

beyinbeyin/brainbrain 2020

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Duration 15'36''

Click, click, click the sound of my shoes hitting the concrete,
now that I look closer, I notice it is actually a wooden floor. In that case
klock, klock, klock the wood groans and moans, a beautiful sound.

Here I am again finding myself in the role of the investigator.

Klack, klack, klack it takes me to the other night.

After a late dinner I stepped outside the apartment into the hallway to put on my
shoes, when my left toe, not yet completely inside, hits a soft resistance.

My reflexes make me pull out my foot out right away.

I freeze, become pre-occupied by voluntary offers of possible explanations.

A cockroach leaves the shoe.

At home the contact made with the insect echoes on my skin,
it persistently pounds, wants to be acknowledged for being worthy of becoming a
memory of mine.

At times I can clearly remember the feeling of a specific moment, as if it was
inscribed in my body and at the same time, I have no recollection of other ones.

For example, I wish I had double sided copies of that sensation

my bones caused when growing up. This way I would be able to recall that
feeling of my skeleton stretching and pulling under my skin.

What happens to these moments, are they stored on top of each other? In
individual layers, layers which become thinner with age due to their amount and
our limited space for memories?

Do we then remember one blurred incident through another?

I used to wake up at 5.30 in the morning to inhabit a life in which I had the luxury
of never getting out of bed at all.

I kept buying new swimming pools because I kept falling in love with different
ones. The last specimen was a teal lozenge with a waterfall cascading from its
archway of marble. I spend my days lounging in a swimsuit on the poolside patio,
some days wearing nothing but a bra and bathrobe, with a chocolate-glazed
donut perched on the pile of books beside me, but I felt more and more trapped
in my own head, my synapses became dull over time, they weren't as sharp as
they used to be. I became increasingly reluctant and tired of maintaining my
attention to care and detail.

Oh god what an exhausting job have I picked on! For I only wanted to be
traveling as an observer.

One summer, despite it being a very hot afternoon I went to the Hammam, in the
dim lit space I could see all these sweaty bodies of varies ages, shapes and
sizes. In some cases it seemed as if all the years lived manifested somehow in

this additional mass of flesh, which had attached itself to the belly, legs or chins. It read as some kind of resignation to me. A loss of agility, passive minutes that materialised in this organic substance.

For a visit to the Hammam however, the more flesh you have the better, as it becomes a welcoming and comforting cushion, it protects your bones from colliding with hard edges. On your belly you'll slide softly over the marble octagon in the middle of the bathing area.

When it was my turn to lay down, I could feel the breasts of the attendant dangling, touching my lower back, while she was scrubbing the old skin off it. She told me she too used to wake up at 5.30 in the morning to inhabit a life in which she had the luxury of never getting out of bed at all.

Back then someone had convinced her, that she needed to buy a vagina, and she ended up wearing it on the outside of her pants. She called this a classic #SLP. We burst into laughter. Our voices echoed from the ceramic walls of the Hammam and dissolved.

I speak of language she said, and whispered in my left ear.

“Don't let the paint come into contact with your skin!

If it does happen, washing it with warm water will only set the colour and make it impossible for you to remove the stains.”

But I use fountain pen ink I reply, my practice is not the one of a painter, this loaded context I know nothing of.

This is not a canvas, it's the reverse of fake leather and this is not oil paint either.

She nods: “I see what you mean, the same material, we use to produce, fake Nike and Gucci , Yves Saint Laurent and Puma.”

Yes, these have proven their resistance to time.

Ink we know and pleather fabric could potentially “survive” a nuclear disaster.

Here in the Hammam however, the two combined, lying next to me on the marble would colour the bathing area into a lake of ever changing patterns, as in Ebru.

Shimmering, glittering, blue, pink and orange soap bubbles would ascend out of the ceiling's holes. These were originally thought of centuries ago for the sole purpose of illumination and I only wanted to be a travelling as an observer.

Instead I find myself in a makeshift factory with 20 other workers, everyone assigned to one station one task, everyone has one sequence of movements to follow on repeat. I probably glued over 1600 pieces today.

Grey foam onto plastic, grey foam onto plastic, grey foam onto plastic, grey foam onto plastic.

Remember! it shouts from the loudspeakers, interrupting Ace of Base.

“When removing jammed materials do not allow necklaces, scarfs, or other objects of personal value to come into contact with it, as this may result in static electrical shock and loss of all stored memories!”

Oh god what an exhausting job have I picked on!

I only wanted to be traveling as an observer, instead I wear my beanie only to better seal the noise coming from the radio station. A playlist depicting a teenage sonic experience from the nineties.

I need something upbeat that keeps me going, volume on full capacity with noise cancelation function on, which is too quickly sucking all the battery.

Once, I missed a 10min coffee break, as the base of Gafacci was pulsating my ears *Like water* -

foam onto clear plastic, grey foam onto plastic, plastic onto clear water, clear water onto clear plastic.

Reach left for the foam, remove it from the roll with one fast and precise movement zip!

Right hand proofs if clear plastic shield is firmly in place on top of the pile.

Position adhesive!

Quickly press into place. Remove shield with foam as one piece over to the plastic container to your right.

Layer them neatly! Clear plastic onto clear plastic.

Oh god what an exhausting job have I picked on! For I only wanted to be traveling as an observer.

Something had to be said about me. Something that would never be forgotten. During these days, when I was working at the factory I had this reoccurring dream:

My physique felt heavy and bloated, I had to go to the bathroom constantly never ending ropes of excrements would leave that body of mine, which seemed too thin to hold such an amount of waste.

In my dream I would yell into the open space: How is this possible? It is never ending and my words would echo. These echoes seemed to be mocking me.

How is this possible? It is never ending, how is this possible?

While I myself could not move because I was nonstop discharging and discharging and discharging and discharging.

Foam onto clear plastic, onto clear plastic, foam onto water, grey foam onto clear water, onto plastic.

The clear plastic sheets are already cut into rectangular shapes two corners are rounded. If you hold one sheet in your hands and move it in front of your face, you have a clear view through. Take a stack of 20 at once, your view will be obstructed and you'll see your blurred reflection. Grey beanie, medical facemask, headphones and after 8 hours, I can feel each bone of my skeleton hurting.

Wondering what an exhausting job have I picked on!
For I only wanted to be traveling as an observer.