

*“Take your protein pills and put your helmet on....”*

### **An introduction to Failure.**

Failure makes uncomfortable. Failure among our contemporaries has no space. No room for development. No room for address. Failure –in other words– should not exist, according to the present society.

If I fail here (and now), I will jeopardize my future credibility. It’s almost impossible to talk about failure in a positive sense, nor develop a notion of failure, without suspicion. I set my expectations on a high level, and I don’t even consider the possibility of not achieving them.

Hence, what is important is to attempt to dispense with the error-phobia that envelope us in a perennial mist. Not only I am scared of failing, in physical and mental terms; sometimes I set up mechanisms of self-censorship. I don’t even allow myself to think I can fail, and things can go wrong. What does exactly mean things can go wrong?

I get ideas; I plan them, put to work and enjoy the result. The possibility to fail is actually not harming anything. Failure is a precious space where I can stretch boundaries and experiment with other dimensions of living and working. At this point, you may feel the urge to ask why should I fail? It’s not that failing is necessary in order to live better. Rather, it’s a matter of allowing myself the space, the mental dimension of failure. I live in a win-win culture, where I cannot afford to step into something wrong. For instance, I cannot bear the thought to lose my time following someone or something, which in the end disappears and leaves me alone. This can happen in love as well as business. In my deeds I invest feelings, time, money, and so –because it’s an investment– I expect something back. A return, some results. I cannot conceive an action freed from expected effects, freed from the obligation to avoid errors. It pains me to see and to think about me failing. I can bear only someone else’s failure. And I don’t want to be that someone else.

There’s a school of thought arguing that *there’s no right to fail, but a duty to experiment*. Fine. Does it mean that an experiment cannot fail? Why take away the word ‘fail’? I fail in studies, jobs, loves. I fail permanently, as well as not. In writing these lines, I’m probably failing to communicate exactly my thoughts to you, completely or to some extent. And in some occasions I managed to successfully complete something totally different from what I started. Is that a failure?

Perhaps only in failing I could achieve reality: leaving untouched the multiplicity of the human mind, continuing to envision its infinite possibilities. Perhaps the only thing left to do is to keep telling the world my dream, leaving to others the award to go and make sense of the fragments. My failure would be in these attempts, pieces of a tentative narrative, born not to be finished but to be truthful in an ethical or emotional way – not necessarily realistic.

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