting to himself, watched it go round. Both of us were now befuddled and hunting for some revelation. I lit some of his praise-scent, as I had learned to do when I needed to concentrate. Its odour filled the room. But if it was an aid to concentration there, here it only made me feel drunk on the memory of everything I had seen or heard of his culture. Whatever we were both looking for, his symbols couldn't help me, nor mine him. His thoughts were obviously following mine, he looked round at me and said: "**Scent there is not time, like the prey**". I smiled at him, took the clock from the mantelpiece and stamped it under my feet. He, in turn, doused my praise-scent. We embraced for a moment then I knew that, even though time remained between us, not even time could undo our love for each other.

**Georges Perec**





***oops! one.***

"...the Other is not simply the Other as coming from the outside so to speak. One is the one, I am the one, one is more or less the one and everyone is more or less the one and more or less one with him or herself. Which means that the Other is already inside, and has to be sheltered and welcomed in a certain way. We have to negotiate also, that's a complicated unconscious operation, to negotiate the hospitality within ourselves."

**Jacques Derrida**



***zen\_Zero***

\\ don't know if I have nothing to say, I know that I don't say anything; I don't know if what I would have to say isn't said because it is unsayable (the unsayable isn't woven into the writing, it is what has long ago brought it forth); I know that what I say is blank, neutral, a sign once and for all of an annihilation once and for all. \\o non so se non ho niente da dire, so che non dico niente; non so se quello che avrei da dire non viene detto perché è l'indicibile (l'indicibile non si rintana nella scrittura ma è quello che, molto prima, l'ha scatenata); so che quello che dico è bianco, è neutro, è segno una volta per tutte di un annientamento.

**Georges Perec**, *W* o il ricordo d'infanzia

*Ground Control to Major Tom*

*Commencing countdown, engines on*

*Check ignition and may God's love be with you*

*Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, **Three, Two, One, Liftoff***

## (SCIENCE) FICTION, NONFICTION



*off-the-planet traffic (RENT -A-BOAT , par t 2)*

I am away from home and must always write home, even if any home of mine has long since floated away into eternity.

**Kafka's letter to Max Brod**, July 12, 1922.

*"Independent market research data, compiled over the last several years, has shown that commercial space travel has the potential to be a billion-dollar industry in the next 20 years," says Eric Anderson, president and CEO of Space Adventures, Ltd., headquartered in Arlington, Virginia. While nobody is quite sure just how big space tourism might become, there are those who point to how large off-the-planet traffic has already become. By 2015, the number of passengers is expected to top one billion. Now, just add a little speed and altitude – a readymade market?*

### **Space Exploration: What Could be Cooler?**

>> [http://www.space.com/adastra/adastra\\_cool\\_050324.html](http://www.space.com/adastra/adastra_cool_050324.html)



Space in modern physics is conceived of as relative to a moving point of reference, not as the absolute and static entity of the baroque system of Newton. And in modern art, for the first time since the Renaissance, a new conception of time trends to a selfconscious enlargement of our ways of perceiving space.

**Sigfried Giedion**, Space, Time and Architecture

## doors of perception?



I write differently from what I speak, I speak differently from what I think, I think differently from the way I ought to think, and so it all proceeds into deepest darkness.

**Kafka's letter to Ottilia** (sister)

So if you find nothing in the corridors open the doors, if you find nothing behind these doors there are more floors, and if you find nothing up there, don't worry, just leap up another flight of stairs. As long as you don't stop climbing, the stairs won't end, under your climbing feet they will go on growing upwards.

**Franz Kafka**, *Advocates*

*This is Major Tom to Ground Control  
I'm stepping through the door  
And I'm floating in a most peculiar way  
And the stars look very different today*

## A CONCEPT IS ABOUT HOW TO LOOK AT THE EARTH FROM THE MOON WITHOUT EVER GETTING THERE ...



Our land is so huge, that no fairy tale can adequately deal with its size. Heaven hardly covers it all. And Peking is only a point, the imperial palace only a tiny dot. It's true that, by contrast, throughout all the different levels of the world the emperor, as emperor, is great. But the living emperor, a man like us, lies on a peaceful bed, just as we do. It is, no doubt, of ample proportions, but it could be merely narrow and short. Like us, he sometime stretches out his limbs and, if he is very tired, yawns with his delicately delineated mouth. But how are we to know about that thousands of miles to the south,

where we almost border on the Tibetan highlands? Besides, any report which came, even if it reached us, would get there much too late and would be long out of date. Around the emperor the glittering and yet mysterious court throngs—malice and enmity clothed as servants and friends, the counterbalance to the imperial power, with their poisoned arrows always trying to shoot the emperor down from his side of the balance scales. The empire is immortal, but the individual emperor falls and collapses. Even entire dynasties finally sink down and breathe their one last death rattle. The people will never know anything about these struggles and sufferings. Like those who have come too late, like strangers to the city, they stand at the end of the thickly populated side alleyways, quietly living off the provisions they have brought with them, while far off in the market place right in the middle foreground the execution of their masteris taking place.

**Franz Kafka**, *The Great Wall of China*



*Moon river, wider than a mile  
I'm crossing you in style some day..*

## **ELEMENTS**



**MARE.** Non ha fondo. Immagine dell'infinito. Fa venire grandi pensieri. In riva al mare bisogna sempre avere un cannocchiale. Quando lo si guarda, dire sempre: «Quanta acqua!».

**Gustave Flaubert**, *Dizionario dei luoghi comuni*



**5<sup>th</sup>**

A movement without end, a restlessness transmitted from the restless element to helpless human being and their works!  
**Franz Kafka, Amerika**



**Evergreen**

*Supporting Arguments and Bitter Recriminations*  
*It may, on occasion, give a feeling of euphoria, but only if that euphoria is followed by an equally intense depression.*



**nevergreen a.k.a. concrete**

'Orwell je strepio od onih koji ce zabranjivati knjige. Huxley je strepio da nece biti razloga da se zabranjuju knjige, jer više nece biti nikoga tko ce poželjeti da ih cita . Orwell se bojao onih koji ce nam oduzeti informacije. Huxley se bojao onih koji ce nam ih dati u takvim kolicinama da cemo u rezultatu postati pasivnima i

sebicnima. Orwell se bojao da ce nam oduzeti istinu. Huxley se bojao da ce istina utonuti u moru ravnodušnosti. Orwell se bojao da cemo postati zatvorena kultura. Huxley se bojao da cemo postati trivijalna kultura preokupirana tricama. (...) Ukratko, Orwell se bojao da ce nas uništiti to što mrzimo. Huxley se bojao da ce nas uništiti to što volimo', napisao je prije petnaestak godina ~apokaliptičar~ Neil Postman, napomenuvši pritom da je Huxley, cini se, bio u pravu.

**Dubravka Ugrešić**, ZABRANJENO CITANJE (Having Fun)



### **Shine**

It is entirely conceivable that life's splendour forever lies in wait about each of us in all its fullness, but veiled from view, deep down, invisible, far off.

**Franz Kafka**, the Diaries, October 18, 1921.

End here. Us then. Finn, again! Take. Bussoftlhee, mememormee! Till thousandsthee. Lps. The keys to. Given! A way a lone a last a loved a long the riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

(628.13 to 3.3)

**James Joyce**, Finnegans Wake



## WE WERE THERE:



### ***z\_bilja, really, as Eve***

So I suffered from neither boredom nor hunger. Suddenly, the craft came to a stop and we emerged to find ourselves in exactly the same place where we had set off, so long ago.

George Perec

*God gave me style and gave me grace*

*God put a smile upon my face*

**c o l d p l a y( in the shadowz of a dragon heart)**



### ***zmaja's shadowz***

Concerning this a man once said: Why such reluctance? If you only followed the parables you yourselves would become parables and with that rid of all your daily cares.

- Another said: I bet that is also a parable.
- The first said: You have won.
- The second said: But unfortunately only in parable.
- The first said: No, in reality: in parable you have lost.

**Franz Kafka, On Parables**



### ***alberto, zmoothhairz' islander\*, as Adam***

*\* not to be misinterpreted as (h)ighlander :)*

Smart à falzar d'alpaga nacarat,  
frac à rabats, brassard à la Frans  
Hals, chapka d'astrakhan à glands à la  
Cranach, bas blancs, gants blancs,  
grand crachat d'apparat à strass,  
raglan afghan à falbalas, Andras Mac  
Adam, mâchant d'agaçants partagas,

ayant à dada l'art d'Allan Ladd,  
cavala dans la pampa.  
Passant par là, pas par hasard,  
marchant à grand pas, bras ballants,  
Armand d'Artagnan, crack pas bancal,  
as à la San A, l'agrafa.  
**Georges Perec**, What a man !

## APPENDIX

...

Ne veruj u utopijske projekte, osim u one koje sam stvaraš.  
Don't believe in utopian projects unless in the ones you make.

...

Ne bavi se ekonomijom, sociologijom, psihoanalizom.  
Ne sledi istocnjacke filozofije, zen-budizam itd; ti imaš pametnija posla.  
Dont do psyhology, sociology, pshyhoanalysis.  
Don't fallow east philosophies, zen- budism ect. You have better things to do.

...

Veruj da je jezik na kojem pišeš najbolji od svih jezika, jer ti drugog nemaš.  
Veruj da je jezik na kojem pišeš najgori od svih, mada ga ne bi zamenio ni za jedan drugi.  
Dont believe that the language which you are writing in, is better then the other though you have not the other one.  
The language in which you are writing is the worst of all but you wouldn't replace it for any other.

...

Nemoj misliti da je tvoje pisanje "društveno koristan posao".  
Dont think that your writings is " a jos usefull for the society"

...

Imaj o svemu svoje mišljenje.  
Nemoj o svemu reci svoje mišljenje.  
Have you opinion about everything.  
Don't say your opinion about everything.

...

Ne nastupaj u ime svoje nacije, jer ko si ti da bi bio iciji predstavnik do svoj!  
Dont go forward in the name of your nation because who are you to represent anybody else but yourself!

...

Cuvaj se onih koji ti nude konacna rešenja.  
Beware of ones who offer final solutions.

...

Ne budi kukavica, i preziri kukavice.  
Dont be a coward and hate the cowards.

...

Ako ne možeš reci istinu – cuti.  
cuvaj se poluistina.  
Kad je opšte slavlje, nema razloga da i ti uzimaš učešca.  
If you cant say the truth, shut up. Beware of half-truths.  
When its an overall celebration, there is no reason that you take part.

...

Nemoj da imaš misiju.  
cuvaj se onih koji imaju misiju.  
Dont have a mision  
Beware of those who have a mission.

...

Ne veruj u intuiciju.  
cuvaj se cinizma, pa i sopstvenog.  
Dont believe in institutions

Keep away of cynism, even your own.

...

Segui il carro e lascia dir le genti. (*Dante*)

**Danilo Kiš**, SAVETI MLADOM PISCU



*CUT-UP TECHNIQUE* /... *dejà-lu*

a brief explanation of cut-up for the uninitiated

The Cut-Up technique is to writing what collage is to visual art. Its recent use was pioneered by William Burroughs and Brion Gysin, and later David Bowie used it during the 1970s. The basic method is simple - write a piece of work, cut the paper up with scissors, and rearrange the pieces to form new phrases and new meanings.

