

IN-SPHERE

a world behind curtains | april 2012

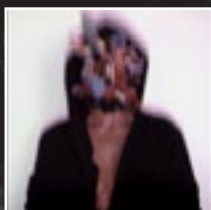
FEATURING



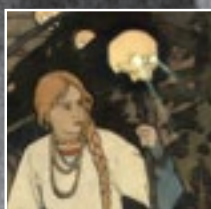
JIM FORD



DON'T LOOK NOW



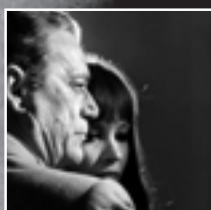
MARZENA KAWALEROWICZ



IVAN BILIBIN



CLAUDIO PARENTELA



DIALOGUES IN THE BASEMENT

N-SPHERE

APRIL 2012

EDITORIAL

TRANQUILIZERS

»Words spread too quickly, like someone's reflection in somebody's eyes.« What would it be like if one could watch the world being projected from inside the eyes? Would it deform monstrously, or would it merely gain color and substance? Would it turn itself upside down, or would it fracture wavelengths for all to see?

»Let's lose ourselves in a picture [...] then lock it away.« Turning the world inside-out and building a whole new universe is no small feat. *Jim Ford* constructs a hologram of refracted rays, fragmenting the exterior and expanding a glass encased medium within itself. Right around the corner, the diffraction of facets brings forth the works of *Claudio Parentela* and *Marzena Kawalerowicz*.

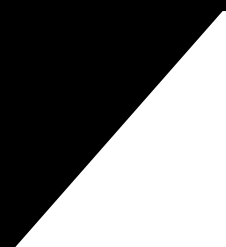
»Keep asking questions, there's bound to be answers.« The subconscious is a sentient entity. How about you lock yourself up in the

basement and keep yourself company? A series of dialogues undertake various topics start this month in the *Clockwork Showcase*, with an incursion into self-entrapment.

»I wish you were here, as evening falls around us.« Shadows creep, light moves away and one asks whether sight is still possible. The monsters would not be known otherwise, would they? Some are brightly colored, the display of children's minds, as *Ivan Bilibin* so craftily depicted. Others bear the ashen white of colors united in the absence of light, Roeg's *Don't Look Now* a subtle suggestion of horrors in hiding.

She said to look at your reflection, she'll watch me from the other side »until our hands fall through the mirror on the wall.«

Quotes | **Christian Death.**
As Evening Falls. 1984



VEL THORA

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GLASS
SHOWCASE
JIM FORD

CONVICTION MOVEMENT EXPANSION PROCESS

Name:

James R Ford, esquire! Actually I just go by Jim Ford, or my alias Rebeletter Studios.

Location:

Location, location. I live in fantasy land. A secluded small town in the Midwest, where people modestly work hard and don't go too far.

Occupation:

Whatever I'm hired for, I'm a man of many hats. Sometimes I'm a type designer, and when I am, I'm doing better than usual. Sometimes it's graphic art or design for bands and companies... and sometimes I'm just a desperate schmuck laboring and painting houses to »make the rent.« I'm also a very proud father, all the time.

Definition of personal sphere:

Not sure if I can answer that, I usually leave explanation and interpretation to the spectator. Apologies if I filibuster this. The viewer is a significant role-player in art, so I'm more interested in their reactions. And the way I was raised, talking about myself and my work seems arrogant, so I avoid that most of the time. I hope to be undefined though. I work in various modes and like to refer to it as »playing in different sandboxes.« If I could I would try most everything once, there's something to working outside your comfort zone and attempting to excel in that. I always admired the masters who worked in different mediums and styles. I don't finish everything,



photo | **Jim Ford. #8 (Plastic Surgery Disasters series).**
*Photocopy collage on construction paper,
used for Cobra Skulls poster. Courtesy of the artist*

admittedly - work is sometimes abandoned or set aside. So there are always a variety of unfinished projects lying around. If something isn't captivating enough or just isn't working, I go onto something else that is. Of course, if it's a work without a deadline. There's a »moving forward« mentality, which I sort of carry on from some of my heroes, particularly Marcel Duchamp and also Miles Davis. There are phases, and periods of change; you can't ever nail it down conclusively. I still have a long way to go.

The best artistic expressions for me are spontaneous and almost free form, despite the fact they may be consciously designed or preconceived. I'm somewhat impatient, to a degree; which is probably part of the reason I've gravitated toward the collage craft as a medium. Because it's fast, loud, questionable and compositionally intensive. Motion and cubism are a significant study in my repertoire - the analytical and synthetic approaches, and perspective. I don't like drawing or painting pictures of things that already exist, although I can do that just fine. The process just isn't that exciting. So my personal sphere is one of exploration into the obscure, nonsensical creation, invention, animation...expansion and subtraction, compositions within compositions. Although it would appear that room is often left open for improvisation and expression [which is true], I often have a plan. Again, the sphere is very difficult to explain. Ask me in 30 years.

Artwork in 4 words:

Conviction, Movement, Expansion, Process.

What is inspirational for you:

Anything from the Rocky soundtrack, that Moby song from the 90s... [laughs] Music and sound, history, quotations, sayings, album covers, punk flyers, film, photography, design, nature, seclusion, hallucinations, dreams. Late nights alone in my house.

Currently favourite artists:

Hmm... If I were reading this interview, I would be amused if the artist was uninhibited enough to just come out and say »My favorite artist is Me.« But I'm inspired by all kinds of artists, and designers too. Pop art, punk art, poster artists, illustrators. Marcel Duchamp has been my art Godfather; his work and his insights speak to me, so I channel him sometimes when I'm questioning artistic things. I'm a Gen X kid that daydreams about life in a different time, I've been that way as long as I can remember. Anyway, I also dig Man Ray, Escher, Rauschenburg, Warhol and Da Vinci...there are others in the heavyweight class. In the literary art world, Charles Bukowski is someone who stands out to me, although I don't read enough. Beyond that, there are a handful of living contemporaries who I admire and follow. Conviction, vision and uncompromising honesty are things that I value, so I tend to gravitate to artists who display those qualities. I dig bold characters and rule-breakers who shoot straight from the hip. Not into small-talkers, happy-go-lucky types, or intellectuals for that matter. I have issues with society. There's dirt on everyone but I like to think I can relate to most people, or try anyway. On the contrary, I'm sort of isolated in my own little world, like many of us.

Tools of trade:

Anything in arm's reach! Hands, eyes and brain of course. Usually a glue stick, Exacto knife or scissors, Sharpies, paper, magazines, a copy machine and a camera. Occasionally a computer will intervene, but more so in my work than my art.

Current obsessions:

60s jazz and Motown, phallic shapes, Irish Cream in my coffee, Mad Men, photo illusion, fedoras, astrology. Richard Nixon - the character, and his nose. Reflections and shadows. Nonsensical word inventions. Tweeting my unwanted thoughts. Typography and letterforms as always, circles, squares, triangles, cocks, balls... you know, that kinda stuff.

Personal temptation:

Sex, romance, impulsive decisions... not in any particular order. I'm a sucker for love, it's my Achilles' heel. But I'm faithful!

Ingress:

rebelletterstudios.com



photo | Jim Ford. No Innocence.
Digital collage for screen printing
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Jim Ford. *Haunted Graffiti*. Photocopy collage, used for Ariel Pink poster. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | *Jim Ford. Monosphere. Antique collage. Courtesy of the artist*

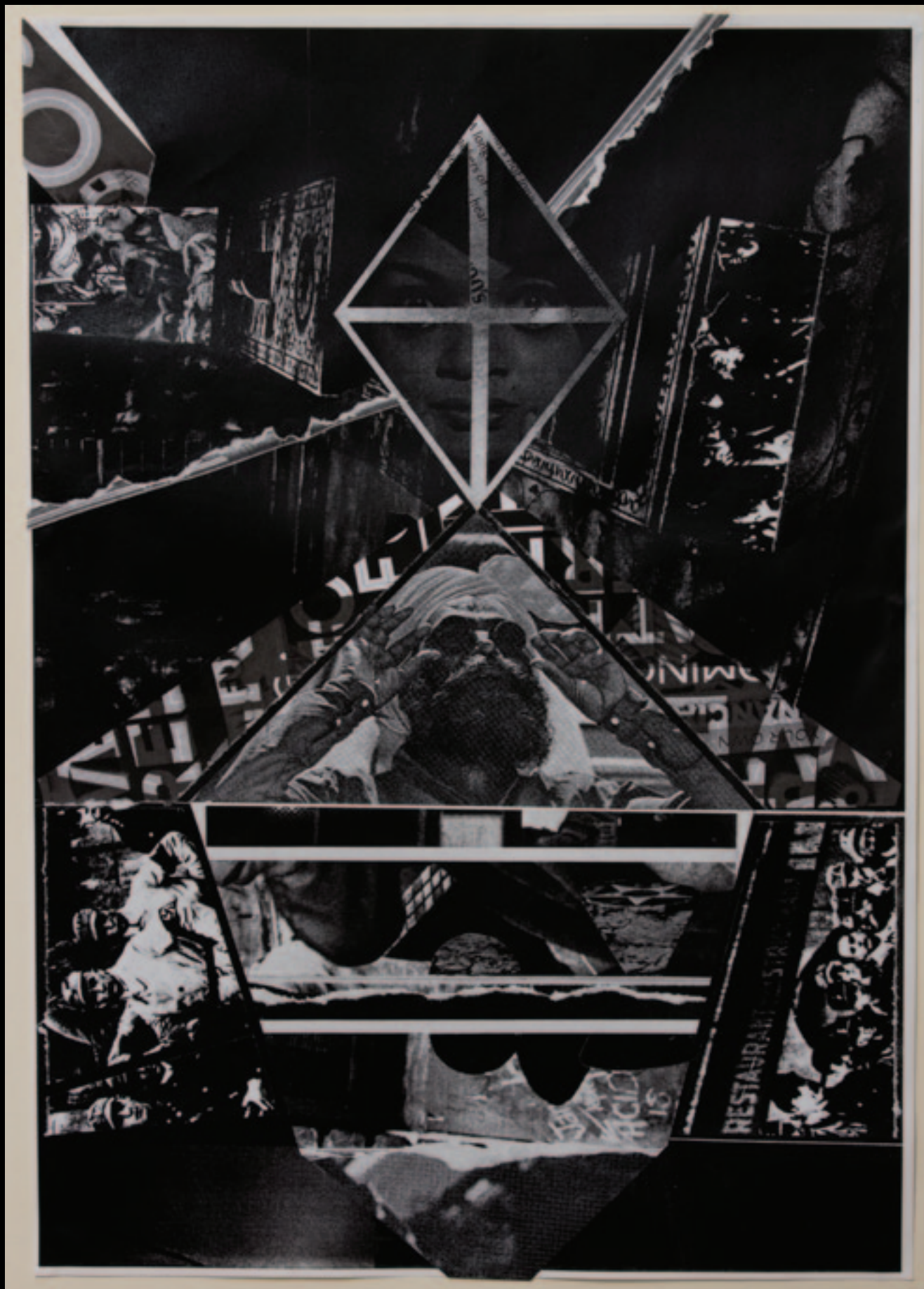
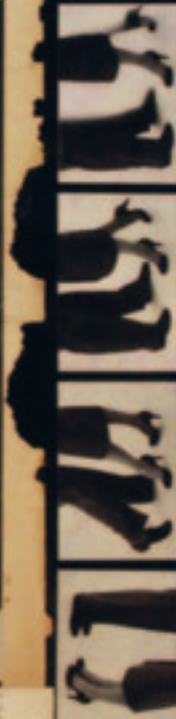


photo | **Jim Ford. Untitled.**
Photocopy collage. Photography courtesy of Helen Lysen



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photo | **Jim Ford. *Metallic Death. Detail.***
Photocopy / magazine collage. Photography courtesy of Helen Lysen.



photo | **Jim Ford. *Pharoneon Novae (Talestrial Nightdreams #1)***
Antique collage on matboard. Photography courtesy of Helen Lysen.



photo | **Jim Ford. Honeyard Spoils (Talestial Nightdreams #7).**
Antique collage on matboard. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Jim Ford.** *Okanow Biology (Talestrial Nightdreams #5).*
Antique collage on matboard. Photography courtesy of Helen Lysen.



photo | **Jim Ford.** *Quantulog (Talestrial Nightdreams #4)*.
 Antique collage on matboard. Photography courtesy of Helen Lysen.



photo | **Jim Ford. #4 (Plastic Surgery Disasters series).**
Mixed collage. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Jim Ford. Bieber Ushanka.**
Color collage. Courtesy of the artist

IVA

STONE
SHOWCASE
N BILIBIN

THE EYES OF THE SKULLS BEGAN TO GLOW

Name:

Ivan Yakovlevich Bilibin

Lived:

August 16th 1876 - February 7th 1942

Location:

Saint Petersburg, Russia

Occupation:

Painter, Graphic Illustrator, Stage Designer, Professor at the Soviet Academy of Arts

Influences:

Slavic folklore, Japanese prints, wooden architecture

Associated with:

Mir Iskusstva Magazine, The Ballets Russes, Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov's The Golden Cockerel. Musorgski's Boris Godunov

Major works:

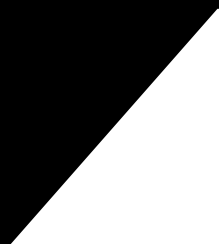
Russian Fairy Tale Illustrations (Vasilissa the Beautiful, Little Mermaid, Tsarevitch Ivan, the Firebird and the Gray Wolf)

Obsessions:

Slavic folklore, Sirin and Alkonost, Crimea, snow, leaves, skulls, light, Orthodox iconography, birds

quote | *Vasilissa the Beautiful.*

Translated by Irina Zheleznova



DIANA DAIA



photo | Ivan Bilbin. 1899. Illustration from *Vasilisa the Beautiful*.
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Ivan Bilibin. 1908. Alkonost. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | Ivan Bilibin. 1904. Poster Illustration.
Courtesy of the artist

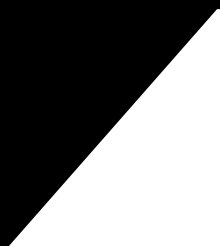


photo | *Ivan Bilibin. 1899. Illustration for the Tale of Prince Ivan, The Firebird and the Grey Wolf. Courtesy of the artist*

DON'T

MOVING
SHOWCASE
LOOK NOW

IF THE WORLD IS ROUND, WHY IS A FROZEN LAKE FLAT



S H A D E

Nicholas Roeg started his career as a cinematographer for films such as *The Masque of Red Death* and *Fahrenheit 451* which maybe of little to no surprise at all if we are to look especially at his earlier efforts (*Performance*, *Walkabout* and *Don't look now*). They all have a very well-defined, dreamlike and menacing style from the outlandish if slightly uneven *Performance* (in which he splits directing credits with Donald Cammell) to the quiet and meditative *The Man Who Fell to Earth*.

Don't look now sticks close to this standard. An adaptation from the *Daphne du Maurier* short story, the film defies conventional approaches at every turn, creating, through its style a sense of the supernatural. Some called it a «psychic thriller» which is a fair statement on its own and gives a short glimpse of what the movie is made of.

There are several other films that come to mind when bringing up *Don't look now* to the discussion, the earlier *Rosemary's Baby* (Roman Polanski) and the later *Profon-*





do Rosso (Dario Argento), to name a few. But whereas *Rosemary's baby* is fairly straightforward and clear, *Don't look now* uses flashbacks and flash-forwards and while *Profondo Rosso* has a puzzle which is in the end solved in a rational manner, this film's »apple of discord« belongs entirely to the supernatural.

These days supernatural-themed films are more artificial. We know we are dealing with the supernatural because we are being spoon-fed. Rarely can we see a film that relies on a certain mood to tell us that. We are presented backgrounds, we are acquainted with a certain logic, a series of events, we basically are presented unusual events in a pastiche manner. In few cases does the viewer get to experience anything: it is just a story as common as the next one. Even the faces are artificial. Here they are common, we expect some characters to look the way they look, but they are authentic (the blind lady, for example or the dwarf).

Like other »critically-praised« horror films in that period, *Don't look now* relies a lot on suggestion. It is not necessarily what we see, but what we imagine, that is frightening. Again, the film's ending serves as a very good example. However, overall, the film is not necessarily frightening, but puzzling. It is puzzling to the point where we question the existence of some characters of the realism of some events. And now, with the several dozens of films that walked the same path we are tend to do it even more often, because we might have not seen *Don't look now*, but we have seen a couple of some other films. Another element that contributes to the film's effectiveness is the loose construction. Here, we do not have an over-baked film. We do not have a neat and organized story, because the very subject of matter demands it to be otherwise. These events do not come invited, they are not something one can quantify, they are not related to a recipe, this being the very reason they are challenging.

We are expecting our logic to answer at every turn, everything to be explained according to what we know at the time being. Life does not make any sense, not because it really doesn't but because this statement in itself is a mechanism supposed to tell us that we have not yet uncovered all the map. Surrealists knew this better. *Buñuel* was an expert in merging the sense of what is familiar and what we lose control over. The transition was seamless and effective. Absurd things seem absurd because there is no way we can dissect them using a rigid device. But they do exist, even more often than we think. Surrealism in its own is not just a fancy term, but a fact of life and it implies delving deeper than the rudimentary cause-effect device. Art in itself is surreal. All of it. The mere fact that we are transported places, that we feel for characters or wander through their obsessions defies the rigid logic.

Supernatural films/stories have a



lot in common with surrealism; in fact they are surreal with one addition: we have a glimpse of something familiar.

Returning to the film, as I said before, it is done using a deliberately loose construction. *Don't look now* does not follow the rules of developing a story, but follows the story's mood. Somehow there is a strange effect of an open-ended work and nearly every »point« can be used as a start and it would retain the same feeling. The much talked-about sex scene is an example. We don't have something straightforward, something raw and unraveled, but we see how it begins and how it ends simultaneously and even much more. The raw, the immediate, is muted and the scene itself may very well work like a frame for the whole film.

This is not to say that the movie is a puzzle, because we have the answers, it just gives the movie the seeming of a living and transforming organism on one hand and on

the other it offers a sense of timelessness as if everything happens throughout a single segment: a rhizomatic structure (Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari use the term »rhizome« and »rhizomatic« to describe theory and research that allows for multiple, non-hierarchical entry and exit points in data representation and interpretation).

However, the movie is puzzling from the very opening scene. It makes us doubt what we are seeing, makes us question which is real and which is not. There are also loose »clues«: the book "Beyond the fragile geometry of space" which we are shown in connection with the way the early scenes communicate with one another, for example. For a moment you may be tempted to think that they belong to different planes, which leads to a different causal geometry.

There are also the subtractions. We are dealing with the supernatural, but there are no other real insights except the common-expect-

ed. Whatever assumption could have been made is transposed to another ground: the *Giallo* (the Italian noir). We are told something about a killer, but also in a very vague manner, we see no focus on a proper investigation, this is not brought up very often, it is something that can easily slip your mind.

There are films that defy classifications. In 1984, British director Alan Parker made a film called *Birdy*. The film's protagonists were two old friends and a part of the film's action took place in Vietnam during the war. However, the film itself is not a war/anti-war film, nor does it say anything new about friendship, however it does say a lot about the relationship between one man and a canary and his obsession with birds.

Nicolas Roeg's film revolves around grief (over the loss of the protagonist's daughter), the supernatural (no surprises here), but does not break new grounds in ei-

ther of them (I know, many reviews will juggle with the two, but what transpires is just recycled material) and to make things even more fun, the film defies its own plot: looking at it though the plot is like looking at a rigid picture on some wall. Yet there are many who see this film as powerful and hypnotic and I am aware that this has nothing to do with the accidental topics or the plot. It is related to how this plot is played in one's mind, it is a film which is playing another film or playing itself in a strange piece of glass (again, the opening scene comes to mind).

There are not many films like this one, many share some common ground with it but take a different route. You can see this in its style from another aspect as well: that of contrasts. The approach hints to something poetic, »arthouse«-like, but *Roeg* is no *Tarkovsky* or *Herzog*. The visuals are pleasing, but they are not as visceral. Actually, I think the film looks just the way many other films from that period look. The structure points to surrealism, however this is no *Buñuel*, *Chytilová* (and so forth) either. What we see is fairly believable, but it is not a common film either.

In conclusion, *Don't look now* is unique and may appeal to a fairly wide category of moviegoers, from those who like the old horror films, to the Giallo fans, from those who are more into arthouse and surrealism to those who have enough patience and recalled liking some of the older films, but I guess if you have read this review, you can make up your own mind on whether this trip is best taken or avoided.

photos & quote | ***Don't Look Now.***
1973. Screencaptures.





KAWA

NOX!
SHOWCASE
**MARZENA
LEROWICZ**

NAME:

MARZENA KAWALEROWICZ

LOCATION:

WARSAW, POLAND

OCCUPATION:

PAINTER AND INSTALLATION ARTIST

WEBSITE:

KAWALEROWICZ.COM



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2009. Hood.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2008. Thoughts 9.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2008. *Thoughts 10.***
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz**. 2009. *Speaking to*.
Courtesy of the artist



photo | *Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2008. Thoughts 8.*
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz**. 2008. *Thoughts 3*.
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2008. Thoughts 6.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2008. *Thoughts 1.***
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz**. 2008. *Thoughts 2*.
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz**. 2008. *Thoughts 3*.
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz**. 2008. *Thoughts 4*.
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2009. *Blue Dream*.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Marzena Kawalerowicz. 2009. *Knowing Hand*.**
Courtesy of the artist

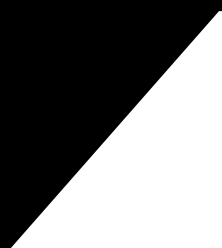
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LOCKWORK
SHOWCASE
**A LOGUES IN
E BASEMENT**

SELF- ENTRAPMENT IN ALPHAVILLE AND EQUILLIBRIUM



A ----- **Ω**

A

Released in the vanguard of technological advancements concerning cinematic production, *Alphaville* discloses a dystopic universe that embraces erasure in order to maintain its continuous functioning. The narrative presents the expedition of an undercover secret agent named Lemmy Caution in the world of *Alphaville*,

in order to find its creator Professor Von Braun and destroy the Alpha 60 machine that entraps the inhabitants by prohibiting love and free thought.

Ω

This brings to mind, among several large-scale-creation-turned-against-creator works, a film that borderlines cliché-istic imagery,





but in which, at a closer inspection, another machine entraps the masses. *Equilibrium*, however, resides in an universe controlled by a non-sentient fiend. Unlike *Alphaville*, this world bares no intrusions and no escapes, seeming set in time, immutable and unbreakable. Do you think these are somehow alarm signals howling above our heads in hopes of avoiding technology to overcome biology?

A At first look, the film does seem to be critical to the advent of technology by rendering visible the possible outcomes of technological advancements: industrial development gradually creates an imbalance in the relation between Man and Machine, favouring the latter and leading to a bleak future where people are deprived of individuality. The citizens of *Alphaville* depicted in the

film seem to be trapped in a circular universe, and the machine that they had themselves created (Alpha 60) constantly regulates their existences. Is confinement an issue in *Equilibrium* as well?

Ω The city of Libria has tall, thick walls, strict policies regarding contact with the outside, a well organized law enforcement network and is overall monotonous, quiet and bleak. Although there is no actual electro-mechanical entity governing this city, an elusive reflection of Professor Von Braun does exist: Father. A watchful eye, Father knows everything, he sees all infractions, he hears all whispered emotions. This figure appears on monitors, uses (not unlike Alpha 60) technology for monitoring of the inhabitants. A tyrannic figure, Father seems to be an amalgam of Von Braun and Alpha 60.

A You mentioned the controlling entity as non-sentient. How does Father fit that description? *Alphaville* is governed by the Alpha 60 machine, which functions as an internalized restraint for whatever they do, presents sentient behaviour.

B In *Equilibrium*, Father is as much a slave of this dystopic order as anyone else, even if he considers himself free. The machine here is an emergent entity, in which all subcomponents collaborate in order to entrap the inhabitants of Libria: a drug, taken to erase all emotions. Every tiny capsule of this medication is a part of the biological machine that enforces conformity. All inhabitants, the Libria government, the law enforcement agents, all become tools of the chemical machine.



A Indeed, in both instances, the characters seem to be result of anamorphosis, presenting themselves as real while they are in fact distorted surfaces incapable of free thought or action. As voiced by the Alpha 60 machine itself: »The inhabitants of Alphaville are not normal. They are the product of mutation.« (*Alphaville*, 1965). The dwellers of *Alphaville* appear as reflections that are unable to internalize feelings or free thought, but that are nevertheless able to mimic reality proper.

Ω On the contrary, Libria brims with characters that are so transformed and distorted, that they become the mirrors themselves. They reflect the grey, angular, square, quiet world around them. The amount of conversation is limited to basics and only the necessary words are spoken. Noth-

ing is added, nothing is extra. Nothing is taken, either.

A This sounds similar to Philip K. Dick's 1968 novel – *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, with its symbolic society populated by clones that mimic existence and regard themselves as real.

Ω Yes. However, if *Alphaville* does emulate beings that consider themselves real, the inhabitants Libria are well aware of the fact that they hollow themselves out. They patiently wait in line, out of their own free will, as they themselves consider, to get their daily doses. Mimicking existence is taken to a whole new level, a reality that is not fake, but palpable and quite bland. For instance, even the self-discovery of an *Other* by the main protagonist is quiet and continuous. John Preston, a

law enforcement agent, doesn't even try to see himself. His path of self discovery has to be forced on him, by an accidental loss of a drug dose. Does this apply to *Alphaville* as well?

A Actually, no. One of the main characters of *Alphaville* is Natacha von Braun, the daughter of Professor von Braun who guides the detective Lemmy Caution through the city. She continuously attempts to discover herself, she seems to be a mask that only serves the ones around them by mirroring their desires. Natacha seems to be a symptom, not of man, but of the very system that created her – *Alphaville*. A significant episode to the young woman's portrayal is the close-up scene that frames and fragments her body transforming it in the object of the gaze by means of an image. With her eyes staring at

the cinematic lens, it is difficult to determine whether her discourse is a soliloquy or a monologue whose addressees are the very viewers of the film. By breaking the fourth wall, Godard exposes Natasha as both the object of the gaze and the *Other* that stares back from the other side of the glass.

Ω

Natasha seems to be a fractured reflection. Preston, on the other hand, is a scratchless shiny reflective object. At the beginning of the film, even when looking at himself in the mirror, there is no *Other* gazing back. The only one really looking back at him is the impassible face of his son, checking that he took his daily dose. Further on, though, his own essence shatters when his son reveals a complete lack of drug induced obedience, with the same calm and emotionless face. Unlike Preston, the boy is a genuine (and unique in this film) *Other*, set in place to negate the existence of Libria.

A

This reminds me a little bit of Lemmy Caution: cautious boy - cautious agent perhaps?

Ω

In a complete and unrelated hey-I-discovered-a-quirk manner, yes.

A

True, the boy is cautious to avoid capture, thus creating his *Other* facet. Instead, Lemmy's name is used as subtle irony. Throughout the film, the viewers more or less follow Caution's excursion through the metropolis and his attempts to make sense of what he encounters. He seems to be able to provide all the answers and solutions concerning *Alphaville*,

but he does not disclose any psychological depth. In other words, Lemmy Caution is neither reliable nor convincing since he is unable to reveal anything else than an appealing surface.

Ω

The detective seems to be an intrusive element in *Alphaville*. He breaks into the monochrome patterns and leaves at the end, but does not suffer mutation of the self. Unlike Lemmy, Preston's son is part of Libria. His existence is not discontinued from the *Equilibrium* universe at the end of the film, but is assumed to be mutated into Libria-the-*Other*, as a result of destroying the biological technocratic tyranny.

A

What brings forth this destruction of Libria?

Ω

It's rather cliché-istic. In fact, it is expected for a member of law enforcement to break the rules and cripple the machine. After being made aware of a circular entrapment by a «sense offender» - «It's circular. You exist to continue your existence. What's the point?» (*Equilibrium*, 2002) - Preston is the *Insider* that simulates awareness.

A

In opposition, Lemmy Caution seems to be an *Outsider*. After meeting Natacha, he admits that he wants to save her from this destructive system and help her become a «real» person, like himself, even if the only way to do this is by bringing destruction to the *Alphaville* machine itself.

Ω

So how is it that both films still



have that grim sensation of death even in the end? *Equilibrium*, for instance, breaks the entrapment by means of explosives and murderous violence, culminating in the fall of the governing figures. These actions release emotions for the Librians, causing rioting and bringing them back to the reason why the entire drug sys-



tem has been set in place: "In the first years of the 21st century, a third World War broke out. Those of us who survived knew mankind could never survive a fourth; that our own volatile natures could simply no longer be risked. So we have created a new arm of the law: The Grammaton Cleric, whose sole task it is to seek out

and eradicate the true source of man's inhumanity to man - his ability to feel." (*Equilibrium*, 2002)

A In *Alphaville*, the Alpha 60 machine loses its complete power by erasing the symbolic distance that sustains its existence. What generates this process of erasure

is the Alpha question: "What am I?". Towards the end of the film, Alpha 60 provides the answer - »it is my misfortune that I am myself, Alpha 60.« (*Alphaville*, 1965) that makes it self-conscious and unable to perform its own purpose. The machine's death is associated with an absence of light that ultimately generates a gen-





eral state of asphyxia throughout *Alphaville*.

Ω

In this light, would there even be a point to break confinement, be it chemical, mechanical or even self-induced?

A

In a permanent present that duplicates itself endlessly? Yes.

Ω

So... how does one escape if one knows not that one is trapped?

films | ***Alphaville*. 1965.**

Jean -Luc Godard

***Equilibrium*. 2002.**

Kurt Wimmer

photos | ***Alphaville*. 1965.**

Jean -Luc Godard. Screenshots

***Equilibrium*. 2002.**

Kurt Wimmer. Screenshots

STRI

HANGING
CAGES
NGS GALORE

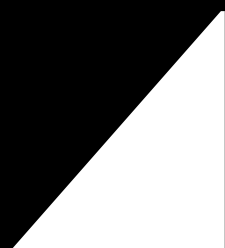
I FED MYSELF TO THE ROSES

Drowning in the absence of light, swallowed in a sea of concepts, I fed myself to the roses.

When she burns her way to through your skin, shifting through midnight, remember the rusty chandeliers I left behind for you to hang on. Counting sins in the cold, compress your world in your hand so it fits in my pocket. The girl, sequenced upon a simple skyline, shines behind unfocused highlights.

Puddles of water jumping into whirls of hopelessness rest easy upon shoulders. Who's... it doesn't matter. As twilight engulfed in vivid blindness, your raise your head to me. Her bed is only as uncomfortable as you made it. See? Even away, leaving the sheets behind, it is just a matter of re-torted perspective. No hooks, just charred skin, no pain, just frozen graves.

Unimaginatively, it all began when he fed himself to the roses.



VEL THORA



photo | **Vel Thora.** *Courtesy of the artist*

CLAUDIO

NOX^{II}

SHOWCASE

PARENTELA

NAME:

CLAUDIO PARENTELA

LOCATION:

ITALY

OCCUPATION:

ARTIST, FREELANCE JOURNALIST

WEBSITE:

CLAUDIOPARENTELA.NET



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2010. Painting 427. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2010. Painting 428.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2010. Painting 344.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2002. *Painting 222*.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2004. *Painting 35*.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2004. *Painting 45*.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela**. 2009. *Painting 456*.
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2009. *Painting 331*.**
Courtesy of the artist

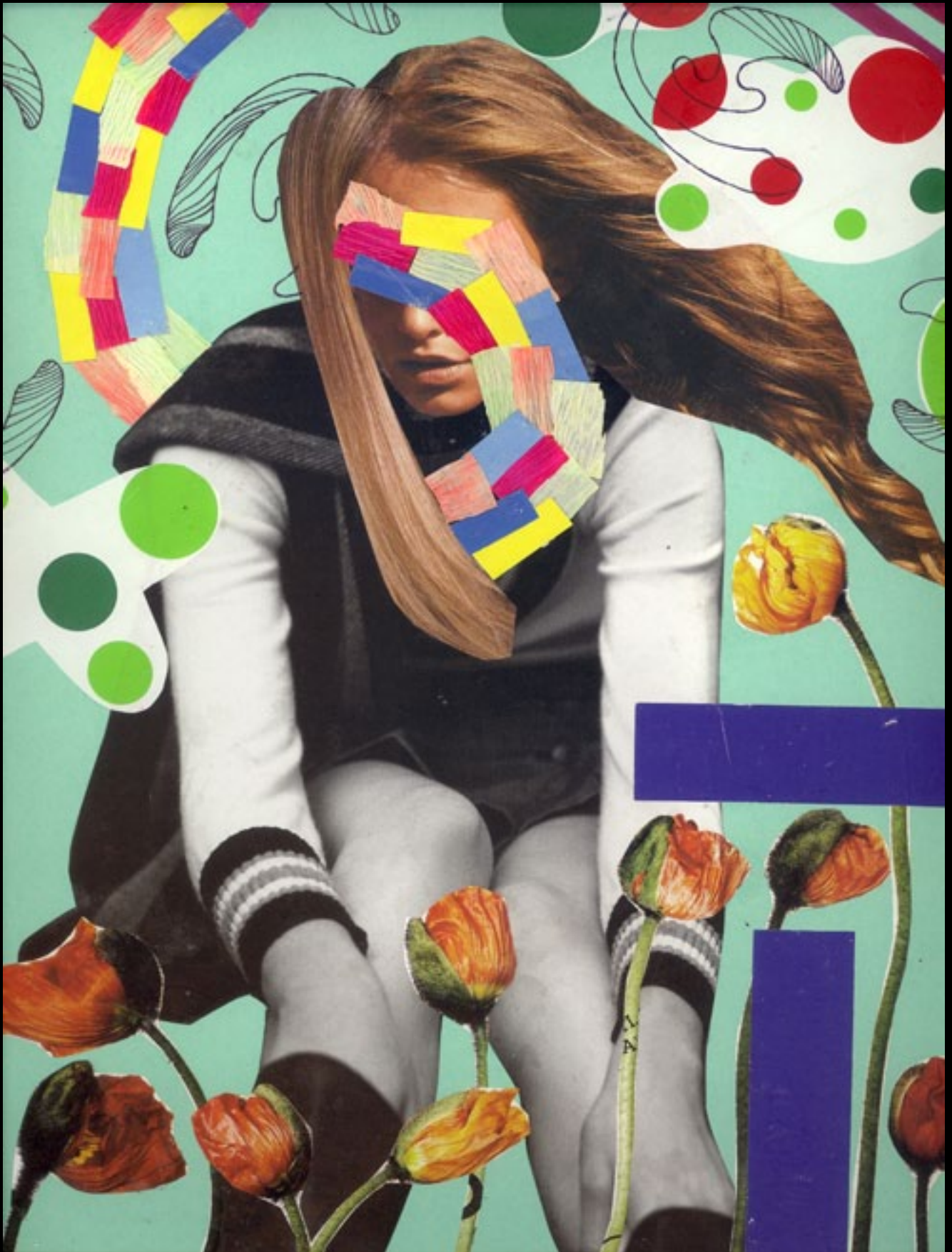


photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2007. Painting 272.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2009. *Painting 318*.**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Claudio Parentela. 2007. *Painting 196*.**
Courtesy of the artist

EYE TEASER

RAMIRO TAPIA

SPAIN



N-Sphere | February 2012

Editors:

Vel Thora | www.vel.sphere.ro

Diana Daia | www.in-circles.org

Layout:

Diana Daia

Contact:

nsphere@sphere.ro

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