

| No | Text | Sources |
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| 1 | Time is difficult to grasp, instants take forever, minutes stretch long, hours pass painfully, days parade by, months reel into months, years take flight. | By Nicanor Parra |
| 2 | In a certain sense this ritual sequence leads us on a journey to the beyond, to a region inhabited by the ghosts of lost time. | <i>Poetics of Cinema</i> by Raul Ruiz |
| 3 | The moments of real life functioned like a film, with segments spliced together so as to produce the illusion of continuity. | <i>Poetics of Cinema</i> by Raul Ruiz |
| 4 | The quality of lights, as experienced in film, is intermittent. At sound speed, there are twenty-four images a second. Each about a fiftieth of a second in duration, alternating with an equivalent period of black. | <i>Devotional Cinema</i> by Nathaniel Dorsky |
| 5 | ... and once again she shuddered with the evidence that time was not passing, as she had just admitted, but that it was turning in a circle. | <i>One Hundred Years of Solitude</i> by Gabriel Garcia Marquez |
| 6 | The clocks are not in unison, the inner one rushes in a devilish or demonic or in any case inhuman manner, the outer one runs, haltingly, along its usual course. | By Franz Kafka |
| 7 | (1) "...So then, yours is truly a journey through memory!" The Great Khan, his ears always sharp, sat up in his hammock every time he caught a sigh in Marco's speech. (2) "It was to slough off a burden of nostalgia that you went so far away!" he exclaimed, or else: "You return from your voyages with a cargo of regrets!"... | <i>Invisible Cities</i> by Italo Calvino |
| 8 | You reach a moment in life when among the people you have known, the dead out number the living. And the mind refuses to accept more faces more expressions on every new face you encounter, it prints the old forms for each one it finds the most suitable mask. | <i>Invisible Cities</i> by Italo Calvino |
| 9 | Memory, even in the rest of us, is a shifting, fading partial thing, a net that does not catch all the fish by any means, and sometimes catches butterflies that do not exist. | <i>The Faraway Nearby</i> by Rebecca Solnit |
| 10 | You may wander, may learn that in order to get to your destination, you must turn away from it, become lost, spin | <i>The Faraway Nearby</i> by Rebecca Solnit |

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| | about, and then only after the way has become overwhelming and absorbing, arrive, having gone the great journey without having gone far on the ground. | |
| 11 | Stories like yours and worse than yours are all around, and your suffering won't mark you out as special, though your response to it might. | <i>The Faraway Nearby</i> by Rebecca Solnit |
| 12 | Even decay is a form of transformation into other living things, part of the great rampage of becoming that is also unbecoming. | <i>The Faraway Nearby</i> by Rebecca Solnit |
| 13 | Time itself is our tragedy, and most of us are fighting some kind of war against it. | <i>The Faraway Nearby</i> by Rebecca Solnit |
| 14 | Cold preserves almost anything. The very word freeze is synonymous in modern English with stopping time, stopping progress, stopping a film and if time is rive then perhaps its water may turn to ice. | <i>The Faraway Nearby</i> by Rebecca Solnit |
| 15 | Nostalgia (from nostros-return home, and algia-longing) is a longing for a home that no longer exists or has never existed. Nostalgia is a sentiment of loss and displacement, but it is also a romance with one's own fantasy. | <i>The future of Nostalgia</i> by Svetlana Boym. |
| 16 | A cinematic image of nostalgia is a double exposure, or a superimposition of two images- of home and abroad, past and present, dream and everyday life. The moment we try to force it into a single image, it breaks the frame or burns the surface | <i>The future of Nostalgia</i> by Svetlana Boym. |
| 17 | A psychiatrist will not quite know what to do with nostalgia. An experimental art therapist might be of more help. | <i>The future of Nostalgia</i> by Svetlana Boym. |
| 18 | Homecoming does not signify a recovery of identity; it does not end the journey in the virtual space of imagination. A modern nostalgic can be homesick and sick of home, at once. | <i>The future of Nostalgia</i> by Svetlana Boym. |
| 19 | Time moves in one direction, memory in another. We are that strange species that constructs artifacts intended to counter the natural flow of forgetting. | <i>Distrust That Particular Flavor</i> by William Gibson |
| 20 | A photograph is a secret about a secret, the more it tells you the less you know. | Diane Arbus |

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| 21 | You might go north to find yourself, or lose yourself or simply be yourself | <i>Going North : Roni Horn</i> by Gary Indiana |
| 22 | (1) We need these places that we've never traveled to, that we may never go to. We need them not for escape, but for measure: of all the places we have been to, and of ourselves as well. (2) We need them as a way of balancing what is with what might be, and as a way of understanding the scope of things— of admitting that the things beyond us are also the things that define us. | <i>My Oz</i> by Roni Horn |
| 23 | (1)It is common to believe that because we will never travel to them, their loss will have no effect on us. Or that losing a place that is not occupied by humanity is a loss of no importance; (2) that going from unseen to nonexistent will make no difference. But the difference runs deep. We are losing the core infrastructure of our imagination. | <i>My Oz</i> by Roni Horn |
| 24 | I suffer from an incurable need to understand. I do not want to die without understanding why I have lived. And you, have you ever been afraid of death? | <i>Mount Analogue</i> by Rene Daumal |
| 25 | as long as the human ear can hear the breaking of waves over deep seas, as long as the human eye can follow the track of the northern lights over silent snow-fields, as long as human thought seeks distant worlds in infinite space, so long will the fascination of the unknown carry the human mind forward the upward. | Fridtjof Nansen, <i>In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times</i> |
| 26 | Sometimes, to make something is really to make nothing, sometimes to make nothing is to make something | Francis Allys |
| 27 | I think I am quite local but I am not. Or I am not but I am. It is a trap. It is funny, have have to leave the place you came from to be asked if you belong to it. | Francis Allys |
| 28 | With <i>our eyes open</i> we walk through a dream: ourselves only a <i>ghost of a vanished age</i> | Franz Kafka |
| 29 | “... nostalgic had an amazing capacity for remembering sensations, tastes, sounds, smells, the minutiae and trivia of | <i>The future of Nostalgia</i> by Svetlana Boym. |

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| | the lost paradise that those who remained home never noticed.” | |
| 30 | Nostalgia is a sentiment of loss and displacement, but it is also a romance with one's own fantasy. | <i>The future of Nostalgia</i> by Svetlana Boym. |
| 31 | “Home” has become such a scattered, damaged, various concept in our present travails. There is so much to yearn for. There are so few rainbows any more. | <i>The Wizard of Oz</i> , Salman Rushdie |
| 32 | We revere the ruby slippers because we believe they can make us invulnerable to witches; because of their powers of reverse metamorphosis, their affirmation of a lost state of normalcy in which we have almost ceased to believe and to which the slippers promise us we can return; | <i>The Wizard of Oz</i> , Salman Rushdie |
| 33 | ...The real secret of the ruby slippers is not that 'there's no place like home' but rather that there is no longer any such place as home: except, of course, for the home we make, or the homes that are made for us, in Oz, which is anywhere, and everywhere, except the place from which we began. | <i>The Wizard of Oz</i> , Salman Rushdie |
| 34 | The problem is that the white nights of June are a sort of naturally occurring metaphor. They put the year's pulse into your blood. Season becomes mood, light becomes vision, nature is transformed into imagination. | (Dan Hofstadter, Midsummer Magic in the Lands of the Midnight Sun, March 12, 1989, New York Times Magazine) |
| 35 | Each piece of trash that floated here seems to have brought a story with it from across the sea, because anything that's been thrown away has its own tale to tell. | |
| 36 | Termites have made the world by unmaking parts of it. They are the architects of negative space. The engineers of not. | (Lisa Margonelli, Underbug, 2018, p9) |
| 37 | At Anostos (the land without return), there is neither darkness nor light, but a veil of mist of a dirty red color lies over it where you lived life backwards and died as an infant. | Dan Hofstadter, “Midsummer Magic in the Lands of the Midnight Sun” (<i>The New York Times Magazine</i>) |
| 38 | It may be a futile wish to keep a few white spots on our maps, but human adventure, in its original sense, lost its meaning, became an issue for the Guinness Book of World Records. | <i>Encounters at the End of the World</i> by Werner Herzog |

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| | Scott and Amundsen were clearly early protagonists, and from there on it degenerated into absurd quests. | |
| 39 | Language and virus share many basic traits and qualities: mimicry, contagion, infection, repetition, replication and deception. They both work through techniques like grafting. They both tweak basic meanings. | Laurie Anderson |
| 40 | If I could tell the story in words, I wouldn't need to lug around a camera. | Lewis Hine |
| 41 | The world is blue at its edges and in its depths. This blue is the light that got lost. Light at the blue end of the spectrum does not travel the whole distance from the sun to us. | <i>A Field Guide for Getting Lost</i> by Revecca Solnit |
| 42 | The color of that distance is the color of an emotion, the color of solitude and of desire, the color of there seen from here, the color of where you are not. And the color of where you can never go. | <i>A Field Guide for Getting Lost</i> by Revecca Solnit |
| 43 | The blue of distance comes with time, with the discovery of melancholy, of loss, the texture of longing, of the complexity of the terrain we traverse, and with the years of travel. | <i>A Field Guide for Getting Lost</i> by Revecca Solnit |