

Translated Space

This is
a process
of creating a fictional city
and an experiment
to examine the process
of spaces created in ones head,
while reading a text.



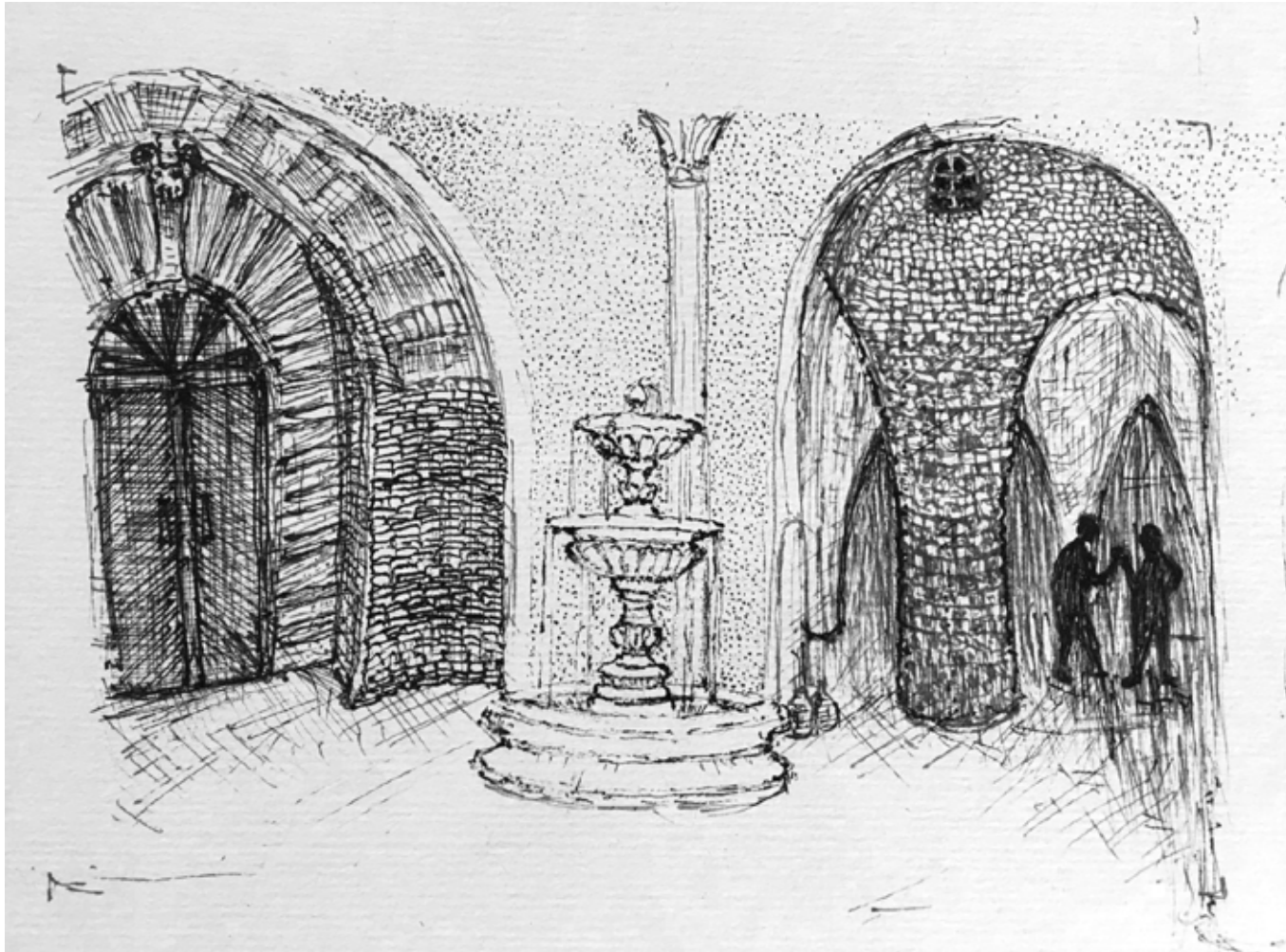
There is no sunlight here.

There is a smell, of earth
and red wine,
a sound, of empty bottles clinking,
High humidity in the
air that I breathe.
Hearing woodlice hatching
into cracks inside the walls.
Standing ten meters below the ground
In a gangway of the 12 Apostel's cellar.
Above me
a street of Vienna's old City.

This is my starting point,
my entrance to the other cities.

Standing at the entrance,
walking through the passage.
I can go straight here without having to change
direction,
for about the time that I would need
to cook myself dinner.

The passage has many branches going
into different directions
each of it
a branch of
a possible reality.
They have been closed by bricks by
someone
But I will pass them today.



Turning in
at the first branch on my right.
entering a gangway,
reaching a big square,
a big fountain
in the center.

The rushing of its water is the only thing I can
hear.

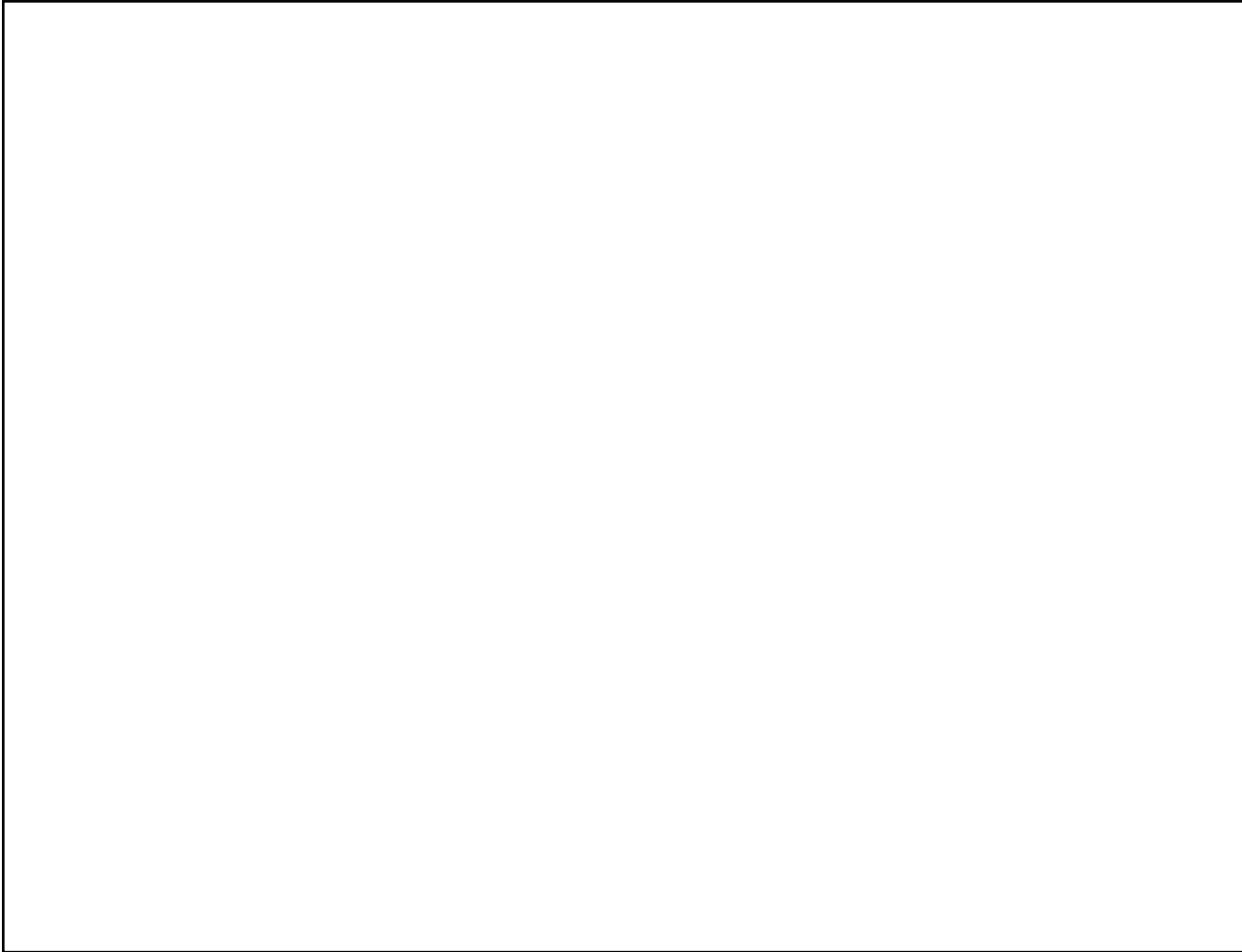
Some water drops are falling on my face,
it almost feels like
real rain

There is no sunlight here

But I know it's nighttime
because my legs
are tired and
my eyelids are heavy



Jul



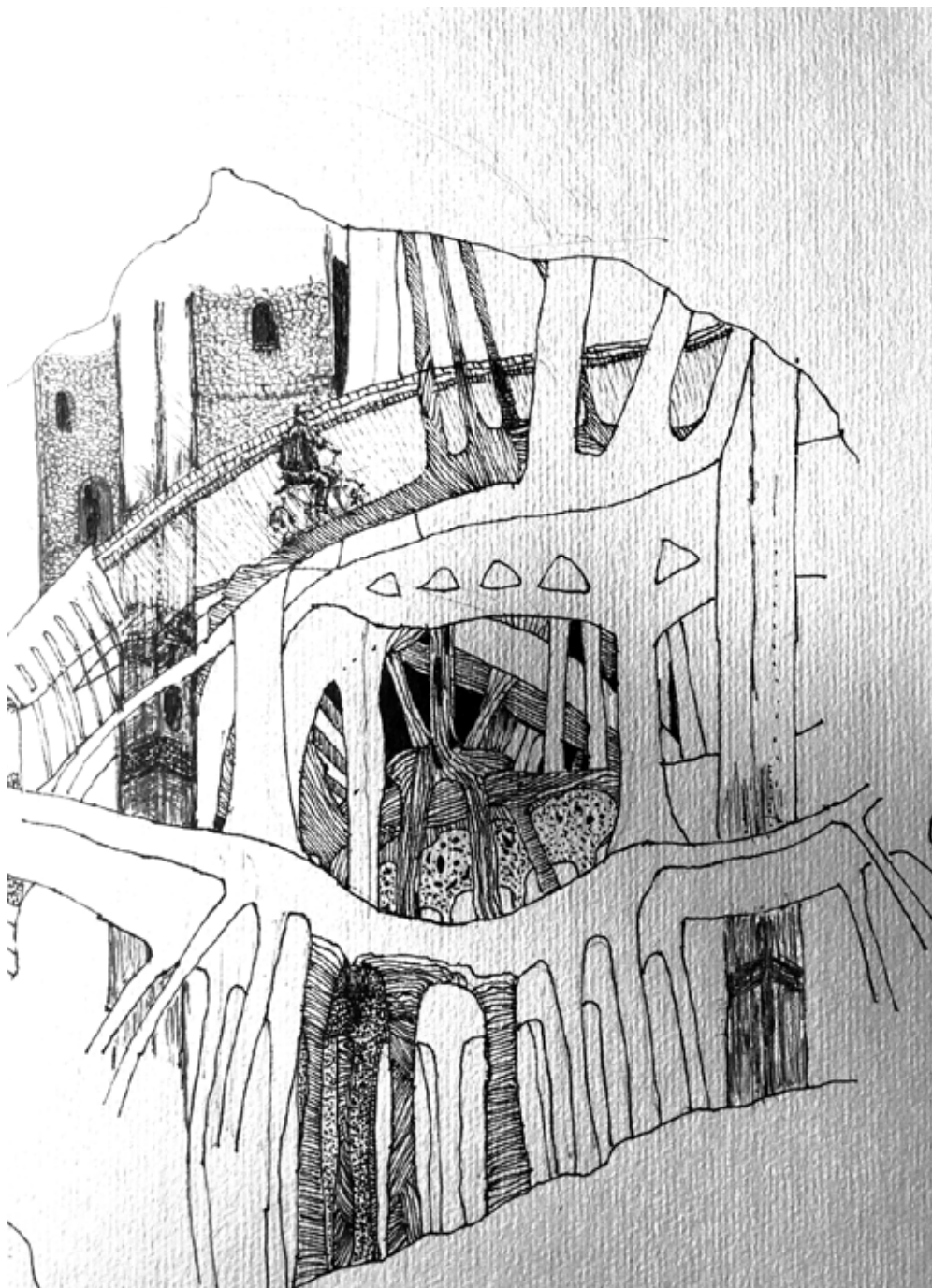
The walls around the square
have small doors and windows.

Behind one window
with soft
orange lighting,
someone fell asleep
while reading a book on the sofa.

Behind another window, five people are playing a
drinking game.

Behind a small window
in a bright lighted room
two people are arguing
about something.

Behind another window with
white curtains,
someone is looking at a water drop
on the window glass.
Then they look out
to the square and
our glaces meet for a second.



Leaving the square,
taking another gangway.
I am walking on a wide passage,
Seeming like it's endless
Loud voices around
and below me,
Round arches above
and beside me,
open to a big space to both sides.

Looking down on one side, I see:
This passage
is a long bridge, stacked onto
another six bridges, held by thick collums.
Elevators are going
up and down, making
light bell sounds when they stop.

Standing in the elevator.
Because it takes so long,
I sing a song by brahms
while going down.



When I arrived on the lowest level
I smell radish and beets
Apples and parsley
Around me, a landscape
of heads and hair
and hands, waving or carrying something,
Voices and their echos

I wander around here
And notice
that I've become a part of this moving landscape

When I look on the floor,
There is a forest of legs and feet
Some are moving fast
And some seem like they have
rooted into the ground
Inbetween them
Some lost things
Like a coin
or a leaf of lettuce



For how long have I been walking around here?

I stop
in front of a plateau.
On top of it
Four people, sitting on pillows and woven carpets,
tuning instruments made out of dark wood
with strings
and long necks

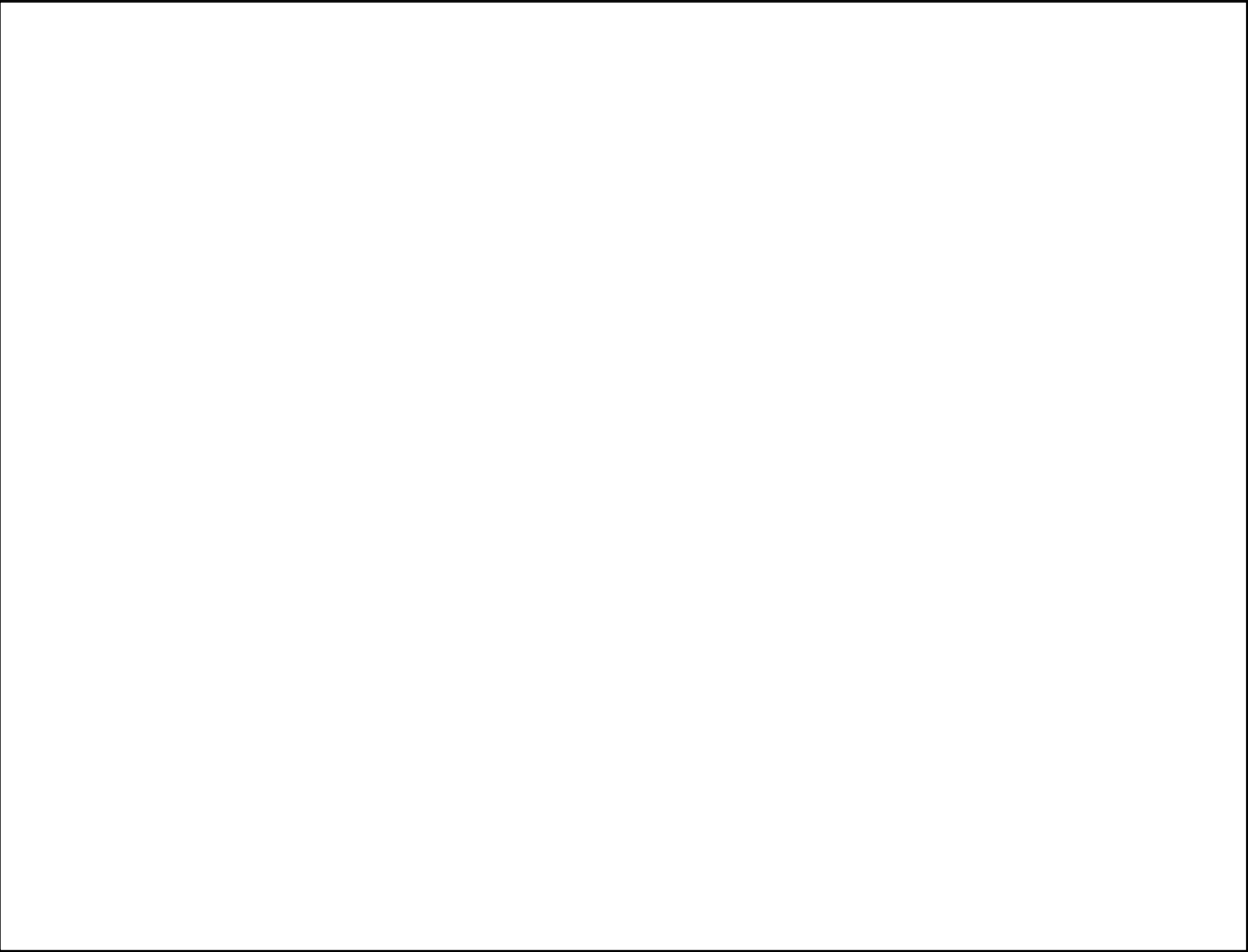
Their faces are lighted
by small lights,
Red and orange,
And they are looking closely at
their fingers
With red fingertips
Pressing down the strings

Someone is tipping me on the shoulder
And offering me a glass of wine
Its taste is sweet and intense

There is no sunlight here
But I feel a warmth
in my chest, as I finish my wine
And on my skin, from the people around me



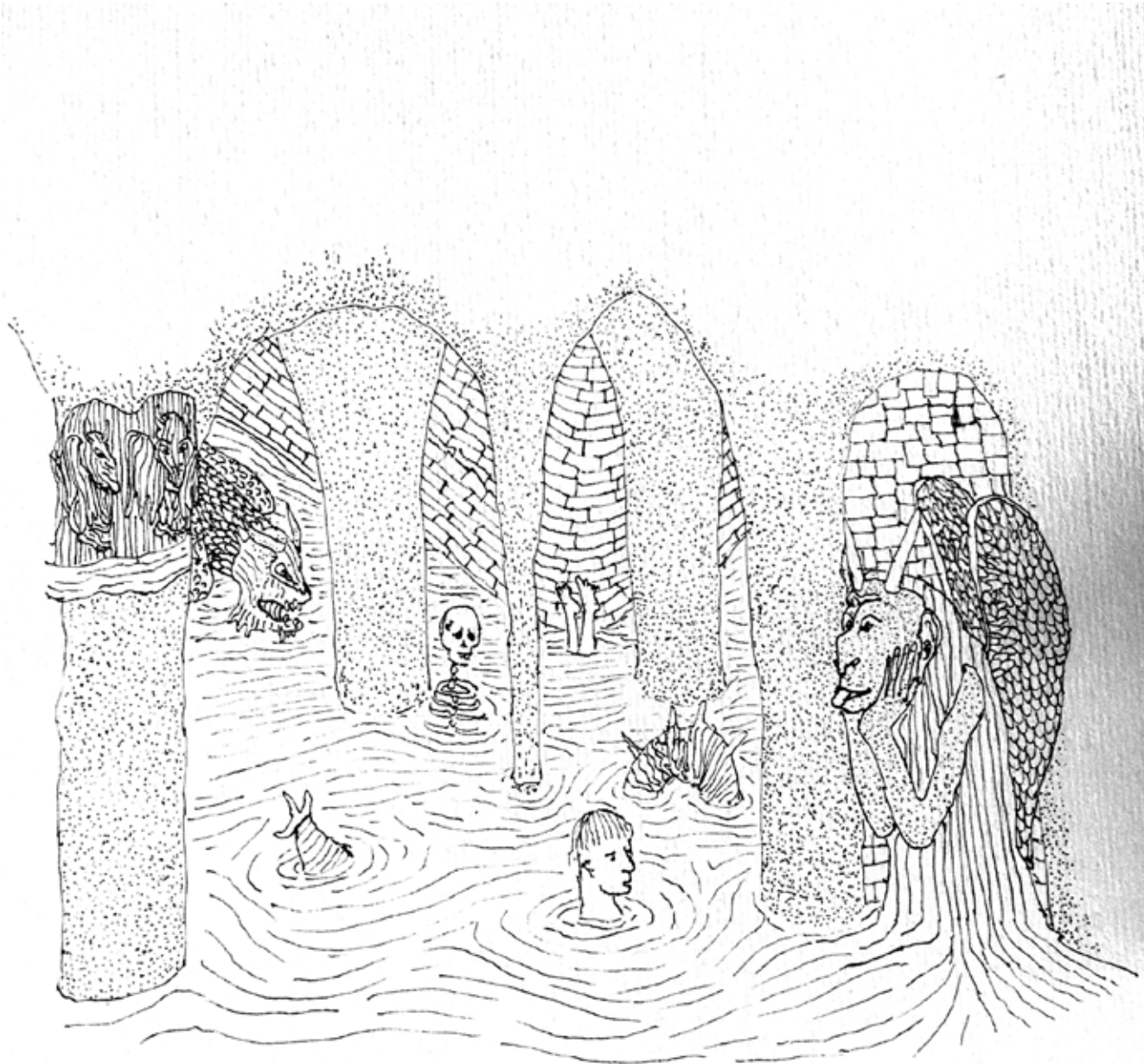
Jul



I am walking on
Away from the noise and movement
Into a little street,
With laundry hanging above me
Moving slowly

Somewhere far away
A cat is crying desperately.
I pass by a open doorway with a curtain
made out of plastic pearls.
Behind it a
blue light and someone
Sitting at a table, calculating something

Continuing my way through
these little streets
going straight, then left,
coming to a bigger streets,
with people riding bikes
then straight for a while



Behind the door
I can see an empty hallway
with a shiny stone floor
Faintly lighted by a cool, diffuse lighting
It almost seems like
Real moonlight

There is a glass counter,
someone is sitting behind it,
Counting something and typing numbers
into a machine

I lean against the door to enter
The air in here is cold
And the smell of chlorine burns in my nose

The person behind the counter
didn't notice me
I pass them and walk down the
stairway behind the counter
Leading to a big pool of water

Only a few more people are here,
swimming through the water and breathing loudly,
and every sound they make
is amplified by the volume and the material of the
room

I have been here before
in a dream
observing mythical creatures, sidling in the water
while they were eating
all of the humans
that have dared to enter this space

