

FANTASY ISLAND

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Island and fantasy share the same condition: being yourself and let be washed by waves, expose yourself to the outer world but resist the incoming tide, be open and closed at the same time... Maybe it is not isolation but a necessary, impossible balance that identifies what Fantasy Islands are in their essence?

The transformations of the image of the Island also show the island character, despite what an island was supposed to be as a space isolated and, in a way, independent in its identity, in fact has a relational character. An island among something: such as a land among waters, calmness during turmoil, paradise in decline.

From this perspective we can clearly see that fantasy not only creates islands and shapes them but has an island character as well... Fun, night dreaming, creativity - these are the islands of our pleasure among what is real. Neutrality is hard to find on dream islands: their phantasmatic existence is defined by either-or. Between Hesperides and Alcatraz there is no a zone of grey, unspecified things, blurred vision, but of clear identities and sure identifications. That is islands – paradises or islands – hells, places of undefinable pleasures or the most terrible cannibalistic feasts. As islands are as if from the order of extremities, their existence is defined by isolation, difference, closure.

Isolating island had for a long time been rather a chance than a curse. Isolation was a condition of success of social-political experiments, as in Plato or More, or enabled survival of delicate beings from before the fall, seemingly suspended outside the Earth's civilisation, in the world without history. Thus the island character seemed to be, first of all, a safe place, a shelter for what otherwise would have been affected by a destructive external influence.

Only on the doubly imagined Baratania – which even the fictional world of the first order has not managed to include, the world of cruel princes and whirling windmills - a simple man, Sancho Panza, could become a governor and provide reasonable administration. Fantastic and real islands have not managed, however, to protect themselves against the transformations of modernity – from a paradise place of retreat and reasonable utopias, they have become treasury islands, ports of trouble makers, prisons. They have become conquered places, described and transformed by subsequent Robinsons, ideal scene for a lonely actor...

The process of stripping off the islands from their inaccessibility coincided with gradual imaginary isolation of people in their individuality, with monadology taken up to the level of a theory of the subject, a perfect island, as an internal one, which each of us is to become. The island character of the self and the vulnerability of the conquered islands gave way to a new fantasy of terrible islands, on which the worst fears put in the forms of the monsters of the modern times, from revived prehistoric beings to living corpse, become real. The new fantasy which both unveils and hides the truth about the true islands – swept away and ploughed by the injustices of our times. We, the people of the islands, are to do nothing but escape ...