

DIE FABRIKANTEN

Netrip (1996): Cybermonk Reports

AILEEN DERIEG

FINDINGS OF THE FIRST HERMIT

„A monk's cell in an empty Cistercian monastery in Plasy, Czech Republic. A bed, a wardrobe, a table and a PC with an Internet connection...“ The idea is certainly appealing. I could see myself there in a sparsely furnished room with nothing but the luxury of having time: time to look around on the Net, time to read messages and think about them, time to make contacts. But „a PC with an Internet connection“ is open to interpretation, much more so than I had realized before. I work with a PC every day. It is normal, ordinary, familiar: the keyboard is part of my hands and the words I think glow back at me from the screen with only a minimal delay. I am a cyborg. That is just the way I live. It is strange, though, how something so familiar can so quickly become alien and incomprehensible, just by changing the letters on the keyboard and the language of the error messages. I don't understand Czech. A PC set up in Czech is not an extension of myself, it is not a tool I can use freely. It is not a connection to the world, but a barrier to be explored. But I did not come to explore barriers. „A PC with an Internet connection...“: the Internet has become a household word, a term freely used in various media. But what is it? The most obvious and most easily accessible part is the World Wide Web. Critics say it is nothing more than glorified television, and I can see that they have a point. I use the WWW for my work, but I wanted to explore it as a form of communication and even try it as a form of entertainment. I don't have time for that in my everyday life, where I have work to finish, children to attend to and limited access, which means that additional exploration becomes expensive quickly. But the WWW is not the whole Internet. There are also newsgroups and Telnet sessions, talk and IRC. There are so many ways to communicate, but they all presuppose a working system, which requires various programs, applications and a two-way connection. Merely looking at Web pages is not much different from channel hopping with a TV remote control. That is not „the Internet“ that I wanted to explore. „A PC with an Internet connection...“: „connection“ is another word that has become popular, and it has far-reaching implications. Without the modem on my desk, I would not be able to do my work. My livelihood depends on being connected. I sometimes wonder how families functioned before telephones became a household utility. The organization of my private life depends as much on telephone lines as my working life does. My everyday life takes functioning telephone lines for granted. Is that safe? A connection that may work or may not work calls everything into question. Telephone lines that may or may not cope with a flow of data cast doubt on the very concept of connection. I had not envisioned myself addressing the question of „who controls our future“ on that basic a level, although I theoretically know that this level exists. It is not my starting point. „The emptiness of the monastery provides space for contemplation...“: I imagined having time and peace to think, to reflect, to try out ideas. But contemplation is different from waiting – waiting to see if the setup works or not, waiting to find out if the connection works or not, waiting for information about train connections that might get me home in under twelve hours, waiting for the data to come through before the next crash. „The emptiness of the monastery“ suggests being alone, not being dependent on others. It is, to my

mind, a positive state that does not include needing someone to show up, who could help to fix the machine, trying to contact someone somewhere, who might be responsible for the server. „Who controls our future?“ This central question is stated broadly enough to allow for many vastly different approaches. Each individual approach presupposes a certain background, specific interests, but also requires certain conditions and the appropriate functioning tools for development. The first hermit arrived prepared with a background of ideas and a mental roadmap, but found these out of sync with the conditions and tools available. Return to start and begin again. Who controls our future? Who wants to know and why?

JARMILA PANKOVA

1st EVENING

So here am I again. Hey, Ivo, what are those small things on the wall? – Teeth? Tongues?! – Oh, I see. Hmm. 25 tongues stuck out at me. „Bleeeh“ (I'll send photo later) I was here some time ago as a participant of the IRONET project. It's kind of Dejavu for me to see this building and to live here again. I arrived by train from Prague (IC Franz Kafka No. 264 to Pilsen, then normal passenger train 7608 from Plzen to Plasy) last night i.e. Friday 1st November 1996. Ivo was waiting for me with his car at the railway station. When we got here, we started to talk about all possible things, about statues, about chain saw and wooden statues, about photography, about Internet, about travelling, about elderly people... After some time, I had found out, that I was not the only one, who was terribly sleepy, so we ended our discussion; Ivo left for home and I went to sleep. It was quite cold in this room, but not more than it used to be in my parents' cottage in Kozojedy u Kralovic, which is actually not far from Plasy.

1st MORNING

I woke up early, but I got out of bed at about 7am. I went to the kitchen to find out whether it still looks the same. The only other creature in this house, that was already awake, was the orange striped tomcat. I met him in the kitchen. As soon as I appeared in „his“ kitchen, he started to purr and to rub his body against my legs. (His name is Damien) [IVO - information: Here was drawing of Damian, but this is now on the computer] Now it's already 9:30 and I have already eaten my breakfast, did several computer connections and got ready to go out for some shopping (for food). Ivo just arrived to take few pictures of me sitting at the computer. I took one picture of him, even though he wanted to escape, telling me that he will come after he has a new haircut. (Ivo's picture by me should appear somewhere here if the editor doesn't.) It's really high time to go shopping – every shop here closes at 11am (except for the „buffet“ at the railway station).

ALMOST NOON

Back from shopping. I will go out to shoot some pictures since the light seems to be good for 100ASA film.

2nd EVENING

I have returned back from a long walk in the neighbourhood. The shooting was quite a pleasant way to become familiar with those old historical buildings. It was spiritual act in many ways, because I was concentrated only on the shapes and colors, almost ignoring people, who were passing by once in a while. My spiritual mood was broken by light rain, that made me hide the camera – because of rain itself and because of the dark sky, that came with the rain. I decided to go to the monastery. There I learned from the sign on the door that the guided tours are given only till the end of October and today it's already 2nd November. (Groups might go there even after the end of season, but I'm alone.) But during the shooting I heard organs in the monastery playing the most popular theme from the Czech opera Rusalka (Water Nymph)... (...) I went for a walk again and after some time I decided to go for a lunch into the same restaurant where we were with the Fabrikanten a few years ago. On the way there I saw four teenage boys in such outfits and with such haircuts, that they looked like teenage boys from some American „city jungle“ gang. They were gathered around older type of Skoda car (105L) that had one back window broken. They didn't fit the place. I think the restaurant "U Tome" hasn't changed since the last time I was there. I ordered the meal and drink. I had a strong temptation to tell the bartender that a Margarita should be served with a salty „crust“ on the glass edge, but I didn't want to offend her, so I didn't say anything. After leaving the restaurant, I decided to go up the hill, hoping that I could see Plasy „like on the palm of my hand“.(...) I saw many new ugly houses with luxurious cars parking in front of them. I felt like a stranger, because those people were looking at me with a suspicious expression in their eyes. Then I walked down the road towards Kralovice, but I didn't find anything interesting there, so I turned back to find the shortcut to the railway station, since I have to leave tomorrow and I need to know it. You can get (on foot) to the station within 20 minutes. (...) It was almost 4 o'clock. I couldn't go to any other and more distant place, because the sun goes down quite early in this time of the year. (...) There were many dogs barking at me. The very last dog on that street was quite a young, white short-haired puppy - both of us would have liked to play with each other, but there was a fence in between us, so we couldn't socialize as much as we wanted to. Puppy was expressing it's desire to play by making very unhappy heart-breaking sounds. Soon after leaving the street I got out of Plasy. It's the road Louka (Do I remember it well?). After passing through the railway „viaduct“, the green tourist path sign lead me to the forest. (At the viaduct I have met young boy and his father in-line-skating, the boy told me „Dobre den“, I replied in the same way and his father gave me a smile. I think they were the friendliest people I met this afternoon. It was joy to meet them even it was that short.) It was very pleasant to breath in the scent of the trees and leaves...and later the scent of pine-needles. Along the path I found many trees broken by the wind. I was very close to the creek and the soil was very humid and soft. Finally I got to the mill – but there was nothing but the sign telling me „Here was standing the wooden mill“. „Is that all?“, I asked myself, „OK, so now I have seen it and I can return back.“ When I got to the viaduct again,I noticed a McDonald's plastic cup tossed away into the grass. „Is McDonald's the one, who controls the future?“, came to my mind. „Why do I have to find the evidence of its existence in a deserted place like this? It's quite annoying.“

Another funny thing I noticed on my trip today were the pipe-like mailboxes for newspapers, attached to the garden gates, made out of plastic „milestones“, that you can find along all the roads in this country. Some mailboxes still had the orange reflecting „glasses“ at the one of it's ends. Is it a fashion or is it so practical? Do they steal the milestones? I've also noticed that people here are crazy about „sun dials“ – you know, that kind of clock where a stick casts a shadow on the wall with hour

numbers and the shadow shows the actual time. I got home - I mean to the monk's cell - first of all I started to prepare quick dinner. This netrip might tell the public about different personal eating habits... Today I had piece of bread, one roll, green pepper, poultry paste, piece of chocolate, mixture of raisins and hazelnuts and multivitamin juice with soda. Thinking about the fact that I'm alone here – I have no problems with it. Am I solitary? BTW, if you manage to get into this monk cell, try to sing - the cell has quite fine acoustics.

NIGHT

My neighbours are playing some adventure game (they have invented the rules) in the hallway. They told me about their game, because they needed to switch off the electricity for a while - the game should imitate a „nuclear attack“, so I shouldn't be scared by the sounds I will hear. The electricity is on again – the girls were screaming in a high pitch, as though in danger of their life, but my guess is that they just didn't want to spoil the fun. I can hear the bell of the old „king's chapel“ clock ringing. I was listening to it through the whole day. I wonder that the clock is operational while the house seems to be in quite bad shape. I think it was Metternich who decided to use that building for storing the harvest. All the houses of the Monastery complex are abandoned, deteriorating, the reconstruction is expensive and slow. I'm sorry for the houses, but would it be possible to stay here if the houses were repaired? You can feel the history breathing from the walls, it's impressive. WHO? Who controls the future? What is the future? What kind of future? Far future or close future?

In my schooldays we were taught that it is not possible for the individual to play a big role in history. I'm about to believe that even the future is not driven by individuals only. In general, I would say: Nature and people. (Let's forget about possible existence of life on other planets in this case - I wouldn't want to write a science fiction.) Nature is affecting people and people are affecting nature. In fact they are part of nature, but they don't behave like that. People are inventing new ways to adapt nature to their needs, but they don't care too much if they disturb that fragile equilibrium which exists among the elements of the nature. But maybe the question should have been: Who controls the future of society. More or less, we are all affected by a few global business companies. Local business companies are being pushed out of the market, no matter whether they produce quality goods or not. Even the culture is being exported on a large scale. Thus the countries and the society lose their specific features, habits, traditions, their individuality. Do they control the future? - I would say yes, in some way. Do they know about it? – Probably yes. Do they know all the consequences of what they do? – I don't think so.

THE ROLE OF NEW MEDIA

I think that my approach will be different due to the fact that I have been on the Net since the beginning of the Net in this area. It was a time, when the Net wasn't that widely spread even in western countries. I would say: It was nice pioneer time! Very romantic. At that time all the people on the Net were like radio amateurs, who had just managed to make some hard-won radio connection. They were very enthusiastic about the possibility that they could communicate with people, they would never have met w/o the Net. Now I can see a big boom of people and companies being wired to the Net. I'm afraid that it has already become a fashion to be on the Net - others are getting wired because of political or commercial reasons. I'm fed up with the magazine articles that are warning the newcomers that if they

join the Net, they will be addicted to it like gambling or drugs. I'm fed up with articles, that equate the Net and Web. But Net is not Web only, it's about communication. Net could be something like TV, radio, books, newspapers, magazines - in general, I want to say that it could serve like those kinds of medias, where the information is published somehow and it's up to you whether you make some attempt to reach it. At the same time, the Net could be like a postal service, fax, telephone, conference, advisory board - which means, in other words, that there is some feedback/communication expected a priori. The Net, for me, represents a very universal media. It could be misused like any other media. What is new and maybe revolutionary is that it gives an equal chance to all the users to spread the information quite cheaply and that it makes it possible for people living far from each other to meet as though they were neighbours. Another positive thing about the Net is, that you don't have to learn about latest news only from the information published by the mammoth global agencies, but you can also learn about it from communication with the eye-witnesses, that live in the region where something extraordinary has happened. I can say that even communication over the Net has some personal touch. If we use just email for communication, we can abstract from how the person looks, what kind of voice he/she has, what his/her dress is like, and we can fully concentrate on his/her views, on his/her personality. Many Net users have their own Web pages and if we want, we can see through the Net what they look like, hear their voice, see their motions - the Web is able to carry any multimedia information. Some people say that the Net surfers would end up like a strange creatures living in virtual world, not leaving their rooms and computers. All the Netters I know are anxious to see the other Netters in real life and they organize big meetings on a regular basis. Especially people from IRC. I know about two IRC marriages and one IRC child. :-) I'm not afraid of the possible bad influence of this new media - it couldn't be worse influence than was the influence of other medias we already have. And it's very likely, that it could change the future in positive way. I'm more worried about the fact, that the Net becomes more and more a commercial media. Do you have your home mailbox filled with advertisements all the time? So imagine that you get the same advertisement garbage in your electronic mailbox! I hope that the Net will keep the level of independence and freedom that it has now. The Netters had compiled (in the very beginning of the Net existence) a set of rules how to behave on the Net. Have you ever read those rules? You should! There's a lot of democracy in it.

LAST MORNING

I woke up at seven again and I met Damien in the kitchen. We shared a piece of Eidam cheese together. Damien was sometimes listening carefully to sounds that came out of the corner with the stove - was it a mouse? I brought my camera to the kitchen and put it on the table. Damien thought that it might be another piece of food, so he jumped upon the table to explore it. The kitchen was full of evidence of the eating habits of the youngsters - plenty of empty ketchup bottles, instant "bouillon", empty spaghetti sachets. All my friends studying at the university eat the same way. :-) I shared with Damian yoghurt with hazelnuts. He eats everything up extremely quickly - my father would call this kind of eating „vacuum cleaner“. I'll try one more time to connect to my "home" computer at work to check the mail. It's quarter to 11am - gotta do some more pictures!

LAST AFTERNOON

I went through all the places that were suggested by the „educational path“ signs. I saw the old „tower“ where the iron was moulded and then used to manufacture various objects for daily use (for

agriculture etc.) There was also an old historical arch, that was punished by the tall cars running through it. Then I saw an empty swimming pool with a sign saying „Bathing at your own risk only.“ I saw a forest with a lot of garbage. And before I got back, I saw a spring of water that was used by the Monastery. Ivo has come and I should pack my things for the trip back home. See you!

MILENA SLAVICKA

a cybermonk of the order Microsoft Windows 95, The ArchAbbot of the order Monsoon VIKOMT The Internet may really „order the future form of society in the days of total information“ (quoted from the introduction to NETRIP). However, any information in WWW is incomplete. The question is not of totality in accordance with the infinitude of the information numbers. The question is of a totality in accordance with „the perception and reception of each individual piece of information“. I am considering what is called nonverbal communication, which makes up eighty per cent of information according to the latest research. For example, the intonation of the voice, the facial expression. In the case of text information, the percentage of nonverbal communication is sure to be lower, but the literary form, the language style, the graphic layout of a text (the marked change of language style and design in the information texts in Internet is very interesting), the material form of a text – paper, paperbacks, covers, a dustjacket of a book etc. are important. All of them determine how we can understand and receive information. The context of information is very important. All of us know very well that we say and receive the sentence „How did you sleep, darling?“ over the phone in a different way from this sentence spoken face to face, that a business, which we are able to conduct easily during an enjoyable lunch, can also be arranged in a bus, but differently. We do not only miss the intonation of a voice, body odours, smiles, but we also meet a new language style, graphic layout, undifferentiated information, arbitrariness, the exchange of day and night times and too easy accessibility of information. And at the same time, we almost live in isolation from the phenomenal world. And that is just the context, in this case, a new context of the Internet. We give and receive information in a different way, its impact is different to us and we will use it differently this way, in these new contexts. The age of reason, the eighteenth century, abolished the monastery in Plasy. The time of the light of reason was the only acknowledged way of good repute, of whose tradition this computer, which I am writing on, and space of WWW were made. It was on 9th November, 1785 by order of Joseph II. who was the Emperor of light and learning and lover of sciences. The library of the monastery, which was one of the greatest in Europe, was destroyed, scattered and never reassembled; the abbots and monks were expelled because the spirituality and the type of sacred activity, which was pursued for example in the Cistercian monastery in Plasy, became undesirable for the new age of reason. The space of WWW, the web-library, the web-information network are no new versions of this „spirituality“, a better and bigger and more accurate version of ancient libraries! It is another type of mental action and it is necessary to understand this fact. No wonder, not only theology, art and philosophy but also natural sciences and mathematics were pursued in the monastery. However, the motivation and aim were different. It is necessary to start with this consideration if we believe in a possible connection of the senses among science, technology, art and philosophy. AEDIFICVM HOC SINE AQVIS RVET This building will be broken down without water. This is a cryptogram in the Blue

Gallery of the monastery in Plasy. It specifies a necessary safety system of the building, which stands on a wooden base grating in the moorland. Are we able to read this message symbolically, considering that this room was chosen for the NETRIP project? For example, by deconstructing a scientific technical virtual edifice of the new immaterial „reality“ without a connection with the phenomenal world, with the world of bodily and sensuous experience and with the world of philosophy and art? But I may be mistaken in the interpretation of the fact that NETRIP comes into effect here, in the building of the monastery which was destroyed by the light of reason or which was destroyed reasonably? The people who willing to intensively and seriously address the question: „Who controls our future?“, must try to understand the nature of the apparatuses, the nature of new media which create very new and very specific, self-sufficient mediumistic reality. We use and interpret the various technologies, but the new technologies use and interpret us too. However, cyberspace and cyberculture present themselves as a utopia to be modelled. We must not simply react, but also act.

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Who controls the future, it is a question!

Looking to the future or looking to the past.

The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem: Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity. (Ecclesiastes 1, 1-2) Who controls the future, is it a question? Could it be answered? Exactly, everybody has his or her own opinion on it, but this opinion is closely connected to the present, maybe to the past, it is affected by individual experience. First of all, we have to ask ourselves, can the future be changed? Or is it predestined? If so, the question is answered and we cannot change the future. If not, we can look for the answer. Rabi Akiva (Pirkej Avot III.19) says: „Everything is known bef Is there any „third way“, something in between total freedom and predestination?

If we can change the future, how we can do it, on what does it depend? Who (or What) controls the future and how: that is the question, we try to answer. From the point of view of the future it is, in our opinion, the freedom of acting and freedom of conscience, or just what people mean by these words. Reading that, you As an example of using or „misusing“ freedom and responsibility in managing the Net, we can take France, where the use of „powerful cipher algorithms“ is not allowed, even though we know that there are so many mails every day, that nobody is able to check.

WOLFGANG ZEHETNER

961023, rather 24, i.e. after midnight: I made a fire in the little stove, after some wood cutting. There is even coal „briquetts“ available. Shift 9 - for the moment - means open bracket, shift 0 means close bracket. The keyboard is Czech or English. I am hesitating to type, because my fingers are black from the coal. This PC and peripherals are Ivo's and just 4 weeks old. Staining it for initiation. If your coal falls out the stove door, you start longing for tools. Luckily, I found a trowel to shovel the coal with, and a wood carving tool to operate the stove lid with. Keeps my hands cleaner, too. Also, you don't need to open the window to let out the coal fumes. That is, the fumes from the coal that has fallen out of the stove. Not those fumes which hopefully do not escape from the holes in the fumes "stove exhaust" pipe. Opening the window explains some of the temperature. The outside panes do not shut properly, i.e. they are somewhat open. The ventilation works well with the windows closed. Temperature at midnight in the car: the thermometer showed 2 degrees Celsius. (remember - shift9 opens the bracket, shift0 closes it). This here is word processing in Netrip-Word Pad (I understand it comes with Netscape). Meanwhile it is 2 AM 961023, and after some further wood cutting, I realised I am not alone in this building. I saw an eremitesse from the distance, apparently moving towards the loos. The loo, by the way, is beside the kitchen. The loo is not very interesting. The men's side smells like it did in elementary school, the women's side includes a shower (I wonder if anyone will use it in these temperatures?) The kitchen is remarkable. It is huge like a dancing hall, complete with two sinks - about 8 yards apart from each other. Furniture, cutlery, dishes and other objects were carefully saved from grandmothers throwing them away, thus forming a natural museum. There is a ball room above the cell, i.e. on the first floor. From both vertical directions, there is a remarkable EMF occurrence. The monk's eMail address is hermit@plz.pvtnet.cz and uses the phone number 0182-2255. The phone was installed by the town council of Plasy. Rates are being paid by Fabrikanten in Linz. 961023 The password has an z, no a y. A y, now left bottom corner, thank you. plasy. plasy 961024 The other monks , eg Tom 2, tell me that I am from Rakouska. Tom1 announces that about 35 people from all over the Czech Republic will gather here for the weekend. Their common interest is the Internet, he is joking. In fact, students come for the weekend to help working and restoring the monastery buildings.. Shopping trip in the afternoon. Stocking up provisions for me and my successors for about 600 Kr, which is generously refunded compliment of Ivo and Fabrikanten. Ivo brings me over to Petr Bukovski, the Building administrator, and his help Enka. Petr is a trained building engineer, and he started this job 3 years ago, dropping out of the regular routine. Now he is worried about staying too long in this, as it m 961025 Last evening, the telephone line worked, but the web access did not. Tom1 tried various tricks, but did not get far. This morning, connection worked till about nine, then the telephone line deteriorated, no more connections ... I tried, retried ... for 961025, 1145 EMF is down to .5 mG. Tel connection whistling, but volany pocitac. nelze telefonicky ... 961025, 1600 Ivo taking pictures. I had to clean the room for a more serious appearance, hiding toothbrush, cups and kettle. Back to the future, our future, and its control now. My discourse - at least in the beginning - will be systematical. That may bore some of the readers, and I apologise for that. Maybe later on I will change the question? WHO suggests a person. I propose to look into WHAT as well. CONTROLS suggests somebody-something commanding or supervising. Meanwhile we are at the receiving end of the control. We are not free to do - everything - that we want to do. We are directed, guided, told, influenced, ordered to do things that we really do not want. Or — the tricky part for psychologists – we think that we

are free to do what we want, but in reality we are so conditioned that we do what somebody-something wants us to do, and we believe it is our own free will. OUR suggests a group of people, a we, to which I belong. Are the controllers part of it? Who is this we? Who belongs to we? Some examples: Gerald Harringer: I met him only once. He told me about the project, later we exchanged eMails to organise my participation in the project. Ivo Kornakovski: I met him for the first time two days ago, then several times since. Milena comes next. I never met her, I only know that she will be the next hermit in this cell. I have seen the names of the further monks to be. They and Milena are Czech, I am Austrian. Gerald and Ivo are project organisers, rather than participants. What is the common denominator? Project participants: People that travel to Plasy to stay in a cell for a couple of days. What does, e.g. Milena, know about my future? People involved in the project: I know nothing, e.g., about Gerald's future. Computer users? People, mankind? Good people only?? FUTURE suggests a time, a period, a life that has not started yet. However, in the context of the question, the present is - probably -involved by who-what, and by our. Who-what is acting now, to control our future. Who-what is probably controlling our present. Our is what we are now, in the present. If the present is involved, why not the past, too? (add-in from Fabrikanten text): THE NEW TECHNOLOGIES OF TELECOMMUNICATIONS gives further context. I am not sure if this is changing the basis of - my - reflexions. Telecommunications facilities such as the Internet are just new methods for the same old people. Exceptions confirm the rule, but then you have newcomers in conventional circumstances, t + Business: The same people-companies that do biz in the convential world, do biz in the Internet. If they act normally, they are profit oriented either way. + Sex and crime (and politics): The Internet will not be the cause of any new Dutronic (Belgian child abuser), new Mafia gangs, or new neo-nazis. + Consumers: The internet does not change the decision environment for buying something, useful or not. If you need something, you buy it here and there. If you like something new, ditto. Boring people, loners and losers, unable to make friends, risking becoming totally isolated when they sit in front of their computers day and night, seduced by the new media: same story! Had enough? Then let me reformulate the question. I try: - Who or what controls us? - Do the new media change us? - What do we want from our lives? - Do we know what we want? I think I have made my point. Thank you for your attention. Now let me become more banal and look lightly at the principal question in Plasy circumstances, just for fun. For the Netrip project, I would like to say the following: I expected to be a monk, a hermit, in a cell, for three days or so, living in my cell, food being passed to me through a little hole in the wall at regular times. Instead: I have to be fed in a (nice) restaurant at some walking distance and/or pick up I thought that there would be several hermits working parallel in several cells. No, it is only one at a time. Conclusion: with a lot of (nice) hustle and bustle going on around me, it requires a lot of discipline to walk the original project line. That is a pity, considering that I am in an interesting place with interesting people, that I have to adjust to, a a. Longer hermit periods: one or two weeks b. have facilities-rooms for at least three hermits, so they can exchange information after a day"s work. c. Alternative: food service, so that hermits do not have to leave their cells for an important period of time. d. use the summer months. Heating the cell (and learning how to heat it) takes a lot of time. A word to the next hermit: Dear Milena, I heard that you will arrive tomorrow, Saturday 961026, at about 17 o'clock. I will have left around lunchtime. I am sorry that I cannot meet you, but I do hope that you will enjoy this project as I did. Now, Milena, from conversations with Ivo and Petr, I take it that there are some typical pubs in town, e.g. U Suku and Na Spitzu. If I do not visit at least one of them now, nobody will believe me that I ever was in Plasy. Well, I came back earlier than I thought I would. I saw a typical pub. I went out for a guided tour of the

monastery - it is worth it. It is time to pack and leave. As outside temperatures were minus 10 this morning, I made a fire in the stove, to keep the room in shape. So now it is the end of my stay, thank you Gerald Harringer and Ivo for making this possible.