

**Yellow on the move**

*An essay on the perception of color and its  
influence on internal feelings*

Yellow has never been my preference. It felt too bright or too loud, I think. I'm not really sure what the problem is, but yellow surely was not the color I would have chosen. To my surprise, the yellow of the Swiss post and the yellow of tram 10 and 11 of Basel is to my liking. They are yellows that are not too bright nor heavy. It doesn't feel like zest of lemon right in front of my eyes nor a thick chewy chunk of honey in my mouth. The weight or the brightness matters, but it's not a specific yellow that I am into. It's more about when and where I see the color and how it is delivered to me.

The Autumn of 2014 was not easy being the first time living in Basel. Some kind of heaviness pulled me down. Maybe it was the low pressure in the air or simply a fatigue caused by settling down in a new place. Things seemed quite gray to me. Skies were gray most of the times. Low saturated colors of buildings and people's outfit also seemed grayish compared to the ones in my hometown, Seoul. Calm and reserved atmosphere is something I normally feel comfortable with, but maybe it was too much all at once. I saw and heard the soft and quiet but heavy gray outwards and took it inwards. I felt gray.

Then came yellows. I didn't know why I liked it, but I found the yellow trams nice. I suddenly liked its color. It sounds strange but I really enjoyed watching the yellow tram approaching and passing me by. It was like a breeze that refreshed my mood. There were also yellow post boxes and yellow post office but it was the post vehicle - a van, to be particular - whose yellow spoke to me. It had to be big enough to be seen from a distance. And it had to pass me by with a certain speed. Not too fast so I couldn't tell what just went by nor too slow that it feels like it's there forever. The yellow breeze carried by the vans and trams lifted me up from the grays. Since then I've grown closer to yellow.

It's a monsoon period in Korea now. Gray and rainy. I'm with yellow pants with white and gray polkadots. It actually doesn't matter anymore whether it rains or shines. I like yellow on the move.