cite/site – Ep. #3 “kitchen talks” Transcript

0:00 – 12:48
The tinny hummm of an old refrigerator fades in gradually and continues to play as a baseline throughout the whole track. However, the harshness of the rattling is soon lifted into new registers by layers of resonation. Throughout the episode, under the other clips, this hum stretches out, expands, pitches up and wide, turning into something spacious, melodic and continually undulating.

0:34
Abruptly, a freezer door opens and closes.

0:40
The ambient sounds of a home kitchen fade in. There, the radio is on and the host is speaking about the difference in “vibe” between Western and Turkish classical music. Someone with jangling bracelets on their wrists is bustling around the kitchen opening and closing cupboards, putting dishes away, and muttering under their breath. A low voice speaks in Turkish to someone on the telephone in the other room, laughing and joking from time to time.

1:11
The sound of a second kitchen fades in and mingles in this new sonic place. Metal clinks on glass as two people mix liquids in a bowl and mutter softly to one another:

“Each one gets just under a quarter cup?”

“It’s a one-to-one ratio, liquid to gelatin, is that right?”

“Well…”

[Laughs] “Or one packet makes…”

“Two cups”

“Two cups, so it’s like…”

1:59
A new clip fades in as a soft female voice interjects:

“I would be a terrible farmer. I would be just complaining all the time about having to get out when you don’t want to get out. Can you imagine? Five o’clock every morning, whether you want to or not, no matter how you feel, you have to get up and milk the cows”

“Why do they need to be milked every single day?” A teenager's voice responds.

“That’s what uncle Murrey had to do, that’s what Grandpa had to do, not your Grandpa but my Grandpa”

“Are they milked every day in the wild?

2:27
The gelatin mixers voices resurface from the second kitchen, amidst floating symphonic melodies carrying over from the first kitchen:

“That’s about a quarter, that’s about a quarter”

“Okay” [a soft giggle]

They mumble together inaudibly before the floating melody turns into a more spacious track and two new voices emerge from another place:

2:48
“See this, gelato, would probably be realllly nice with a bit of balsamic on top”

“True”

3:01
A glittering series of chimes transitions this last comment into yet a new space. Here, a group of four people are chatting sassily while one of them runs a knife over the glazed crust of a pie:

“…Ice cream scoop before you have to really like thaw the ice cream for a few minutes before you use it or else you might break it. I was like…”

“You’re like KAYY”

“ALRIGHTT?”

“And then I was like, oh I’m going to use it for cookies, and she was like, oh my god those are huge cookies”

“You’re like, let me live my life. Like literally shut up”

“Are you calling me fat?”

“Like, why are you shaming me”

“I just, I just want to buy this”

“Yea, like take my ten dollars”

“Have you used a release ice cream scoop before…Like girl it’s not rocket science”

“Oh my god this crust is like CRUNCHY, like it's crunchy…”

The voices fade away as

03:32
the man’s voice from the first kitchen arises calling:

“Ida…Ida”

“Ya? Yes?”

“Gel tavşan geldi…”

“Ah ah ah! Yasi, take a look the bunny”

“Oh yea, they’re here”

“Sami…”

The voices fade away, softly speaking in Turkish.

03:48
Back in the second kitchen the two voices giggle and exchange whispers again:

“I wonder if they will like seep into each other or…”

“Which might be fun, I don’t know”

03:56
The sound of a pot of water at a rolling boil rises from a stove in another kitchen:

“You know what Josh told me one night…You were talking about washing waxy vegetables…And I was having trouble sleeping, it was like three in the morning or something and I kept tossing and turning, I hadn’t fallen asleep yet…He was like, why don’t you just try picturing washing a leek? That’s what I do when I can’t sleep.’”

“Washing a leek?”

“Mmhmm, he was like, yea, I picture washing a leek. I was like, mmm okay. At this point I’ll try anything, it has been a few days since I’d had any kind of proper sleep, such bad insomnia. So I turn over, I was lying there just like picturing this leek being washed, the water running over it. You know when you cut a leek it has all the dirt inside usually, so you can like chop it and wash

the dirt off. And then, once that kinda stopped working and I was still awake, after I'd pictured this whole leek being like washed and chopped and prepared, in my mind, I was still thinking so then I was like, ok what other vegetables do I like to watch wash..being washed? Kale, was another one that was high on the list because of the way the water runs over the…so I was washing some kale in my mind. Then I tried aubergines, cuz they're kinda waxy too—eggplants—washed those for a little while. And then like, I don't know, sometime later I was still tossing and turning and I turned over and he was like, oh you're still awake?! So I explained to him I tried washing the leek, and then once I was finished washing it I cut it up, and then after that I did the kale. And he was like, no, Yasmine, that's not the point. That's not what you're supposed to do! You're supposed to just let the water run over the leek, let it run over the leek until you fall asleep.'"

05:42
The boiling sound stops abruptly as a lower stronger voice and a softer voice converse against the backdrop of a humming refrigerator:

"Do you want me to hold one here so that you can focus that?"

"No, it's okay…Can you clap?"

[loud clap]

"Thank you"

[laughs]

The tap turns on and water continues to run as a clear voice speaks over top:

06:05
"Do you remember not being able to sleep like someone was aggressive, rubbing your sternum, and all the white wool on an old sheep turned into fiberglass. Sometimes, I think you ask me how I feel about negative space like someone asks what your favorite smell is—more sweet or something a little more acrid. We shouldn't dream like the upper class but change verses in our thoughts like babbling children. One night, when a ghost dragged its cold knuckles across your chest, I asked if you ever thought about the many layers of a leek and if you focus on the specs of dirt in-between the white and green how your mind might wander…I like that. Maybe that can go in our leek video."

06:59
The tap turns off and the two voices return:

"Umm, can you slice them in half?"

"Do you want me to do the full motion?"

“Sure” [laughs]

“Just like straight down the middle?”

“Yea, straight down the middle”

[the sound of cutting rhubarb stems with scissors fades in, periodically the chunks clink softly into a metal bowl]

“Oh,, there’s a little worm”

“I was wondering what that was…he’s ruining my shot but I guess he’s pretty cute…ok moving on, can we keep him—OOP! Where’d he go?”

“I don’t know” [laughs]

“What? Oh, he’s there! Can you put him outside or in the compost? He’d like it in there”

“In the freezer?!”

07:58
A freezer door opens and closes quickly, transitioning into a new room.

08:01
Over sounds of fast cars revving and sports casters narrating a Formula 1 race, a series of voices rise up, often talking excitedly over one another:

“Okay…no no no fuck is like a…”

“It’s like the one best time ever”

“No, marry is like commitment”

“I thought fuck was like a…like a…like a…”

“Then ‘see casually’ doesn’t make sense”

“Then what would be the point of getting married?”

“...like a frequent side hustle but not all the time”

“Well when it’s fuck, merry, kill”

“Well you made it complicated with four options!”

“Okay, okay!”

“Okay, marry you have to eat—marry you have the option to eat every day if you want to. Fuck, once every two weeks. See casually, once every like six months.”

“Yea, nice yea…Then my answer stands. Although I love Marmite on toast, that would be hard for me. The day that I could get Marmite on toast I’d eat an entire loaf of bread”

“Yea, I think I would marry bread…No, I’d marry rice, fuck bread in whatever form because I love toast, I love pizza, I love—OH garlic bread, like naan AH!”

09:12
An ethereal soundscape interjects this banter, and a woman’s soft, smooth voice says:

“My object is flour. I like flour because it’s sculptural and also painterly. It has lots of motion potential, I like drawing circles with it. It means so many things, I mean not just bread but it’s so inclusive, there’s bread from all over the world of course…um but ah—”

09:34
Back to the banter:

“Carleigh, at forty laps do you want to bleach my eyebrows?”

“Yea”

“Sick”

09:37
The woman returns:
“It is, ah, like snow and it’s like time and it’s fertility and it’s, uh, the rural, it’s the peasant, it is, um, agriculture, it’s so many things, it’s, uh…it’s sparks.

09:58
“Okay rice or, rice or pasta?”

“Ben eats—”

“It’s a toss-up but I eat a lot of pasta”

“Yea, you eat a loottt of pasta, you eat more pasta then you eat rice”

10:11

The fuck-marry-kill banter and race commentary fades out as a new dining scene fades in, there's subtle pulsing of music and many people speaking while they eat:

"Lime, rum, falernum"

> "And also like dough, dough speaks to you. Like, you can touch it and see like how is it doing, does it need more water, does it need more flour, is it, you know?"
>
> > "You end up having to like interact with it a lot during the—"
> >
> > > "I find it with making like börek as well, like working with pastry, making börek, it's a similar thing"
> >
> > "Mmhmm, well cuz you judge it based on how it feels instead of how it tastes, right?"

"Gnocchi is the same, like when we're doing it, how much is it absorbing the water and how much it needs more…"

10:42
The dinner party audio fades into the background as a new conversation between two giggly voices emerge:

"So, I think…I guess I should be using water"

> "Yes, that was supposed to be part of it." [laughs] "A bowl of water…it says, have water nearby for when you're making them. There you go" [laughs]

"This is kind of cracking in a way that concerns me…"

> "Well, it's because it's *gluten free*" [both laughing]

"I'm a bit concerned, like this is cracking completely in half"

> "No no no no no, it's okay. Well maybe we just make them less thin for the next one. I'll…I'll film it again this is just part one." [both laugh] "It's good that we have sooo much extra"

"Yea, this is…different"

> "This is differeeeentt"

11:37

The dinner party audio reemerges with copy-cat banter between a child and a female voice, with the child leading:

“So yeaaaa”

“So ya”

[laughter] “YOOO!…yoo”

“Yooo”

“Yo”

“Yo!”

“Hey”

“Hey!”

“You”

“You!”

“This”

“Hmm?”

“This!”

“This!”

“Lets”

“Lets!”

“Talk”

“Talk!”

“About this”

“About this!”

12:00

A freezer door opens and a nasally voice says:

“Well, I wanted to have just a little kitchen chat with you today”

Then the freezer door closes again.

12:06
The copy-cat banter returns but now it has descended into the chaos of uncontrollable laughter.

The resonation of the refrigerator which has been humming in the background throughout the track brightens and expands exponentially.

The layered laughter fades and we hear the lingering audio from the first kitchen—the radio is still playing classical music.

The bright resonation fades and the piece ends with the quiet air of an empty room.