Edith Cowan University
Research Online

'INSCAPE' - ARTCAP November 13-16, 2003 Arts Research Network

2003

Flying Crocodiles

Valentina Piacenza
Edith Cowan University

This Conference Proceeding is posted at Research Online.
http://ro.ecu.edu.au/carn_artcap2003/7

FLYING CROCODILES
Valentina Piacenza

I'm desperately trying to arrange together the small-lost fragments of my nocturnal life to give them meaning but the more I try, the more clearly it appears that what remains is only uncertainty and insecurity.
I woke up and my parallel life vanishes through my fingers.
I desperately try to stop it, to impede it, but it is like a letter written with transparent ink that disappears while I'm trying to read it. The ink letters detach from the page and fly away high in the sky.
I try to reach them, I jump to catch them but they are going in different directions.
As soon as the morning is coming all is fade away.

The two lives coexist but they never encounter each other: as two lovers obliged to live one at night-time and one at daytime, they caress fleetingly during the sunrise, the instant in which the night leaves its place to the first ray of the morning sun. Both of them live for this flash of passion, which unhappily does not allow time for even a kiss.

So sometimes you would never want to wake up. You want to keep on walking in the incredible adventure of the night. Living in an enchanted world where everything is possible because you are the protagonist.
Never ending travels across time.
Enthralled and marvellous spaces open up in front of you.

Sometimes waking up is the only way to safeness: a violent break through another dimension in which providentially panic and madness, terror and fear evaporate.
The vision and the action wane but the drama remains still: we continue to live and to feel the pain, as an everlasting scream coming from deep inside us. The fear does not depart; it burns endlessly consuming us like a flame into the depth of our soul.
It does not matter if it is a sunny day, it does not matter what is happening in the day life, we remain misplaced in the pain of the last drop of night.
We stay restless all day long and only at the declining of the shadow, before falling asleep we gather in our hands the thread of our fate and we sit on our bed to think. What did I dream? Will I have a good sleep tonight? Will I have another nightmare?
Then the sleep pervades us and sometimes gives us nothing more than a good and healthy rest.

Sometimes we wake up unconscious of where we have been during the night. As

when Mr. Jekill changes in Doctor Hide, innocently we get out of bed, take away the mask still covered by blood and we wear the neat and elegant dress to go to work, unaware of the clothes used during the night.

Oh night, night of insomnia spent listening to what in reality we are not. Scary thoughts, nonsense rationalities in which our unconscious has no voice. I count the sheep; I toss and turn once more in my bed. I remember sweet moments of the real world, I imagine things that I would love at least to dream but nothing, the day dimension does not give me peace and tonight the day looks interminable. The images are impatiently following up into my mind without giving me peace. I toss and turn again. Nothing. The interdimensional door remains closed. I run as fast as I can crashing myself against the door but nothing, I can not succeed, I'm still in the day.
I look at the clock. It is morning.
Another day without sleep, without rest, without travelling, without freedom from this humiliating reality. Without imagination, without salt or maybe sugar, without sweetness or pain. Resigning to the sour of another day to live without night suddenly I fall asleep∑

I'm trapped in the fishing net: I try to move, to break free, to scream. I can see lots of people above, reflecting upon their own images. They cannot see me, they cannot hear me, they are too busy to live. I am imprisoned in my imaginary world.
I'm lost in a world of aliens.
No one can speak my language.
Abandoned on a desert island created by my own imagination.
The ocean appears to be too big to swim back to the land.
So much effort to get there and now that I,m here my only desire is to leave.

The island is desert. A desolate land of pain. Terror and fear.
Everything stands still, not a single breath of the wind. No one is walking around. No time running.
Fallen down palaces, destroyed houses. A post bombarded landscape.
The war is over but I'm still alive. I'm old. I'm sitting on the dusty ground outside my house, waiting for the killer who,s going to shoot my family: my dad, my mom, and my baby brother.
Why don,t you kill me? Why don,t you kill me first?
I want you to see. I want you to know.

Not dreams but nightmares.
What did you think you would have found on your island?
I thought my world was inhabited by frogs and flying crocodiles.

I dreamt of starry skies, freezing snowy winters, underwater paradises.
I thought of myself flying at night with my fairy-horse, on the top of the moody autumn trees, the talking dragons and the garden of hydrangeas. We were looking for ice crystals to eat. We were crying with the moon and playing with the clouds.
The sky is so beautiful at night. Things look so stunning from the top.
Not dreams but nightmares.
Where is the Wind palace?
The three black crows shaping my life?
Where are the squirrels and the elves?

My soul is empty. A dark, closed, uninhabited house. It is owned by someone who hates me and rejects me. I wake up there, close to the man of my dreams.
He says: “Let,s go out to have breakfast.”
I push him in a corner: “Why don,t you listen? I said I love you.”
“You can have breakfast down in the street. I’m in late to the hospital.”
He opens a window. “Please don,t open it”, I complain. Some bright light comes inside. Dusty and old furniture appear in front of me.
I look down from the window: there’s the street, cars, people walking around, the city. Life?
The dirty world, the one I hated.
It’s there and it’s waiting for me.