

Victim – tag: G

Imitation / mimesis is perhaps the best way for learning. You learn by practice and by pretending. You play house, you play doctor, grab a seat in musical chairs, protect your territory in capture-the-flag... Such are the games with which you grow. The bossy one appoints his sidekick and leads the group.

G, was one of those who followed and happily assumed the given role. Once the playmates forgot her existence, she surprised everyone by victoriously rushing out from her hiding place: Home Free! Shy, silent and always responsible, no doubt, G has become an excellent observer.

Girls in uniform make a circle around their desks in primary schools, singing “just a sweet, sweet fantasy, baby... When I close my eyes, you come and take me...on and on and on.” *MTV and VH1 were the social glue for all who grew up in the 90s. Streaming non-stop from the TV set at home, these earworms, these dramatic character and relationship molds nestled down in the subconscious of every child. Here we are always innocent and frequently a victim.

But, when there are guests at home how happy is everyone. A “maşallah” for the has been, an “inşallah” for the yet to be. Repeated well-wishing from one generation to the next feels more like burdensome expectation. In the simple exchange of “How are you?” good, well, or at least an okay is the default answer. Can we really be well by saying we are well?

Since “-ism”s and utopias crumbled, now what is there to believe in for the kids whose parent lost all ideals? The wise words of these young adults are a few sizes too big, their hopes and comments are at times serious, but are mostly ironic. More communication and personal development is prescribed as remedy when aspirations bump into day-to-day reality and the crisis inside collides with anticipations of others.

There is a misunderstanding about what’s meant by communication. You are washed away by the lives of others; their cats, dogs, plants, foods, holidays. They all stick on you. At night, tossing and turning in bed with you are tomorrow’s tasks and those longed for vacations... In G’s mind are fantasies; either of some moments filled with pride or when she has fallen victim. She has an accident just as she was about to finish her work -come much needed compassion; and those who had broken her heart are now in remorse -come apologies and concessions.

Though it’s most fitting to cover up defects and expose merits, everybody is infected with self-pity, frenzy and desolation. Can we be better if we show the wound, share the pain, take out the venom?

Eda Berkmen

* Quoted from “Fantasy” by Maria Carey, from her album “Daydream” (released 1995). Lyrics by Chris Frantz, Mariah Carey and Tina Weymouth