

Each new work is the first time.
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There's no end and no beginning.

Transit is the time between first thinking about something, getting your attention, first being contacted about something or wanting to try something out and until 'it's finished.'

This time usually involves a number of people and places (and now e-mails) and is part of why it's not always so easy to be so communicative (about everything).

The idea, if that's what it is, the thought, 'apparition' (haha) needs to go where it's supposed to be going, needs to 'get home safe' before you can let go.

So you have 'carry-on' luggage, sometimes for a very long time.

Sometimes you have paranoia, that a similar idea will pop up from somewhere, someone else (more talented) in a more convincing version.

That your idea will be old, or 'done' before you even have a proper chance to test it out—then you need to think of 'something else.'

There's always everything has been done and nothing has been tried at the same time.

There's always new ways of doing nothing.

Travelling with a 'paranoia mindscape', something I've been working on, channeling yellow—what's a beautiful yellow, symbolic color; i.e. Star of David, Yellow brick road, yellow skin, sun, lion, orange juice, lemon juice or lime, yellow book, yellow cab, yellow pages—all of a sudden all the window displays between the hotel they have found for me and the place of the exhibition where i work seem to have a yellow theme.

Very good.

The curator shows up one morning wearing a yellow scarf.

Not so common, and also very good.

Wine bottles all seem to have yellow labels, 'Veuve Clicquot' is a bit expensive, but really a very beautiful yellow.

One day with a big smile, a grandchild of one of the women working at the reception desk shows up in overalls that's bright yellow. Is this all for me?

Later in the day of the opening (which of course is the beginning of the exhibition but somehow the end of something, but difficult to know if it's really the end or if it will still go on somehow—hopefully something will happen with the work also once it's in the exhibition and hopefully i will hear about it...) there's a new campaign for a mobile phone company i think, with yellow rickshaw tricycles (my favourite) chauffeuring potential customers around the small square in front of the hotel—it's all a bit silly and for a moment i'm thinking of hopping on one of those things, and of course i could never do that but now i know for sure it's all for me.

Next time we'll channel something different; the figure 21, first world war, the idea of poker or black and white. Possibilities are endless.

H5:2/2
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