

Walking in-w[o/a]rds

The day before I ran in to you and you told me about the pilgrimage in the north of Sweden over the border to Norway I found a song called *Gel daglari gel*, a turkish song by the leftist band Grup Yorum, some of the members were tortured because of their political lyrics. The title of the song means, come to the mountains, come to the mountains and they will hide you, but directly translated to swedish or english it could also mean, come mountains come. The song is about political activists who will be hidden by the mountains if ever chased by the regime . And the mountain represents a place that's home, but at the same time "away".

When I listen to music, I listen to the same song over and over. I don't like changing song to often, it is like walking. I don't like running, i like walking. Repeating the same movement, over and over.

Many jazzmusicians has in their music tried to capture the movement of the train. One would be able to feel the rythm of the train, while listening to jazzmusic one could be moving forth on rails .

After reading about literature from after the beginnings of industrialism where the flaneur was *the* topic of the fin de siècle, at the same time police was rounding up people suffering from "fugue" or "mad travel", people thought to have gone crazy of the growing forth of big cities, that just kept on wandering until stopped by the police. I traveled alone to big cities and walked to resolve my self within the cities. Without maps or plans,, guided only by chance. Nothing happened. no relations were bound to the spaces I just kept on entering. I started to write poems about an old lady flaneur carrying the experiences of crossing borders. The walking and drinking is her home, while after over 30 years of exile still trying to make the space of the city her own.

Once, I met a woman that told me that sometimes she just had the feeling she wanted to get down on her knees, and crawl, "How controversial" she said, "Can you imagine? a small change in moving your body forth, but how surprised people would be? A grown person crawling like nothin down the street" In my place, I told her I had a phobia of my own skeleton, the skeleton was her only guarantee she said, the only thing you can count on in life, the skeleton survives you.

Studying literature at the university and Biskops Arnös writers school, I started to feel trapped inside my body. Instead of what I wanted, words started to become an isolating force. Bodies sitting still, only moving in thought. Moving inside the head, still sitting.. So in my last projects i've been interested in understanding the text as a medium, text as a moving body instead of as a concrete sound, instead of as a picture, instead of as a metaphor for something else.

Sometime lifes is *w ou/a nderous*, when by chance running in to ideas to wich you relate, st:Olavsleden: a sacred walk over a border, I felt the mountains were calling.

Possibility to join 15/6 - 22/6

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