

An ongoing Diary

By Pedro Meyer

Day 15



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What to me, coming from the city, looks just beautiful, I am told does not look the same to a farmer. This, to my eyes, absolutely luscious field turns out has been blown down by the winds. The crop we are looking at is not high enough for the harvesters to pick up, so if the plants do not grow substantially over the coming weeks, I am told, it will all have to be plowed back into the ground with a complete loss to the farmer.

Today the work shop is coming to an end. We had three very intense and productive days. The participants are leaving with the desire to go out and produce a lot of new work, that always leaves me with a feeling of great

As I take the train to return to London, I start to think once again about the other passengers who are somehow within my eyesight, even if they are in the train on the other side of the tracks. I wonder what the woman in that train is reading? What does she do for a living? People who read books are already closer to my heart. Does she have children? What does she know about Mexico?



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There are two women closer by on the opposite aisle of the train I am riding in. They don't talk very much although they seem to know each other. I am not so interested in striking up a conversation with them as I have pictures to take. I prefer to keep these

questions and speculations to myself. I have been taking pictures with the digital camera with a rotating and movable back screen, I no longer use the viewfinder. It seems people are less intimidated by someone they can look at rather than someone hidden behind a camera.



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I see these homes across from the track that appear to me to be divided in half to accommodate two families. Homes that are already small, and divided yet again. I start to think about all the problems that must inevitably arise from people living so close to one another. I wonder who actually lives better? Someone in one of these homes? Or someone in a poor straw hut in a tropical climate. I know for sure where I would prefer to be.

Pedro Meyer

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London, UK.

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