

Notes from Non-Places

A hundred faces, all alike, all different. Everyone waits for the same moment of departure; yet everyone waits differently, poised along different coordinates of fatigue or anticipation.

The wheels of shopping carts run on tracks laid in solitude. Things to buy, things to put on future shopping lists, things to save for, things to covet, things to remember, things to hide in. A mall is a good fiesta to be lost in alone.



There is only shadowless fluorescence; all things are equally (in)significant.

Hours, minutes, and seconds count only when they are indexed against arrivals and departures. Duration-bracketed and interrupted by points of entry and exit—ceases to be time, and becomes only countdown. A countdown is the non-time of non-places. Clocks and calendars become hostages; everyone is weighed down by expectation.



The outer wall of the detention center is the inner wall of the city.

Announcements occupy the space vacated by conversations. Attentions ebb and flow, keeping time with new information, registering repetition.

R1:2/2
Title: Notes from Non-Places
By: Raqs Media Collective
From: non-places

The sleeping bodies of strangers, visible at odd hours,
crowd their surroundings with fugitive intimacies. Averted
eyes seek out arrows, clocks, notices, and insignia. Stolen
glances dart across seats, benches, and other occupied
surfaces to map the topography of transience.



+

+