

## 28 days\_28 years

I like colors, simply like. I like to travel and I am not afraid of the future. I want to deliver myself in every second and moment with soul where is the sun, darkness and wind.

I like people, like men and women. Like the time that passes by every instant and like to play with the unexpected. In my travel suitcase, I keep the toothbrush, the comb, the hair hook, the sandals, the sneakers, a coat, a blouse, the chinese brushes, the water colors and my second hand camera bought in Tokyo, Akihabara.

I don't keep airplane tickets, bus, train, underground, boat anymore. Quitted.

I only keep a smile inside and the hope of one day I can continue to smile outside.

I keep a registered image and then I let it flow by its colored romance that fills me with satisfaction in my look and soul.

I have a strong wish to continue to travel, to meet people, to say hello and to challenge them for one smile...or sometimes I prefer to be silent, to shot the camera button and to analyze it later...slowly...each shot. It doesn't matter the time passed in by each shot.

It does not matter anymore.

I am always in a hurry though.

That bicycle, that flower, that cat in the window...the crow...the sunset...the cigar.

The smoke and the smell disturb me, but tempt me and make me feel nervous.

I like de dawn and the night, like to run, to sit...but I don't like to speak or to write about what I haven't seen yet.

I listen outside a collective euphoria, motorcycles, cars, ambulances, bottles, bombs...like when I wake up with Pearl Jam sound at 8.30a.m...from the bar that it is under my inflatable mattress on my cousin's office, in Hamburg.

I have to sleep with "sound stoppers", but still fell the vibration of the beat of every night in the busiest zone in the city.

The adventure of everyday is unique. I try to register these moments of time and conquered space, where ever I go and with whom I am with.

The image poetry gives me a track of company in 28 years, 9 months and 28 days of loneliness. I am totally surrendered by its magic.

It is so important for me, it's like drinking water and that's why it is so important for you to. It's a fountain of dream and illusion that picture the reality of a world full of perversity, of disease, of life, of joy and sadness. It is truth and lie, memories.

These images that I present are this world and this experience. They represent fight signs against aging, tiredness, as well as life celebration, color and contemporary existence.

They are the visual frame of an attentive look, the uncertainty in an unsafe step, rapt by life energies wish can't be tired of celebrating their fleeting existence.

Let them speak by their own now.

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