

NOTHING IS GOING RIGHT.

Erika Fraenkel

Erika Fraenkel é artista plástica, escritora, conhecida pelos seus trabalhos de videoarte, já tendo feito várias curadorias importantes nesse setor.

Nothing is going right.

I see myself shivering, I haven't breathed in two hours. All I need is a tip or something to warm up my dried mouth. I have a few feathers in the glove compartment in case I want to make myself beautiful, but as I am sweating cold, that's not an option.

I believe to be in a quite vulnerable position, sort of lost in the space.

It's hard to believe in my situation. Honestly, when I look at myself in the mirror, I find only commas.

I was really losing my breath and the old air from inside. Suddenly it all started, and just like that I started to think about the things I shouldn't, as the pleasure of feeding small ostriches, the children of the forest, those begins of long necks and honest smiles, totally calm.

The walk of these long-legged animals creates an uncommon and wild rhythm, and so I star to cry when I see its legs, long and pinkish and slow. They could be totally familiar legs that generate a feeling of trust.

I need to concentrate in these long legs of dried skin; the same kind of my mouth.

Now I am breathing nonstop, in a very accelerated rhythm, and I still need the memory of these wild and calm beings.

I could imagine its calm as infinite and painless. Would someone with a dried mouth be calm?

I walked by the glove compartment and noticed it hollow inside, it seemed that my feathers would be stuck to my body through the surface of my coat.

At this moment it's just me, two feathers on the coat, this could make my looks seem fancier.

So it's again just me and the absence of breathing, almost an absolute absence, but it would be more appropriate not to comment more on this.

I thought you might take pity of this situation, and by doing so justify my situation, you might be asking yourself questions about my memories. You must know how silly it would be to value the walk of small ostriches; insignificant beings, with pale faces and desperate eyes.

You wouldn't know how desperate these eyes would be, eyes that can see up to a certain extent, and then they hide themselves.

There is also the situation of the den. Kind of obvious the existence of a hideout. This could seem wicked!

It's better not to analyze all the circumstances around, only then they concern survival, common sense would say to learn how to hold the breath in the diaphragm to project the voice with adequate direction.

I'll scream, or sing only a beautiful song to my friends that would be those simple little birds.

Make me happy and once and for all make a whole on my teeth, taking everything from there, then we will get ready to go out.

Our steps are always one at a time.

My song is quite lyrical, and I know that I know that sometimes it may sound like an opera. But that's all it is, a simple content informally presented.

The car that belongs to me is always parked at the same corner, I can't drive it more, especially after the vanishing of my breathing, and I'm alone with my weak, soft and trembling hands. I needed to write on a paper a note to a great friend that I had and tell him that I could never realize that his silence left me with so many words, as a simple attempt, a need to completely disappear, a need for dirty music, the same kind he would listen to, to create his own paranoia, or not be able to describe the softness of the yelling in his records. The sound was extremely shrill, it could be the shout and the sound, and it could be the cry that would open the sky, that sky that creates conflict.

I have the right to one more chance, the chance to survive a little longer, to have some more ludical living, to be able to open new possibilities, I'm talking about the fragments, I also believe that this word may sound pejorative, however it makes an allusion to the sense of space and living, I could wait a little longer and possible change certain interpretations, I honestly would like to be able of realizing if I really would be waiting for something, or if I'd only be keeping away .

We'd be taken to a gradually growing absence, where we could find a great pause. It would be a click, the feet simple paralyze and the blood becomes cold, then the eyes disappear. We could bother the infinite. Precisely this infinite wouldn't manifest itself; it would only be expected as something real.

My talking throat could only hear.

We could be immune to speech.

My years say yes.

And why not?

I see myself immune to my thoughts, especially to the act of thinking.

So immune that my eyelashes freeze, I simple can't avoid the constant retreat of this immunity that paralyzes me.

I can ask a question that is not simple, and that doesn't refer to an immediate answer.

We'd always be inclined to some incongruity; I could be able to climb that building.

I must find an elixir to keep me united for a long period of time.

I simply can't keep spinning around myself, that's why I chose to go out, and from there on to create other approaches.

Na owl can be company, she only stares, and for this reason must have some use, even if temporary, what a great pretension to discuss the use of the animals, considering this

is within a capitalist context, of a civilization that kills itself for convenience, ephemeral pleasures that become extremely useful as pornography, a world of consumption of images could understand the need for an owl?

I start to think of the orange, of the quietness of the orange, taking us to a moment in secret.

How could a great orange sunblind protect us? Can I send myself strait to the core of a moment?

