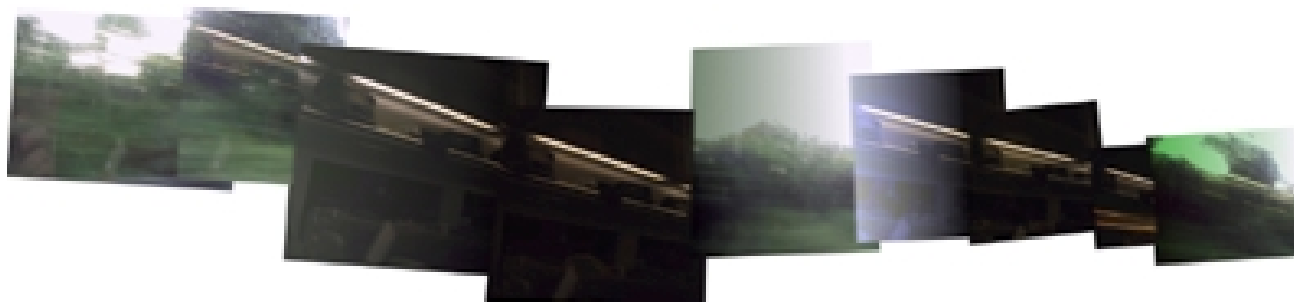


An ongoing Diary

By Pedro Meyer



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Day 6

Yesterday was the last day of the work shop in Hull and I returned to London in the evening.

As the train goes through tunnels or approaches other trains, a terrible noise and vacuum is created, all of a sudden I realized how the familiarity with sounds make one feel either reassured and comfortable, or not. I have flown a lot more than taken trains in my life so the sounds related to flying are much more reassuring to me than those of the train.

I assumed it was going to be dark by the time I got back to the apartment as the train was pulling into the station at 9:20 pm, but as the train approached London, the sun was only then starting to settle in.



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I take a taxi from King's Cross Station. It's ten at night and the light of day is still with us.

As I look out the window of the taxi my eye catches the glimpse of giant photographs in the store windows. I can well imagine the digital printers making such images. This is how I feel pictures should be shown at fine art exhibitions. BIG! I don't see any sense in having small prints for exhibitions anymore.

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