

# Spending days in Non-Topia : a story written for the place of Non and those who happen to be trapped in it

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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

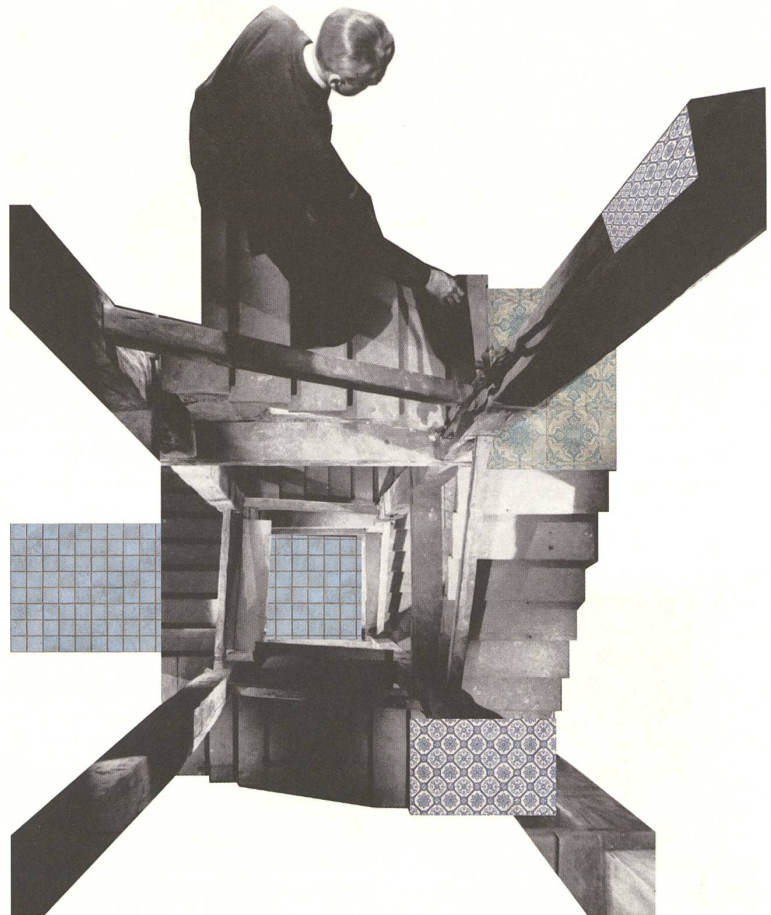
here; in the place of Non.

No walls. No clocks....

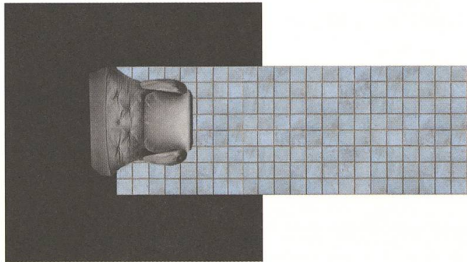
No space. No imagination. No destination.

I have already counted 450 sunsets.

I am still here....



confusion



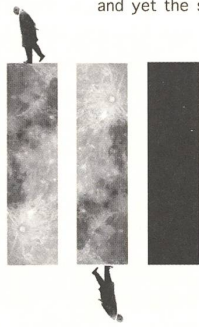
— This place keeps on confusing me

I don't know where  
to put  
myself.

I change places. And positions.  
And see no difference.

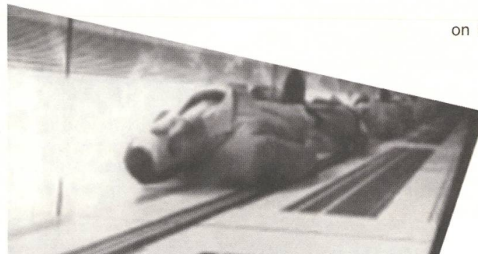
Everywhere is different  
and yet the same. Now I

understand  
why  
people hate  
airports.



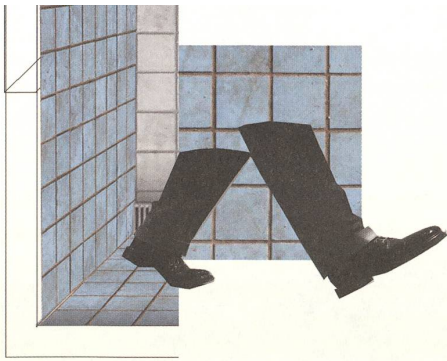
I put my FEET  
on my head.

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



## 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

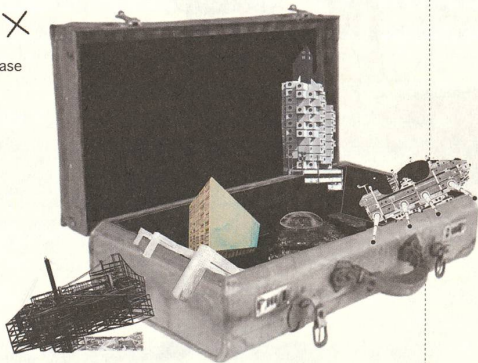
"non-places are the opposite of utopias.

They exist but they don't

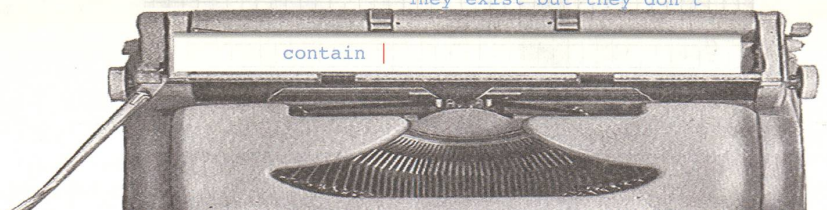
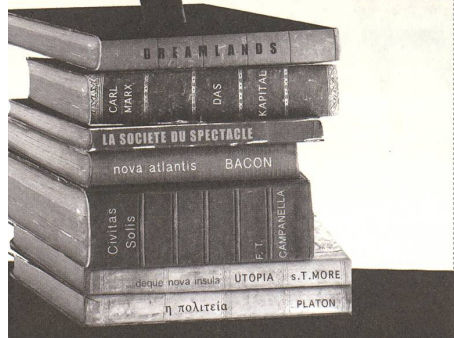
contain |

X

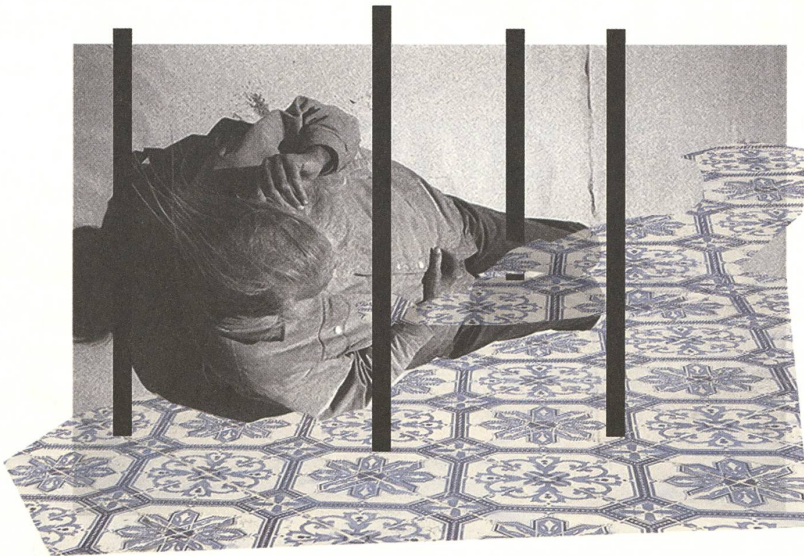
suitcase



not working



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...

