

A/O

analog orthodox bulletin



nr 04/2012

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Konrad Adam Mickiewicz

04

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A0ditorial

When I look at this innocent little human being, whose heart barely began to beat, countless questions come to my mind. Will he or she be healthy? Will he or she have green or brown eyes? How will I guide him or her safely through this unpredictable life that is in front? So many questions and no answers. Some trivial, others not. So many inaccuracies, so many riddles and understatements. The upcoming life is one great unknown ...

It starts with 280 days of waiting in uncertainty. Then comes the childhood, the next 6.570 days, which make us tremble about whether our child falls over his/her bike, or safely returns home from a night out. After a toil, which we put in the education and care, come 25.000 days of the adult life. Not any more under our wings, which provide protection and ensure safety. Our 'little chicken' leaves the nest to explore the world and savor it to the full. The cycle closes, we enjoy life, we become grandparents, we enjoy life, we age. Life is like a ride on a roller coaster. Full of dangers lurking around the corner. Full of traps waiting for the naives. One wrong step and you're out of the loop until finally the inevitable catches you. Death.

Dear Readers, I would like to invite you to the fourth issue of AOrta, where we are exploring the question of life and death. Traditionally, with the help of analog photographs, we want to give you a picture, that after watching the magazine pages will be consistent and clear, just as it is for us. Death is everywhere, common and so easy. One mistake is enough, one bad decision, one wrong moment, one bad frame. Death is beyond our control. Do not wait, come when we are not ready for it. We would never be ...

My editorial colleague claimed that I have become „grumpy” since I learned that my wife is pregnant. That acute sense of humor, irony, allusions, which filled my person before, just have evaporated. I promised to add a bit of spice to this editorial. And what? The only thing that came to my mind was the replacement of „bike” to „bicycle”. Spicy ... Could it be the moment when I am getting out of the loop?

Flip the pages and enjoy the sophisticated photographic material, which we have chosen for you. It's time to start living.

Sincerely Yours
Bartosz Rogowski



Justyna Andrzejewska

Street life

Aleksandra Zaborowska

Bulimic heart

Agata Mayer

Emotional photography

Konrad Adam Mickiewicz

Ubi Sunt

Mario Janiszewski

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Limit states



Street life

Justyna Andrzejewska



Some time ago I decided to have a creative approach to everyday chores to inspire my photography. People, situations, pictures - they all mix in my head to finally match like puzzle and morph into an idea for a photograph.

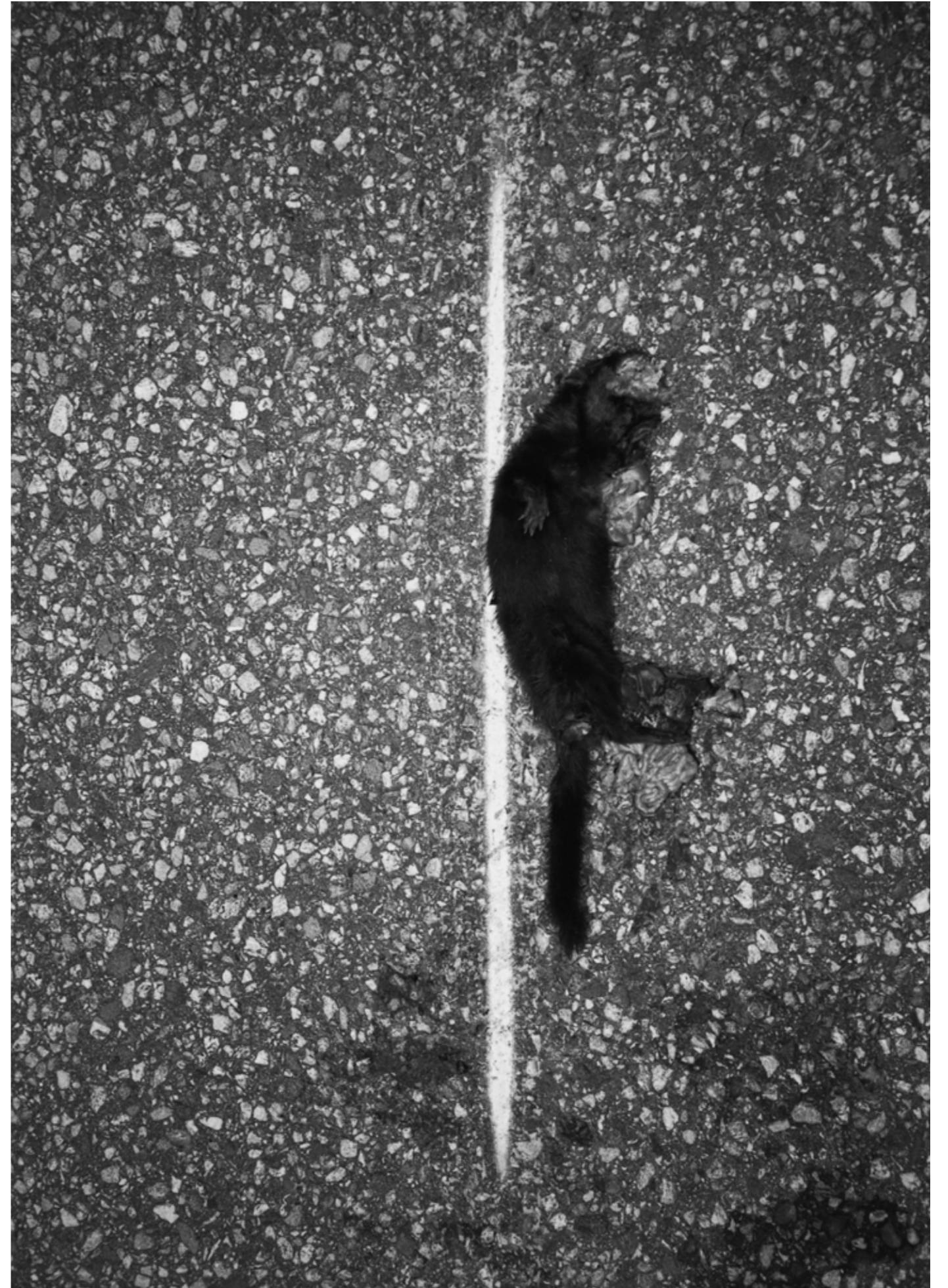
The photo series „Street life” is a „living” project - still in progress. During winter in 2010 I saw a dead deer lying on a frosty asphalt, sparkling in the sunshine. It was one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen. Unfortuna-

tely I couldn't make a photograph back then. But it planted an idea. I followed that fascination. Now, the „Street life” contains more than 100 photographs, which became a catalog of entities that suddenly ended their life. It always makes me think of passing away and unnecessary death.

Justyna Andrzejewska is a violin player and graphic designer. Passionate photographer before graduation from WSF in Jelenia Gora.











Bulimic heart

Aleksandra Zaborowska

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Emotional photography

Following the beauty

Agata Mayer

Beauty is a timeless concept which passes. It fascinates and captivates us and leaves grief behind when it is gone. It is difficult to define the value of the fugitive. Photography does not compete with philosophy. Do not try to analyze the beauty, does not seek its traits and nature. The role of photography is to show and capture the beauty. The trick is to find it in the trivial situations.

Emotional photography is an attempt to discover the beauty around us, to register and save it from vanishing. Registering seems to argue with transience. Everything though is the art of compromise.

Discovering the beauty is a personal sensation. Each image moves another string. But there is a common denominator of our fascination. It is difficult to clarify the common aesthetic. But this is what the emotional photography is trying to define. Authenticity and naturalness give strength to photographs, so we can together admire the beauty.

www.agatamayer.com











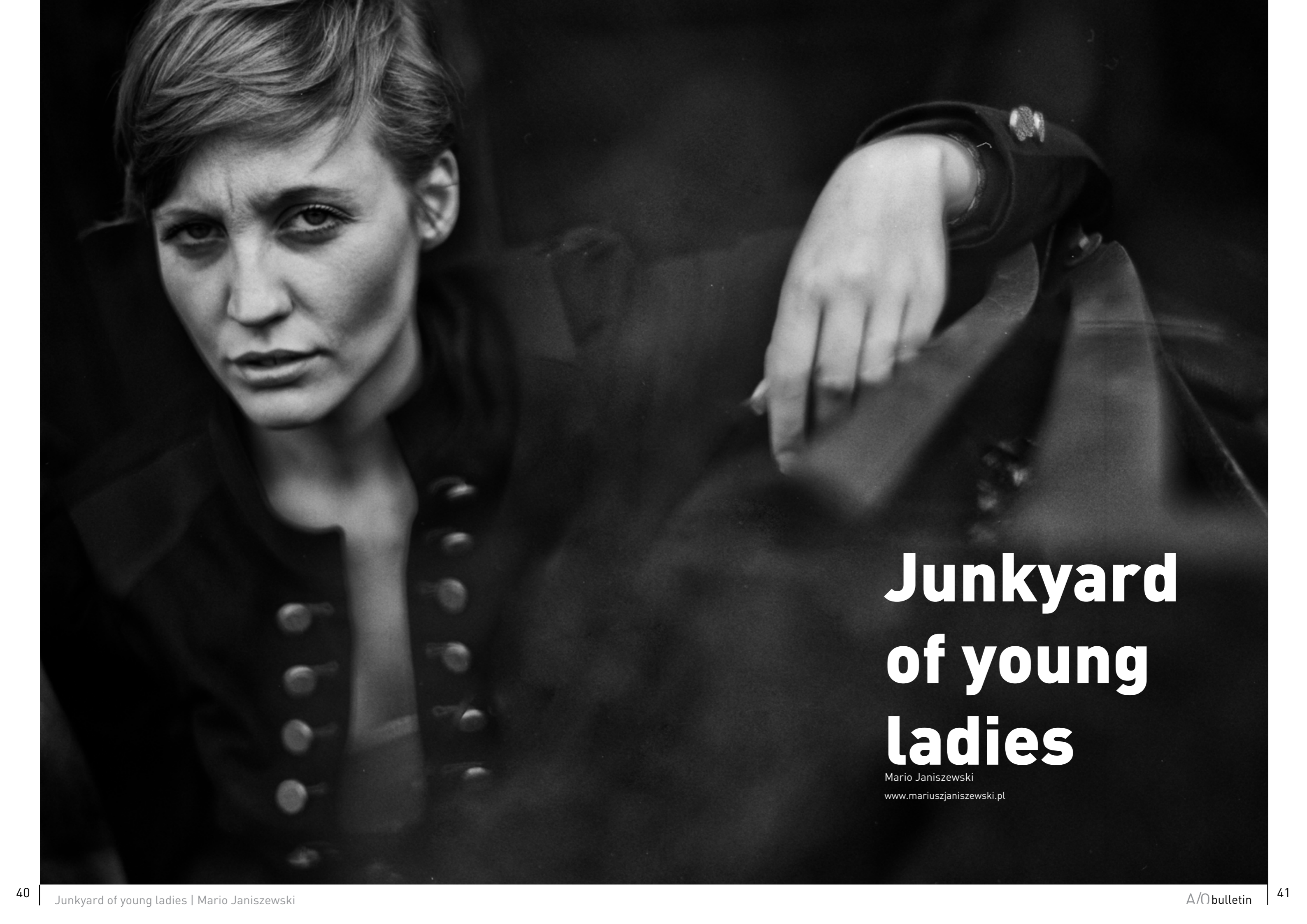
Ubi Sunt

Konrad Adam Mickiewicz
www.konradmickiewicz.pl

*Ubi enim sunt modo tot potentes saeculi,
tot invictissimi reges...?**

* Where are the once mighty of this world, where are invincible kings...? - Pietro Damiani





Junkyard of young ladies

Mario Janiszewski

www.mariuszjaniszewski.pl









Pieta, 2010

Intimate photographic diary

Hubert Humka

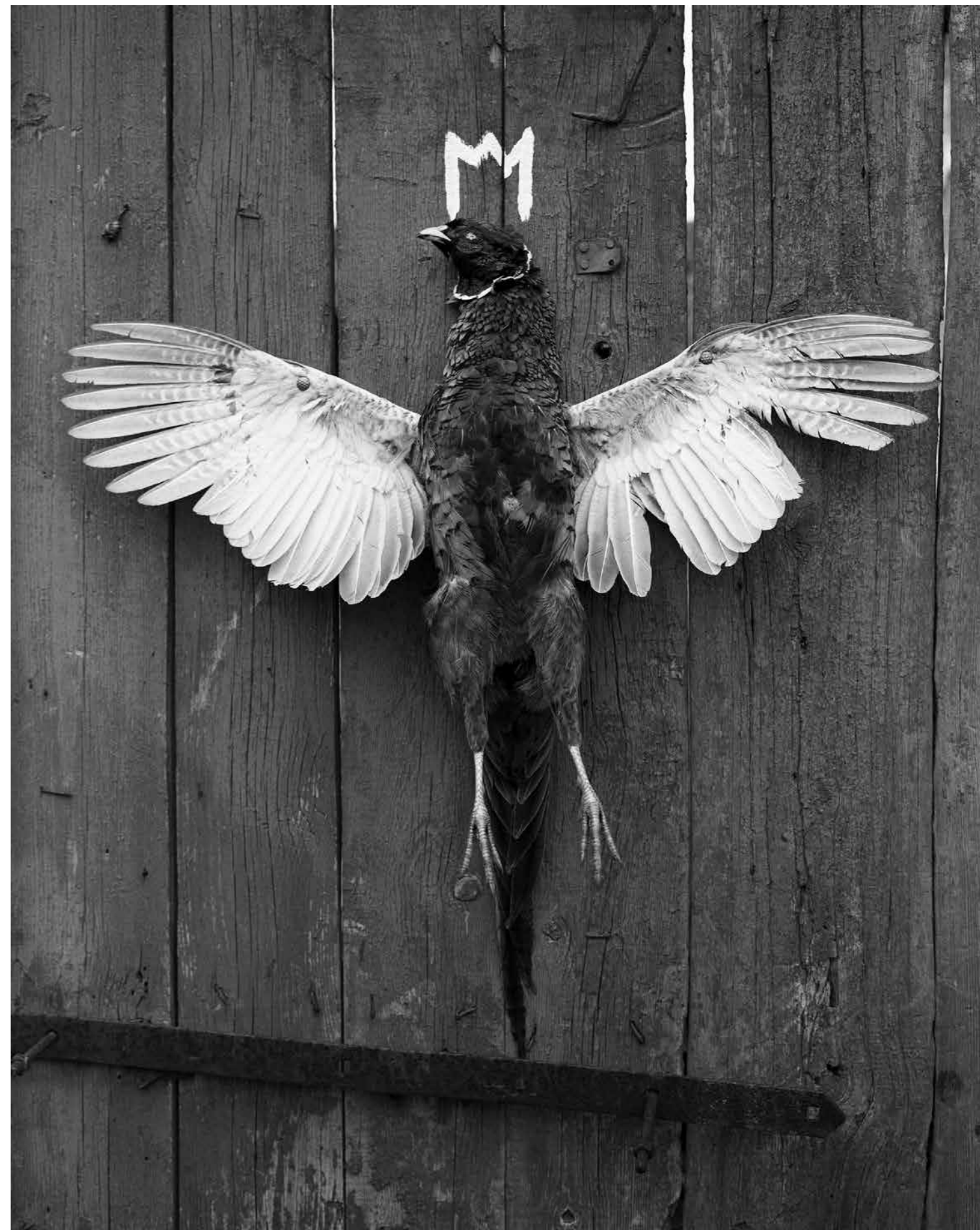
These photographs are part of the „Intimate Photographic Diary“, the record of my experiences, memories and emotions from unfamiliar area of the city. The city one of many. The city like the others. It is not about the architecture though, but only about my experience etched in my memory and converted into a picture. Frozen and captured on photography film. In these photographs trivial and serious, misty and clear, real and fleeting come together and coexist. Just like it happens in our minds. However I decided to use my camera to remember these images.

My camera tames the surrounding reality. As a stranger in the bloodstream of the vibrant city's body, I try to blend in the world. Without a success - I always remained on the side next to the stream of events. This way I documented the loneliness in the city. Distance has become a positive aspect. It let me be a beholder of reality instead of its participant. The absolute certainties became fascinating. I got rights to capture them, as an explorer discovering a new land. These photographs are like found items: It is difficult to say whether I have found them or they have found me. Whether I wanted to capture them or maybe I was just a tool. Each of these photographs is a fraction of my life. These pictures speak for me and thus consist on the whole picture of myself.

www.huberthumka.com



Our Lady Queen of Poland



...white in the crown



Ascension



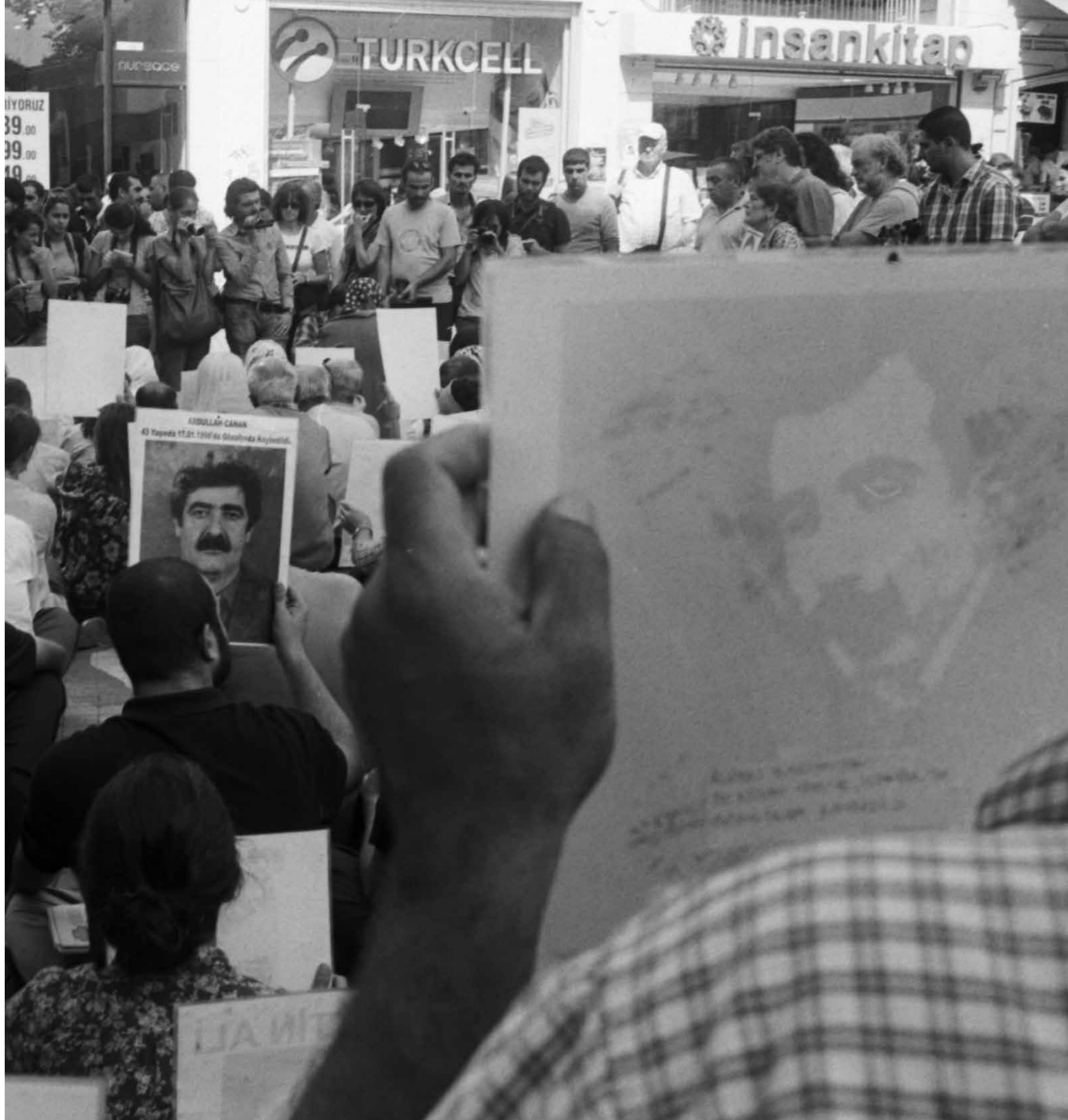
F.X.



Beton vomir



In order to live forever you must die first.



Custody

Bartosz Rogowski

www.bartoszrogowski.com

Custody...

Turkey...

1980 - ...

1 million tortured ...

1 thousand died in custody ...

The picture is all that is left ...

"The Turkish authorities have persisted in the torture of prisoners during the present decade."

Amnesty International, 1984

„Torture is widespread and systematic in Turkey."

Amnesty International, 1985

"Political prisoners and common criminals are tortured or subjected to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment, while in police custody."

Amnesty International, 1986









Sahara

Wojciech Pokwicki

www.wojteh.com









The boy who spoke the language of stones

Armand Urbaniak

www.armandurbaniak.pl

Who today understands what the stones are saying? Oh, there are stones a-plenty at Le Cap – granite ones, rocks on the cliffs of the north face of Le Cap, pebbles on its southern beaches, not forgetting all the little stones, buried in the ground. (People here even claim that there are stone-seeds; otherwise, how could it be that you dig up your land, then carry away all the stones and, the following year, you return to till the land, and you find yet more stones? Because, in the meantime, those seeds have sprouted.) This is the land of megaliths, dolmens, and of large standing stones – menhirs, the stone-lined gallery graves; and the Saint Conogan ship: an immense megalith fashioned out of a single block of stone like a ship, sitting atop a hill, facing out to sea, as if waiting to be launched...

Once upon a time, there was one man who could understand the language of the stones. His name was simply Yann, but people nicknamed him “Yann the Stone-Speaker” – the one who knew the secrets of the stones. How did this come to pass? Listen!

At the age of 12, just like all the other farm-boys of his time, Yann would take the cows out to graze on the coastal moorland. He had to keep an eye on them, for there were no fences or barbed wire. On one particular day, Yann had taken two cows out onto the moor, at La Pointe de Lervily. Normally he would hole himself up in one of those ditches – from a distance, they look like open graves – used by the local peasants for burning washed-up seaweed to use as fertiliser. Lined with flat stones, they made a comfortable enough spot, where he would pass the time whittling a small piece of wood into a toy, or maybe a whistle. But, that day, things were different;

the wind was whistling, and one of the cows was in a strange mood. He'd better keep an eye on her, or else she might well wander away over the horizon. So he leaned back against one of those dry-stone walls. At some point, Yann closed his eyes. And how the wind blew, whistling across the crevices in the wall. And Yann entered that great space known as the space of dreams. It seemed that the wind, blowing across all those crevices, hissing and whistling in every conceivable note was playing some giant pipe. Little pebbles, held loosely in the wall, began rattling out a brisk beat. Other stones, larger and heavier, made muffled groaning noises as they moved around. And the large, flat stones lying at the very top of the wall began rubbing against each other, and then slid off into the grass. A shell, encased within the wall sang out, in a pure, childlike voice. Later, the entire wall began to resound with noise, as if each stone were joining in a tumultuous discussion.

Suddenly, Yann jumped to his feet. Each stone in the wall was speaking to him. Yes, he could hear each stone, just as clearly as you can hear me now. Each with a voice distinctly its own! Astonished, Yann glued his ear to the stones. He realised that the stones were complaining, that the wall had not been well built, that before the first storm of the winter, the wall would collapse. "Help us, Yann. Do something for us!". So Yann began to remove the stones, place them on the ground, and rebuild the wall, listening intently to what the stones were saying. And, when he had finished, the wall thanked him. The wall was solid; it was as though the wall was singing in the wind. Just as an orchestra plays a symphony, each stone was in its proper place.

On the beach, the tide had started rising. Thus Yann began his apprenticeship. From that day forward, oft the boy would run the length of the shoreline, over the paths, stopping bolt upright in the wind, listening to it with his whole being. On other occasions, he would glue his ear against the rocks, the cliffs and the stones, and then he would take stones out of existing walls and rebuild them.

And when he reached the age of choosing his profession, he had no need to: his pro-

fession had already chosen him. "Yann, I need to build a wall to surround a field; could you come round on Tuesday?" "No, not Tuesday; the wind won't be blowing on Tuesday, and I can't build walls without some wind. I will come on Thursday; we'll have wind from Thursday til Sunday." "But Yann, how do you know that the wind will not be blowing on Tuesday?" To questions like this, Yann the Stone-Speaker would never reply.

But when Tuesday came around, it was indeed windless. And by the time Thursday came around, the wind was blowing once again. And Yann was already there, in the field, having collected the stones and pebbles; patiently, he would begin building the wall. And when he had finished a wall, the farmers would smile happily, knowing that the wall would withstand the winter storms. In this way, throughout the Baie d'Audierne, the man who talked with stones would build his dry-stone walls.

The tide had reached its peak. The years went by. Piece by piece, the long wall running alongside the path above the rocky shore was taken down by Yann and then rebuilt. No stone from the top of the wall would any longer slip down into the grass; none of them would move, since each was lying in its proper place. When the wind came in from the sea, the wall played harmonies, and never a false note was heard.

While he worked Yann would not say much. But, sometimes, when there was no wind, and the fisherman could not put out to sea, or when the peasant farmers were not working the land, they would come to find Yann, and sit close by him. And then Yann would find a torrent of words springing forth from a source within him – a source named "silence". And he then would talk telling strange stories of what the wind had murmured to him, of what the storms had told him. His words were like the wind, coming out of nowhere and heading into nothingness. But they warmed the ears and hearts of those who were listening. The women too, would come to hear him, at first in order to fetch their husbands to tell them that dinner had been waiting on the table for a good half-hour. But so captivated were they by the words of Yann the Stone-Speaker that they too would sit down and listen to him.





Yann's words touched something in the depths of each of his listeners, like words of certitude, words of truth – but not one of those truths which tore you up “Oh, that's what I should be doing with my life” – no, they were words like the very stones themselves, words which opened the heart, healed one's sorrows. Afterwards, when those who had not been present would ask “What did he speak of?” the farmers, the fishermen, the women could never say exactly what Yann had talked about. The only thing they could find to say was that they had felt good, and that that was enough for them.

High tide; but at the very moment that it reaches its highest point, it turns back – the descent towards the ocean.

And, for the man who talked with stones, it was no different. Old age: his body, like a flower that has bloomed but is now wilting, would begin to decay. And his gift started to abandon him: he was becoming deaf; however, his eyes continued to shine.

Jaquez Perroz came to find him. “Yann, I need a wall to surround a field, could you come?” Yann hesitated; he knew that where Jaquez wanted to build his wall was not a propitious place. And then he was also a little afraid that he would no longer be able to hear the language of the stones so well. But so strongly did Jaquez insist, that in the end Yann accepted. He built for himself at his workplace on the field a small hut. Now his hands would tremble; he

had difficulty, and needed help in placing the largest of the stones. Day after day, he built the wall. And when, finally, the last flat stones were placed upon its summit, he returned to his small house by the sea.

That night, a storm sprang up: one of those winds which blow, which shout, whose gusts strike at the cliffs and the rocky shores. But, over the noise of the wind, Yann could make out one small voice: that of a pebble in the wall. And, in the black night, the old man got up, and went to the wall...

The next morning, with the storm abated, Jaquez Perroz came to take a look at his wall. And there, for the first time, a wall built by Yann the Stone-Speaker had collapsed. Yann himself lay stretched out on the ground, and – this is the strange thing – all the falling stones had avoided touching the old man. In his arms, Yann held the pebble – the one which had not been in its proper place. Yann's life had come full circle. With tears in his eyes, he held the pebble – just as a mother would hold her newborn baby, her little treasure, her love.

A long time has passed since Yann rejoined the land of silence, went over to the other side of the mirror. But you're welcome to come and see for yourself: while the fields now are mostly untended, the walls built by the man who spoke the language of stones still withstand the winter storms. And the legend – it too, withstands time's ravages.

Old village

Milan Hristev

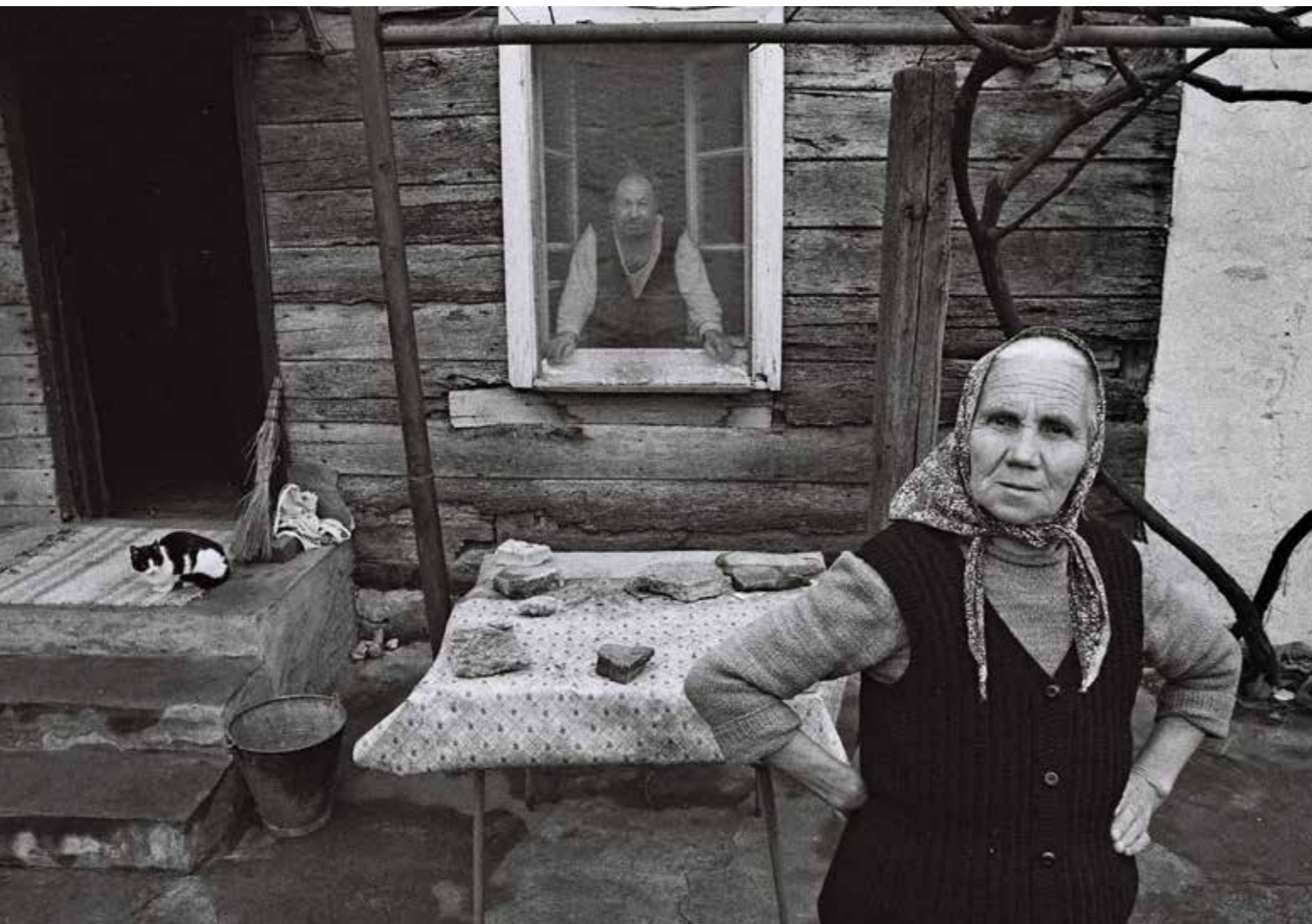
www.milanhristev.com









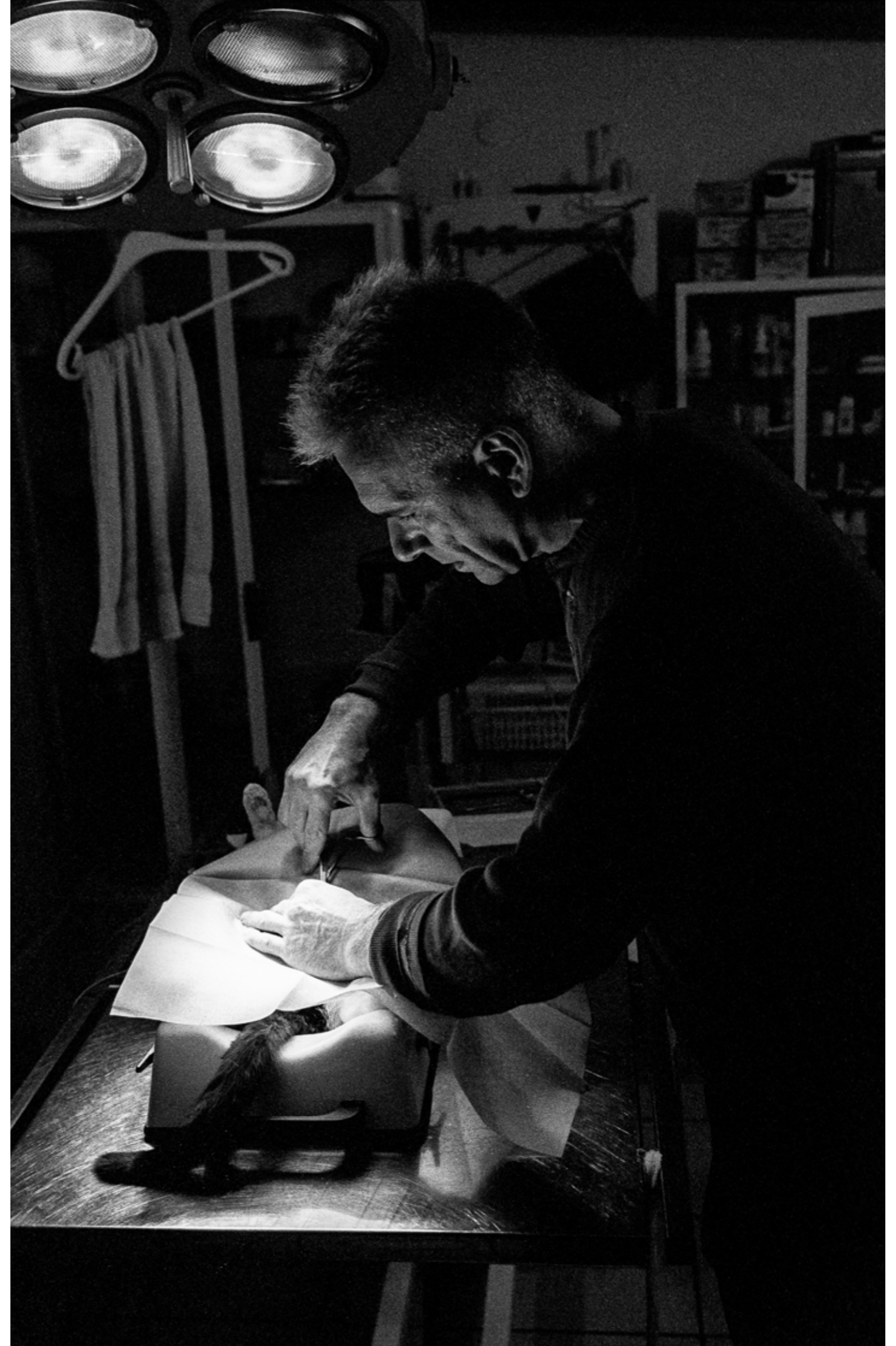




Mr(s) Kitten was sick

Robert Cichocki
www.d76.pl









Limit states

Arkadiusz Gola

When somewhere in Poland I'm asking about Silesia I usually get the answer about 'Holy War' sitcom, coal mines, strikes and Kazimierz Kutz movies. Those answers assure me that common people get their knowledge about Silesia mostly from directors and press articles / photographs. Photographs and movies usually support and sometimes create the stereotype of gray, dirty and ugly Silesia. One can learn to look at Silesia in a different way, from a different perspective. Seeing isn't enough - you have to understand what you see. I love to photograph Silesian streets and yards, unpleasant at the very first glance. But this 'unpleasantness' is only the surface of the broader story. When I look at the dirty wall I give it a respect. I think about people living in its shadow, about their ancestors, who lived and hard worked there. They baptized their kids, got married, died... They went to wars keeping in their hearts and minds the memories of their homes, the yards they were raised and played at as children. Not the country. All those places together create the Silesian landscape. Places full of human beings. Places cold and devastated at the first glance get a little warmer with a presence of a man. The history of walls braids with the history of families.

I realize that this world is almost extinct. Old buildings give place to soulless shopping malls, office buildings or GSM resellers. The whole process is not very optimistic. When my Silesian landscape is all gone I know I will lose something inside of me.

www.arekgola.com

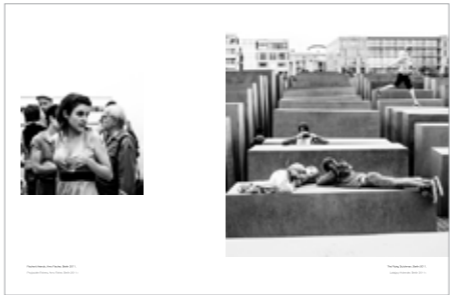
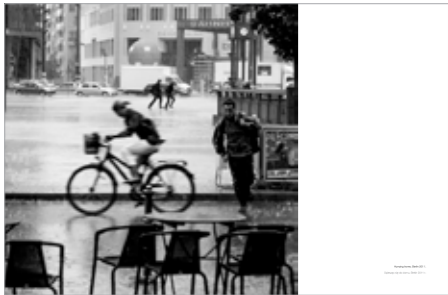






doc! is a beautifully presented online magazine, actually more like a book of essays. The design standard is very high and elegant. Again something not often seen on the web.

JOEL MEYEROWITZ



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