

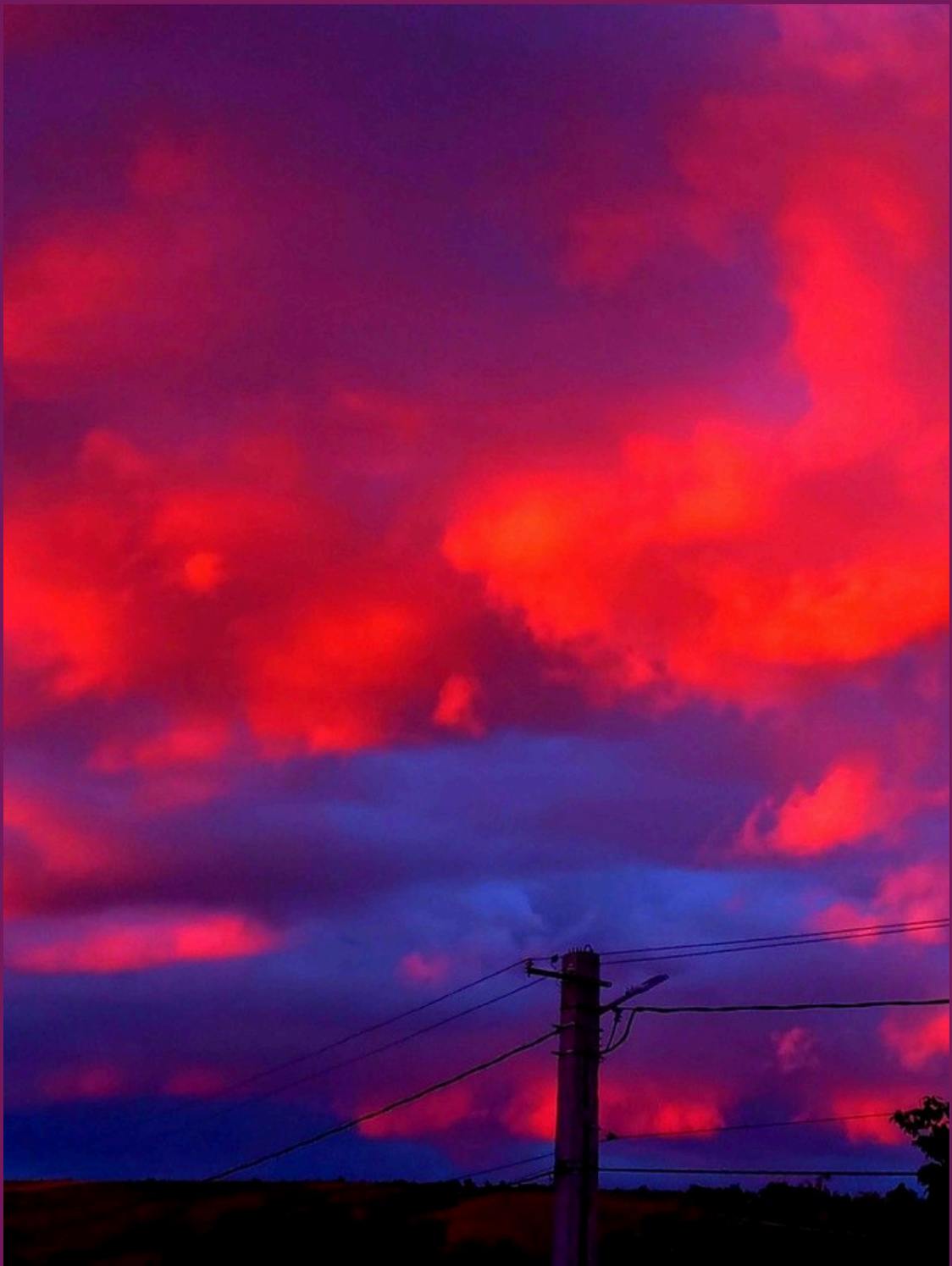
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<https://mihaigolanul.neocities.org/>



Motorcycle outing



Motorcycling is a weird hobby: you just go out and ride around, alone or with friends, and that's it. Most of us drive a lot without thinking too much about it. Most times it's even boring. And yet, motorcycling feels different. You're on two wheels, at high speed without any external protection but the thin safety gear you're wearing, so you have to be there, focused in the moment. And then you just ride, enjoy the road and take in the views. It's magical in its simplicity.



This shot is taken from a bridge over the Main in Kitzingen, where I live for a bit more than 10 years now. Usually, I pass the place once a week, and I believe I photographed it a few times. By now, there are many memories attached to this place: A group of young refugees, stunned by the giant riverboats; my father, telling me that such a river is an impressive thing to see to those who don't have it nearby; countless strolls with my friend Adrian, and especially one day when he was telling me that he is sometimes able to smell the metal from the junkyard down the bridge - I don't know if I ever smelled it. Sometimes I daydream about the power shovels that you can see at the right side of the picture: Wouldn't it be cool to use them as dueling weapons in some kind of end time-setting? I always wanted to include this in an Pen-and-Paper scenario, but never came up with a good idea how to integrate this in a fun way.

When I did this specific picture, it was a rather sunny afternoon at the end of the Winter, still cold, still grey - but the sun had already got back some power, and I was amazed by the intensity of its reflection. I was waiting for a surgery I was afraid of back then, and I had taken the habit of making shots towards the sun - it worked out rather well here - the day was cloudy, so it didn't overdrive that much - I remember that I thought that the view over the river and the scrapyards was absolutely beautiful.

<https://thunderperfectwitchcraft.org/adventures/>



This was taken at roughly the same period of time, a few weeks later - it was the last hike me and Adrian would do before my surgery. There is a segment on this tour with Stations of the Cross - at one of the first stations, we found a orthodox icon - probably brought there by a remorseful thief. It was a great little piece, and I was very tempted to bag it myself :D. Instead, we later told the people at the monastery above that it was there.

They didn't seemed overly interested, though. However, somewhere in between we came across this does skull - somebody must have placed it there. We both took a shot of it -

Adrian with a rather sophisticated camera, I with my dumbphone. I wonder why I didn't took a photograph of the icon as well back then; I did some shots of the valley we passed later - so I guess bones and plants talked more to me in that situation than religious art.