

THE LOGISTICS OF PARADISE

**a film in 9 chapters
(with live elements and scenery)**

By Paula Hildebrandt and Moritz Frischkorn

as: Adam and Eve, archeologist and his wife, bride and groom (Nikos and Maria), Hades and Persephone, director and assistant, complices, mourner and innocent bystander, two paradise birds – observing, exploring, trying to capture the secret of this place called paradise.

Summary: THE LOGISTICS OF PARADISE A mixture between road movie and essay film that follows two German artists/researchers/tourists on their way journey. The island of Crete, here, functions as an emblematic paradise, allowing its histories to become allegories that explore how landscapes and societies are shaped by desire and displacement, the written, the imagined and its confrontation with reality. 'The Logistics of Paradise'¹ suggests links between technological and organizational complexity, placing them in conversation with myths, dreams and fantasies. It's an odyssey based on true fiction.

Combining re-enactment, archival footage, observational shooting, YouTube tutorials, and other formats, the film investigates how this place called paradise functions: who lives there, what are the basic goods and services, who takes care, what is its essence, how does it feel and smell, how to deal with the constant threat and the pain of loss. It's time to connect a critical theory of extractivism, exploitation and a destructive political economy with anthropological, ethnographic and sociological research, however, all based on real evidence as well as on hearsay, the famous Cretan 'kutsomboli'.

¹ an artistic research project that is part of the Great Report, cf. www.greatreport.net

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0) Prolog

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
			<p>“Paradise is not a metaphor.</p> <p>It is a real place, but only few know where or when, and how it works. No ancient latin or greek writer, no conquerer or missionary, could locate it on any world map; even Columbus couldn't find it.</p> <p>There, it looks like here, but there are less people, mostly two, sometimes three, at least not in the frame. It's not an isolated place, however. Distant voices from afar, someone chopping wood, a donkey, the blaring of bouzouki music from the loudspeakers of itinerant merchants, zigzagging along the serpentine roads, punctuated by occasional announcements in a rasping voice. Easter carols, the church bell counts persistently, every hour. The tawny owl takes over after dusk.</p> <p>Nobody steals or destroys what is seeded and harvested. The land is not fenced, divided in parts, speculated with, sold or burnt; Libya in the south, Turkey in the east. In the north, the mountains with a</p>

			<p>snow dome. Beyond them, the interior, another valley, more villages. The coast, the cities, the continents. The wind is in from Africa, warm and caressing, filled with yellow sand. Always summer, but never too hot, a linen or cotton sheet for night is just alright. Or take a rug out of the cupboard, with mothball scent.</p> <p>There is a selection of animals, tamed and gentle, protecting, gathering around, and some birds. Who brought them here? Animals are full members of the household: Cats catch mice, goats give milk, sheep wool and chicken eggs, horses and mules help ploughing the fields and bees do honey. Dog chained on roof tops, why again?</p> <p>Nobody shouts, scolds someone else for her or his stupidity. Nobody commands or controls, because, all are smart. Nobody locks the door, you get along with first names. In the evenings, there is music and dance while others argue and get on again, mostly.</p> <p>Due to the warm weather, all go naked or lightly dressed. Women have round breasts and strong shoulders, men are slender but solidly built with dark bushy</p>
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			<p>wavy eyebrows, some grooming a shepherd beard.”</p> <p>... Days go by with honey pie, yogurt with honey, no plans, noon flowers, wild orchids always harder to find and anyhow difficult to press, neighborhood chat, then swiftly go on with short or long strides and unbounded confidence.</p> <p>“Low dogs on main road and the small black beetles on the way back from the beach run busy, never exhausted, with tousled hair and dusty sandals, climbing one sand hill after sand hill, up and down, through the valley. No need to run, no need to hurry, siga siga.”</p> <p>(...)</p>
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1) Kommos

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
1.1 The bay		<p><i>Kommos.</i></p> <p>Early morning, only a few people, the sea, soft sound of waves and wind</p> <p>[Extreme Long Shot, ca. 3 min.]</p>	
1.2. The beach		<p>PAULA and MORITZ with PLASTIC UNICORN and snorkeling gear go swimming in the sea, slightly over-excited, maybe naked</p> <p>[Long Shots]</p>	<p>“Constant influx of people who come and go or stay, mostly white, comparatively wealthy and well-educated, hiding from so-called civilized Western societies, experimenting with light, bodies in motion, absences and substances. Fascists, investors and oligarchs alike, leave sooner or later, after the natural resources have dried up and the most evident sensations skimmed off. Some seasonal workers, for example from Poland, the Ukraine or Georgia, get married and stay. Contemporary hippies, selling the ‘Spirit of Matala’ – Tomorrow Never Comes –, selling jewelry and handicrafts made of shells and wood wreckage. Or catering self baked cake along Kommos beach,</p>

			<p>now some kind of professional with a makeshift stand made of used sun umbrella, wafted palms and bamboo, driving his old Mercedes Benz over the island, listening to the always scratchy same-old record day in and day out: Pink Floyd 'The Wall'. Because, (t)here, we don't need no education. (Anecdotally, if not verifiable, Patti Smith was inspired by the legendary disc of Phaistos, singing the 242 characters, symbols as syllables, like a notation for a song about, essentially, fertility - life and death, respectively.)”</p>
<p>1.3. Picnic</p>	<p>cf. Real Time Composition by Joao Fiadeiro</p>	<p><i>Basecamp of Kuchen-Uwe, Kommos.</i></p> <p>PAULA and MORITZ + UNICORN in different relaxing poses around the basecamp, playing with the sand, light/shadow combinations (parasol, tamarisk).</p> <p>Picnic arrangement as still life.</p> <p>Always two of each item (>> Lucas CRANACH, The garden Eden)</p>	<p>PAULA: Bread.</p> <p>MORITZ: Bread.</p> <p>PAULA: Water.</p> <p>MORITZ: Water.</p> <p>PAULA: Knife.</p> <p>MORITZ: Knife.</p> <p>PAULA: Olives.</p> <p>MORITZ: Cheese.</p> <p>PAULA: Almonds.</p> <p>MORITZ: ... olives ... salt ... fruits ...</p>

<p>1.4. Bodies in Lotion</p>	<p>White bodies including PAULA and MORITZ sunbathing, creaming each other with sun lotion, maybe Thai massage women passing by, a jet-ski crossing, people playing ball and reading.</p>	<p><i>Beach life in front of the restaurant Delfinia, Kalamaki.</i></p>	<p>PAULA: "I still remember the times, when we'd go swimming, and when we'd come out of the water, our feet were all black. The only way to clean them was by rubbing them with sun-screen."</p> <p>MORITZ: "Oh, yes, I like the smell of sunscreen. It smells like holidays, doesn't it?"</p> <p>MORITZ: "Wow, what a nice view." (...)</p> <p>PAULA: "Yes, it is." (...)</p> <p>PAULA: "You know that the Chinese wanted to build a container terminal in Timbaki. Down there, where the old army airport is. (...) But they didn't."</p> <p>MORITZ: "What happened?"</p> <p>PAULA: "There was protests, some of them organized by German tourists. They were afraid, their holiday paradise was to be destroyed. And that the turtles would die. (...) But then, the Chinese bought parts of Piraeus. They didn't need Timbaki any more." (...)</p> <p>MORITZ. "You know, I think, I saw a turtle yesterday evening."</p>
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			<p>PAULA: "Dear, that was a unicorn, not a turtle." (...)</p> <p>PAULA: "Now, they also found oil. Somewhere south of the island."</p> <p>MORITZ: "Who found the oil? The Chinese?"</p> <p>PAULA: "Well, no, it was the Greek, stupid. They might be drilling soon." (...)</p> <p>MORITZ: "But, Paula, what about the fish? Will it still taste as nice then?"</p> <p>PAULA: "Oh yes, it will. The fish is not from here, it comes from elsewhere, I think. From the Atlantic or Scotland." (...)</p> <p>MORITZ: "At least the airport in Chania is German."</p> <p>PAULA: "Oh yes, FRAPORT owns it. They bought 14 airports from the Greek state, at a minor price. They forced the Greek state to give up its infrastructure and then they bought the profitable pieces."</p> <p>MORITZ: "That's clever."</p>
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2) Excavations: Deeper, and a Little Bit Deeper

"Oh dear, I shall be too late."

"How long is forever? Sometimes just a few seconds."

says the rabbit in: Lewis Carroll, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, 1865

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
2.1. The Old Harbor	Excavations as fantasy? projections (The Shaws): Post-colonial attitude, projections, fantasies, archeological-cultural complex		
2.2. Kamilari Bowl	The icon	EXT: excavation site in the valley between Kamilary and Kalamaiki.	Continuous Ambiance Dialogue (Voice-over)

LS: Paula and Moritz, dressed work on the excavation site, meticulously cleaning the stones with brushes, cloth, etc.

WS of From time to time, one of them exits the frame, but comes back carrying a shovel or another gear.

CU of stones, dust, tools, fabrics of headscarf, sun hat, skin (Moritz applies sunscreen to his legs).



„Excavating this site has been the most fantastic experience of my life. We had everything, really: the excitement of digging, the summer heat, the sea, the conviviality, and all the good food.

In 30 years, we found so much. One of the best parts, I think, are the shipsheds. They are fascinating. Imagine, the first European high culture, a people that travelled the sea, from Egypt, to Lebanon, to Sicily, and maybe even further. A people of strong sea-farers, of adventurers. They would swim like fish. They were peaceful people. Nowhere on the island, you will find Minoan fortifications. They didn't need walls, because they controlled the Mediterranean. And in the winter, they would carry their ships up the hill to repair them, and to protect them from the salt. Here is, where they had one of their major harbours, some 1700 years before christ. Their life must have been like singing an endless poem.

Because the night was made for lovers...

I love the Greek people, especially the people from Crete. They are honest, direct and cheerful. They have been helping us a lot. We always hired foremen from

			<p>Pitsidia, the village nearby. The first one, in 1965 was George Beladakis. But before we could start digging, a ceremony had to be performed by the local priest. His name was Papadopolis Sphakakis. He stood on the hilltop dressed in his formal robes. He dipped basil into a bowl of clear water, shaking it onto the sandy, bush-covered ground which we prayed would prove fruitful. Later, we would open our storehouse to the villager, to show to them parts of our findings. It was our wish to make them more aware of their deep history.</p> <p>But, really, none of this would have happened without Maria. I met her in 1962 when she was an excavator at Corinth. Maria was beautiful and brilliant. She writes so well, as compared to my own faltering prose, is humorous, a pleasure to be with. I am her husband for over fifty years now. My name is Joseph.</p> <p>PAULA:</p> <p>„My name is Maria. I was born in Cairo, but my parents are from Greece. I don't know where exactly they come from, I think I forgot. I went to the best schools in the US, before returning to Athens.</p>
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			<p>ASCSA. A palindrome. Back then, I might have been something like heaven. That's where we met. (...)</p> <p>I always had to translate for Joseph. Without my wit and language skills, we would never have acquired the permission to dig at Kommos. When the work started, I became the trenchmaster. I was Joseph's first hand, his voice and inventory. I also had to take care of the children. First it was Alexander, then Robert. We spent all our summers with them on the island. They came to do the digging with us. No question, they were gorgeous, but someone had to bring them to bed. (...)</p> <p>I wonder why it is always the Americans and Canadians, the Italian and French and German, that come to our lands to look for timeless beauty. I mean: ASCSA - the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. That famous heaven of archeologists. But it is so obvious, they steal. As if our history was merely a screen onto which you project faltering images of authentic heroism, or tragical fate.</p> <p>What I really liked about my work? (...) It is the puzzle nature of it all. Oh, how</p>
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			many pieces we pick up. It often seems as if we re-assembled shattered fragments just to turn them into further questions.”
2.3. Memories	How does memory work?	<p><i>Pitsidia, mountain village in the South of Crete.</i></p> <p>Old postcards and photos hanging on clothes-line. Drying plastic bags</p> <p>[CLOSE UPS]</p>	[AUDIO: Main plaza, loudspeaker of itinerant merchants/bouzouki music, dices on tavli boards, pigeons, church bells, bee humming, sheep herds, the night owl....]


3) Householding // Taking care (who cares?)

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
<p>3.1 The Courtyard</p>	<p>Translate patterns of domestic labour, housework, care work into dance – a utopian state of exuberance.</p>	<p>Georgia doing daily chores in the courtyard such as sweeping leaves, picking up the fallen leaves, feeding cats, watering plants, soaking beans, etc.</p> <p>(A form of Anti-Happening / Instruction Art).</p> <p>MORITZ directs her actions, PAULA films</p> <p>BITTE GERNE NOCHMAL DEIN SCHÖNES SW-FOTO EINFÜGEN</p>	<p>... It's important to know how to take care of this place, and that takes practice, means doing it, doing it a lot of times. No substitute for that. Which is not work, but always something to do, feeding animals, watering plants, picking and drying herbs, a fifteen hour week to maintain a living, the pantry well-stocked, a cornucopia full of overflowing, and able to share some of its abundance with others.</p>
<p>3.2 All you need: The village shop</p>			<p>During the week the grocery store provides all you need in an eclectic mix of odds and ends displayed on wooden shelves.</p> <p>From top shelf down, from left to right: Kitchen paper, toilet paper, napkins. Cans with Greek tomatoes (400g), packaged tomato sauce from Italy («mara» and</p>

			<p>»Freshoria: Passata di Pomodoro«), a no-name Nutella, apricot and strawberry jelly, strawberry jam, blueberry jam and cherry jam, NESCAFE, NOY NOY milk powder, two kinds of 1kg sugar, white wine in plastic bottles, red wine in glass bottles (locally produced and from California SPRING VALLEY), MASSARA Sambuca.</p> <p>A map of the island, twig of dried laurel, a calendar, a tin opener, a butcher hook, in a small wood basket different items such as Aspirin, security pins, bulbs, a plastic cup with keys, further a globe, barley and wheat rusks (Paximadi), Spaghetti, coffee powder, pepper, dried fruit bars (raisins or figs?), an adapter. Loosely knot up bags with dried beans, chickpeas, lentils, rice, flour, on top a telephone, right next to it several packages of imported herbs like anise, saffron, vanilla.</p> <p>On the counter beneath the balance: Trident and Big Babol chewing gum, lollipops, onion flavored chips, cookies, peanuts, »Dole« bananas, some pencils and pens, a calculator, SERENATA (33g, wafer covered with milk chocolate and filled with hazelnut cream), a bucket with black olives and on the lid plastic sachets with only a few already counted olives. In front of the counter bottled mineral water</p>
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			<p>in sixpack-towers wrapped in foil, crates with standard tomatoes, greenhouse fruits, very red and very green apples,</p> <p>In the fridge: Coca-Cola, milk, »Mythos« beers in brown glas bottles, cherry juice, peach nectar in Tetrapack.</p> <p>On the opposite shelf, framed by wavy postcards and inflatable floating gear: wooden clothespins, three kinds of mosquito repellent liquor heater (SNANCE, BOSS and MY PROSAMMA), plastic cups and plates, party cutlery, aluminium foil, baking paper, plastic straws in different colors,, candles, sponges brand »Shine«.</p> <p>Plastic bottles with locally brewed booze, ouzo, KALAS salt in two different sizes, vinegar, lemon juice concentrate, sunflower oil, a palm twig from pentecost, tuna tins, tea bags, fresh British Red Crinkle Cut Beetroot, a white extension cable, a flatscreen (currently running the evening news, and a priest from the Greek orthodox church talks about .</p> <p>Two crates with a bottling tap, one for red wine and one white, on top empty »Rouvas« mineral water plastic bottles, tupperware boxes, AROXON and W5 WC cleaner, glas cleaner, »Casa Labico«</p>
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			<p>dishwashing liquid (green apple and yellow lemon), abrasive milk, »florevida« hand soap (pink for rose and green for lemon), Q-tips, more plastic clothespins in orange, green and pink.</p> <p>On the floor: more shrink wrapped sixpacks of »Amstel« beer, lemonade, petroleum, paraffin oil, kerosine, insecticide, pesticide, cat food in cans, but only one kind by ROKUS: beef.</p>
<p>3.3. Saturday is market day</p>	<p>A reenactment</p>	<p>Paula advising Moritz how to perform like the woman on the picture</p> 	

<p>3.4. The couple in the centre: Getting married in Mires</p>	<p>We hire a professional wedding agency for a sneak photo/video-shooting</p>		<p>Story of NIKOS and MARIA about their love and marriage</p> <p>spoken by MORITZ and PAULA (as Voice-Over)</p>
<p>3.5. The Maid of Orion (Care work in unusual places I)</p>	<p>Hotel Orion Swimming Pool (Matala) MORITZ (in black slip) is ironing newspapers in shabby pool</p>		<p>PAULA (Voice-Over): "The maid Cettina did not iron, because she was tired or couldn't stand any longer, and Ombretta did not iron, because as she said, she was scared of it." Natalia Ginzburg 'Family lexicon'</p> <p>The politics of dedication</p> <p>citations from texts about care revolution</p>

			Bulgarian, Ukrainian, Russian servants / seasonal workers
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4) Fuels, bunkering, and pipes

“Worauf warten wir, versammelt auf dem Marktplatz?
Auf die Barbaren, die heute kommen.”

Konstantinos Kavafis, *Warten auf die Barbaren*, 1904

“Every now and then I get a little bit restless and dream of something wild. (...)
Every now and then I fall apart”

Bonnie Tyler, *Total Eclipse of My Heart*, 1982

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
<p>4.1. On the road</p>	<p>rental car passing through the frame at different locations, always from left to right (?)</p> <p>> then: filming something on the dashboard</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> + failed attempts of tuning in the radio + bouzouki music and male voice <p>> then: filming a lay-out of materials on the back-bench, including: PINK UNICORN, cucumbers, dried salvia, an amphora, other things that we have picked up, and water canister for Mires</p>		<p>MORITZ:</p> <p>“Paula, there is this one story about driving in the car that comes back to me. Once, when I was a teenager, we would go on holidays with my father to Canada. My parents had just separated, so it was me and my two brothers and my father only. He was very nervous, already at the airport. I guess travelling with three children between 12 to 16 must have been quite a challenge for him. In any case, when we arrived in Calgary, we rented a car and went through the Rocky Mountains. Endless straight roads, the mountains at the horizon. Those were</p>

			<p>the days still, where you had a cassette player in the car. My father had just bought one single cassette at a gas station. Bonnie Tyler. All day long, we were listening to this one cassette, and my total favorite of the whole holiday was this:</p> <p><i>Singing parts of TURN AROUND by Bonnie Tyler</i></p> <p>The funny thing is, my father, while he was driving, had to keep his three sons under control, somehow. I guess we were fighting or quarreling or just bullshitting around on the back seat. When he couldn't stop us verbally, my father, without really turning around, because he was driving, he was kind of hitting blindly and with quiet some force on the middle console. That was his sign of anger. It's this slightly uncoordinated movement of his detached arm, the torsion of the shoulder, while his body was still facing the road, that is mingled with the song in my mind."</p>
<p>4.2. The bunkering station</p>	<p>(with palm leaves, just as the one we have already)</p>		<p>PAULA (Voice-Over, serious voice):</p> <p>"SEKA SA has a continuous presence of half a century as an independent physical supplier in the market of bunkering for marine fuels. SEKA operates in the southeastern Mediterranean with</p>

			<p>bunkering ports at Piraeus, Agioi Theodoroi near Corinth and Kali Limenes in southern Crete, assuring prompt deliveries at any time (24/7) including weekends. SEKA is able to arrange for the provision of all main types of marine fuels: fuel oil, gasoil, and intermediary fuels. At Kali Limenes, anchorage deliveries are made by barge or at the installation.</p> <p>The port is a natural port, well protected from bad weather. Its coordinates are 34+55,5'N, 024+48,5'E. The port provides bunkering services with the following ways: Ex-wharf, and by barge at anchorage. The anchorage for barge deliveries is half a nautical mile from the tank farm and 6 nautical miles wide, allowing swift and prompt deliveries. The manner of delivery is dependant on the vessel's characteristics. Draft at dock: 11m. Pumping rate ex pipe: Fuel 350 mt/hour, marine gas-oil 150 mt/hour.</p> <p>Besides the tanking, we offer further services, including fresh water, fresh provision, garbage removal and crew changes: Fresh water is delivered from our installation directly. As Kali Limenes is located close to the Messara plain, our clientele may have access to Cretan fresh</p>
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			<p>products such as olive oil, olives, oranges, tomatoes, green vegetables and others, notwithstanding any other product obtainable through the full range of products within the island. On request, we can arrange to prepare the basket of your command to be delivered during the bunker call, directly transported to the clients vessel. The bunkering station in Kali Limenes is also a SCHENGEN gate of reception, allowing the boarding, repatriation and change of crew (sign on/off) and/or passengers. Non-SCHENGEN citizens that require VISA procedures need to apply 10 working days in order to arrange necessary paperwork. Accommodation services can be arranged.”</p>
<p>4.3. New panorama and old panorama</p>	<p>PAULA and MORITZ eating something at the tavern without speaking,</p> <p>Terrace view tilt (bunkering station in the background)</p>		<p>+ DIALOGUE (Voice-Over):</p> <p>MORITZ: “Just another paradise, I guess...”</p> <p>PAULA: “I don’t know. I smells like fishy business.”</p> <p>MORITZ: “We just need to hang out a bit. Maybe we can get closer to the bunkering station...”</p>

			<p>PAULA: "I don't know. Moritz, what are we doing here?"</p> <p>MORITZ: "Paula, we need to find out more about this bunkering business. You told me that the SEKA belongs to the richest Cretan family, the Vardinogiannis family. They own everything on this island. They bought this place by pressurizing people. They created their imperium based on this very bunkering station in front of our eyes. They killed politicians. They covered up oil spillages from the bunkering station. They cooperated with the military dictatorship. Today, they own a major refinery in Korinth, a huge fleet of old tankers, they own all the Shell filling stations in the country. But not only that, they own newspapers, TV stations, a lot of real estate</p> <p>PAULA: "... and a football club."</p> <p>MORITZ: "Yes, and all of that started from here. Based on a shady deal with the monastery up the hill. And when we are driving around the island, we are driving with fuel that has been provided by their businesses. We need to find out how this thing here works. We need to uncover their secrets. We need to investigate their scandals. Call their name, make them bleed. Paula, that's what we need to do!"</p> <p>PAULA: "Moritz, we will never gonna do this. And first of all, where does this</p>
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			<p>fascination for logistics and oil business come from? Yes, sure, big is beautiful, and things move around the planet based on magical choreographies made by invisible algorithmic hands. And, hey, those people here they own this shabby hotel just next to the village, and probably 24 even better hotels around the world. But, boy, we will never gonna come close to them. And what is all of this about? What do they buy themselves with their dirty oil money? They buy sex, power, golden watches, and some smaller islands. These are ugly men, and all of their fantasy is about big cock. Sorry, but this is very boring. It is extremely boring. No one wants to know about these people, Moritz.”</p>
<p>4.4. Tennis birds</p>	<p>MORITZ and PAULa as paradise birds playing tennis with oranges (?)</p> <p>drinks with a golden shaker, all dressed up in leather sneakers, his pink slipper and a white shirt, Glitter, Feathers</p> <p>PAULA is playing golf maybe with her wooden walking stick and oranges, hitting them over the net, one by one, cleaning the white lines of the court after each hit</p>		<p>+ DIALOGUE (Voice-Over):</p> <p>MORITZ:</p> <p>“You see, Paula, in the end, it is all about velocity. About speed and acceleration. I bought myself this Maserati recently, and when I tap the gas pedal, I feel a gigantic combustion going on somewhere inside this animal, I am pressed to the seat to the point where my skin is aching because it is stretched out by the pure force of acceleration. I love that feeling. Instant velocity, instant power, instant affect. As if</p>

			<p>there was no friction. I feel like I am making myself into a proper projectile. Very Deleuzian concept, isn't it? (...) Want a skinny bitch, Paula?"</p> <p>PAULA: "Thank you, Moritz. I really don't like the cheap vodka you've put into that drink. Just ditch that shit. (...) But down there in that hotel, they have sometimes been throwing very good parties. Fantastic liquors, vodka for some 2.000 dollar per bottle. (...) Once, I met a real princess there, she had lived in Lebanon, but initially she was from Saudi-Arabia. Her father wanted to force her to marry someone from the royal family, but she didn't want that. She really hated the guy, so she ran away.</p> <p>She was only 16 or 17, and hanging out with one of the Vardinoyannis children, who seemed to take care of her for a while. In fact, she had to hide all the time, she couldn't even been seen in Heraklion, because she was afraid her father would find her. The funny thing is, I remember her telling me that she had come to the island on the back of a bull. I didn't quite understand what she meant, was she referring to the boat as a bull, or was it the young oligarch that she called like that...?"</p>
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			<p>(...)</p> <p>MORITZ: "That reminds me of another story about animals. Someone once told me about those sharks that surround the bunkering station. They are there to protect the installation against spies and foreigners. But really, I believe they must be kind of underwater drones."</p> <p>PAULA: "See, and me myself, I am still very old-school when it comes to the protection of property. I bought myself just some mighty German shepherds to care of the villa. At least they are loud, if they want to be, and they bite just as hard as sharks do, I tell you."</p>
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5) Sensational explosion / Sparkling Moments.

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
<p>5.1. Splash</p>	<p>Readings from</p> <p>The right balance between calm, retreat and a little thrill, kick.</p> <p>Conversation about the fabrication of fun versus pleasure versus desire:</p> <p>preparation, environment, doubts and hesitations. (Xenophon)</p> <p>The slide, the fall, the acceleration. That feeling of vertigo, when everything gets slightly out of place: You bathing suit, your bank account, your relationship, your health care. etc.</p> <p>Maschinelle Dimension des Begehren (Deleuze und Guattari.)</p> <p>(Was passiert da im Körper, wenn die Endorphine crazy gehen? What's in the paradise cocktail, bio-chemically?) Durch welche externe oder interne Maschine können die Glücksgefühle produziert werden?</p>	<p><i>Waterpark, Hersonissos.</i></p> <p>[HANDY SHOTS: leisure equipment and heavy literature, professional selfie on coffee mug, etc.]</p>	<p>Continuous Ambiance</p> <p>Water Park Soundbites like screams, laughter, chatter, etc.</p>

	How to access, trigger, enact, manipulate this state of exhilaration, can you fade in and fade in or rather hit it? Jump into? How to prepare...		
5.2. Swing	Practice the right swing, the right balance between technique and practice, concentration and distraction	<i>Cretan Golf Club Academy, Hersonissos.</i> PAULA and MORITZ on the golf tee.	
5.3. Car Wash		<i>Public well, Mires.</i> PAULA in pink gloves & house dress, wildly cleaning the car. MORITZ assisting: filling water from the public fountain in bottles, handing, sorting loads of foam and different cleaning products	

6) Barbarians


SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
6.1. The profit principle / Scale	M & P playing quartett		The coast of barbarians (Poem by Kavafis)
6.2. Nostalgia	Hippietum, Kindheitsfantasien		
6.3. Opacity	nicht genau wissen will, wie es funktioniert (i.e. corruption, family business)		

7) Pouku Vu – We will come and see...

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
<p>7.1. HOHLIOS Cooperative groceries shop</p>	<p>Collective in Heraklion: „Wer weiß, es mag auch alles anders kommen.“ > Demut zu haben > alte Praktiken wieder zu beleben, auf eine zeitgemäße Ebene >Conviviality and communality, new and ancient forms of solidarity > Cookie-Währung (Circular Economy) > alte Versammlungsorte > INTERVIEW MACHEN? Wo gefilmt? Welches Bild? Gegenüberstellung von Text und Maschine – brauchen wir die Gesichter? > Michalis ></p>		
<p>7.2. ... Along Cucumber Coast</p>			

7.3. Snail Tavli			
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8) Perfumes and Essences

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
8.1. Salt	<p>PAULA collecting sea salt in the salines near tavern »Mystical View«.</p> <p>Straw hat, shorts, sandals/barefoot. Equipment: plastic bag, glas jar, spoon.</p> <p>MORITZ with silly hat (Texas-style) pops up occasionally out of holes in the rocks, waving, wanting to talk...</p> <p>[FULL SHOT. LONG SHOT. Always the two in a pictures in changing distances]</p>		<p>“Your spoon is too small! You should also use a plastic bag and look for the wet salt. Would you like to come tonight to a rock concert in a bar in Matala?”</p> <p>Take something home.</p> <p>Something hand-picked. No commercial trade.</p>

8.2. Salvia	Kurtes		
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**8.3.
PHILOSOPHY**

All walks should be foraging, and that's a pleasure. Because you see better. It's not necessary to know the names of things the way a botanist would. Maria calls the desert rose simply 'no idea'

Do you want to find your signature scent? Start by deciding whether you are the woody, spicy or oriental type...

Smuggle seeds by eating them.

Floral arrangement of collected flowers, : Fig tree branch, juniper, tropaeolum majus (Kapuzinerkresse), carob,

+ AUDIO: Easyjet announcements + Dutyfree-Shop (SXF & Heraklion)



			
<p>8.4. The Fridge. The Shrine. The Machine</p>	<p>And yet, how to preserve, transport, conserve?</p> <p>The techniques of preservation, change aggregate state, consistency (dry, liquid, burn >> alchemist practices)</p> <p>Fragrance does not work, needs string sunlight. > Text by Elena Vosnaki, perfume historian</p>	<p>Collected items on table / top of the fridge: old books, salt, oil and vinegar, pepper, lemons, nuts, driftwood, juniper, pine acholderfrüchte, pinecones</p> <p>die Duft-Stifte</p> <p>Fig branches in a water decanter.</p> <p>Old Fridge as Shrine / Paradise Machine.</p>	

		Products collected, wrapped, etc. not for sale.	
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9) Dangerous Voices and the Politics of Mourning

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
<p>9.1. Eleni and Sophia, moirologists</p>	<p>We insinuate who it is: Grandmothers, sisters, secret lovers, spin doctors, Svengali, witches, ...</p> <p>“The problem, rather is that the performance of rigor has not been accompanied by a skillfull abiding with the pain of loss. As the mind is guided to insight, so pain has to go through grief to find courage.”</p> <p>–Gene Ray, Writing the Ecocide-Genocide Knot: Indigenous Knowledge and Critical Theory in the Endgame, Athens, 2016</p> <p>“Waste no Time on laments. Gather the stormtroops.”</p> <p>–The Elders, Antigone, Sophokles</p> <p>The best way to keep a cultural form alive is to pretend to be revealing its secrets while keeping its secret.</p>		

	<p>women's voices as a threat to the social order, which relies on womens embarrassment to keep them either silent or active in socially accepted role</p> <p>Tradition of ritual lament as a source of resistance</p> <p>Gnosis, spiritual knowledge acquired through direct experience, a kind of interpersonal historical memory</p> <p>Death embedded, cushioned in laments, rituals, collective food.</p> <p>No need to hide and feel ashamed. Shame is a virtue, a quality, a degree of personal integrity.</p> <p>—> knowledge about how how to hold up. In life. How to deal with loss, pain, anger.</p> <p>the allusive method</p> <p>Capitalists and communists alike, banker and bureaucrats, still think that effects could be traced back to causes. But they are wrong. It's actually the women who pull the strings, the svengali sisters, spinsterhood, spinning women.</p>		
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	<p>Mnemonic practices / eerie agency</p> <p>A feminist perspective, the B-side, and how to avoid the f-word but also not queer.</p> <p>Women's voices have the power to shake up the world.</p>		
9.2. Koliva	<p>> Youtube-Tutorials: "Body as Archive" > eigene Prämissen offen legen > was steckt da drin?</p> <p>religious associations of different ingredients</p>	PAULA preparing Koliva, in the kitchen of Georgia	
9.3. Procession	<p>How to deal with the pain of loss.</p> <p>Juxtaposition of two aesthetic – one that embraces and one that is trying to conceal or erase it.</p>	PAULA walking through the village from the church to the graveyard, maybe sharing some koliva with stray cats & dogs	AUDIO: Song of Seikilos (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9RjBePQV4xE)
	<p>Waste time. Do nothing.</p> <p>Non-Performance as a form of resistance against the never-ending mantra of productivity.</p>		

<p>9.4. Moving backwards. Dancing forward</p>	<p>We try to walk backward, un-learn patterns of moving forward.... try to emulate non-humans</p> <p>We dance like crazy.</p> <p>Where have all the animals gone: donkeys, stray cats, fish,tadpoles, dolphins, butterflies,</p> <p>Reanimate extinct species through reenactments</p> <p>Escape, slip through the straight timeline // exstatic time,</p> <p>Disrupt stanrad notions of temporality. Condensed time. Ecstatic time. Gay time is an immersion adn surrender to the present.</p> <p>Try to capture the present. Calling on the past to project other futures.</p>		
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9.5. Snail Tavli	Playing against time “Centuries of centuries and only in the present do things happen.” —Jorge Luis Borges Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing: non-humans Snails and shells circular time		
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10) Epilog

„I never did like smartass utopians. Always so much healthier and saner and sounder and fitter and kinder and tougher and wiser and righter than me and my family and friends. People who have answers are boring [...]. Boring, boring, boring.“

– Ursula K. Le Guin, *Always Coming Home*, 1985

SHOT	NARRATION	IMAGES	SOUND
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DAILY CHORES

PAULA:
Tavli

MORITZ:
Collect supplies and pack for shipping (and will be sent to Kampnagel, Hamburg for performance production)

PAULA (images) + MORITZ (notes)

Keep track-record at the end of each day, for example our working hours, kilometers driven, the BEST CAR as mobile pantry/back office: assemblages
accumulation of things in car: sun protection, water bottles, small change, sand, Paksimadi bread, coffees and cigarettes consumed on the way

Body practice (moving backwards, dancing like crazy (Marias techno with ear phones), becoming paradise birds

OPEN QUESTIONS

SHELL Petrol station (what is the story/action to unfold there? fight, dependency maybe talk with Michalis about bio-fuels...)
EU subsidies, monoculture, privatisation, the profit principle

> Bilder von Gefäßen (Mires)

Moritz packing some kind of fake Greek amphora into the car

> die Wasser-Spendende Quelle (IKONE Zoodochos Pigi)



Wasserwagen mit den Wasserflaschen

Werbeplakate von Aristides (Luxusvillen)

BONUS TRACK

Plate »Fragile Paradise« etwas Reparieren, auch im übertragenen Sinne, eine aus dem Ruder gelaufene Gesellschaft wieder reparieren.

OUR WORKING MODE, or: Methodology almost: Speculation, divination, careless whisper

> CARE SUPPLY GAIETY keine Mühsal zu haben

> STORIES AS CONTAINER, MINOTAURUS AS CONTAINER, Putting desire into a container

> nach vorne Fallen >

“Crazy, tell me, baby!”,

The temptation / exhilaration, rush, frenzy, velocity, speed, extraction, exaltation, exuberance

“Der Dorn im Herzen” von Venedig > venezianische

> Cucumber-Graveyard

> Pansch-Öl (Bio-Fuel)

> Sonne tanken, Erholung tanken, die Psychologin, die sagt, man braucht den kleinen Nervenkitzel

aus OVIDS Metamorphosen. 2. Buch: 833-875- Europa

Königliches Ansehen und Liebe gehen nicht gut zusammen und verweilen nicht gern zusammen an einem Platz: Nachdem er die Bürde der Herrschaft abgelegt hat, verwandelt sich jener Vater und Beherrscher der Götter, dessen rechte Hand mit dem dreifachen Blitz bewaffnet ist und der nur durch ein Kopfnicken den Erdkreis erschüttert, in die Gestalt eines Stieres, mischt sich unter das Rindvieh und brüllt und stapft in seiner Pracht zwischen zarten Gräsern umher.