

‘Welcome to my spaceship, you’re beautiful forever’

Michael Foucault, ‘On Other Spaces’: Brothels and colonies are two extreme types of heterotopia, and if we think, after all, that 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 and that, from port to port, from tack to tack, from brothel to brothel, it goes as far as the colonies in search of the most precious treasures they conceal in their gardens, you will understand why the boat has not only been for our civilization, from the sixteenth century until the present, the great instrument of economic development (I have not been speaking of that today), but has been simultaneously the greatest reserve of the imagination. The ship is the heterotopia par excellence. In civilizations without boats, dreams dry up, espionage takes the place of adventure, and the police take the place of pirates.

In Fellini’s film *And the ship sails on*, opera singers, conductors, actors, dancers, politicians, members of the aristocracy and art lovers travel with the cruise ship Gloria N. to say their last goodbye to the greatest opera singer of all times Edmea Tetua, and scatter her ashes near the island where she was born. Although the farewell journey unfolds through comic incidents, it seems to be leaving *belle époque* behind, heading towards the First World War. Through a reflective look to bourgeois society and the art world, the film concludes with the camera turning on itself and filming the actual filming of the movie.

A while before, a while after or long after the Third World War, traveling back and forth through time and memory, unfolds Chris Marker’s film *La Jetée*, the story of a man marked by an image from his childhood. The image takes place in the main jetty of Orly airport in Paris. The world has been demolished, or rebuilt, depending on the spot the protagonist is forced to return to. When he is given the choice, he decides to be returned to the world of his childhood, to the woman who was perhaps waiting for him, to Orly’s main jetty.

The song *Zeibekiko* by Dionyssis Savvopoulos, commonly known as *By airplanes and steamers*, refers to the condition of migration and exclusion resulting from a literal or symbolic war. Rather than a single dance, zeybek constituted a family of dances originating from the Zeybek warriors of Anatolia in the mid 19th century. These ritual dances, related to war-making techniques, eventually became popular and spread out from the mountain regions of the Aydin area down to Izmir and beyond. It was only after the defeat of the Greek army in Asia Minor in 1922 and the subsequent exchange of populations between Greece and Turkey that zeybekiko reached the Greek mainland. It was then transformed into zeibekiko and incorporated into the rebetiko subculture that flourished in the Greek cities, especially in harbors. Zeibekiko emerged as the most typical dance and rhythm of the rebetiko genre, but through the years it was popularized and its status evolved. Savvopoulos’ *Zeibekiko* refers to the refugees from Smyrna, echoes the massive migration in the 60s, the political prosecution during the military junta, and seeks the possibility of a way out from conditions of confinement.

Any journey, real or imaginary, driven by desire or necessity, is a transition and a quest. Every personal journey is also collective, and vice versa, “no man is an island”.

Galini Notti

-‘Welcome to my spaceship, you’re beautiful forever’: lyrics from the song *The heart’s a lonely hunter* by Thievery Corporation and David Byrne

-The first paragraph is in: Michel Foucault, ‘Des Espace Autres’, lecture for the Cercle d’études architecturale, 14 March 1967; first published in *Architecture /Mouvement /Continuite*, n° 5 (October 1984), trans. Jay Miskowiec, at http://biennale1.thessalonikibiennale.gr/pdf/MICHEL_FOUCAULT_HETEROTOPIAS_EN.pdf

-‘No man is an island’: verse from John Donne’s poem with the same title