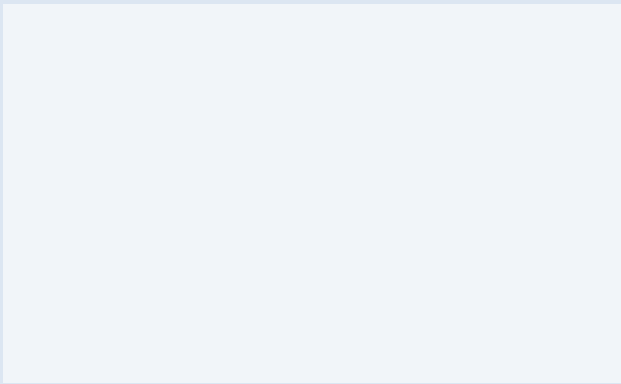


**Is this it?**


*Uncertainty. This is a fictional account, but is virtually indistinguishable from an actual diary entry. Throughout his/her observation of the gallery, the narrator questions the presentation and look of its art. His/her perception of color changes through movement and time, resulting in changes in his/her thoughts and feelings.*



A big white panel on the floor and nothing else. A long white room, a wooden floor, and this big white plastic rectangle. Is this it? Is this art? It was an empty red room in the email. I don't remember the exact details, but it wasn't like this. It's weird. No one is here. I don't know what to do, so I approach the white panel on the floor. The surface is smooth and glossy. And it's actually not just white. It has a bit of mint in it. Maybe this is something. It could be art.

Gosh! A man suddenly appears from the far end of the room. He pulls up one of the blinds on the far right and disappears. Through that revealed window, a soft daylight comes in.

The panel looks a bit different in the light. It's now rather transparent and twinkling with little pearls. And it's changing in color! Pale green turns into bright yellow-green as I move around the panel. Yellow-green is always a bit ahead of me. To my left is twinkling with light pink. I go forward and the colors go forward. I go backward, they go backward. It's funny the way it works. It seems as if my presence is making a difference to this dull sheet.



The blinds man appears again from the end of the room, now with another man. Two men carrying a big panel. Did I come at the right time? They are working on this installation, aren't they? To question if this is an exhibition or a construction site, I approach one of the men. Yes, it's on. The blinds man speaks and smiles before I can ask. So, this is an exhibition. But why doesn't it look like it? I don't understand what is going on here. I want to ask some questions, but these men are busy with the panel. Let me wait until this huge thing settles on the floor.

The new gray panel is on the left side of the pale green. The two men keep shifting the panels little by little. This is really awesome. A voice from my left. I can't believe I'm part of this! A small man with enormous hands is kneeling on the floor, painting the left wall in orange. He is not painting the whole wall - only the lower part of it. About one fifth of the bottom wall is painted in yellow. Above the paint are the white blinds. Were the blinds pulled up like this when I first came in? Weren't the walls all white before? Why didn't I notice this vibrant yellow?

And two windows. The blinds next to the window on the far right have been pulled up.

Outside light flows in, and the room is brighter. I see more colors. The gray panel is like the pale green. It's just flat gray from a distance but when I go closer, a delicate shade of pink emerges. On my way toward the window, pink is visible. When I turn my back, there isn't as much as before. It's nice but also complicated.

I am so happy I can work on this. This is so great! The paint man. He's still painting. I'm still not sure if I'm in the right place. Different kinds of people come to see the exhibition these days. A voice of a woman. Right side. Understanding and appreciation, it depends, but they do know it's a good work of art. She gives me a brief glance as she passes me by. I don't know, I feel like an idiot. Orange looks so good with this. How could he ever thought of painting this in orange! I feel like I should go now. But hey, what's that. The two men with a new panel. A dark green one. Following these two men, another pair, a man and a woman carry a dark gray panel.



They start laying those panels out in the room. The dark green is placed right next to the gray on the floor. The dark gray is laid close to the dark green leaning against the right wall.

Why is the new dark gray not on the floor like other ones? Is that intentional? The woman and the blinds man's fellow leave the room through the glass door nearby. The others, the blinds man and the man with the dark gray, go back to the other end of the room.

The odd dark gray on the wall is a bit smaller and narrower than the others. Darker than the gray on the floor and a slight shade of purple in it. Dull pink appears in front of me, but this is not new anymore. And my leg begins to hurt a bit. I'm not sure how long I have been standing around. I lean myself next to the dark gray. The panel looks like a dark mirror from the side. Reflected in its surface are the other panels and the floor. What's on the floor then? Stepping through the space the dark green changes its color into reddish-brown. It's beautiful but somewhat aggressive. I don't know why it feels that way.

Trees and building are reflected on the three glossy panels laid side by side. The paint man has disappeared. No one is in this room except for me. Four open windows and the sky in dull blue. It's getting dark out there and now my leg really hurts. Should be heading home by now, but I know there is something left behind this room. I wonder what it might be. Just a few more minutes, then I'm out.



A small squared room in orange appears. Not red like the image in the email but in orange.

Lots of people are standing around and talking. It isn't possible to count them at first sight.

I see panel handlers. The paint man is also there. The woman with the phone is talking

with people, but I don't know who they are. They look smart. Since when did they come

into this place?



I hear fragments of talks and laughter here and there. The room looks intense now. Orange is somewhere between red and orange. It's bizarre. Patches of red between people. What about the ceiling? A lightbulb, emitting a warm yellowish light. Now I see what's making me uncomfortable. There is no window in this room, and so many people are packed in here. It's suffocating. I'll leave now. It's time. I catch eyes with the panel handler making my way out. She smiles and nods from afar.

The panels on the floor are all gone. The dark gray on the wall is gone. Now two yellow rectangular panels lean against the wall next to each other with some space between. The wall behind is blue. Not painted blue, but the sunset has left the white wall in blue. All the windows are open. Gray and dark blue come into view while the yellow panels begin to shine. It's a beautiful scene, but I head straight toward the exit.

I push the glass door open. Cool fresh air with a scent of tree leaves fills my nose. Birds are having their last chitchats before it gets dark. Quiet and peaceful, it's not so bad for an evening walk. And look at that. Small yellow rectangles over there. Windows shining.

