

Write a text in interesting, visually impressive letters or try to come up with simple graffiti

Short guide: How to draw graffiti (basics for beginners)

1. Draw a straight line on a piece of paper using a graphite pencil and write the chosen text in all upper case letters (if you wish, you can use only upper case or lower case letters or alternatively, combine both) while leaving appropriate space between the letters so you can easily decorate and upgrade the look of the letters later.
2. Choose a style for your letters. One of the most popular styles includes letters shaped like bubbles. You can pick between rough or soft edges for your letters.
3. Draw the outer lines for your letters. You should try to make the style of the outer lines cohesive with the general direction of your style choice. Don't be afraid to experiment, even if the letter becomes somewhat hard to read.
4. While drawing your lines, play with their thickness. You may use shading techniques on certain lines in order to achieve the 3D effect. For example, the letter 'O' can be thick on one side and more narrow on another.
5. Add details. When you're finished with your letters and you're pleased with how they turned out, focus on the details. For example, details like a pair of eyes peeking out of the letter 'B', bubbles surrounding the entire text and etc.
6. Make sure to bold all the base lines you've previously drawn.
7. Add color. Pick out some colours and fill out your letters with them. In this case, rely on expressing your own taste and style. You're allowed to use various felt and marker pens.



STYLE





GRAFFITI SAMPLES

- NO TIME FOR FEAR
- ONLY MY FINGERS MOVE, AND THE LIFE IS OUTSIDE
- FROM THE BANALITY SOMETIMES THE BEAUTY AND SENSE ARE BORN
- WE SHORTENED LOVE TO L.Y., AND DEATH TO R.I.P.
- I WANTED TO BE THE STREET HERO. BUT THE WAR SURPRISED ME. NOTHING HEROIC IN WAR.
- MANY PEOPLE EXPECT A LIE FROM ART
- MANY DO NOT CARE IT DOES NOT MEAN WE HAVE TO SHUT UP
- IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THIS DARKNESS DOES NOT GO DEAF
- LOVE NEVER LEAVES, ONLY THE PERSON WE LOVED
- NO WAY TO HIDE FROM GLOBAL STUPIDITYSATION
- WHAT DOES ONE OR MILLION HEADS MEAN TO A FOOL?
- THE WORLD COLLAPSE OF HEART AND SENSE COULD FINISH US OFF
- MY EYES WERE SEVENTY YEARS OLD
- YOUR HOME IS WHERE YOU ARE ACCEPTED
- LOVE IS THE ONLY REAL SPECTACLE OFFERED, IF YOU DO NOT LIKE WAR
- SOME THINK IT IS CRAZY, BUT IS BEAUTIFUL
- A CURSE OR TWO MAKE PICTURE REAL AND PROTECT US FROM CRAZYNESS
- MONEY CAN DO ANYTHING , PEOPLE LIE .
- PEOPLE HERE REACT ONLY TO FOOTBALL
- WHY LIE, SLEAZE SHAKES AND BOTHERS MANY PEOPLE
- I SWITCHED OFF MY MOBILE (SLEEP, SLEEP MY LITTLE MASTER)
- SPRAY, IT IS AN EXCELLENT WORD, ALWAYS IN
- WE NEED NEW EXPRESSION - PAPER IS DIRTY AND BORING, INTERNET CHATTY AND POLLUTED
- YOUNG PEOPLE LIVE AS IMMORTALS, THAT IS WHY YOUTH IS GOOD EVEN WHEN LOUSY
- IF LOVE IS SECONDARY, EVERYTHING ELSE IS.
- HEY I DIED, AND YOU NOTHING
- SO MUCH EGO AND SO LITTLE DIGNITY IN THIS WORLD
- EVERY LIFE DIFFERENT IS EXPENSIVE AND WE PAY IT IN BLOOD
- I LOVED YOU BETTER



**OLJA SAVIČEVIĆ IVANČEVIĆ: SINGER IN THE NIGHT (Sandorf, 2016., novel, 152
pgs.)**

Excerpt

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If I had to describe Slavuj as short as possible, I would say, he is a street poet.

Although from his twentieth something birthday when he published the *samizdat* - a collection of only ten poems, he never wrote verses, all that he did could be called poetry. The collection was called *Poetry*, which is neither good nor bad, just right. These were interesting poems, authentic, but he thought he needed a new expression, that paper was slow, tedious and uncommunicative, and the internet was chatty, polluted and cacophonic, those are places that do not offer room for development, he thought. He wrote poems on walls with his felt pen, at night on shabby façades, on lifts, lounges, containers, passageways. He would draw. He discovered the spray. Spray, that's a great word, always fashionable, he liked the spray.

He said: when the poets left the streets, there was a bad time for poetry.

For the first poets were street guys:

noble beggars homeroids,

rare villons outside the law,

bayrons classically lurking at the other end of the law,

then bitniks,

their distant relatives cendrars,

the entire bukowski brigades

several bolanovacs,



kamovs, ujevićes, severs, dalmatian reporters, rappers ...
gentle decadents, anonymous painters and graphite writers, Banksy and the rest,
and too few women, poets,
(maybe, if we extend the term, Tracy Emin? Nin, Anais?)
because they have stumbled for centuries too long
over skirts and children.

Doorstep

and men's shoes
also female, pointed.

On the other side of the street there play
rapsods, troubadours, songwriters, street singers:
young backpeckers with a guitar.

All of them were his gambled away fathers and prostituted brothers,
though, though,
he would say
you never know who is whose father.

Slavuj said that the poets had destroyed themselves when they turned to each other and to their tools, language, and stopped thinking about the world they speak to. They perfected their tools, finely tuned their instruments, but sang in vain, in an empty language, and the void answered them.



But the poets and even wannabe poets do not give a damn, they will always have poetry, blessed fools.

However, the first thing I heard about Slavuj was not that he is a poet or a graffiti artist, a cartoonist or an art student, although he was all that, but that women, different women and girls came to him, when they wanted sex, free sex, of course, no, he was not a whore. Available and accessible, he would say: kind.

This was unusual to me, because at that time I would always see him with the girl we called Helanka, a refugee from Bosnia, better known as a girl without any hair (to which she gave different comments). At the time I did not know if there were male-female friendships because we were taught that they did not exist. And I did not know that we would become inseparable, Slavuj, Helanka and me in that short time of youth when your friends are more important than anything and everyone else, while it goes away as if it never existed, bye bye, everyone goes their way forever and without problems.



WORKSHEETS

A.

1. François Villon
2. Bitnici (*beat generacija*)
3. Homer
4. Tracey Emin

B.

1. George Gordon Byron
2. Roberto Bolaño
3. Tin Ujević
4. *Rap*

C.

1. Blaise Cendrars
2. Trubaduri
3. Charles Bukowski
4. Bekpekeri

D.

1. Dekadenti
2. Anaïs Nin
3. Banksy
4. Rapsodi



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