

TRACING YELLOW

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Sometimes I like to be in motion, to be transported, to walk, to listen –most of the time to my own steps- but what I like most is to lose myself in the city and into my thoughts. It is a way to be aware of myself in my everyday life. It shows me that I'm not numb by the problems, the stress or any negative thoughts that want to take possession of my body and mind.

When I walk down the street I see people, I observe them - although surely, they might think I'm a weirdo - I like to recognize the different gestures among human beings: The way of walking, the color of the eyes, the different looks, the stature, the body language, etc. Somehow this helps me to recognize myself, my own habits, traditions, my own particular gestures and mainly my attitude upon life. When I don't use my feet I usually walk on wheels, I take the bus to go from one side of the city to another. Probably looking for something...

I believe that something might be the *yellow*, yes, the color. Oslo is dark, white and/or green depending on the season, although on times it's also yellow, is just not the yellow tone I used to feel in the streets of Lima. When it comes to yellow I really don't know where to find it. I have no clue for where I can find it, it just happens. I believe I related it with temperature, togetherness, goodness, empathy, and light. I miss that –my yellow-, I'm rather now tracing someone else's yellow.

Van Gogh loved yellow, he also loved the sunflowers as I do too. His landscapes were full of light and life. Not any kind of life or light, it was life reflected by the sunflower. As a kind of son of the sun that is among us on earth. The sunflower with its large eye observes the city, observes the people, is a voyeuristic organism. I truly believe it retains those memories on the move. Sometimes I imagine that the sunflower stores them –the memories- to later in its life transform it into seeds. Seeds that we then collect to eat or drink, we feed on sunflower seeds, we feed on yellow memories.

I can't stop thinking about a "sunflower invasion" in Oslo, sunflowers in motion. What if we start looking at strangers as if they were sunflowers? A source of kindness, spontaneity, heat, and closeness. Why not allow ourselves to be surprised by the Other? To embrace the unfamiliar and unpredictable of our day to day, to welcome the presence of the Other...