

Dejicinas Recent Memories

A visual diary
by the DRM crew
together with
Edward Nightingale

Life happens. Family, kids, work ... to find the time for personal interests is increasingly difficult. Add to the mix quarrels among one another and people generally drifting apart, and suddenly all contact is reduced to an annual birthday wish - I am thinking of you. Still, what the others were up to was always on the back of my mind. For the most part, each one kept to himself, active according to capacity and location. Our paths crossed sometimes more, sometimes less, for collective excursions here and there. Our motivation remained the same - railway adventures.

"Depicting Recent Memories" illustrates our youngest collective artistic activities - in yellow. Accompanied by Edward Nightingale, we visited multiple sacred sites where we spent a majority of our youths. After years of abstinence, after years of development,

Sometimes, we scheduled trips weeks in advance. Made plans what could be done where; checked spots. While one was here, another was there. We had a good overview of who was going to which layup and when - a benevolent change, to be out as a group together.

An additional motivation was the unusual perspective that painted trains were now put into regular service. Traffic was normal. The pieces done in the layups could be photographed and observed in the stations. Visible not only for us, waiting at particular times and spots, but visible for everybody. At least one round, a couple of hours, a full day, or even weeks. All facilitated by the use of water-based paint. The applied pigment lacks scent, the propellant anyways. We could work in the layups unnoticed.

Together - or each on their own. Creating pieces together was a logistical challenge. Who would go where during actions often was the result of spontaneity. Cancellations, approvals, changes, reschedules and over-sleeping - active according to capacity.

The operating personnel would discover the graffiti usually just before regular service. Thus, a quick exchange of these cars was

not within a range of possibilities anymore. Besides, we wondered if they could even judge which pieces had been added recently since dried water-based paint simply does not smell.

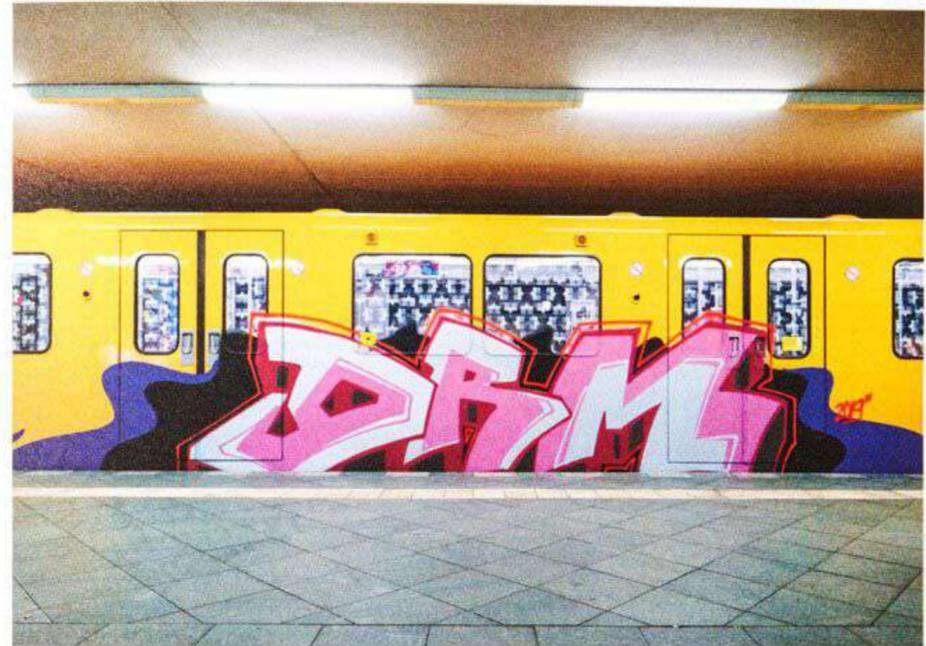
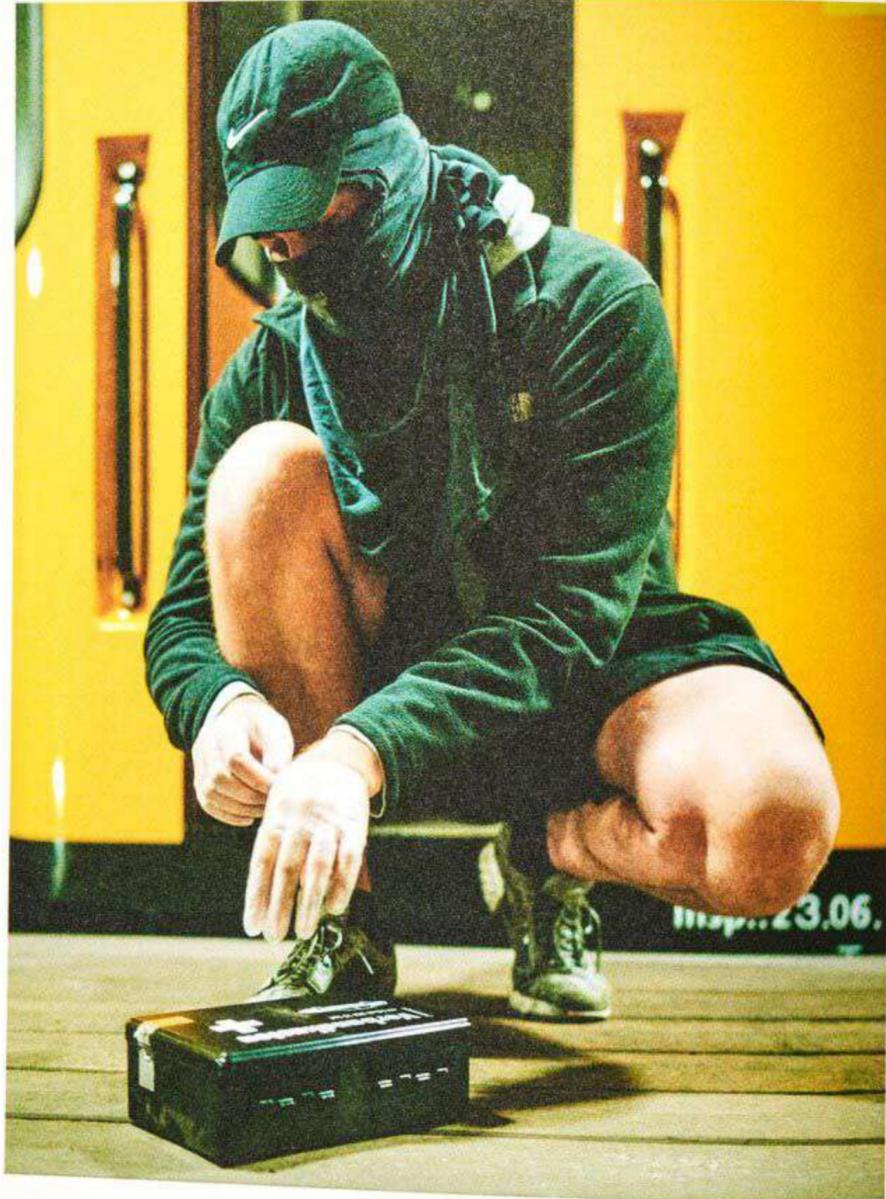
Graffiti in traffic has highlighted a logistics problem of the transport services. Their fleet lacks a sufficient amount of rolling stock to maintain a clean exterior; thus, every car that can go to traffic has to go to traffic. Until now, hiding signs of vandalism on the yellow wagons seemed to be their creed. For the perceived security of the passengers. For the general well-being of the public. But passengers want to reach their destinations on time, thus painted trains have to suffice. A car that bears paint on the exterior remains fully functional.

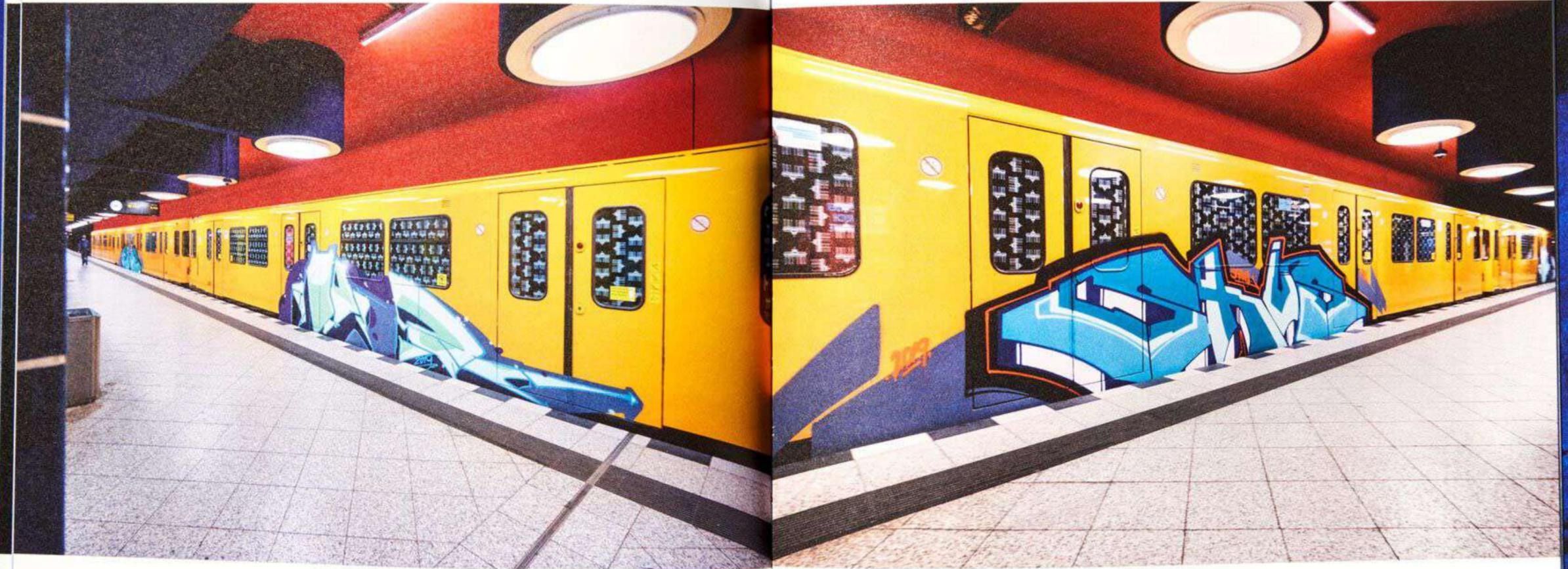
Canceling a whole subway train just because of laughable graffiti is not tolerated by the customers. The transport services eventually understood that.

In recent times it became difficult to tell when a specific graffiti had been done, since all trains carried pieces on both sides for over a dozen months. Unimaginable. With the massive increase of graffiti on the subway cars, we had enough at one point. Too much, too confusing. Too many people in the layups. Too risky. Too insignificant to have a graffiti in traffic.

So, we returned to our old philosophy: discrete work, infrequent rather than perpetual. Always cheerful, railway adventures.

DRAMA









Alone

Sunday morning, just before dawn. Birds are chirping. The air is crisp, and the sun is rising on the horizon. The sky, as well as the streets, are clear.

There is nobody. Nothing.

This is my time. The only presence to be felt at this hour is that of nature itself. Fulfilled following an excellent breakfast, cycling deserted streets with a backpack of suitable supplies, I am wholly alone. Before most people get up, before they go to the bakery, before the city itself has awoken, before the subway cars leave the layups.

Silence.

A moment to visualize one's thoughts, and also the time to commit to one's chores before everyday life takes over once more. I am doing something without pressure and without expectations. Something for the moment, for the day, for the upcoming week. For a feeling, something to uplift my mood.

It's for us. It's for me.

My motivation should be to get up for my kid, to go to the bakery, to do something for my family life. My preference might not be the same as his, but I can try to be a role model. Going to the bakery is something I can do by myself. Usually, he sleeps a bit longer than me, and before he gets up, I am doing something - alone.

