

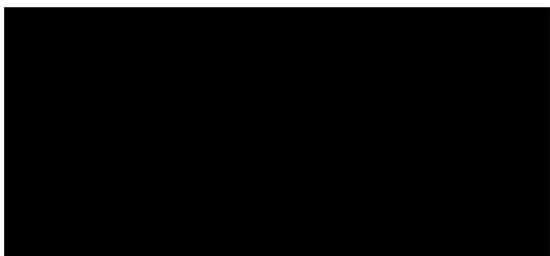
Kilka wskazówek

Przy wykonywaniu zdjęć z długim czasem naświetlania ustaw jak najniższą czułość ISO. Pozwoli to zredukować niepotrzebne szумы na fotografii. Wyłącz stabilizację obrazu w swoim aparacie. Może ona obniżyć ostrość obrazu. Jeśli pozwala na to Twój aparat, wykonuj zdjęcia w formacie RAW. Przy cyfrowej obróbce zdjęcia będziesz miał większą kontrolę nad balansem bieli czy kolorami. Ustawienie wysokich wartości przesłony pozwoli uzyskać dużą głębię ostrości, a jasne punkty na zdjęciu przyjmą formę gwiazdźistego błysku. Warto zaopatrzyć się w węższy spustowy lub pilot do zdalnego wyzwania aparatu. Wyeliminuje to poruszenia aparatu przy rozpoczęciu i kończeniu naświetlania.

Wybierając się na nocny spacer z aparatem, zabierz ze sobą kogoś znajomego. Zawsze raźniej, przede wszystkim bezpieczniej jest fotografować razem niż samemu.

Po co ryzykować utratę cennego sprzętu. Miło jest zakończyć plener w pobliskiej kawiarni, by podziwiać efekty swojej pracy.

Życzę wszystkim fotografującym udanych zdjęć nocnych! ■



Marta Pastuszka

Morning

I'm so late! A quick calculation revealed that I had 20 minutes to go. Ok, let's try. Breakfast? Coffee would be just fine. Make-up? Enough time for mascara only. After another 10, ok, let's be honest – 15 min. of picking up the best combination of trousers, T-shirt and shoes and another 5 of searching for keys, I went out. What a sunless, gloomy morning. Thank god that little child in the bus smiles and weaves at me from the.... Hey! That's MY bus! When I finally found myself in the public means of transport, thinking of very good excuse, I saw IT. I got off at my bus stop, but instead of school I went back to see the object of my admiration. A huge, building – size mural. It's been there for some time, I passed it every day, but only that day – I actually paid attention to this piece of Hmmm, Art? - Hooligans! - Sorry? - Girl, If I saw those villains, I would certainly call the police! – the lady in her sixties shouted and went away leaved by a small dog.

js and graffiti

But her words jingled in my head as well as barking of her dog. There is such a problem in defying borders of Street Art and so many opposite statements have been spoken in public by art critics or muttered by ordinary people that it's a topic for a book, entire library even. Let them lead this academic discussion. But Street Art is a fact. It's been happening. Why? Because people need to express themselves. There are some opinions, I've read, that the source of Polish Street Art can be found among statements and pictures created in public space by members of resistance movement during WW II. Others claim we copied it from, let me use the communistic terminology – Rotten Western Countries. Where the truth lies, nobody knows. I am rather inclined to the first statement. Simply because the need of self-expression is a unique feature of human. Writings in Pompeii, paintings in Lascaux Cave are ancient examples, but they show that need of speak out in public using a line,

color, and shape is not an invention of last 15 – 20 years. The urgency of expression is always stronger, while banned. Apart from mentioned examples of street messages during WW II, in communism we were also showing our disagreement to a system in the streets. As you can see Polish Street Art was strongly connected to politics, used to be a manifest of freedom. Now it's getting changed. Street Art is becoming not only the manifest against the hated Babylon. Artists don't speak the voice of the majority of the society, their works are much more personal. The individual style became important. And maybe it's the reason Street Art has as many supporters as opponents?

As I was staring at mural didn't notice that people were stopping by to see why I lift up my head.

- *Do you like it? – a woman with a child asked,*

- *A lot,*

- *Why?*

- *I pass it every day, it fits my daily routine, that's why I think it's sort of mine.*

- *It's not yours. It's everybody's – the woman replied.*

Hmmm, she was so right.

As right as my friend from Warsaw, who once said: *“YOU have a good piece of art there in Łódź”*. Yes WE do. How obvious! Even the artist itself is not the owner of its work. Street Art is being created in the city, in public spaces. Even if it's being made by only one person, the act of creation happens on some kind of background – walls, pavements, tenement houses – they all belong to somebody else than artist itself. That's why street art does not have its proper owner I believe. Only the city with its habitants considered as a system can stand for rights for Street Art.

- *Güüirl! Why are you looking at this crap?! Go and see the real art!*

- *Where?! – I shouted to the window, from which the deep, low voice came.*

- *To the M-U-S-E-U-M!! – Man shouted and closed the window with a force which scared away pigeons.*

So I went. And I've seen static, full of historical metaphors works of Academics, I've also seen the praise of form and appreciation of act of creation itself. I wanted also to feel the wind and see the warmth of sun in paintings of Impressionists, but the very nice lady said that they “emigrated” temporarily. So I came back to the mural which inspired me. *Thanks god you're still here. And you will*

be tomorrow. And the day after tommo... Oh now, You might not be there forever.... I realized two things

– street art is immobile and ephemeral. It stands for identity of the city, as it belongs to it.

And a particular piece won't go to another city as mentioned “Impressionists” did. It would be inseparably connected to a piece of public space it's been made on, waiting for everyone who would like to see it. But on the other hand it won't be waiting forever.

As I wrote before – street art doesn't have one owner. It depends on many features that can decide to let it exist in the city or it's high time for changes. Building can be painted, wall destroyed. But even if those features can demolish one particular piece, there would always be enough place in the city to let street art survive...

“Baad boys baad boooys whaaaat you're goona dooo...” – Bob Marley on my cell announced my friend trying to reach me.

- *Martaaa! Where are you?*

We've been waiting for you girl!

- *What? What time is it? 3 p.m.*

Damn! Dinner. Totally forgot...

Yes, yes, of course I remember you know – terrible traffic downtown, I'll be in 10 minutes. And don't leave the place. I've got a story to tell you! ■

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