

IN-SPHERE

a world behind curtains | december 2010

FEATURING



PIERO ROI



EPHRAIM M. LILien



DER NAME DER ROSE



HANNAH CLARK



WROCLAW IND. FESTIVAL



SKELETAL GARDEN



MARK JARRELL

N-SPHERE

DECEMBER 2010

EDITORIAL

TRANQUILIZERS

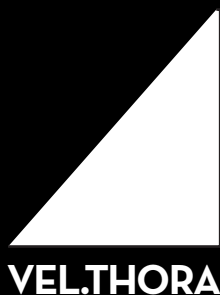
A hyperbola is a pair of smooth curves. A hyperbola has two asymptotes, that intersect in the center of the entity. In Galicia there was a man, a man of symbols. The work of *Lilien* shouts heresy. A hyperbole is an extravagant statement. A hyperbole is an obvious exaggeration, a singular point in space. On the island, there is a man, a man of veiled imagery. The work of *Piero Roi* retaliates fantasy.

A hyperbola is dissipating itself towards infinity from its own essence. History and carnal desires, faith and crimes in the name of the divine, a tarnished symbol spreads open in Annaud's *Der Name der Rose*. A hyperbole is dissipating itself inwards, into a tiny black hole. As man evolved, the present shows understanding into gatherings of similarities. The ex-

pression through art and patched-up symbols rise from their ashes at the *Wroclaw Industrial Festival*.

A hyperbola is exploding into four directional paths, as the plane containing it stretches into The Unknown. *Mark Jarrell's* work slices forward into the universe of alchemy. A hyperbole is imploding into an infinity of straight lines, as the world around it shifts into The Excessive. *Hannah Clark's* pieces pull heavily on the debris of ages, bringing together heterogeneous entities.

And as Euclid and Aristotle hold hands from beyond the dust of their bones, we are left here to carry around all the universes created since the beginning of time, layer after layer of hope and death, heresy and faith, belief and blasphemy, divinity and science.



VEL.THORA

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GLASS
SHOWCASE
PIERO ROI



»THE LIGHT OF A MATCH IN THE DARKNESS«

Name:

Piero Roi

Location:

United Kingdom

Occupation:

Artist

Definition of personal sphere:

The light of a match in the darkness

Artwork in 4 words:

Deceiving you and death

What is inspirational for you:

Liminal phenomena

Currently favourite artists:

Walter De Maria

Tools of trade:

Hydroquinone/metol, sodium bisulfite, very expensive scanners sometimes and petrol or other kind of flammable substances mainly

Current obsessions:

My woman

Personal temptation:

Everything but objects

photo right | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*





photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi. Detail.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*

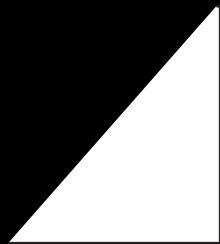


photo | **Piero Roi.** *Courtesy of the artist*

EPHR

STONE
SHOWCASE
AIM MOSES
LILIEN

»LA-TEHORIM
KOL TAHOR.
TO THE PURE,
EVERYTHING
IS PURE.«



DIANA DAIA

Name:

Ephraim Moses Lilien

Lived:

23rd May 1874 - 1925

Location:

Drohobycz, Galicia

Occupation:

Painter, photographer

Influences:

Orientalism, Viennese Jugendstil, Jewish iconography, anti-bourgeois Socialism, Yidish fables & poetry, Aubrey Beardsley, Gustav Klimt, Börries von Münchhausen, Theodor Herzl

Influenced:

Theodor Herzl, Max Nordau, Vladimir Jabotinsky, Minnie Hauck

Technique:

India-ink drawing

Associated with:

Zionism, Vienna Secession, Die Kommenden, Jugendstil, Judentum, 20th century avant-garde, Khalil Gibran

Obsessions:

Masquerade, angels with phallic swords, Zion, Palestine, ghettos, allegory, hatred for effeminate/desexualized stereotypical Jewry



photo | Ephraim Moses Lilien. 1902.
Illustration from »Lieder des Ghetto« by Berthold Feiwel





photo | **Ephraim Moses Lilien. 1902.**

Illustration from »Lieder des Ghetto« by Berthold Feiwel

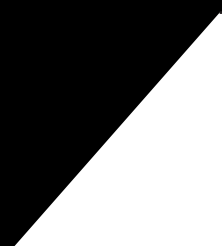


photo | Ephraim Moses Lilien. 1902.
Illustration from »Lieder des Ghetto« by Berthold Feiwel

DER NAM

MOVING SHOWCASE **E DER ROSE**

»A FRAIL THREAD OF LIFE EXPUNGED TOWARDS THE ETHER«



VEL.THORA

*What is a word? What is in a word?
A sound? A meaning? A frail thread
of life expunged towards the ether?*

Der Name der Rose is a cruel, carnal movie. It is a gray and foggy succession of images, with almost each frame loaded with subtle meanings and obvious symbols. The story is fragile at most, but manages to draw the viewer into the depicted ages. Both a positive and a negative point of the film, its realism manages to provoke mental transgressions of the viewer into the XIVth century Italian

abbey, but it also causes minor slips in attention towards the sequential nature of the plot. Based on the classical scheme of exposition, conflict, climax and denouement, the story presented is a mystery of murder filled with mythological and christian symbols, with sorrow, regret, personal growth, obedience and love (towards humans, the divine, the perennial and the eternal).

The story starts with the arrival of a monk, William of Baskerville, and his young novice, Adso of Melk, at an ab-



photo | *Der Name der Rose*. 1986. Screenshot

bey. Here a meeting must take place to discuss the earthly possessions of the church. This motivation is soon thrown into a background story, as the protagonist finds out a murder has occurred the night before and the abbot asks for his help to unveil the mystery of a young beautiful monk falling from a closed window. To avoid demonic possession rumors, William accepts the task and starts a captivating inquiry into this subject. However, the first hour of the film brings mere elements of setting the stage, so to speak, and presents the historical and symbolic context of the story, which will eventually help in unfolding the mysteries of the three deaths by placing the events into a meaningful background.

Right at the beginning, symbols start pouring in. The abbot kisses William on the mouth, establishing a peer-to-peer relation between them, while extending his hand to be kissed by the novice. Not much unlike the ancient Greeks, who believed that love can only exist between being of equal status (and since they considered women to be inferior... you get the point). The homoerotic symbolism does not end here, as a monk who prefers the company of young beautiful boys punishes himself through self flagellation, or the novice Adso is being shown the beauty of female breasts while being petted on the head by an older monk, Ubertino de Casale. The latter is convinced that the devil has a hand in all of the events presented and proclaims: »the devil is hurling beautiful boys out of windows... there was something feminine, something diabolical about the young one who died... yeah, the eyes of a girl seeking intercourse with the devil«. The other facet of the homoerotic symbolism is submission, either from novice towards his master (although this one is particularly platonic), either from

lower ranking monks towards higher-ups (although this is considered piety). The first hour of the movie dreads slowly, with dark imagery, slaying of pigs, the blood, the feeding of the poor as mere animals who are thrown donations like garbage, a fat albino screaming like a girl, cold wind sounds, realistic surroundings. The young monk is amazed by it with youthful curiosity like a kitten observing a working chainsaw from behind a thin and brittle layer of glass.

The stage is set and the movie digs deep into history and extracts the backbone of that moment in time. Enforcing mentality, keeping quiet, banning of laughter, the idea that knowledge is sorrow are punctually and briefly shown in order to present deeper meanings. Rational and deductive reasoning elements are brought in as a means of shedding light upon the truth. The question that William tries to answer in order to find the murderer is »where are





the books?». Books are viewed here as a means to knowledge, while discovery of knowledge arises through scientific measures (the chemical reaction between lemon juice and heat), thus taking the plot into astrological symbols, codes and secrets (sadly, only briefly). On an opposite side, facing the beauty of knowledge, there is the human world, in which love has a place, and, as an old man, Adso argues that life would be tranquil without it, but very very dull.

At the basis of human relationships can reside either love (be it platonic, or be it in its negative form, hatred) or lust. In the XIVth century, sex was a trading item. Unfortunately, that sounds a bit too familiar even these days. The young kitten Adso discovers that sex is sold, either for food, or for looks. William urges him not to confuse love with lust, and quoting Thomas Aquinas (»to praise love above all else«), it is pointed out that the only love allowed is the love for

god. Thus, it is brought forward another element of the ages, the view on women. Scriptures told that the woman is evil and »more bitter than death«, being regarded as sorts of succubus-creatures that take possession of the immortal and (sarcasm on) pure (sarcasm off) souls of men.

By the beginning of the second hour of the film, there is an increase in intrigue as a third body appears and the story starts to really unfold. The



question about hidden knowledge arises, in the form of hidden books. Be it hidden by man or other powers, it is suggested that information (and hence the meaning it carries, thus turning it into knowledge) is not to be restricted to anyone. Also, returning to a previous idea, it is shown that sex is always sold, even between men, this time the price being knowledge. This event creates a dissociation of genders, as at the time of the story, the male was believed to be entitled to higher mental functions, as the female was merely entitled to feed herself, receiving a statute not far from that of a domestic beast. Soon the viewer finds out that the reason for the deaths is a book, thus making knowledge a precious item. As the protagonists are closer to the truth, their efforts are being stomped on by the arrival of the inquisition, an instrument of hiding the truth and spreading mass obedience. The role of the master rises from singular points to the desire of controlling entire populations in the name of

**»ARISTOTLE
DEVOTED
HIS SECOND
BOOK OF
POETICS TO
COMEDY
AS AN
INSTRUMENT
OF TRUTH.«**

divinity and faith and the meaning of heresy becomes stretched and loses its original value. Following the events and using his deductive capacities, William searches for a hidden pool of knowledge. The discovery of the library is filled with warm light and genuine happiness for the knowledge driven monk. The multitude of books is rewarded by an overwhelmed shout, with an almost-majestic music in the background. Some philosophical matters are addressed, as the notion of a different class of wisdom is used as argument for explaining why the books are denied their function of being read. For this purpose, the library is a labyrinth, in which the young monk is lost for a brief moment, time in which he calls for his master, running around in panic; follows a scene of search, of desperation, of separation, bringing forth the strong connection between a master and his novice. One cannot exist without the other, as knowledge cannot exist without eyes to read it, mouths to speak it, ears to hear it or books to depict it.



Deeper into the historical background, an inquisition trial takes place. Mere innocent animals are regarded as tools of devil worship, as deduction is bent to suit the laws of inquisition. They don't call them the Dark Ages for nothing. Numb minds, controlled by those with powers of manipulation, stupidity at its peak, killing and torture in the name of divinity, sacrificing lives for the sake of punishment and as a means to control the masses: it does resemble some other social happenings among the ages, doesn't it? But none as cruel as this one. As the story picks up the pace, shifting focus from historical symbolism towards the plot, the inquisition tribunal becomes a mere tool for intensifying the climax. The trial is a mockery, as it convicts a man for stealing from the church, disregarding any divine meaning of any faith and pushing aside the basic core of christianity. During the trial, the only woman in the movie is regarded a witch, emphasizing on the view of the ages upon the female,

and the convicted man would prefer to be guilty than to face the torture that the inquisition was famous for ('nuff said).

The last twenty minutes of the movie present the series of events that conclude the story. Their actual description will be omitted for reasons of preserving surprise for those who did not watch it yet. The story points out the frailty of written knowledge, the eternity of books, the limitations of the human mind. The ending of the film is sublime in imagery and meaning, sublime in shades of gray and silence and emotion.

Laughter was the tool of devil, laughter was the means for chaos. In the third millennium, laughter is healthy, laughter is sought and cherished, chaos is at the core of the natural state of things. The point is... life and knowledge are tightly connected. The rose would still be a rose, by any other name (as someone said centuries before), but could the eye deci-

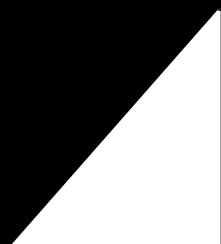
pher it as so? Could the ear identify its beauty, and essence, and being, without a word to describe it? »... and yet, I never learned her name...«

photos | **Der Name der Rose.**
1986. Screenshot.
 director | **Jean-Jacques Annaud**
 cast (partial) | **Sean Connery,**
Christian Slater, Michael Lonsdale,
Ron Perlman, F. Murray Abraham
 based on | **Il nome della rosa by**
Umberto Eco

WROCŁAW FESTI

ABUSE
SHOWCASE
**INDUSTRIAL
VAL REVIEW**

WROCŁAW INDUSTRIAL FESTIVAL DAY 5



**GEORGE
TANASIE**

WHEN:

14th November 2010

WHERE:

Lulu Belle Café.
Wrocław, Poland

LINE-UP:

Inner Vision Laboratory
[haven]
Benicewicz
Vilgoc
DJs Mniamos, Acid TV

Alter last year's rather Kafka-esque experience, I didn't know what to expect from the last day of the current *Wrocław Industrial Festival* edition. Seeing that this time the venue was a café situated in the same building as the main location of the festival, I was relieved that at least we wouldn't have to search for it nor wait in the cold for the shows to begin. Not that I'm complaining about such experiences, they tend to add to the mood and, depending on what you are going to actually see and hear, that can be a bad or a good thing. Talking about 3D, huh?



|

Even though most of the audience was not Polish, I must mention that this was an all-Polish evening. We got to the café a few minutes after the first band started to play and hence all the comfortable places had already been taken. Conforming to what I previously said, I proceeded to sit on the floor and peek-a-boo at the visuals. The band playing was **Inner Vision Laboratory**, an industrial/dark ambient group creating a cinematic and sometimes horror-esque ambience, similar to better known bands such as *Raison d'être* or *Desiderii Marginis*.

photo right | **Diana Daia**
Inner Vision Laboratory
Live in Wrocław







photo | **Diana Daia.** *Inner Vision Laboratory Live in Wrocław*

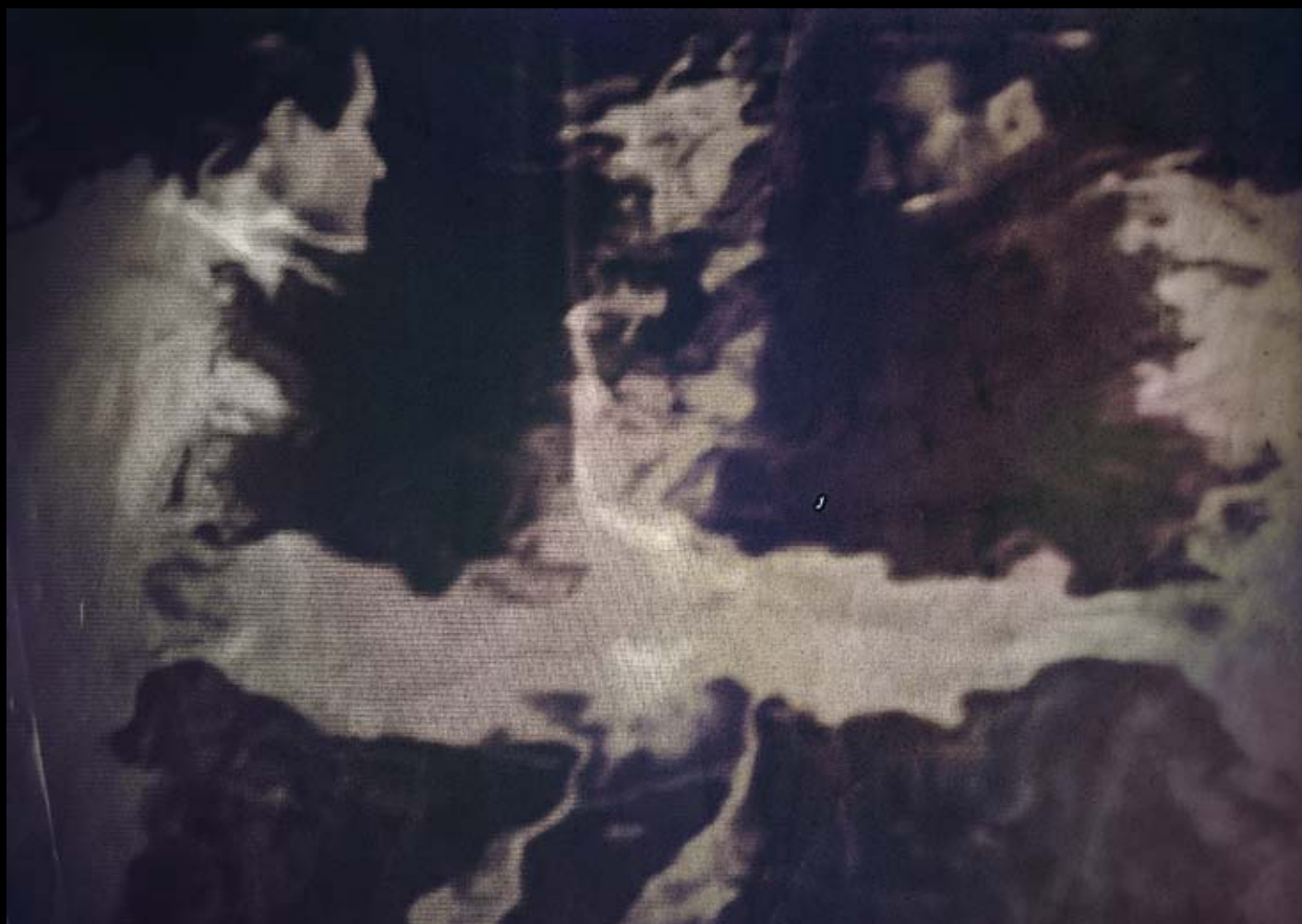


photo | *Diana Daia. Inner Vision Laboratory Live in Wrocław*

|| ‡

The announced order had been changed a bit, so the band that we were all expecting got to play the second. This was **[haven]**, a ritual ambient/idm project, probably the best known band from the line-up. The performance was more energetic and diverse, as well as the visuals, creating a heavier yet sullen atmosphere.

photo right | **Diana Daia**
[haven]. Live in Wrocław









photo | **Diana Daia.** *[haven]* Live in Wrocław

III ≠

Following *[haven]* was Wrocław's audiovisual artist *Wojtek Benicewicz* project of ambient/idm/electronic music, heavily focused on the visual part.

photo right | *Diana Daia Benicewicz. Live in Wrocław*









IV#

Closing the evening (well, the last live act, the evening actually continued with a great after-party with lots of tunes from old school industrial icons) was the power electronics **Vilgoc**, another project from Wrocław. I must confess I wasn't impressed at all with the music, which I found to be aggressive for the sake of aggressiveness and nothing more, but it was an interesting feel to listen to power electronics inside a café.

photo right | 6414

Digital Manipulation: Diana Daia
Vilgoc Live in Wrocław







photo | 6414. *Digital Manipulation: Diana Daia. Vilgoc Live in Wrocław*



photo | 6414. *Digital Manipulation: Diana Daia. Vilgoc Live in Wrocław*

HAN

NOX
SHOWCASE!
NAH CLARK

NAME:

HANNAH CLARK

LOCATION:

ST ANDREWS, SCOTLAND

OCCUPATION:

STUDENT

WEBSITE:

FLICKR.COM/PHOTOS/
HANNAHELISABETH







photo | **Hannah Clark.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | *Hannah Clark. Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Hannah Clark.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | *Hannah Clark. Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Hannah Clark.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Hannah Clark.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Hannah Clark.** *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | *Hannah Clark. Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Hannah Clark.** *Courtesy of the artist*



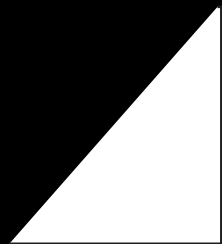
photo | *Hannah Clark. Courtesy of the artist*

C

SKELET

LOCKWORK
SHOWCASE
AL GARDEN

»LA PENSÉE QUI S'ATTARDE SI FORT AU COTÉ TERRESTRE DE LA MORT«



**ROXANA
VASILE**

»Nous le voyons apparaître au Moyen Age, se comportant et s'étalant avec toute la maladresse cynique et toute la superbe de l'idée sans art. Mais depuis lors jusqu'au XVIII^e siècle, climat historique de l'amour et des roses, nous voyons le squelette fleurir avec bonheur dans tous les sujets où il lui est permis de s'introduire. La sculpture comprend bien vite tout ce qu'il y a de beauté mystérieuse et abstraite dans cette maigre carcasse, à qui le chair sert d'habit, et qui est

comme le plan du poème humain.«
(Charles Baudelaire. Salon de 1859. VIII. Sculpture)

Troublesome times logically cause introspection and reevaluation. There are some remarkable cases when a discourse centered on the finality of humankind develops in historically critical conditions, when the impulse to judge one's own epoch as decadent amplifies and time is to be perceived dramatically. Throughout the





photo | **Diana Daia. 2010. Staub**

two millennia of christianity, western Europe has often been tempted to perceive political and social catastrophes as a manifestation of the imminent Apocalypse.

Apart from the idea of temporal cyclicity inspired by the constant annual regeneration of nature, the judeo-christian vision of a linear time, which would perhaps end with the Second Coming/Parousia, helped to reintroduce in Renaissance times an adjusted version of the old Saturn/Chronos of antiquity. He illustrated the philosophical concept of Time with all its undertones: time's irreversible flow, life's briefness, the dissolution of all possible illusion when facing the Truth and so on, thus receiving an ambivalent nature, positive/creative and negative/destructive. Although, for instance, Marsilio Ficino, considering himself a *saturniano*, attempted

to somewhat rehabilitate the old god by proposing a general typology of those »born under saturn«, governed by melancholia and strokes of genius/madness, the negative aspects (Saturn's cannibalism, his gruesomeness) brought Saturn closer to the image of Death. The old god borrowed Death his hourglass and eventually his wings, as seen in Bernini's *Death at Pope Alexander VIII's Tomb* in Vatican's San Pietro; or allowed her to appear in the decoration of timepieces, reiterating a *memento mori*.

Saturn's old appearance mirrored the way humankind perceived itself: old, almost reaching the end of time, when all essential in history had passed by. Although this might be explained sociologically and historically on a larger scale, I will try to address the collective imaginary of

the elites and its influences. Death, however, insidiously invaded the social imaginary through alternative routes: expressions in lyrical, sacred or secular poetry; or through the apparition of phantasmic productions dealing with Death, as forms of »modern« theatre which distanced itself from the medieval mystery plays (the Elizabethan dramas as large processions of murder and blood). The new sensibility was heavily influenced by iconographical trends: see, for instance, Emile Mâle's stance that the art of the Counter-Reformation was centered around the image of the martyr, and subsequently death. It is common knowledge that a world of violence and instability inspired Caravaggio and the European *caravaggisti*; and that the most interiorised meditations of still-life painters placed the skull in the center of their *Vanitas* paintings.



Some historians have noted that the lyrical, theatrical, musical or visual productions shared the same traits (hence the artificial denomination: »baroque«): a mannerist artificiality, the search of new forms, exaggeration or hyperbolizing, a constant fear or epigone complex followed by a collective *non possumus*, perhaps most ably illustrated in La Bruyère's *Caractères: Tout est dit, et l'on vient trop tard depuis plus de sept mille ans qu'il y a des hommes et qui pensent*.

Two of the most poignant apparitions of Death happen, non-incidentally, within the »anatomical« studies and funerary art, both covering christian, moral undertones. In the case of anatomical studies, if Death is already blooming (»avec bonheur« – as Baudelaire put it), skulls and bones somehow expose the internal limits of »scientific« exploration, calling for a reapproach through allegory, under the effect of the most realistic depictions.

As for the other medium which allowed the obsessive multiplication of skulls or skeletons in the most macabre depictions, funerary art probably influenced the most the later perceptions (18th -early 20th century) of »baroque« as something of a rather *mauvais goût*. I would only like to remind the close bond between the baroque taste and rhetoric. There is something that only through the theme of Death may be explored. When realising the distinction between an emotional discourse or a discourse dominated by reason, the baroque taste »chose« the emotional one. A conduct centered around the idea of passion gains validity through the appeal to sensibility and affectivity. But this also permits us to ask, in the manner of Johan Huizinga: »Est-elle vraiment pieuse la pensée qui s'attarde si fort au côté terrestre de la mort?« (*Le Déclin du Moyen-Age*).



photo | **Diana Daia. 2010. Staub**



TEA

HANGING
CAGES
RS DELUXE

»TEARS DELUXE«

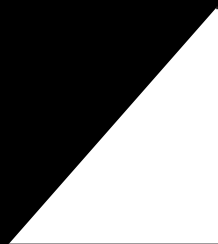
A dying magnolia scent lingers around the hallways, mixed with bad cooking fumes from a cold kitchen. Old warm quarters barely invite you in anymore. The space filled up with junk, improvised cemetery for bewailing sorrows, holds true and dear the last image of a winter's night's welcoming moment. Soft piano in the mist soothes you and makes lounging in the past's labyrinth seem tempting. And the thought hurts. It physically hurts and you can't let go. And no one can shake the feeling or make it go away. You'll have to find a way to live with it, carry it with you on your journeys. Professional wonderer or fulfilled man, be it either, suit you admirably, especially dressed so elegantly in hordes of violins' sounds. It's a perfect fit.

»Will you dance?« I heard you say with unbelievably familiar voice. Frigid dance floor sputters beneath feet never touching the ground, while the daily moment of magic in your hands pours

flawless and undisturbed. Sometimes I wish I worked in guiding souls across to the other side, tranquil and reconciled to the passing. Words slowly fade, echoes wither in distant corners, and it feels like goodbye.

You cannot bear to take another step, and yet you must. Swirling and consumed, you turn your back to the darkness, at least for a moment, with beautiful memories imprinted deep inside. And with the first ray of light, you face the shadows once again, still divided and torn by the things that were denied to you. A mixture of fantasy and vague wishes is offered in exchange for the hesitation, a not so fair trade.

I find myself looking absently through closed eyelids. My own, someone else's, with no regrets, except maybe for the things that should have been said and have not been said. Now we can fall...



BAHAK B



photo | [vel.thora](#). Courtesy of the artist

MA

NOX
SHOWCASE^{II}
RK JARRELL

NAME:

MARK JARRELL

LOCATION:

WEST VIRGINIA, UNITED STATES

OCCUPATION:

ARTIST, OCCULTIST, GROUNDSKEEPER

CONTACT:

OBLEAKPATTERN.DEVIANTART.COM

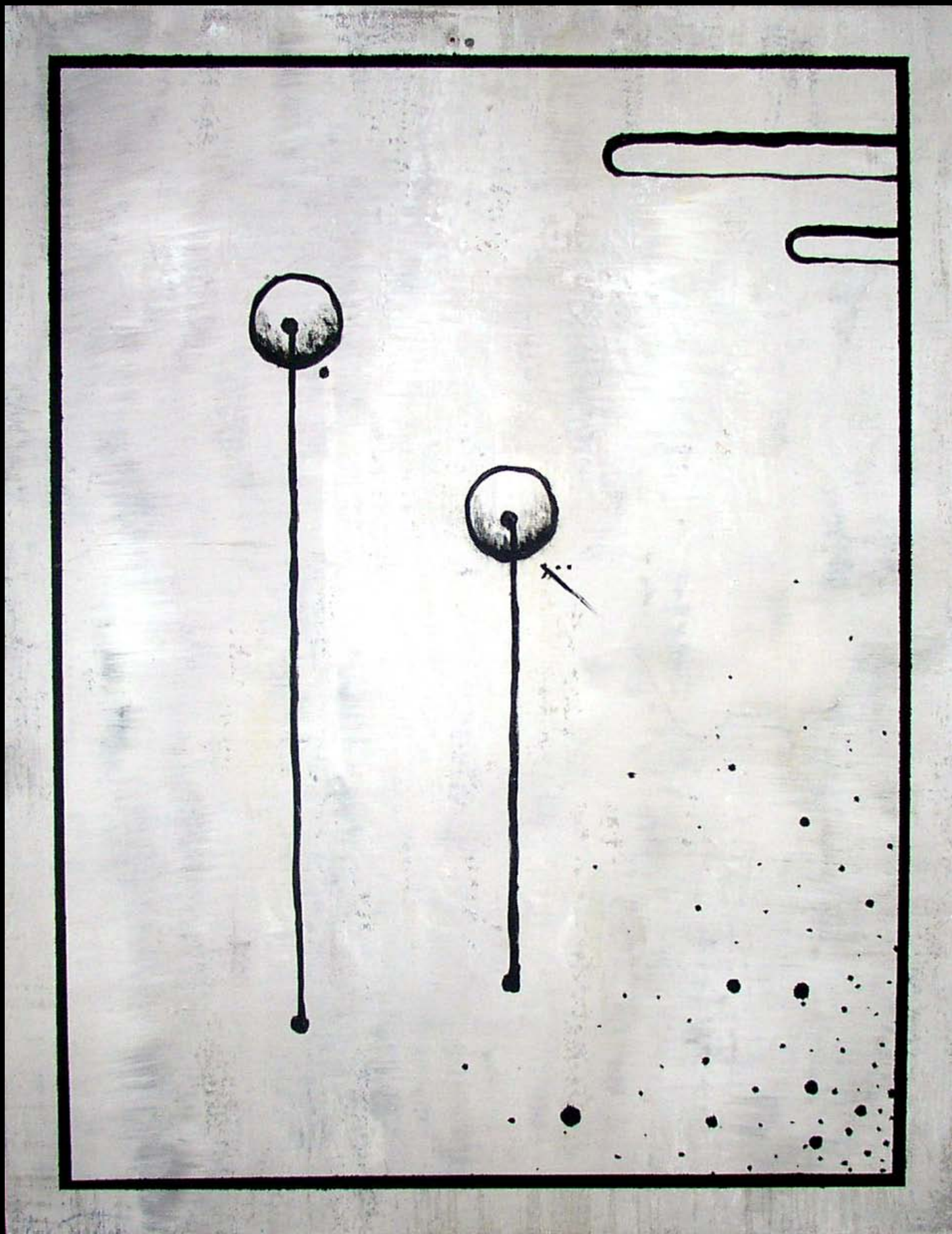


photo | Mark Jarrell. 2006. *Slith Drist*. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Mark Jarrell. 2007. *Ominous Glimpse*. Courtesy of the artist



photo Mark Jarrell. 2006. *After an Inner Exit*. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2008. Ohmnin Shift. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2006. Collapsing Cognition. Courtesy of the artist**

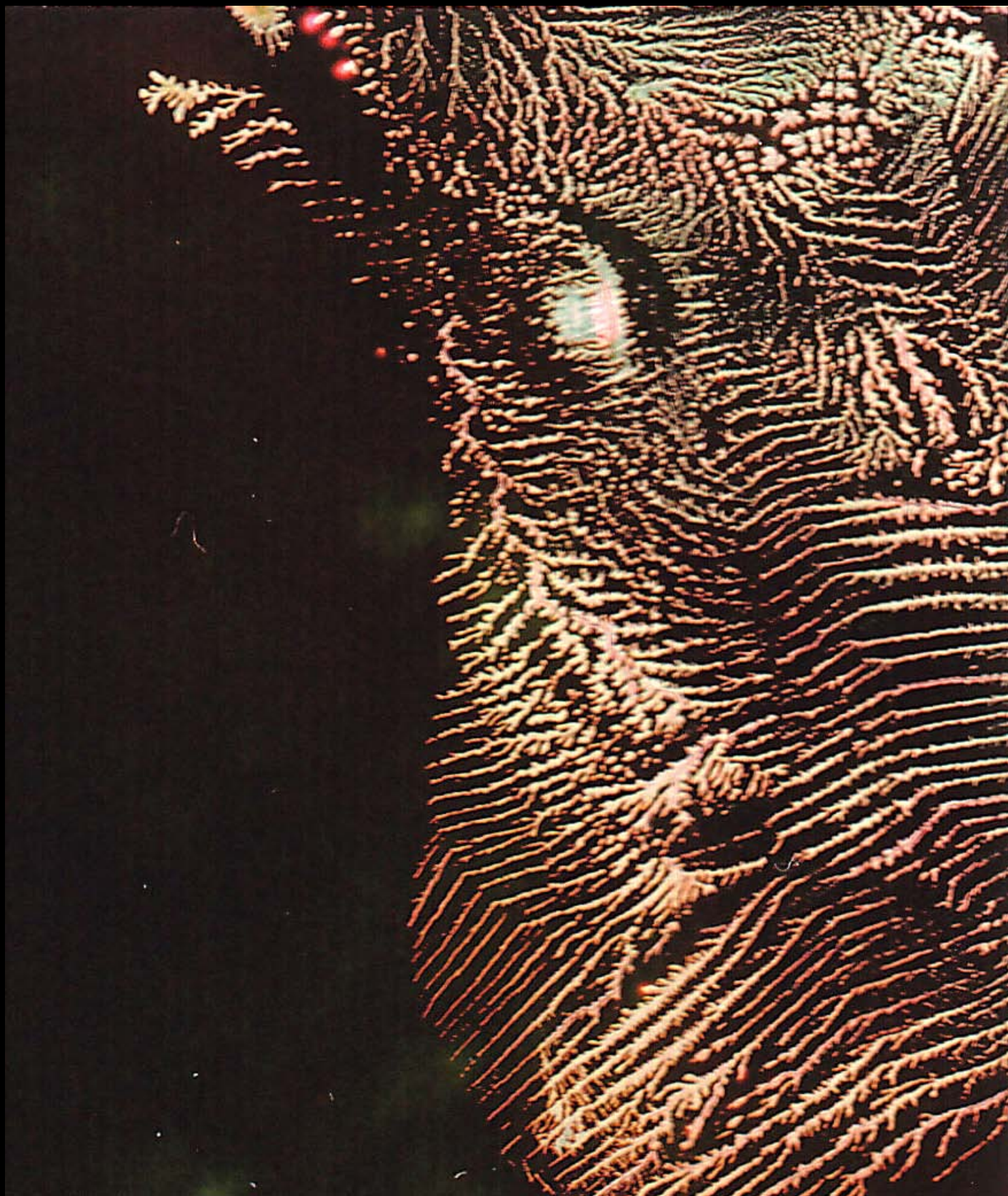


photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2007. *Beneath It*. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2009. Head Will Leak. Detail. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2008. *Impinge Cosmic Winds*. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2008. Entry. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2010. *The Barrier Seal*. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | **Mark Jarrell. 2010. Altar II.** Courtesy of the artist

CHAI

NZ CISSORS





EYE TEASER

KRISTAMAS KLOUSCH

Canada

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