



THE RANDOM TRIP

Imagine a psychogeographical trip, without destination, where time and distances are not calculated, but improvised. A trip without traveller or to move, a "kit" of the imaginary "traveller" who's accidental trajectories determine and establish the various points in the world through which the traveller has passed. The people involved need never meet, but receive and send a suitcase, therefore deciding on a stage of the journey. The space where all this happens exists like a process which visualises the stages of the journey through virtual space, making rise of an "individual" nomadism, without moving or without traveling, but through the documentation of this random trip.

Territory is dissolved in "nodal points" and enters into the world-wide space. The first kit of the "imaginary traveller" means to reflect the people and their experiences; to move through ones "own territory" and therefore, reflect the most important trip that anyone should complete: one of the intimate, in which sense it could now be said that people rarely travel.

par chemin du cultura on air.



the random trip. san francisco, the U.S.A. Dec '05

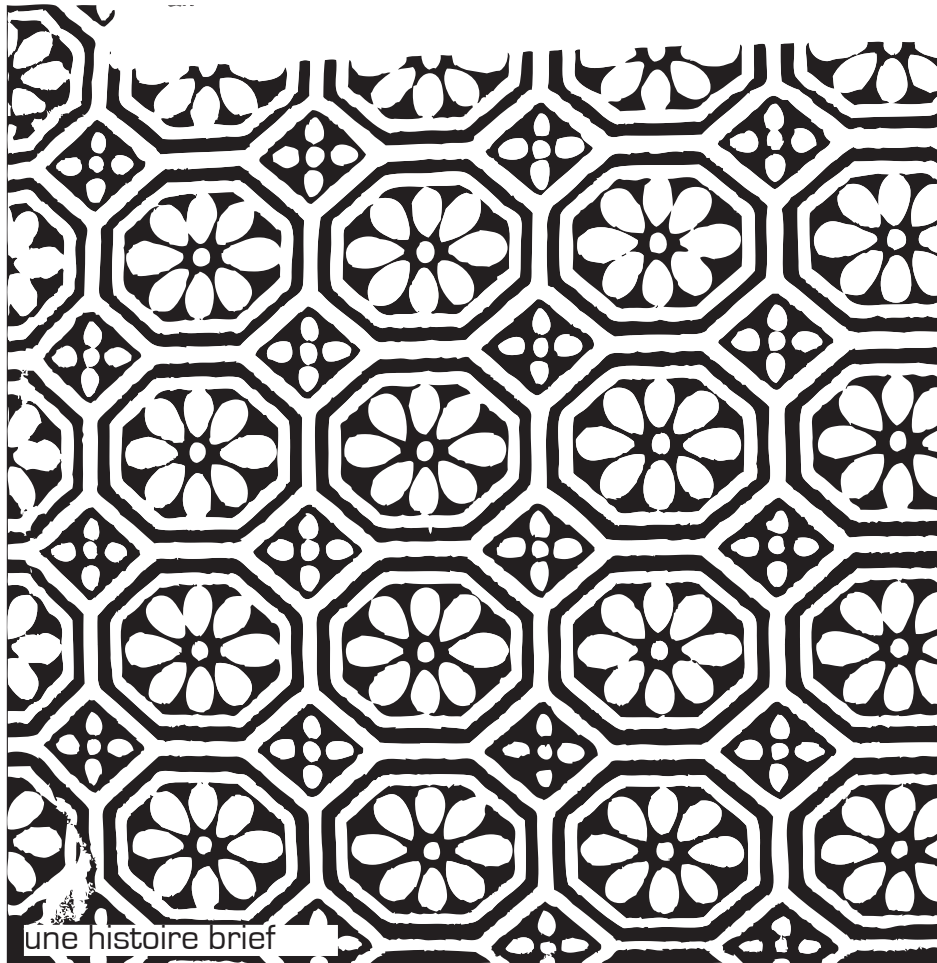
ON INCIDENTAL EVENTS

par chemin de alla gavrilova

A WELL ALIGNED PAIR OF SHOES SITTING ON THE SIDE-WALK WILL BE REMINDING FOR SOME TIME OF A MANNOT LONG AGO THROWN HIMSELF OFF THE BRIDGE. All my life I have been haunted by this question: WHERE ON EARTH IS THAT BLOODY HOLY GRAIL!? ...DEADLY FOR AN AUTHOR.

MORRISON, STOP MASTURBATING! THIS IS THE FINAL WARNING. A LITTLE OLD LADY HASTILY CROSSING THE STAGE,

CROSSING HERSELF. EMPTY STREETS ARE EXHILIRATING. DESIGN OF MANY OLD CARS, CAPTIVATING. When you asked me out for the first time to have a cup of coffee (incidentally the other exchange student you were supposed to mentor did not want to go), wehadnevermetbefore.Sincethatmomentwehavebeenseeingeachother at different places by pure chance. WE MUST TAKE THEM TOGETHER!! We have been in love for the past nine years, yet I cannot recall the beautiful words you used describing our relationships a minute ago when I was in the washroom. Come on, try to remember, it was just before you spilled skyblue paint for our new walls...



une histoire brief
par chemin du qui-que

the randome trip. sheffield, south yorkshire, england. Jan '06.

a local moment, two photographs and a cassette tape of my late aunt marie's familiar recollections.

... a couple sitting on a bench. He's wearing clothes typical of a young and faithful, but consequently broken musician. khaki green ex-military jacket, black jeans, a mass of thick hair. She is dressed for the office. They're both smoking quite contently. It is the expressions between the two of them which gives them away. He wears on his face the expression of a man forced into dependency by his circumstance of self.

She is the manager. it's she who provides, but what has her life brought her to expect from him? Her face has an underlying unsettledness, some familiar daze of the over-owner.

the sun reflects of a car boot a little further down the riverside, not that kind of gleam, but in all the metallic dark colours of reflection cast in that rectangular kind of a 1986-hatchback's rear-window. the street curves gently upwards and quickly out of site in front of a row of narrow florentino terrazza walls glowing in the lowering sun.

a calm river, many small sea boats, moored. a man leans over his bicycle, over the edge of the promanade speaking with someone in one of the boats below.

- billy mc farlen, when he was 16, had a row with his parents and was [he clears his throat] thrown out of the house. that next morning his parents went out of the house to find him and they found him... in the park, hanging from a tree. he was dead of course. the parents never got over the death... the voice trailed too far away to hear.



the suit-case of the imaginary traveller
was then sent from sheffield,
on the third leg of its journey, to moscow.

NB: billy was a very proficient cricketer. he lived on boltic road, with two brothers and many sisters. But it was said that billy's real life was really with a pack of lads. One day they noticed a bird at the end of the road and began to egg willy on - go on billy i bet you cant hit that bird bill - so he aimed for it, and hit it right in the eye and killed it. from that day on he was known as billy bird eye.



the random trip. mellborne state, austrailia. Feb '05

The day started just the same; another day on the road through rural Australia. Waking early just as any other day John lay his blanket across the ground by his van and spread his elbows wide on the blanket, to either side of his head. The stretched his feet into the sky.

Eating nuts as he drives down the road, fields striped in yellow scrolled by the window, stretching into the distance. Uninterrupted but for a small row of trees. Feeling thirsty John decides to go to the store to buy some water as the day would be hot.

LEMON

ANI

par chemin de Nordstrom & Bailey



A dog barked from where it was fastened to the back of some huge industrial vehicle which sat on the back of a transport truck. A bell rings as John leaves a Café across the street.



Jogging over to his van in that way of not quite sauntering and wets his throat from the bottle of water when he notices a young boy hanging his shoulders out of the vans window, the boys tongue stretched out like a panting dog.

“Have you been hiding in the back all this time?”.. John said, feeling estranged by this most bizarre of disruptions.

“I’m going to have to take you home again... I’m going to have to call your mother. Do you know your number?”.. The boy said nothing.

“Do you know what your phone number is?”

Then boy replied in an unintelligible noise... John felt that perhaps he should start again.

“My name’s John. What’s your name?”.... Still nothing. So deciding to leave, john belts the boy into the passanger seat and starts the engine.

“Well we’re going to have to find a telephone box... to call your mum.” Excited, boy nods vigorously, continuing to make noises, his tongue still hanging from his mouth.



As they drove back down the highway John noticed that the boy kept looking to the back of the van.

"What do you keep looking back there for?" He asked when craning his neck behind him; John notices a suitcase bound in leather, which had not been there before.

"Oh, You've packed a suitcase? [pause] You're organized." John pulls the van over to the side of the road, over come with curiosity. Pulling out the - very heavy - suitcase, he lays it on the grass verge by the road. "Well your travelling light huh." Comments John, mostly to him self.

"YEEAH" the boy chirped in a whine, jumping up and down beside him. Opening the suitcase John was again surprised by what he found inside.. The little boy had climbed back into the van and had began rummaging in one of the storage boxes.

"Whats..Who are d'ese!" Said the boy, pulling out a pile of photographs.

"Ahh. That's my family." Replied John climbing back into the van. "You see me? That's me."

"Yes..." "Who are d'ese!" The boy shouted again.



As he pulls different photos from the pile which spills out of its box onto the floor.

"Ahh. Well there my kids." Replied John.

"Can we go an... to look at em?" Asked the boy as he smiled down at the photo.

"Go an visit them. Aww welll ne.. no we can't actually. It's not that simple... Now you. Can you tell me about your family? Tell me about your mother."

"NO!" "Noo?" "No."

"You got a mother?" "Yeah"

"Well what's her name?" He asked and again..

"Does she have a name?" "Her name's Debbie."

"Ah right. And what does your mother like doing?"

"Nothing." Said the boy sadly. "Nothing?"

"She likes... She only sleeping. All day she sleeps. anits REALLY boring."

The boy follows John outside where the little girl was dancing around in the sun dried grass by the sea.



John went back into his van and brought out his blanket and spreads it out on the floor. Then a long wooden whistle which he hands to the boy, who takes it gleefully and begins playing like he was true legendary rock guitarist. John sits down on his blanket next to a bush by the sea and begins playing his guitar.

The day before, as John had packed his things into his truck he had caught the eye of a young girl as she played in the house with her brother. She called him to come and see... They decided they would go with this man on his journey and hurriedly began packing all of the things they might need... A book for drawing.. her favorite pink bear.. Little Ani ran into her mothers bedroom where she lay asleep on the bed. Ani slipped her mothers silk dressing gown from the hook on the back of the door. It fell down over her head and she stumbled a little before running back to her brother. After putting the dressing gown on she picked up a bag of her favorite chocolate cookies and gorged it with her face before dropping it into the suitcase with the other things...

Tomorrow starts just like any other day. John spreads out his blanket on the grassy verge and removes his shirt. He places his head onto the ground and spreads his elbows wide to either side of himself and then slowly stretches himself up towards the sky, he feet don't waver. Perfectly still. Little Ani watches him from the window. Her mother comes in and takes her into the kitchen. The sun glowed softly on the wood of the floor, the lemons they had picked, out on the side. Her mother sits her down at the table with some pens and paper and asks her to make a drawing. And then brought over a cup and spoon. Ani took some of the liquid from the spoon and smiled widely.

John is outside sat at the wheel of his van, the engine spinning. He rubs his hands over his face. Ani's mother hurries out the door and down the garden path, across the front of the passes him a bottle through the window. It has a label on it with a child's drawing and the words LEMON ANI. There's lemon juice inside and round slices of the fruit. John smiles taken back. And puts the bottle on his dash. The family stand in the street waving.



a Nordstrom Bailey film
translated into static by cultura

other series from **lolo.**
publication design.

the limited edition kindling press:

concrete carnival.

feat. janos sugar, perimedia lab +...

poetry aint dead.

feat. anna haratszi, simon leake +...

an album between places,

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an end to the Beginning.

the entire collection feat. the real kindling pages.

E.B. written by alla gavrilova.

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