

StreetCore

photography



NR19.MAY21.

FRONT COVER BY **MICHAIL** FROM THE UPCOMING BOOK **ISLAS**

CURATED **PHOTOGRAPHS**

SELECTED FROM THE **SCP/BULB** FB AND IG STREAMS

When once I thought I found myself in trouble my uncle told me “you have no idea, life was easy on you”. Then I started photography with very mediocre results, until I read Platon “you have to suffer to produce art”. In the end, they were both right.`

How about you? How much do you suffer to give birth to meaningful photographs? This is the first question to answer when you are reading a photograph. Here are some examples in this issue of SCP eZine. Enjoy and wonder.

Michail, May 2021

Instagram : www.instagram.com/balkan.collective

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Web: www.bulbphotos.eu

Read online : issuu.com/michailfotografia

DL free pdf : <http://www.bulbphotos.eu/the-books.html> & www.facebook.com/groups/496641317130357/files

I do not know about you, but I seem to remember that the urban space had a different meaning for me as a child – it was separated into small blocks of freely accessible spaces and, also, spaces where crossing meant either receiving allowance from an adult or (yes, you know it!) transgression.

Where are we in this image?

One child marches ahead on his roller skates, followed by three kids holding onto each other, as if they were encouraging one another to cross beyond an invisible line somewhere in the middle of the frame.

Are we witnessing a transgression or is it simply a moment of play, with no secondary implications?

PS: probably not a transgression, considering the relaxed adult on the rooftop in the background. Or could it be that she is entirely unaware?



What will happen next? This is the first thing that came into my mind while looking at this picture. The symmetry of the well-lit tables draws the eye toward the lone child.

Placed in the near center of the frame, he is anything but static – what is he drawing? Is it the answer to why he is alone? Or maybe it is the secret to his serenity.

The colors are beautifully balanced, cold shades broken by the warm lights, the intensity of the emotion growing towards the subject.

The white flower in the foreground adds some equilibrium to the un-answered question but offers little solace.



Children create their own rules - up is down, down is up, and everything is seen sideways. Just like in this picture, all borders are blurred.

The eye wonders, trying to make sense of it all. On one hand, there is the visual composition - by simply turning everything upside down, what was once jumping is now falling and what once laid still is now floating.

The shadows are more dynamic than the human figures and everything moves together towards the viewer. Also, the emotions mix - is it play or is it something else?

Grim or serene?



Where does the bridge between tangible reality and perception's reconstruction has its foundation?

Is reality a mere reflection of a more complex structure?

Tejal's image seem to play precisely at this boundary – what was once a recognizable object becomes, in this ambiguous place, an abstract structure; the human figure seems to be more of a recollection beyond time and I find myself at a loss trying to discern the *urban* from the *natural*.

I'm looking almost hypnotized at this image, thinking and experiencing this photograph as if it were a painting, constructed with patience, gathering elements from various places and times, into one single space and demanding all these strange dimensions to communicate inside a single and gently unstable world.



When thinking about the city, we generally envision a grey, impersonal mass of straight lines with occasional sparks of color and creativity.

Penko's picture takes this and turns the story around.

The reflection of the grey city is there just to remind us where the picture was taken, nicely balanced with the grey circles to its right.

The yellow wall in the foreground becomes a backdrop for the city.

The rigid vertical lines, occasionally broken by circles appearing seemingly out of nowhere, increase their pace until reaching the colored strings to the right.

All leading the eye to the wandering hand that is emerging, almost wandering about this new space it found.



Urban space – meet human.

Everything man-made, everything coming together on their own.

The car grows into the amorphous shape of the balloons, from which the two statues seem to naturally emerge.

The human is not the main subject by far, but a mere pedestal, on which its creations, coming together on their own, now lie.

Makes me think of the disbalance between natural and unnatural, of how things that are alien or hard to grasp find their way into becoming unwanted hybrids, in our consciousness.

Is that which is nor human, nor object, a structure which can be assimilated in our society, without being pushed into a corner?



“Behind every closed door...” starts the saying.

What about below an open door?

The character of this picture tries to find the answer, perhaps.

The dynamics are deceiving and make you look at the picture again and again.

The two planes – outside and inside –, are clearly separated yet moving towards each other and the open door connects them – both conceptually and visually. Framed within a down-facing triangle, they are in an unstable equilibrium – they can collide or fall apart.

The large, dark wall, covering most of the frame is anything but heavy. The diagonals give it mobility and counteract the dynamics of the up-facing diagonal, like trying to block the two worlds from meeting.



The forests of Central-Western Europe are many, and green and rainy. The trees are tall and the sun is rare. Manet had some fine raw materials to work with and paint. National Geographic photographers have always captured the penetrating sunlight through Amazonian forests.

And then Panagiotis comes to transform the olive trees of Pelloponese into majestic trees of life (which they are) and taking the whole oneiric scenery one step beyond. He is adding the ambiguous figure escaping into the haze and he is putting into flames our curiosity about another blaze to come.

The smoke appears to be from dry leaves. But is it?

Fire red, olive green, sun orange, sky blue, some outstanding raw colours to start with but the ending will always be in black and white.

For one simple reason, our dreams and, even more, our nightmares are in black and white.

The present photograph is beautiful and harmonious but the geniality of the photographer is adding a messenger of bad news. The imbalance factor which makes a story out of a single picture.



Maria, which country do you live in?

This is the perfect illusion of a happy life in the big cities. This could also be a still from a Hollywood movie.

We are in absolute need of these dreamy moments but mostly we need to quickly unmask them ...

I am not sure if this was Maria's intention but what I read in her picture (since I know her original B&W work) is a call to be alert and not get duped by the superb light of Attica.

The impact of the greys (*) version is also appealing, but then why the, almost too much, delightful pale colours?

My guess is that this is exactly the magic trick of the picture. It's a cry-out: "don't get fooled, this is not happening, wake up, this is not what you are receiving in real life."

It's a sad commentary of reality and I'm sure that the inhabitants of our **τσιμεντούπολη** will understand Maria's statement.

(*) nothing is black and white, all is greys



Is this my father? My grand-father?

Are they looking at me behind a prison fence? Or am I the prisoner? None of these. I am them and we are all prisoners. The empty gaze and the scars of time state their surrendering.

The only contextual information is way back and almost invisible, the crowd uphill, the plastic flags (*).

The new dystopia is here, only this time we are confused as to whom we need to fight. Most of the photographers are socially engaged even if sometimes they do it instinctively without being aware of what drives them to take disturbing images. The photographer is a powerful witness of the human condition.

Next time you are looking at a duping sunset, at a deplorable parade or at another numbing fiesta, turn your camera behind you and give voice to the deceived, as Alexandros does.

* in a free translation of an old song by Nionios "We wave our nylon, plastic flags, we are left with nothing to lose"

"Σημαία, από νάιλον, υψώνουμε σημαία πλαστική, ο κόσμος δεν έχει τίποτε να χάσει και τίποτε να βρει."



BY ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Andreas Kalavrouziotis, Dimitris Theodoropoulos, Diran Kalaydjian, Jiří Bílek, Kostas Galanis, Maria Malliou, Paul Mei, Petros Kotzabasis, Petros Kotzabasis², Ploutarcos Haloftis, Ploutarcos Haloftis², Ploutarcos Haloftis³, Ritesh Ghosh, Stefanos Chronis, Stefanos Chronis², Tzen Xing, Vasileios Giannousis, Γρηγόρης Καλοπήτας











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Handwritten sign: "LITTO SEX"

Elite Cigarettes

Kop











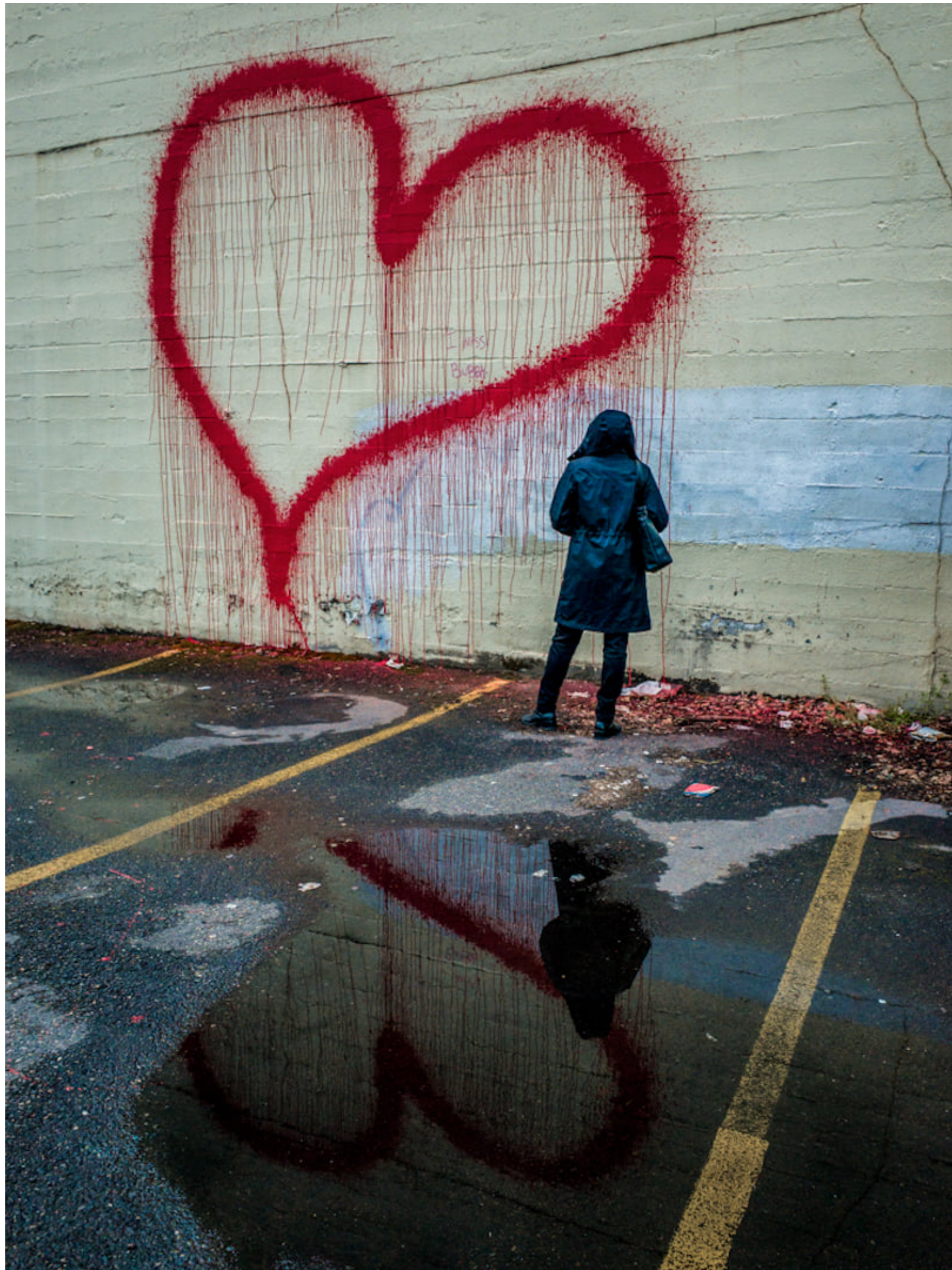
















BY ORDER OF APPEARANCE

@aquavitaz, Artemis Malta, Jerome Pigeon, Joshgun Suleymanov, Meriam Jardioui, Stathis Stavrianos













BY ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Amalia Tsakiri, Andres Cesar, Andres Cesar2, Antonis Panagopoulos, Diran Kalaydjian, Ionut Maga, Paul Vincent Mondero, Petros Kotzabasis, Petros Kotzabasis2, Ploutarcos Haloftis, Stefanos Chronis, Svilen Nachev, TC Genco Sabanci, Zhuowen AO





























SELECTED BY TZEN XING



Hot and cold colors, disconnected feet and head, light blowing plastic and hard steel pole. All make this night scene come alive. (Photo by Zhuowen AO)

BY ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Alex Solunac, Andreas Kalavrouziotis, Andrei Furnea, Antonis Panagopoulos, Antonis Panagopoulos², Babak Bordbar, Emilian Avrănescu, Emilian Avrănescu², Filip Machac, George Koutsouvelis, George Tsilis, Gül Kanık, Heidi Gunesh, Jay (tuikuo), Koushik Sinha Roy, Manolis Negrıs, Melvin Anore , Mihai Ciama, Mihai Tanase, Nadia Cretu, Nadia Cretu², Penko Skumov, Petros Kotzabasis, Petros Kotzabasis², Petros Kotzabasis³, Spiros Soueref, Stathıs Stavrianos, Suzan Pektaş, Svilen Nachev, Vicky Markolefa, Zhuowen AO, Zhuowen AO²





















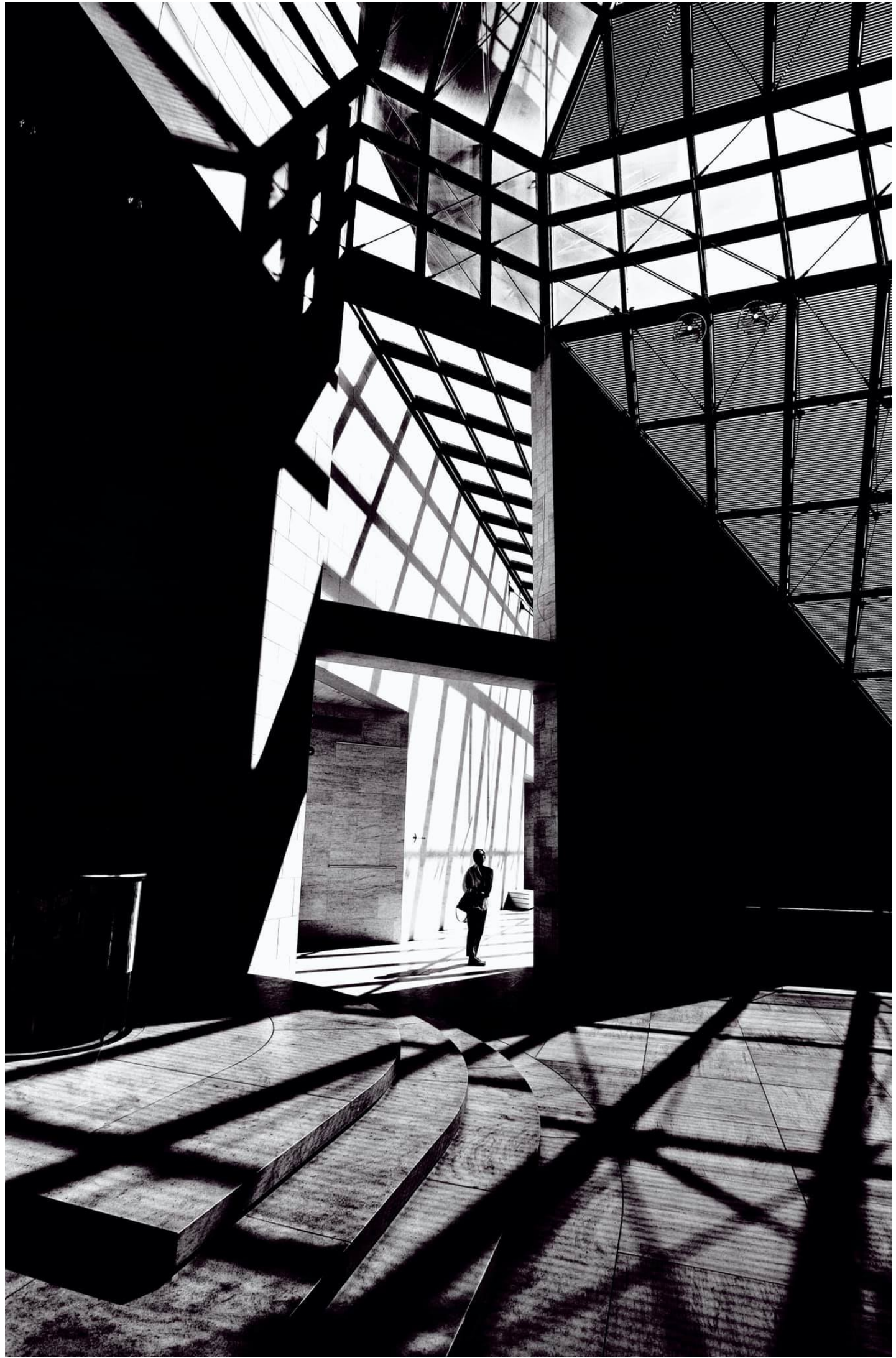




















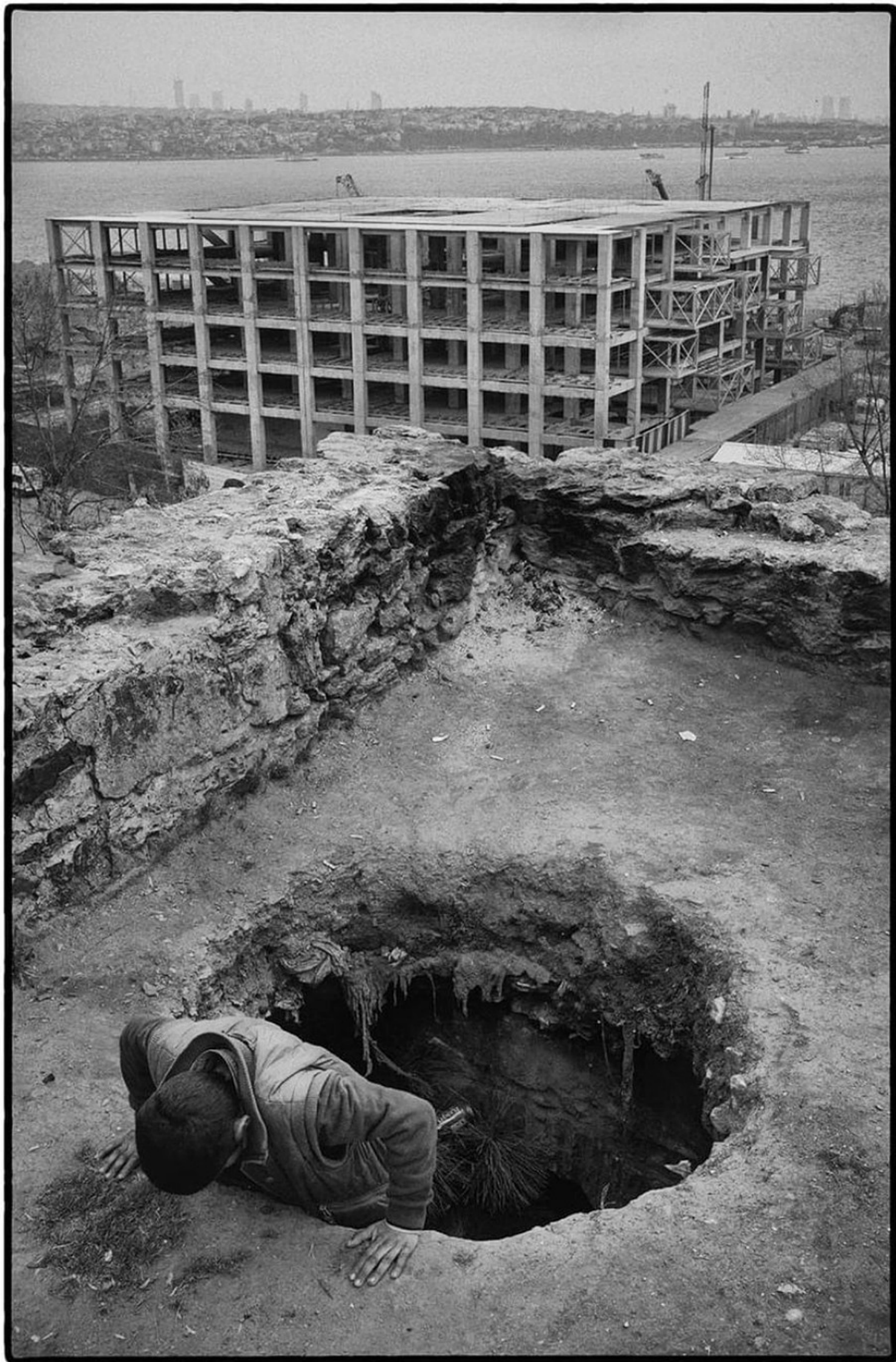


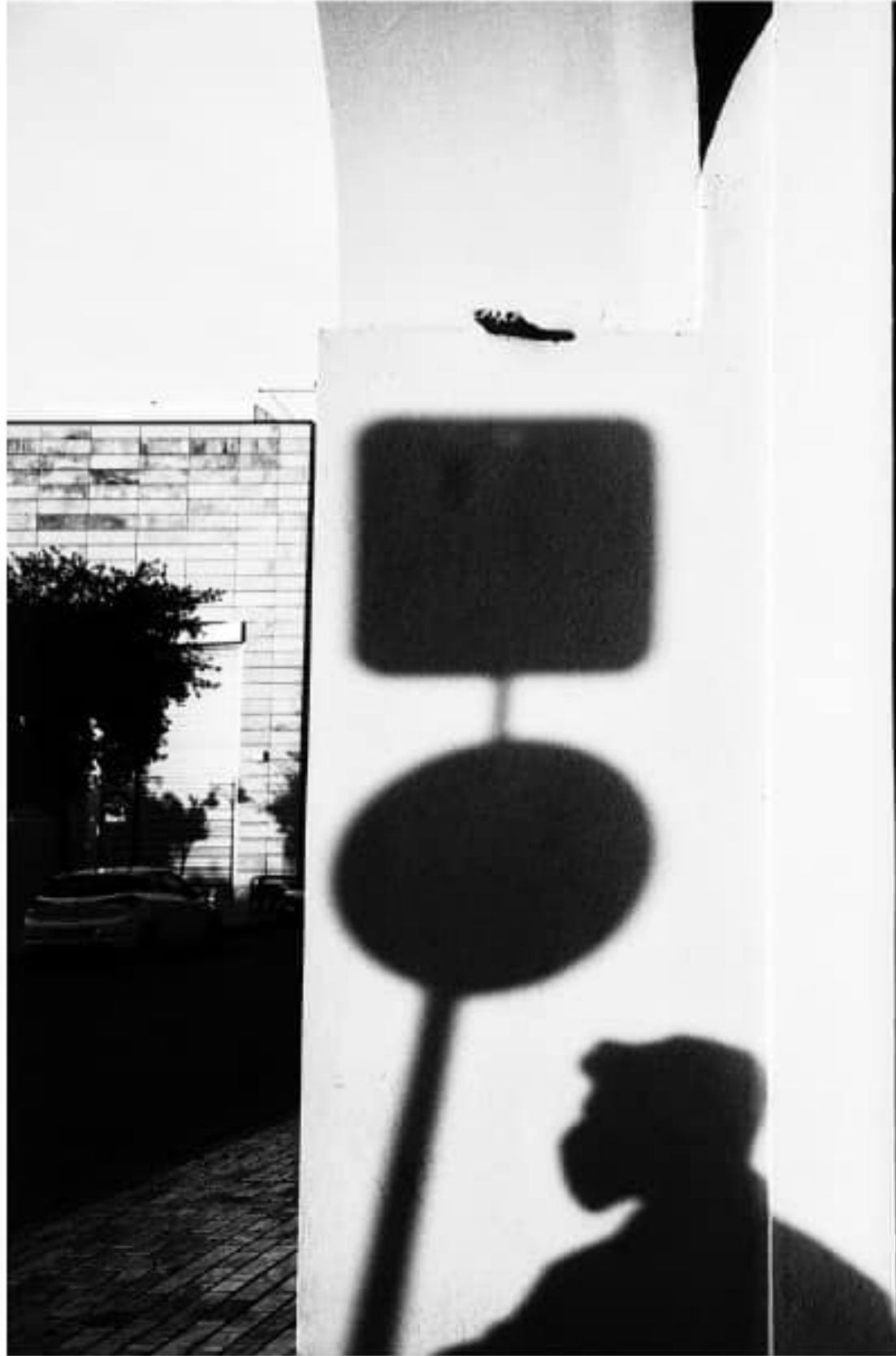






















THE INTERVIEWS

POLYDEFKIS ASONITIS

CONDUCTED BY MICHAEL ON MARCH 7, 2021

How do you see your photography in the future. Any regrets, anything you missed?

More and more photos will flood the world. We will exist through our photos. I do not criticize it. Photography relaxes man. But another relaxation and another art. It will be much more difficult tomorrow to understand what photography art is and what simple mechanical recording is. I believe that photography as an art is based on the formulation of high reflections and if there are people tomorrow with analytical-exploratory thinking, there will be good photography. Personally, I have no regrets about my photographic career. I always work experimentally. I am not saying that I came up with something unchanged. I am constantly increasing the degree of difficulty. I have no regrets about my efforts. The world of photography knows that I'm fighting it. Yes, like you now and thank you very much for that.

Full interview at: <http://www.bulbphotos.eu/home/interview-polydefkis-asonitis>







THE INTERVIEWS

PETROS KOTZABASIS

CONDUCTED BY PANAGIOTIS ON APRIL 4, 2021

I was born and bred in Komotini, a small town in northern Greece, where I have chosen to live. I have been involved with photography since 1985 with a 10-year-interval.

The “project” I am working upon is a single one and it will be over once my life cycle is over, hoping that my every photo gets across to the viewer the intensity I felt when I raised my camera, opening for him small cracks in the solid wall of reality, allowing him to see beyond and over reality and its laws. I make use of reality so as to make photos, trying to shape something that pre-existed within me and at the same time giving back to life itself what I have borrowed for a single moment but now in an altered form as dictated by my own spirit; thus, I follow exactly the opposite course in comparison with those involved with applied or commemorative photography, who use photography as a means to show reality.

Full interview at: <http://www.bulbphotos.eu/home/interview-petros-kotzabasis>







THE **STORIES**

NON-EXISTENCE BY RUXANDRA PETRE

The way of no return

When you take a moment of silence,
A moment of nothingness.

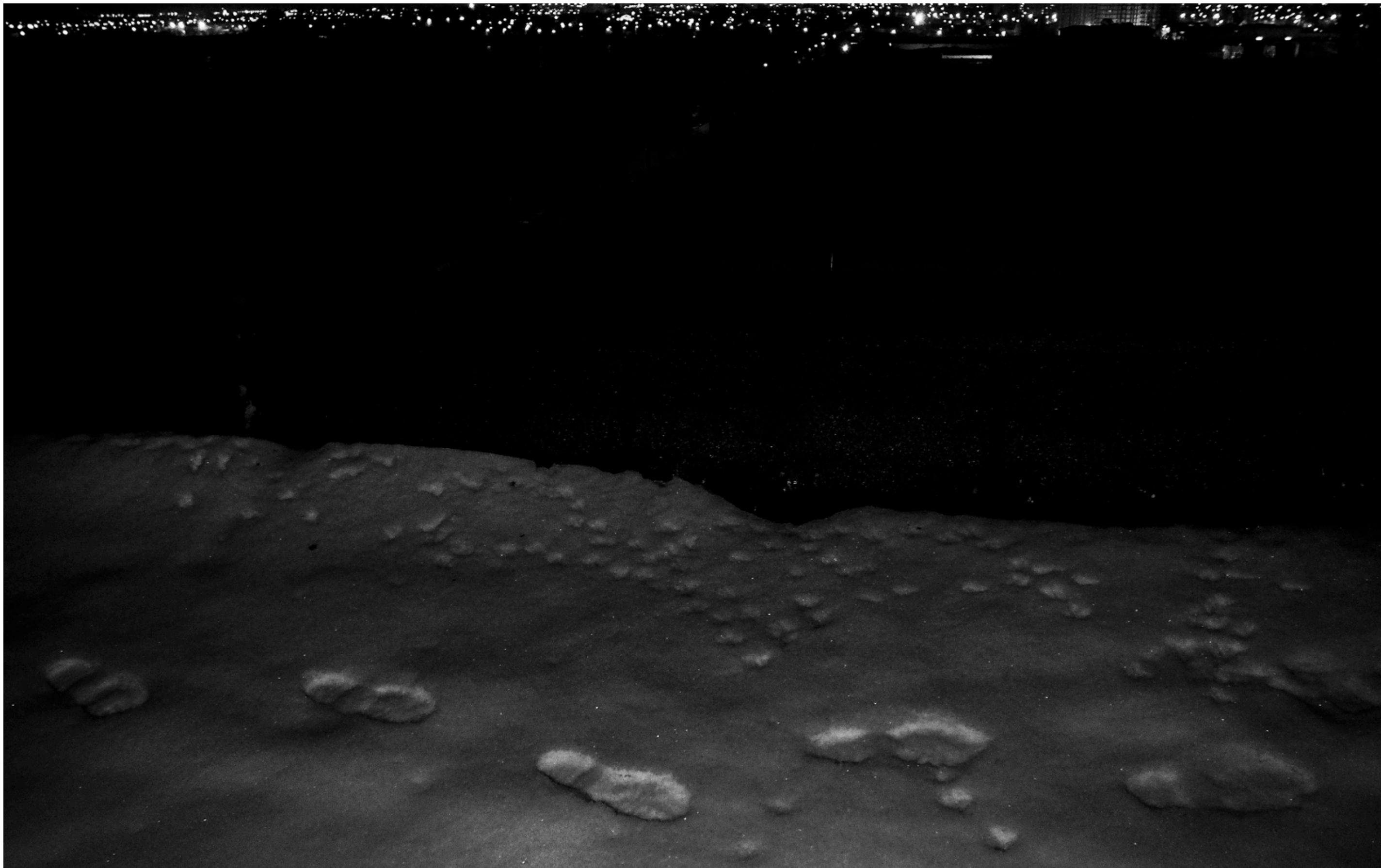
Blurred memories beneath your feet.
Click.
You find yourself blind.

Searching in the dark tunnel of your mind,
Immersing yourself in the state of Non-Existence.

Full story at: <http://www.bulbphotos.eu/home/non-existence>







THE **STORIES**

SENSE OF FREEDOM BY PENKO SKUMOV

2020 was a year we would not forget. A global pandemic, a global change in attitudes, change in our understanding of freedom...

We, at the Balkans have very special sense of freedom but it seems we have never achieved it.

Full story at: <http://www.bulbphotos.eu/home/sense-of-freedom>





ΙΗΣ

ΧΡΣ

Εγώ εἰμι περιπατῆς
τὸ φῶς τοῦ
κόσμου ἡ σκοτία



THE **STORIES**

MASKED BY ALEXANDROS TSIOLIS

The truth is that I can no longer bear to wear the mask on a daily basis. I think no one can tolerate wearing them anymore.

The way some of us wore the masks or how they look with them, has caught my attention from the first moment.

Many wore them as a hat, others as a scarf and others in their own unique way.

The worst thing for me is that I can no longer photograph the faces of passers-by, because they are invited to them. I have to take pictures of the masked men of my city and it is not even a carnival.

Full story at: <http://www.bulbphotos.eu/home/masked>



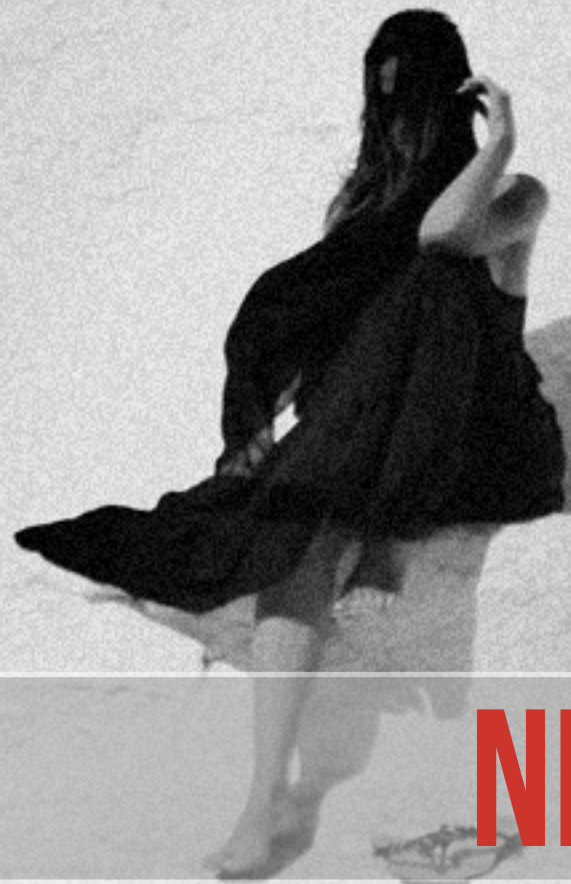




BACK COVER BY **MICHAIL** FROM THE UPCOMING BOOK **ISLAS**

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