

## The Story of Yellow Explosion by Caroline Kennedy- McCracken

When we first arrived in Brooklyn we walked the streets in the neighborhood. Each day we passed the corner and I saw on the ground an explosion of yellow pieces of plastic, scattered over almost the whole corner, many metres. The pieces were all the same deep yellow and many and varied sizes - it was impossible to tell what the object had been or what event had shattered it.

Each day as we passed the corner I saw the pattern on the ground. Sometimes it was glowing from a golden cast of sunshine, sometimes sullenly dark, flat and muted in the mud, or a bright relief being cleaned in the rain. Eventually I knew I would pick the pieces up. Day after day they remained as they were on the corner and before we left Brooklyn I collected them to hold as a talisman.

In the weeks we stayed in Brooklyn I saw many other small objects on the ground, detritus from the activity of a big city that had often lain in the same place for a long time, beaten down, scoured and reformed by the relentless surge of activity in New York.

I collected all these little pieces that could be traced back to some original use, purpose or design, but had been rendered abstract and with an isolate beauty by the pressure of the city.

As a collection the pieces started to form their own pattern and story of endurance; strength in the face of chaos, uncertainty and indifference. The sidewalk - a vast and potentially hostile public space, had become a magical landscape of possibility.

It had dawned on me that meaningful and significant events were commonplace.  
I saw shapes and colour everywhere.

Yellow explosion had become a revelation, an aesthetic vision and an explosion of idea.

August 2006