

(working title) *Visiting*

Katta and I walk through a small square in a quiet neighbourhood. It's nice working here she says, people greet each other in passing, a 'hej-hej' kind of place.

At her studio, one large painting hangs on a wall while a number of others are leaning, facing away as if waiting their turn. Katta begins hanging up the paintings on a smattering of screws and nails. I am greeted with an anatomy of cleaning trolleys-

glistening plastic bags bulging, microfibre cloths drying; jumbles of mops, brooms, buckets; paper towels, toweling towels, squeegees, rubber gloves, sprays, detergents and disinfectants, fleetingly documented and painstakingly rendered

in quietly ambiguous repose; in various states of paintedness / undress. In the tips of my fingers, I can feel the looped threads of a microfibre cloth languidly drying on the lip of a plastic bucket.

I want to personalize these trolleys, name them like ships, and they are slightly ship-like, ships in the night, passing through the fogs of bodies passing through nondescript spaces - platforms, gallerias, corridors, airports. Our legs and our eyes are moving, roving through these landscapes and across and over these painted surfaces.

hej-hej.

Look closer, they say.

We talk; about working, routine, time, cleaning, painting, layers applied, layers removed.

*"There are never enough hours in the twenty-four."*

Imperceptible build ups of surfaces, paint, grime, dust.

I think about last week mopping my studio floor, working backwards towards the door, lifting and placing my bucket in tandem with my retreat, so as not to be stranded, islanded in the yellowy grey concrete pond. To back away from a space; like raking the gravel of a Japanese garden or obscuring footprints from the scene of a crime.

There are different ways of moving through the spaces depicted in these paintings; our own fluid, knowing movements contradict the edging, crab-like nature of the trolleys, who always appear to me as if they are walking sideways, always viewed in profile. Suddenly the periphery begins to come into focus, centred, like an abrupt sharp turn of the head.

Some backgrounds I recognise, some I don't; most feel unimportant as spaces but vital as landscapes, as holding a vessel in a landscape, vessels of *their* landscape. Surely that red/green plastic bag combination at Kungsträdgården is pure coincidence? As a camouflage, or are trolleys chameleons? Or no coincidence at all, but a conscious effort for such objects of our shared spaces to be as inconspicuous as possible. Observed from the corners of our eyes. I appreciate coincidences; they make us pay attention to the world around us.

Hej-hej.

I become more aware of an inconsistency in time, because the cleaning trolleys speak of other hours than the stark afternoon sun beaming through the studio windows; tired late nights or early mornings when the light is soft and yawning. The hours mostly devoid of human bodies and activity, when the trolleys are out picking up the scraps of peoples' lives, catching the streams of debris we leave in our wake.

I know Katta is nocturnal, painting late into the night, into the city's hours of low vitality.

Towards the end, I ask a question; about a photograph or sketch or other source material, and she extracts an A4 printout from a thin drawer in a worn oil blue industrial-looking wheeled cabinet. The symmetry in that Katta herself works from a trolley is not lost on me.

I watch her hanging up the paintings on the smattering of screws and nails fixed to two adjacent walls, shuffling and moving items in and on her trolley that stands at a slight angle to the walls, making a sort of triangle. It is a working corner, filled with the traces and matter and residue of working, paint flecks, small scraps of tape and paper, tools and nails and stretched unpainted canvases close at hand, other materials with names unknown to me, all radiating out from the working corner, giving it a rhythm and activity. We gravitate towards corners and build ourselves up around them. They are dense, concentrated spaces,

like concave mirrors.