

VOIAJ

And it went trippy toed, trippy toed...

You proceed with caution like you would when by mistake entering a stamp collector's convention where the spoken language is postal codes. The common denominator is the voyage/ trip, the journey that matters more than the destination itself because on the way you find the belongings of others that when on the same route, and when you integrate them in your own collection you do it as a semi-religious gesture; they're like the relics of an epiphany. These things can be summed up (probably) only in the unlikely balance between the incense flavored religious pop-culture and Coca Cola, digital thunder like sounds and souvenir-objects found under the (Christmas) tree.

Text by Lea Rasovszky & Larisa Sitar

Installation / Found object

Live sound: Zoné

2011, Foto Anexa 2, Bucharest, Romani















