**Svetlana Volic: *NON FINITO, Passageway no. 2: where the world ends*, the Salon of the MoCA**

*…
Not for a single day, no, never have we had*

*that pure space ahead of us, in which flowers*

*endlessly open. It is always World*

*and never Nowhere without No:*

*that pure, unguarded space we breathe,*

*always know, and never crave. As a child,*

*one may lose himself in silence and be*

*shaken out of it. Or one dies and is it.*

*Once near death, one can' t see death anymore*

*and stares out, maybe with the wide eyes of animals.
…*

(Rainer Maria Rilke, THE EIGHT ELEGY, *Dedicated to Rudolf Kassner*, translated by A. Poulin, Jr.)

The vidio-instalation *NON FINITO, Passageway no. 2: where the world ends* is the second in a series of ambient shows within the framework of the PhD art project under the title *NON FINITO/Performings of spatial narrratives*. The project is supposed to include the performing of several spatial compositions in diverse exhibition venues. Each exhibition operates as a unique and autonomous *poetic whole*, existing in relation to a specific occasion and a specific space, and the spectator should, first and foremost, be offered the experience of the presence. In that way, the project becomes a sort of an opened form, a continuous creative process presupposing a possibility of a new expression, performance and perception of the narrative. The first *passageway* in the project under the title *A dream of another place* was performed at the Gallery 73 in Belgrade as a three-channel video installation. Another *passageway*, entitled *Where the world ends*, is composed for the Gallery of the Salon of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Belgrade, as a new spatial narrative with more complex structure, a *virtual landscape* through which the spectator moves and whose interdependent contents offer a possibility of multilayered reading, connecting, perception and projection. The basis for this work consists of a video footage made during research trips from the last several years (2013-2016). They make up the video library of the project, the storage of sights used as the material to build visual-poetic structures with.

For each video there was a particular *right place* and a particular *right time* in which the work could happen. These were the sights recorded above the Atlantic Ocean, or from Rome, Venice, New Orleans, Istanbul, Dubrovnik, Berlin, Belgrade, from Zlatibor, the Corfu Island, and so on. However, the naming of these destinations does not have an essential importance for the project itself. These are not the impressions from a journey, postcards nor travelogues. The works could have been shot almost on any given spot across the globe, even at some nearby site, in the author’s immediate vicinity. Because what is at stake here is not tourism, the discovering of cultural-historical contents, nor the exoticism of the site-specific, but rather the movement, the freedom,1 and a peculiar search for an *image*. It is a search for a peculiar sight that would resonate with the movements taking place across the inner landscapes of the being, that will represent this world, set it in motion, shape the thinking, and help it to become visible.2 The place where the sights are is not somewhere on the globe, at some specific point on the map, nor even in the visible world, but precisely at the borderline where *the world ends*, where the gaze ends.

*…
Earth, isn't this what you want to resurrect*

*in us invisibly? Isn't it your dream*

*to be invisible one day? Earth! Invisible!
…*

(Rainer Maria Rilke, THE NINTH ELEGY, translated by A. Poulin, Jr.)

The basis of these works is made of the *careful observing* of chosen sights, the segments of the reality which become somewhat of the passageways intended for the contemplation on life, time, existence and dying. The time invested in the perception of sights is extended, these are long, inquisitive gazes that give way to different kind of insight. With dedicated and concentrated gaze through the camera lens it is possible to go deeper below the surface of things, to turn the eye toward the invisible spaces of our mind, and raise the habitual onto the higher level of consciousness. Thus, the video becomes a way of thinking, a philosophical process reflecting the fluctuations of mind and the stream of consciousness.

When the everyday gets unbearable, or our existence is under a threat, in whatever way, physically or spiritually, the human individual begins dreaming about the departure to another place, real one or a place from hers/his own imagination. We find this *dream of another place* in the basis of all utopias, as well in the core of my artistic expression. For me, the journey is a kind of search for a lost, never owned, nor fully mourned place, that exists only in the inner landscape of our spirit. Inner spaces inhabited by our emotions, desires, fears, memories and thoughts, along with spaces we form in relation and communication with other beings and phenomena, are equally present, as another places of our existence. A journey, a thought or a dream are transient and fluid as much as a video projection in the space. A thought emerges, lasts and disappears in our inner expanses, just as the light of a video projection temporarily inundates the space of a gallery.

…
*For there is a boundary to looking.
And the world that is looked at so deeply
wants to flourish in love.
Work of the eyes is done, now
go and do heart-work
on all the images imprisoned within you; for you
overpowered them: but even now you don't know them.
Learn, inner man, to look at your inner woman,
the one attained from a thousand
natures, the merely attained but
not yet beloved form.*
(Rainer Maria Rilke, TURNING-POINT, translated by Stephen Mitchell)

Notes:

1. “As soon as I've been too long in a place I can't think of any fresh images, I'm no longer free.” (Wim Wenders) Taken from Wim Wenders, *The Logic of Images―Essays and Conversations*, London: Faber&Faber Limited, 1991, 36.

2. “The simple truth is that there aren’t many images around now. When I look out of the window here, everything is blocked up, images are almost impossible. You practically have to start digging for them like an archaeologist to try to find something in this damaged landscape. Of course there are often risks associated with that, but I’m not afraid. As I see it there are so few people left in the world prepared to do something for our plight, which is a lack of decent images. We urgently need images to accord with the state of our civilization, and with our own innermost souls.” (Werner Herzog) Taken from Wim Wenders, *The Logic of Images―Essays and Conversations*, London: Faber&Faber Limited, 1991, 64.