

Liquid World



Patricia Borges

Cover
Patricia Borges, Liquid World n°83 e n°85, 2003
Giclée print on cotton paper
30 x 45 cm

Photographs, Text and Edit
Patricia Borges

Design and Layout
Patricia Borges

English revision
Denise Falcone

All rights reserved under international copyright conventions.
No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

© 2017 Patricia Borges

Published by Blurb Inc. in 2017
www.blurb.com

Distributed by amazon.com

Borges, Patricia
Liquid World / photographs
Patricia Borges ; [text Patricia
Borges]. - Rio de Janeiro :
Blurb, 2017. 122 p.: il. ; 25 x 20 cm.
English Edition
ISBN: 978-1364087906

1. Borges, Patricia. 2. Arts (Photography) -
Photographic Essay - 3. Photography
I. Title (Liquid World)
CDU: 06/77.04 CDD: 779

Library Index:

1. Art: Photography : Borges, Patricia
2. Borges, Patricia : Photography : Art

Liquid World





Liquid World

Patricia Borges

2017



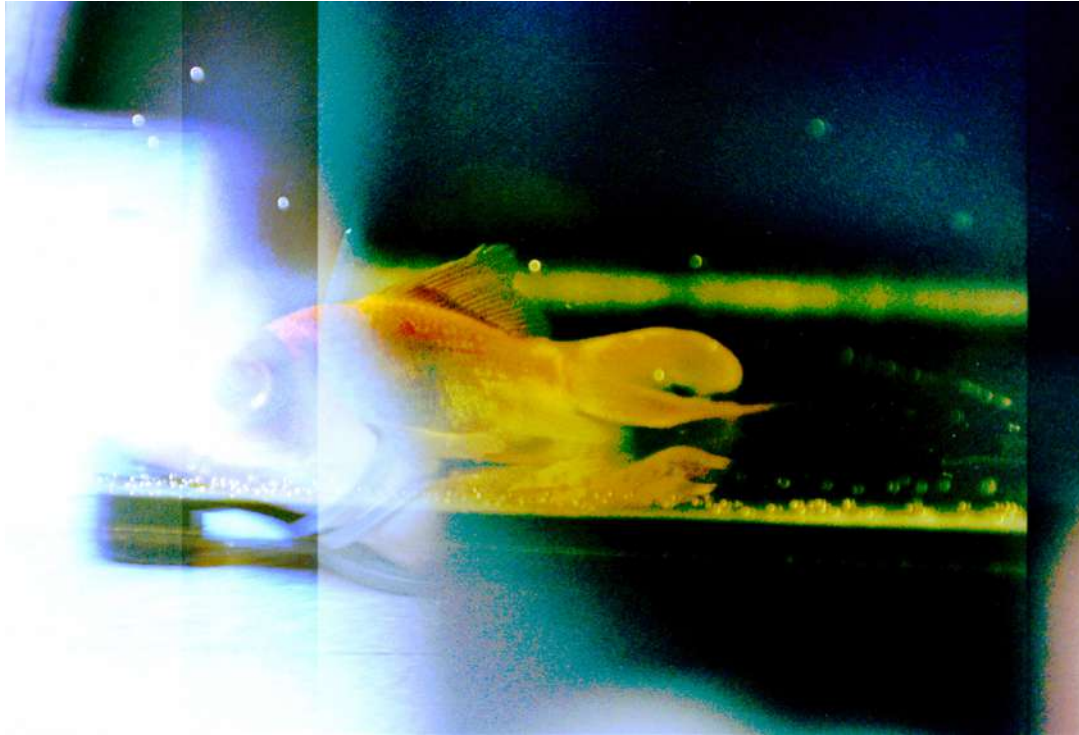
When you read this journal I will be already dead.



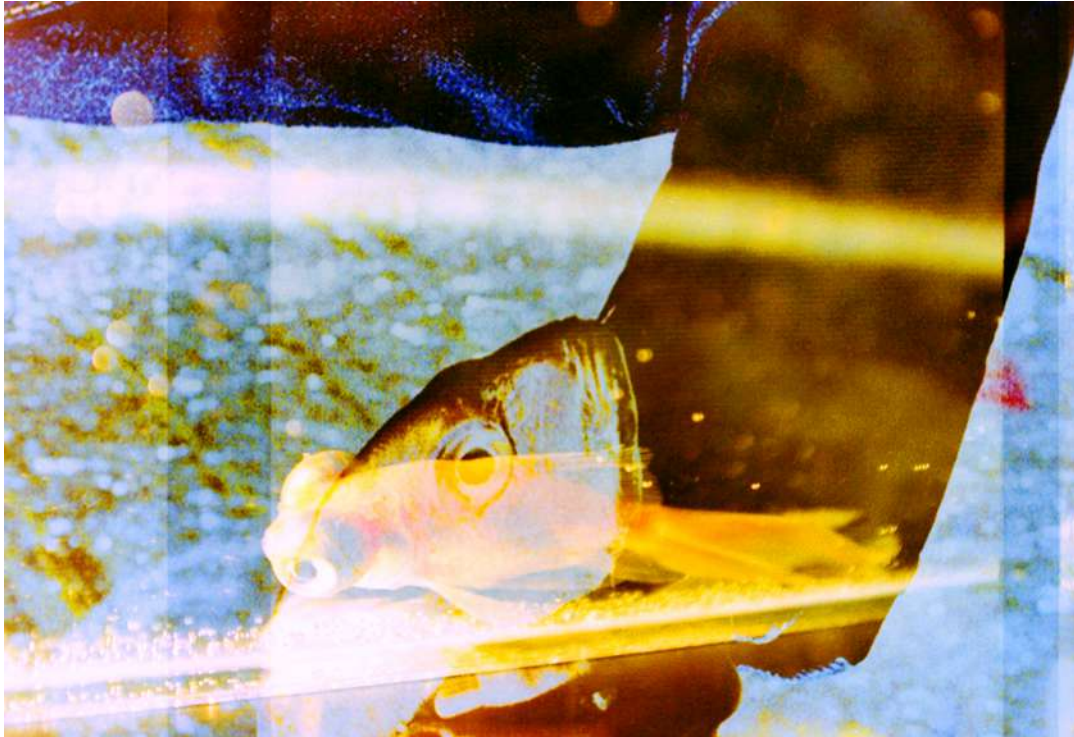
*But before I died, a recurring thought
haunted my days and nights.*



*Awake I floated around
and let myself go with the flow.*



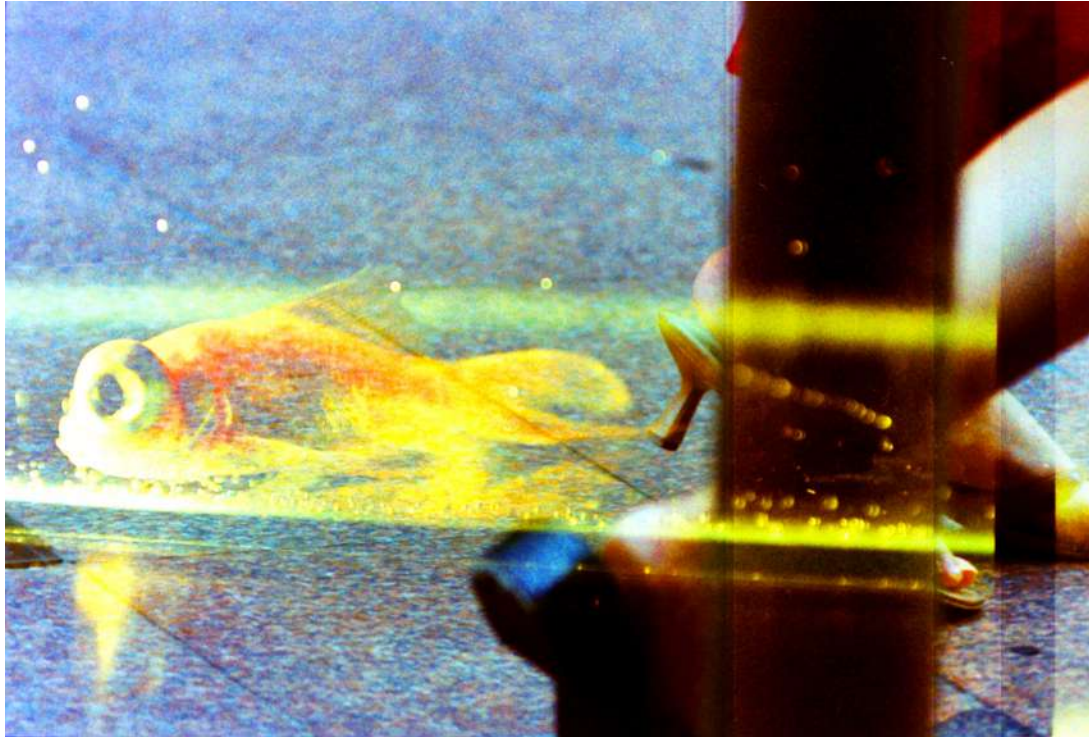
No sleep. I didn't sleep any more fearing I wouldn't remember a thing upon waking up.



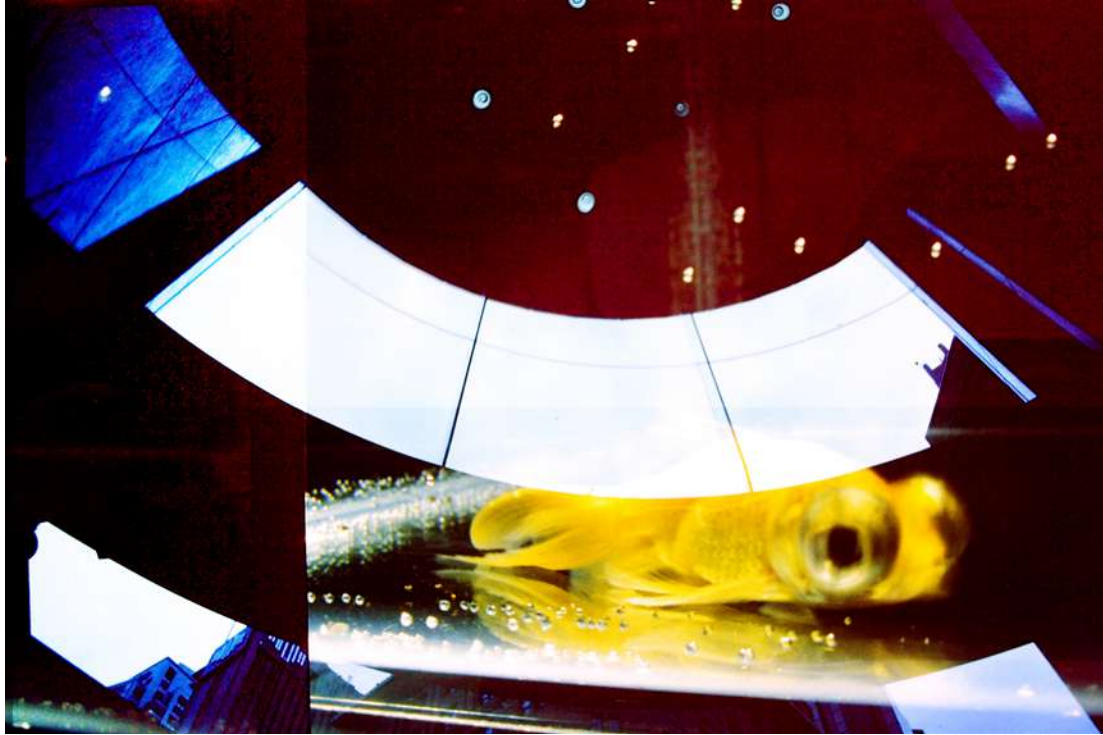
*Gradually my rest was
no longer filled with dreams.*



I no longer bothered to have good experiences that would turn into beautiful dreams.



I felt more and more like a fish.



*As I opened my mouth
air bubbles would come out.*



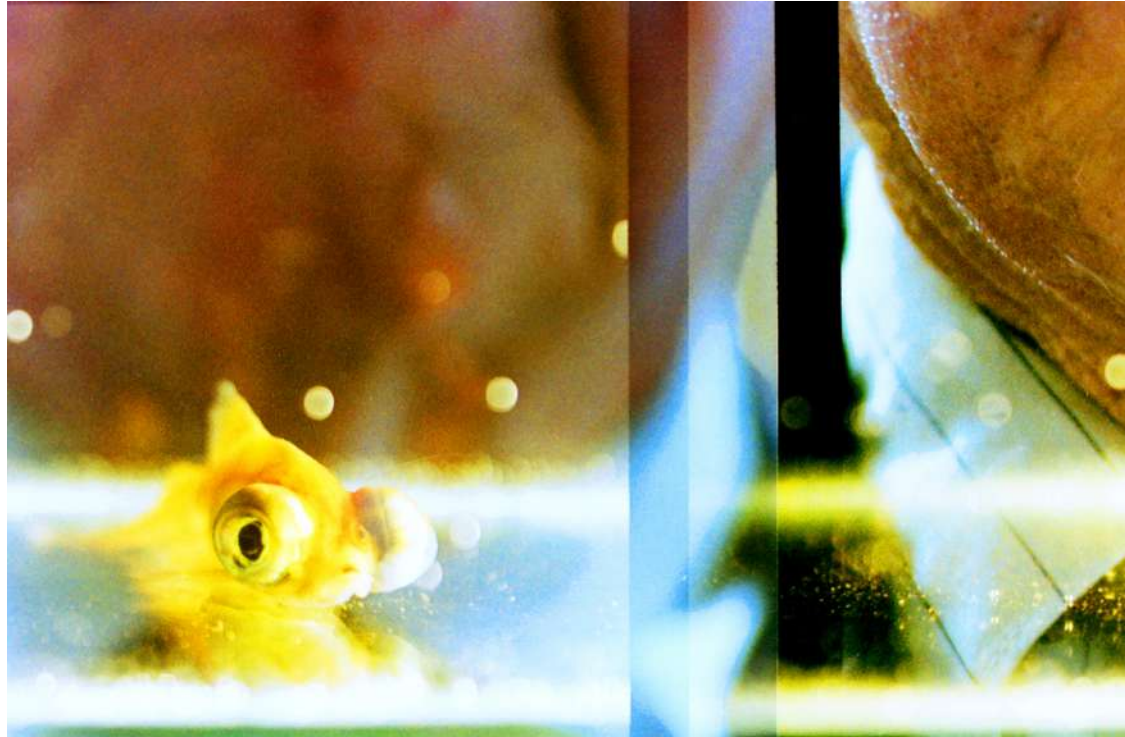
*Fact that seemed to be ignored by others,
Who continued to treat me as human.*



First something ought to be explained:
One is not born a fish. We become one.



*An specific idea haunted me:
What if my thoughts do not belong to me?*



*Worse, what if I'm not learning anything new,
and each day is identical to the previous one?*



So I decided to write down everything
I should remember.

- February 18th -



Over.

- February 18th -



My memory is not good.

- February 19th -



Two.

- February 19th -



I am a goldfish.

- March 20th -



No.

- March 20th -



Today I am pretty convinced to be human.

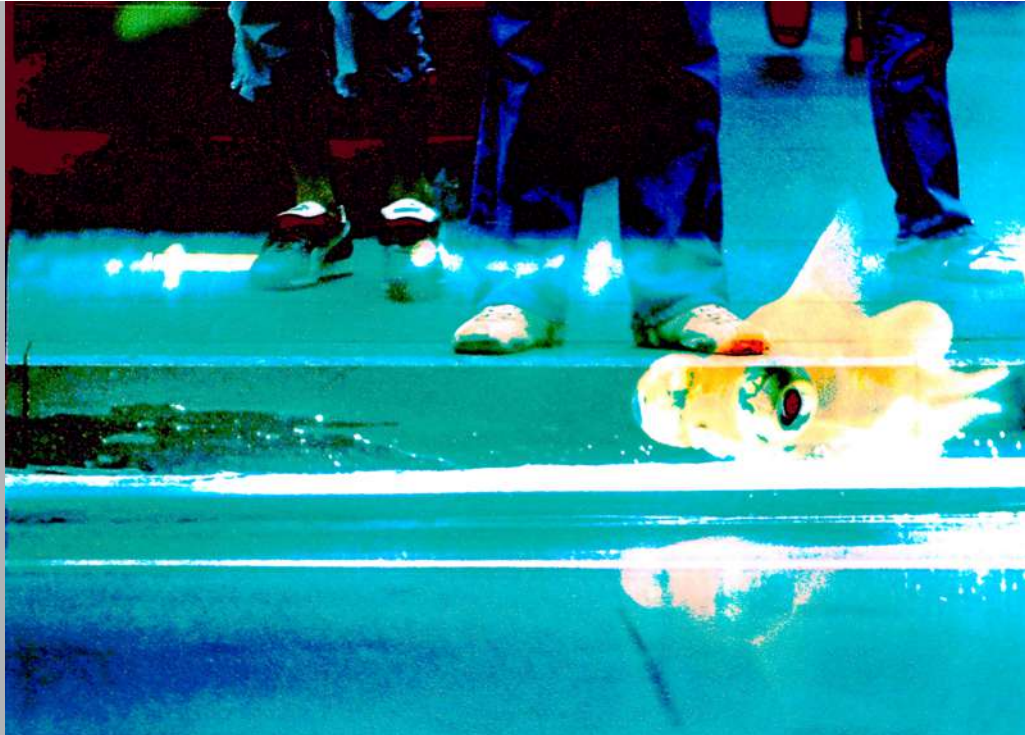
- April 16th -



38

Yes.

- April 16th -



Definitely I am a fish.
With huge eyes I see it all.

- May 16th -



- May 16th -



I see that beauty lies in diversity.

- May 17th -



- May 17th -



What makes us human is precisely our ability
to learn from differences.

- May 29th -



- May 29th -



We can see ourselves in others.

- June 13th -



46

[* important]

- June 13th -



We are all fishes.

- June 25th -



- June 25th -



People are made up of layers.

- June 28th -



- June 28th -



Relationships are made of scales and fins.
As life itself.

- July 12th -

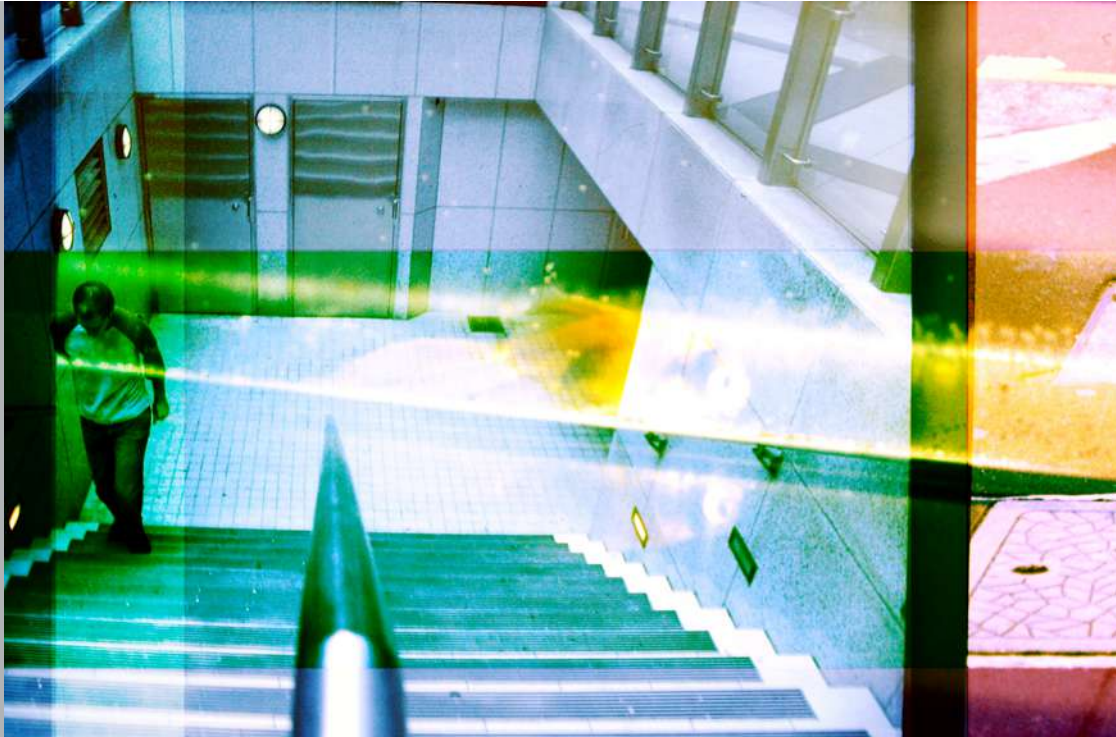


- July 12th -

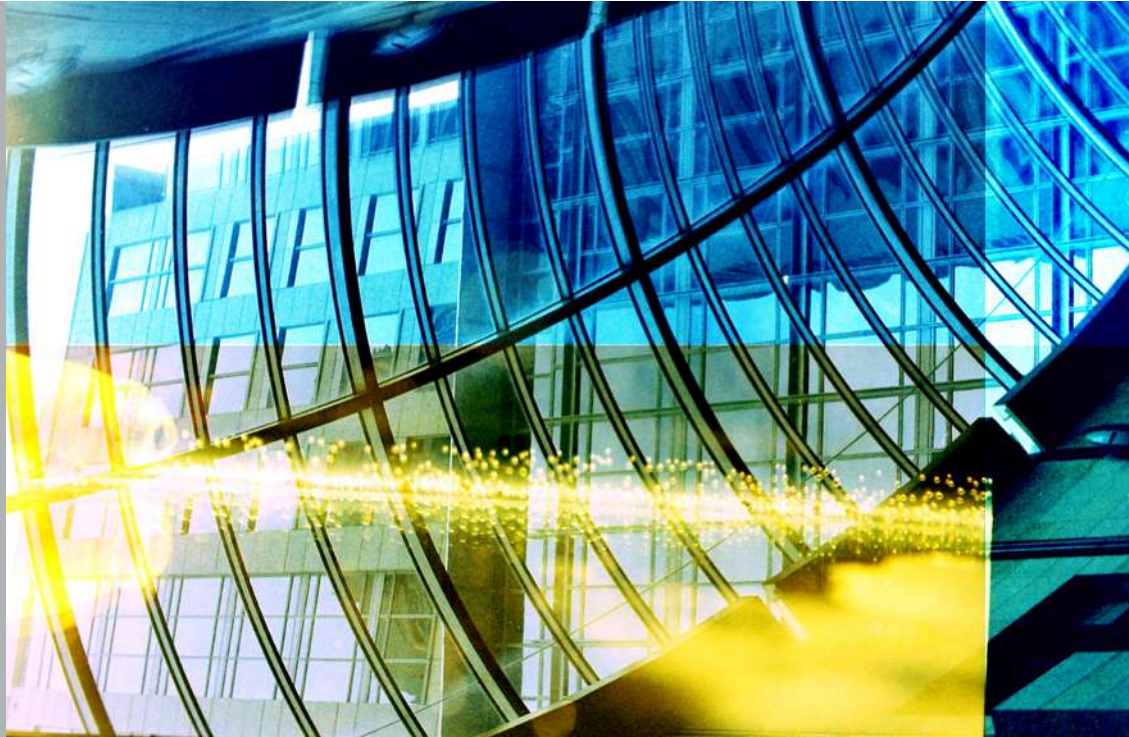


Once I approach the shoal I can see
a huge variety of squamous colors.

- July 28th -



- July 28th -



We need to find the right perspective, the good point of view so that fish scales will shine.

- August 6th -



56

My world is liquid.

- August 6th -



The world is an ocean.

- August 23rd -

58



- August 23rd -



Today I woke up in a water tank.

- September 19th -



I feel lack of oxygen.

- September 19th -

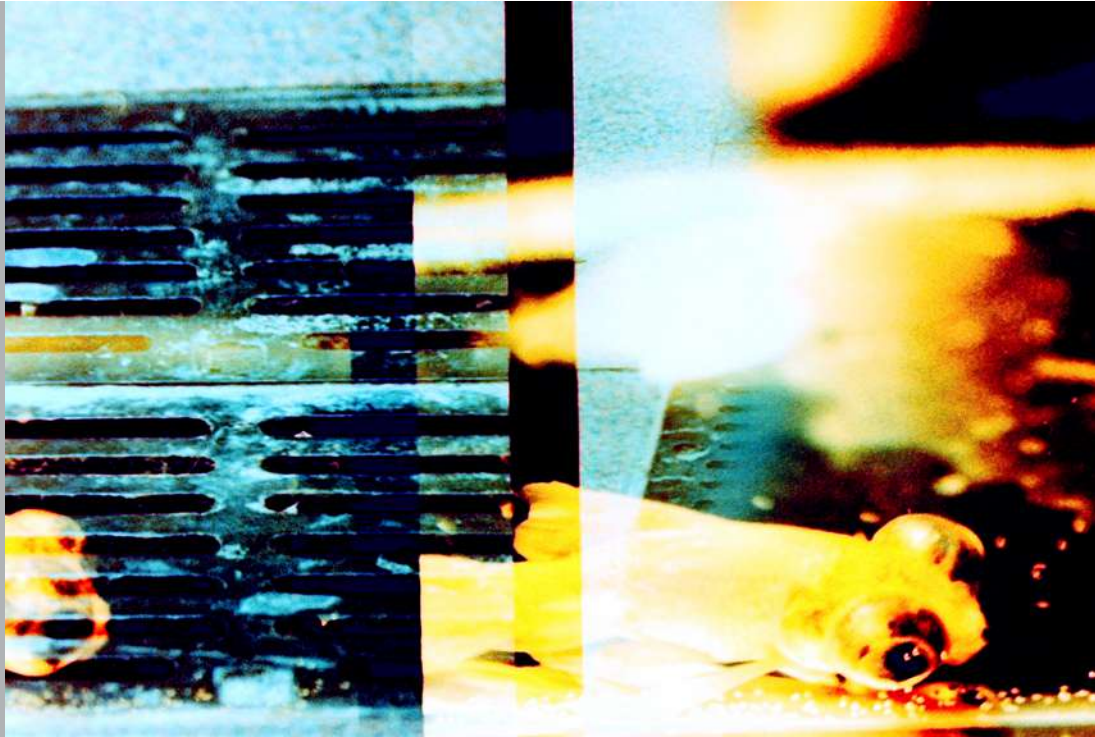


I think I've mentioned this before. Review.

- September 30th -



- September 30th -



My soul seems to be shrinking.

- October 9th -

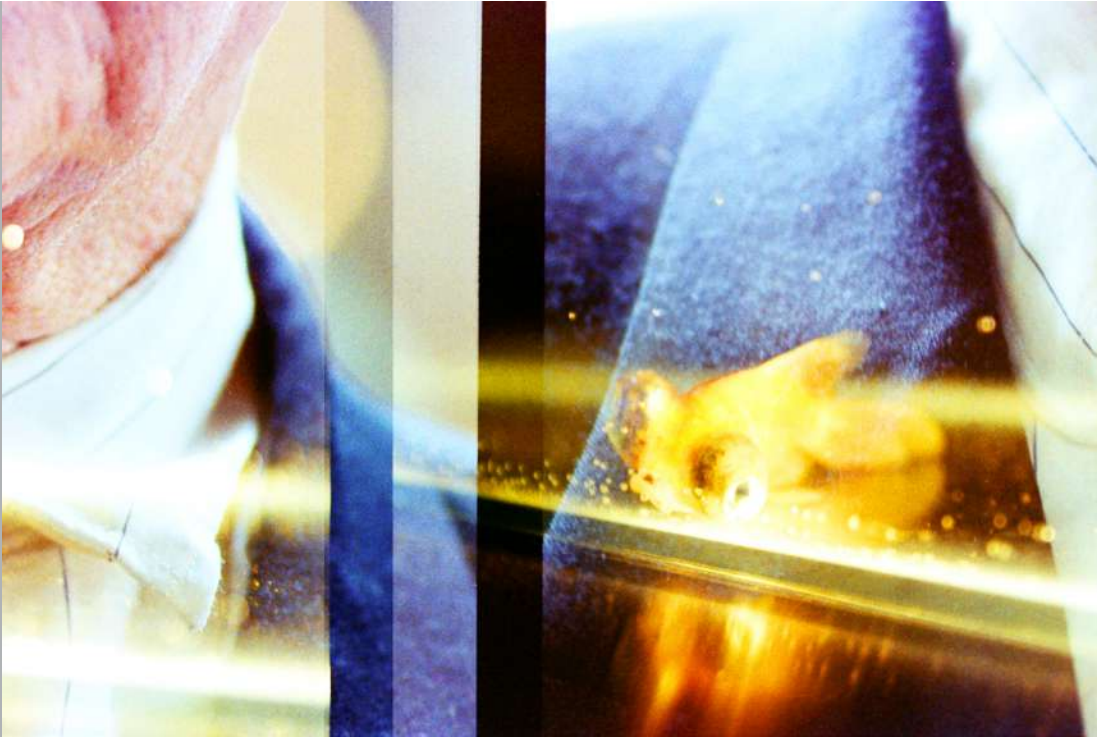


- October 9th -



There is a lot of people in my water today.

- November 29th -



Looking in the mirror.

- November 29th -



I do not recognize my scales.

- December 1st -



- December 1st -



I try to see if others perceive
the same that I do.

- December 2nd -



- December 2nd -



In rain. Everyone looks comfortable.
Each on their own skin.

- December 12th -



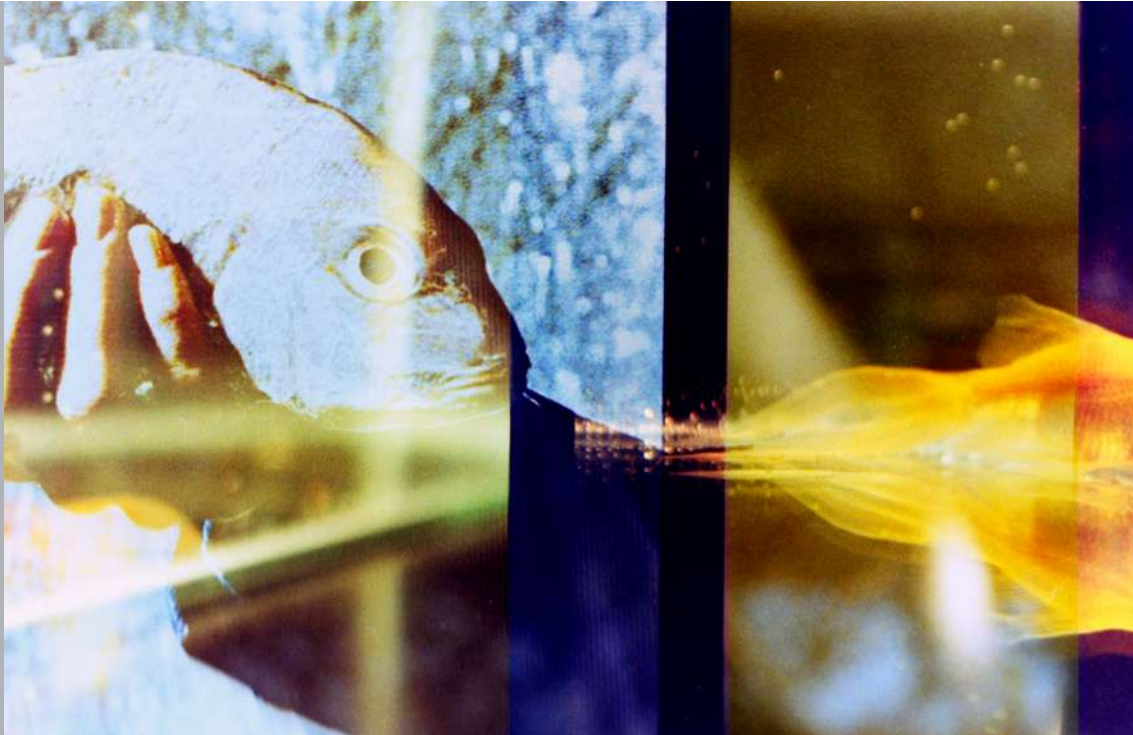
Being fish is easy. Being fish is easy.
Being fish is easy. Being fish is easy.

- December 12th -



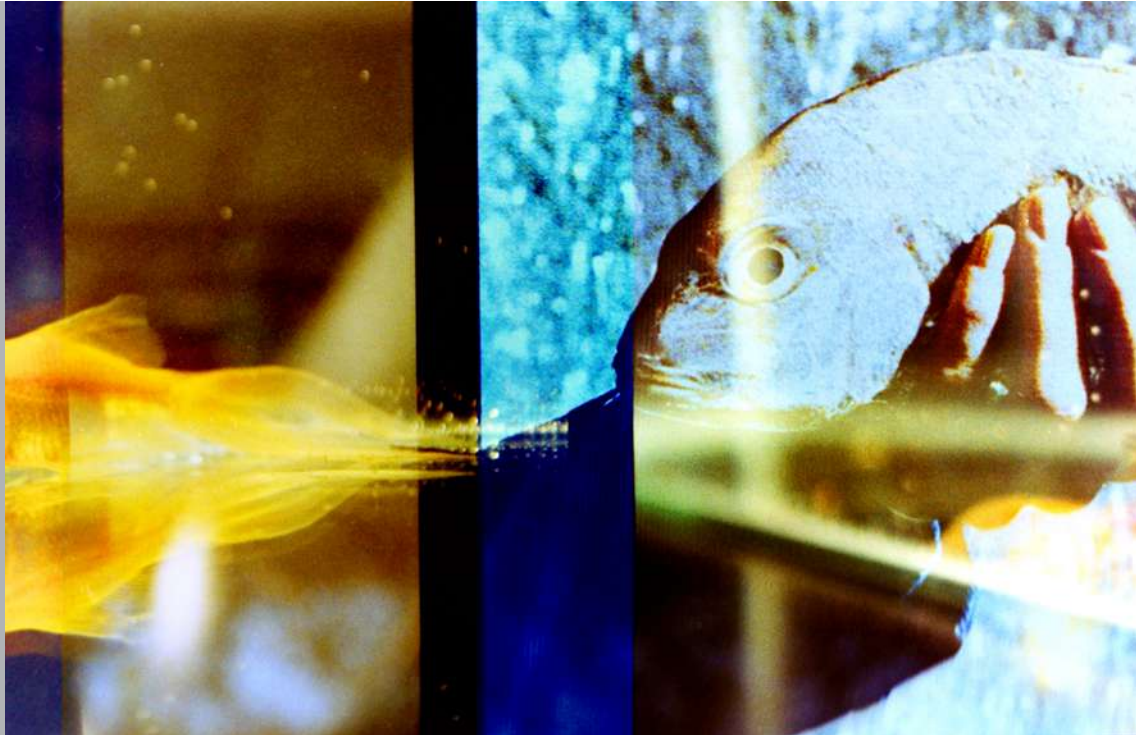
Being fish is easy.
Because you don't know you are a fish.

- December 20th -



[doctor appointment - 10 o'clock]

- December 20th -



My therapist says we need to fit in.

- December 21st -



I don't feel adequate.

- December 21st -



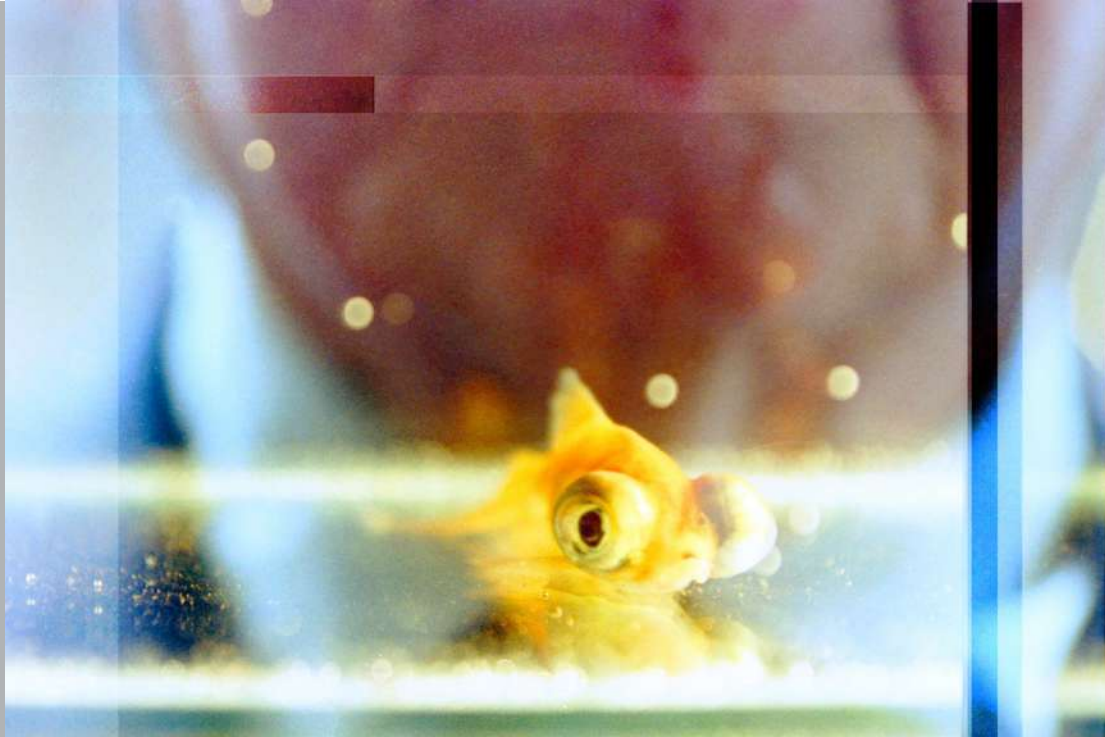
I don't feel adequate.

- December 24th -



I can't remember what troubled me.

- December 29th -



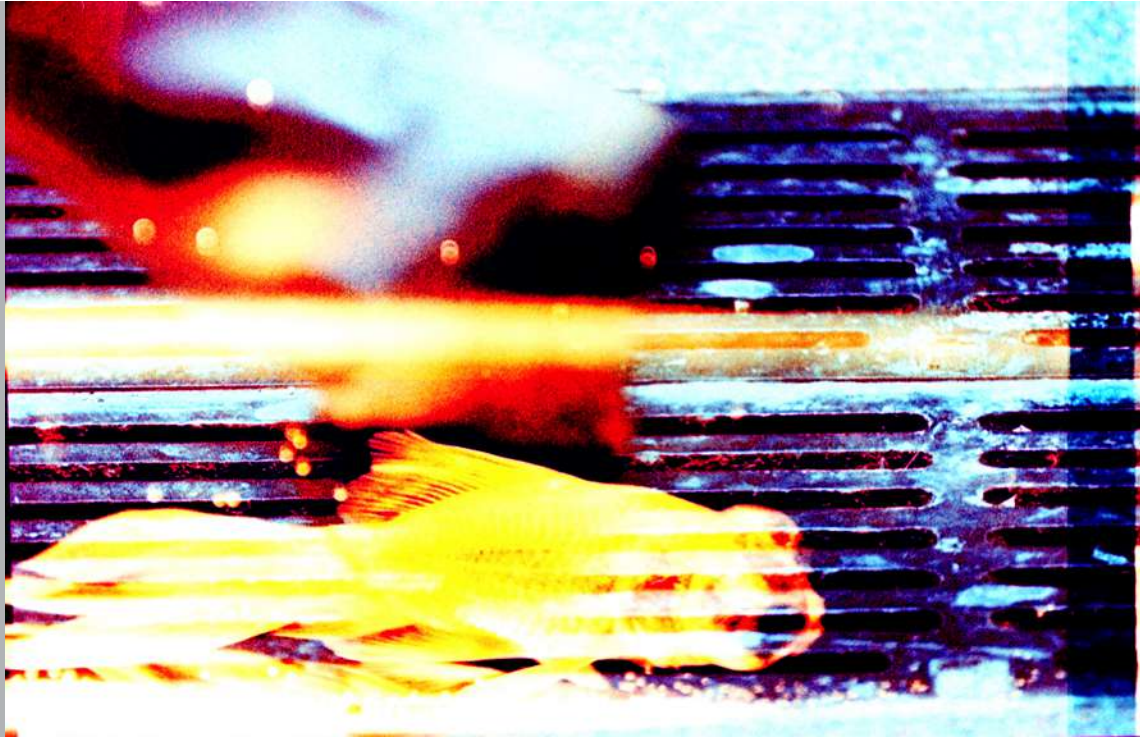
I feel like a fish out of water.

- December 31st -

80



- December 31st -



Apparently reality has many versions.

Therefore
I present some versions of my own death:





I started to die the moment I realized I was a small fish. And nothing would change that.



*Thus what killed me was my conscience.
Metaphorically speaking.*



*In reality I died as most fish die.
Eaten by a bigger fish.*

- Now big fish's version -



*By its mouth dies the fish.
End of Story.*



Little fish got lost from the shoal.



*He just kept swimming
too proud of his own knowledge.*



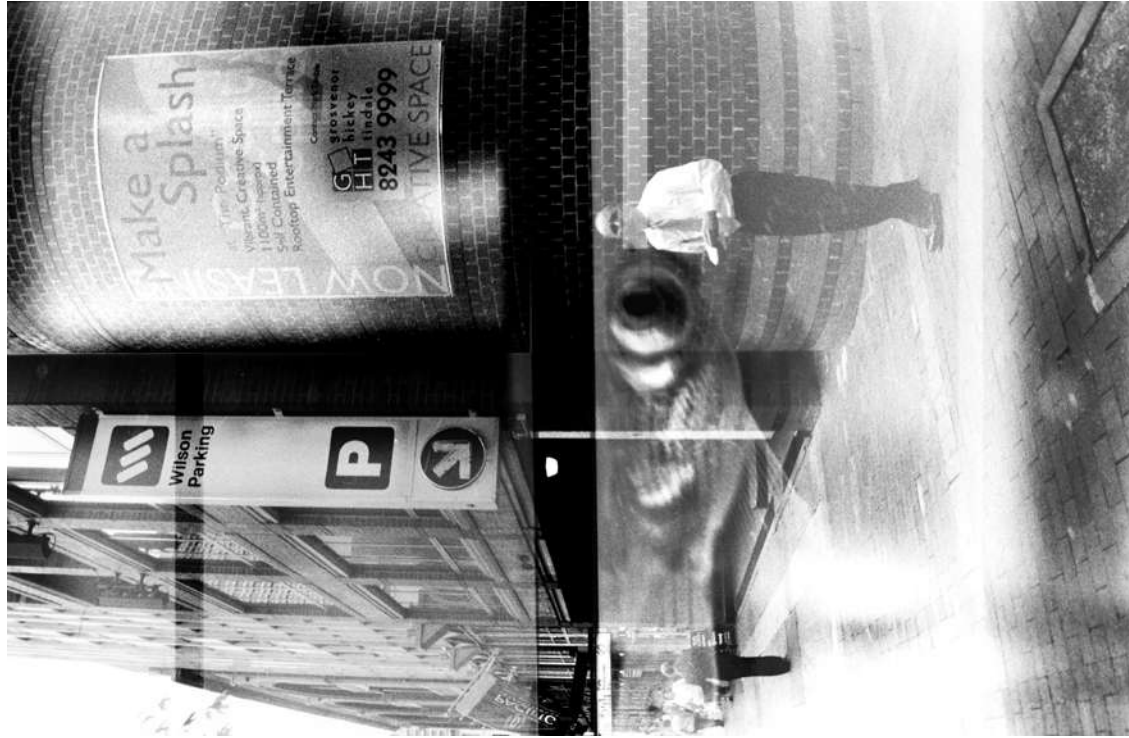
*His eyes got bigger. He fed himself with Words
and started to feel very special.*



Repeatedly talking about
My Thoughts.



My Feelings. Blah.



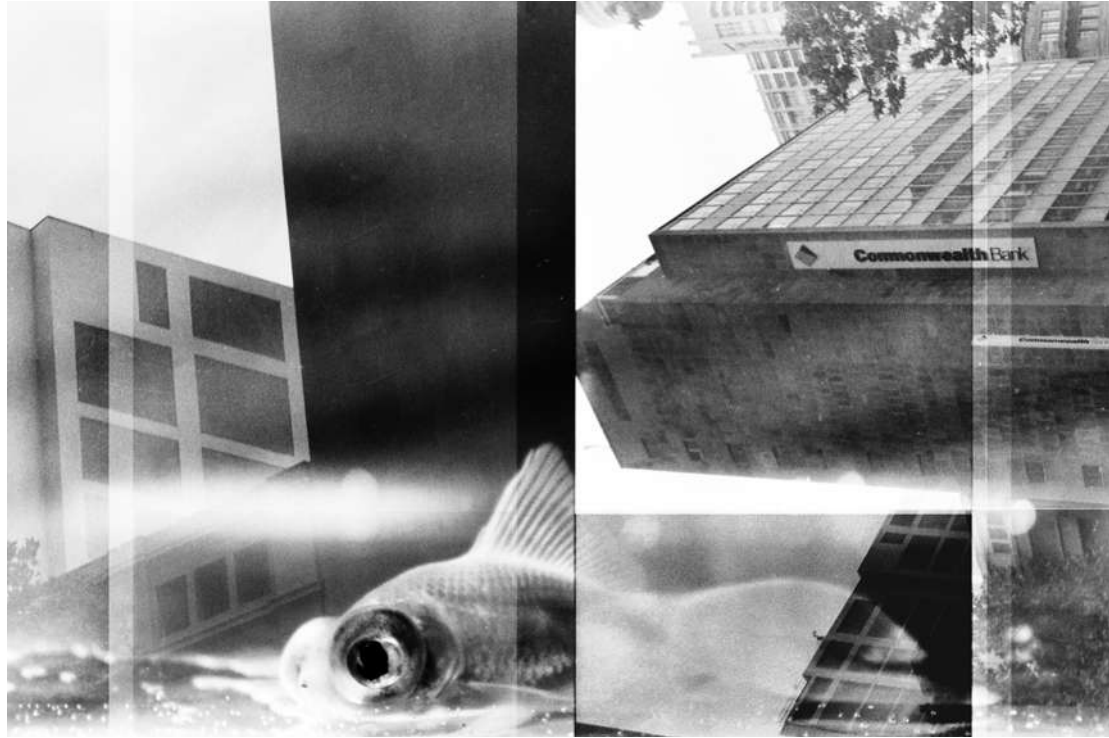
*Oh yes, and there were also The Rights.
He insisted on a speech about what was right.*



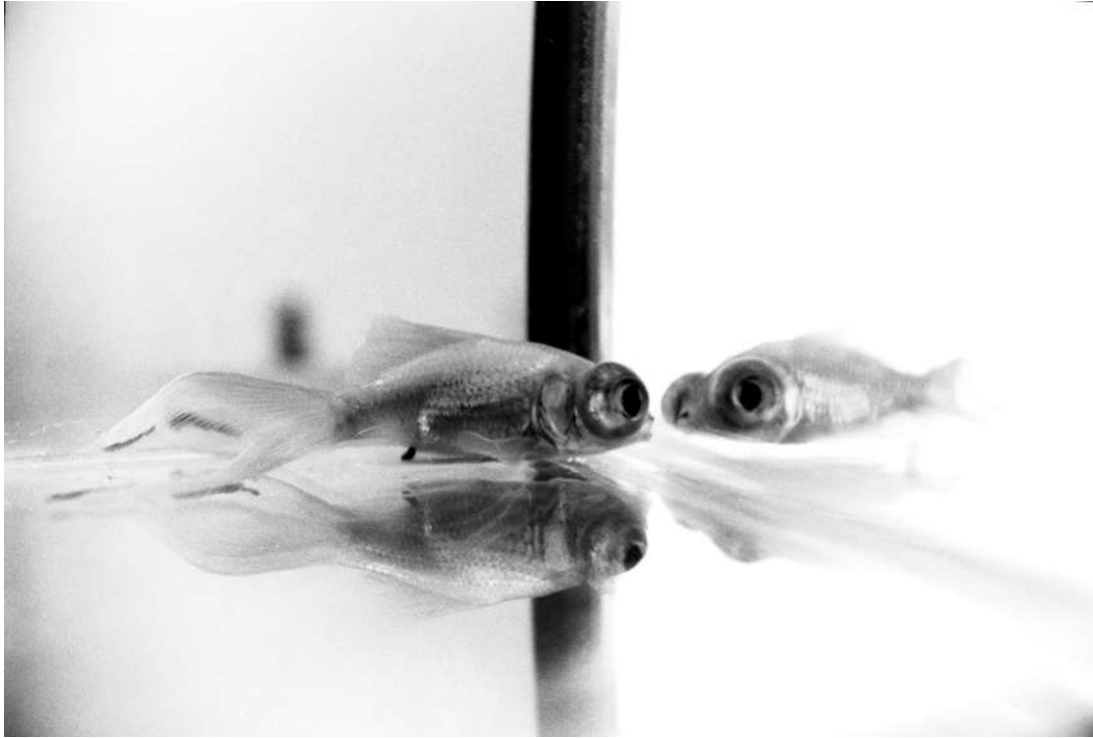
*This was Right, That was Wrong. Etc.
The importance of Self-Correction. Ho hum.*



*At the end he was willing to Perpetuate Ideas.
Can you believe it?*



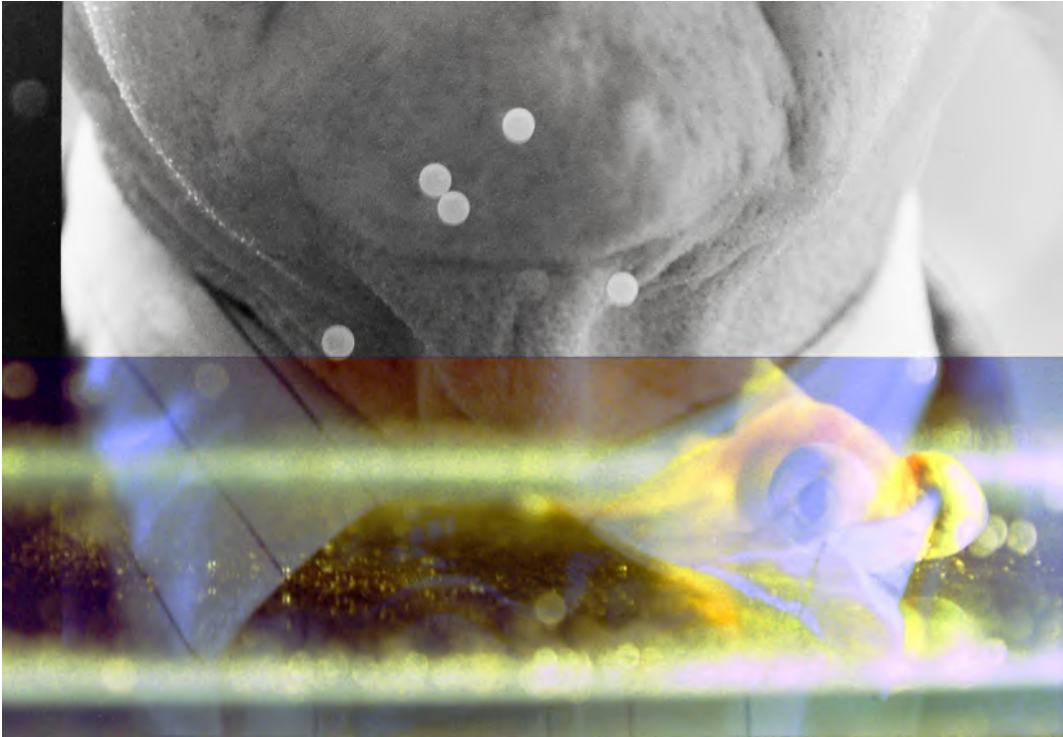
*It was then that we started to increase the News
and reduce Oxygen. This was around February.*



His memory progressively failed as he spent more and more time on the net. Selfies. More Selfies.



*Certain to be golden, he swam in shallow water .
And poof.*



Became a memory.

NOTES FROM THE AUTHOR

1. Goldfishes (*Carassius auratus*) easily assimilate tasks
2. Their recent memory lasts from three to five months
3. They have four color receivers, one more than humans, also seeing ultraviolet lights
4. They live from 10 to 20 years
5. Scientists estimate goldfishes can maintain attention for nine seconds
6. Researchers claim that human attention today is maintained for eight seconds

Memoirs of a Goldfish photographic series that illustrates this book is composed of 94 colored and B&W images. They were produced on the streets of Sydney, Australia, using the technique of multiple exposure of negatives. The essay, as a form of personal artistic expression, questions our daily routine in the big cities. It explores the impact on our lives of intensive exposure to technology, artificial lights, pollution, information, speed pressure, high population density and impersonal environments. At the same time, it depicts that we somehow become used to all this, as if living in a parallel world, displaced from our bodies, ignoring others and even the air we breathe. Hence comes the metaphor with the fish in the water, moving around at its own pace, diverting from others, regardless of memory, memoirs or truths. Images witness the moving city, the lack of contact between humans, the emptiness in their expressions, and overlapping layers of our own absent existence.



Images and Text:
Patricia Borges

Photography Technique: multiple exposure of negatives

www.patriciaborges.com
Rio de Janeiro, 2017

www.patriciaborges.com



www.patriciaborges.com