N-SPHERE

a world behind curtains | march 2012

FEATURING



STANKA KOLEVA



ARNOLD BÖCKLIN



JURAJ HERZ



THIAGO VIDOTTO



KEEP SHELLY IN ATHENS



CYCLER

N-SPHERE MARCH 2012

EDITORIAL TRANQUILIZERS

»Hello? Is there anybody in there?«
There is the sort of white darkness
that comes out of ether and embraces
eager minds. To dream with open
eyes, taking in avidly the blurred
ambiance, is to look inside the mist: an
unexpected clarity. Then, the world
becomes beautiful. »Can you show
me where it hurts?«

»There is no pain, you are receding.« Behind scratched glass, out of focus, Stanka Koleva's works unroot emotions and tell the tales of piercing through reality with sublty sharpened instruments.

»A distant ship, smoke on the horizon." Thiago Vidotto's lenses are intact. However, desecrating personal identity, his works deconvolute focus through abstract dissimulation.

»You are only coming through in waves.« Part of the Czech New Wave cinema, Juraj Herz's works are silently gloomy. Alternating between refined visuals and acerbic satire, the director shatters expectations and brings generally captivating films to the fore.

»Your lips move but I can't hear what you're saying.« March's Abuse Showcases present Cycler's release, Polymath, and a photofeature of Keep Shelly in Athens and Hipdiebattery, dynamically captured inside the stillness of frames.

Unfocused, foggy, misty, hazy, obscure and unclear, »I have become comfortably numb.«

Quotes | Pink Floyd. 1979. Comfortably Numb



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HANGING CAGES

STAN

GLASS SHOWCASE KAKOLEVA

SILENCE PRAYER FAITH SCREAM

Name:

Stanka Koleva

Location:

Berlin, Germany

Occupation:

Photographer

Definition of personal sphere:

Art is the purest way of interpreting our inner self, as well as actualizing the unknown manifestations of Cosmic Life. Human nature and mutual relations are necessary components that I utilize in my works, along with intuition, which is the most essential and uncertain element of the artistic act

Artwork in 4 words:

Silence, prayer, faith and scream

What is inspirational for you:

Every living creature. I believe we all pertain to something much more than the materialistic and organic dynamic; we communicate not with words, but with senses

Currently favourite artist:

Sally Mann

Tools of trade:

Gelatin-Silver Prints

Current obsessions:

Paper letter writing

Personal temptation:

Chocolate







photo | Stanka Koleva. Melancholic. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Stanka Koleva. Meditation. Courtesy of the artist





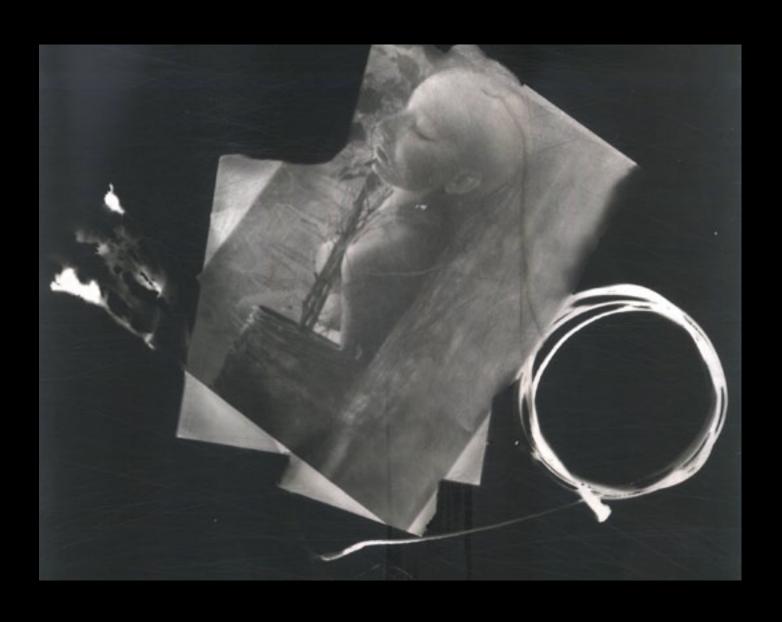


photo | **Stanka Koleva. Self-portrait. Courtesy of the artist**





photo | **Stanka Koleva. Duality of Existence. Courtesy of the artist**



photo | Stanka Koleva. Forms. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Stanka Koleva. Not Enough. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Stanka Koleva. Pot Sa Accepta. Courtesy of the artist

ARNOL

STONE SHOWCASE DBÖCKLIN

SUNTOHIS SLUMBER. SHADOWS OVER ALL

Name:

Arnold Böcklin

Lived:

16th October 1827 - 16th January 1901

Location:

Zürich, Switzerland

Occupation:

Painter, sculptor, draughtsman

Influences:

Folklore & allegories, paganism, mythology, Rome, Romanticism, the Pre-Raphaelites

Influenced:

Otto Weisert (who designed the

Arnold Böcklin typeface in 1904), Serghei Rachmaninoff (who composed The Isle of the Dead in 1908), H. R. Giger, Max Ernst, Salvador Dalí, Giorgio de Chirico, Marcel Duchamp, Edvard Munch, Heinrich Schulz-Beuthen, Hans Huber

Famous for:

Die Toteninsel (The Island of the Dead)

Obsessions:

Death, mythology, paganism, black water

quote | Ezra Pound. Canto I







photo | Arnold Böcklin. Unknown date. Die Pest. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Arnold Böcklin. Unknown date. Der Krieg. Courtesy of the artist**

MOVING SHOWCASE URAJHERZ

uraj Herz is one of the more obscure exponents of the Czech New Wave, mostly because his works do not have that political touch, or should I say there may be some political touches, but they don't revolve around a clear message in this particular area. He is a »late romantic« so to say, more fascinated with the mood and camera movements and, while you could say the same thing about some other better-known directors from the Czech New Wave, Herz's works (especially Morgiana and The Cremator) are strangely engaging from a certain point on. In his films there is a sense of a traditional plot (in Morgiana, for example, there is an entirely readable plot) and they are visually exquisite, but indeed they lack that type of frenzy the rest of C.N.W. exponents have.

Although, it is still a mystery to me why *The Cremator* has been overlooked. Not only that it shares enough common ground with other *C.N.W.* films by means of approach and aesthetics, but it is also a very corrosive satire on a considerable part of all the social commodities masquerading as rules of conduct or real values.

The opening scene of *The Cremator* is very poetic, and you are lead to believe that you will be watching a quite meditative film, until you realize you were being "conned".

The satire is somewhat straight and in-your-face, there is nothing too subtle about it, but this makes it even more effective. There is that familiar tone, the things you heard before, things you were told to take seriously or things that people other people have shown a great deal of respect toward. Things and people here are presented in tones that switch from grotesque to repulsive.







Speaking of familiarity, some of the characters' names are at least a bit interesting: Lakme (the heroine of Delibes' opera), Dvorák (Antonín Leopold Dvorák, Czech composer) and Bettlelheim (Bruno Bettelheim, child psychologist and writer.).

There is a strong expressionistic scent throughout the whole picture: you could very well be thinking you

are watching a silent horror/comedy. Horror can be born from confusion as well and this is where the camerawork pays off. It is mostly a type of suggestive horror, because we do not see something clear, even its final scenes not being graphical, yet being powerful. The state of confusion also serves well into depicting the mental disintegration of the protagonist.

In one of his other works - Morgiana - Juraj Herz uses the same gloomy gothic tone, only this time the socio-political context is absent. Again, the story, from some point on, becomes pretty engaging, there is a hitchcockian feeling throughout the whole film and Herz, once again, proves that he is a creative visual stylist. While not presenting anything new in particular, Morgiana



works well for those with a taste for gothic gloomy fairytales.

All in all, Juraj Herz is a director worth checking out by those of you who have seen and enjoyed at least half of the movies previously presented here, because it is difficult to place him into a more specific category than what I have described above. So, if you had "put up" with our other

»friendly suggestions«, good chance you won't be disappointed here either. Personally, I liked *Morgiana* better than *The Cremator*, but the latter holds a more significant importance.

text | Shade photo | Juraj Herz. The Cremator & Morgiana. Screencaptures

CYCLER:

ABUSE SHOWCASE POLYMATH

WHO:

CYCLER BADSECTOR

WHAT:

POLYMATH ALBUM RELEASE

WHERE:

CLUB FAT CAT, BUCHAREST | ROMANIA

WHEN:

2 MARCH 2012

DJ SETS BY:

BRAZDA LUI NOVAC NENEA RAU ALBERT

PRODUCED BY:

RAUMKLANG MUSIC (raumklang-music.de)





1. BROKEN MIRROR

A FLUID PIECE BROKEN APART BY SILVERY
LINES OF HIGHER HARMONICS, A MIRROR
VIBRATING IN MID AIR UNTIL SHATTERING.

2. REFLUX

AN OSCILLATING REGRESSION. MUCH LIKE WAVES, SLIPING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY INTO DOWNWARD BEATS.



photo | **Cycler. Live in Bucharest. By Vel Thora. Courtesy of the artist**

3. STUTTER

RIGHT UP THERE WITH BLINKING LIGHTS

WHILE IN A CAR WHILE RACING THROUGH

EMPTY STREETS OF A 2 AM DESERTED CITY.

4. ROBOT HAS A BAD DREAM

ALL GOOD ROBOTS ARE FRIENDS OF CYCLER'S. OLD MNEMONICS TRANSPOSED IN NEW INTERPRETATIONS. THAT IS TO SAY, ROBOTS ARE SAD.



photo | Badsector. Live in Bucharest.

By Vel Thora. Courtesy of the artist

5. DREAM RECORDER TAPE

THE MID-AFTERNOON VISIT TO THE CASETTE PLAYER CEMETARY. QUITE REFRESHING,
TRIPPIN' DOWN MEMORY LANE.

6. INDUSTRIAL SUNSET

IT IS WHEN SUN BURNS DUE TO LACK OF

OZONE DUE TO LACK OF... BUT IN THE

MEANTIME, ENJOY SITTING ON TOP OF THE

OFFSHORE OIL RIG AND WATCH THE SUN GO

DOWN.



7. ALIEN CRYSTAL DESERT

THE NON-SAND IS CREEPING UP AND TAKING FORM, A REPOSITORY OF GROUND UP BONE.

DO ALIENS HAVE BONES?

8. SWITCH BOUNCE

LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT.

RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT.

RIGHT. RIGHT. BOOM.



9. NARCOSIS

SEEING SOUND. TOUCHING TASTES. HEARING COLORS, OR THE LACK THEREOF. A GREY-ISH INTERPRETATION OF BEING.

EXQUISITE.

10. POLYMATH

A TRIP THROUGHOUT DIMENSIONS. LIKE CHANGING CHANNELS THROUGH LIFE.

QUASI-MELLOW AND SCARY.



photo | Cycler. Live in Bucharest. By Vel Thora. Courtesy of the artist

11. LETTER TO MY DEAD LOVER

SYRUP ON PANCAKES. OR LYRICS & VOICE BY VEL ON DELICIOUS MUSIC BY CYCLER. THE ARTBOOK THAT INSPIRED THIS PIECE CAN BE VIEWED AT VEL.SFERE.RO

CYCLER: POLYMATH

ALBUM AVAILABLE FOR LISTENING AND

DOWNLOAD AT RAUMKLANG-MUSIC.DE

TRACKS: 11

LENGTH: 45:02 MIN



THIAG

SHOWCASE O VIDOTTO



NAME:

THIAGO VIDOTTO

LOCATION:

LONDRINA, BRAZIL

OCCUPATION:

BIOLOGY STUDENT

WEBSITE:

FLICKR.COM/PHOTOS/ CYGNEZ

photo right | Thiago Vidotto. 2010. The Barren Is Crumbling. Courtesy of the artist





photo | Thiago Vidotto. 2012. Handwritings. Courtesy of the artist





photo | Thiago Vidotto. 2011. Movement. Courtesy of the artist





photo | Thiago Vidotto. 2010. Untitled I. Courtesy of the artist





photo | Thiago Vidotto. 2011. Inuit Nebula. Courtesy of the artist





photo | Thiago Vidotto. 2010. Last Chance To Exit. Courtesy of the artist



K

HIP

ABUSE SHOWCASE EEP SHELLY INATHENS DIEBATTERY

WHO:

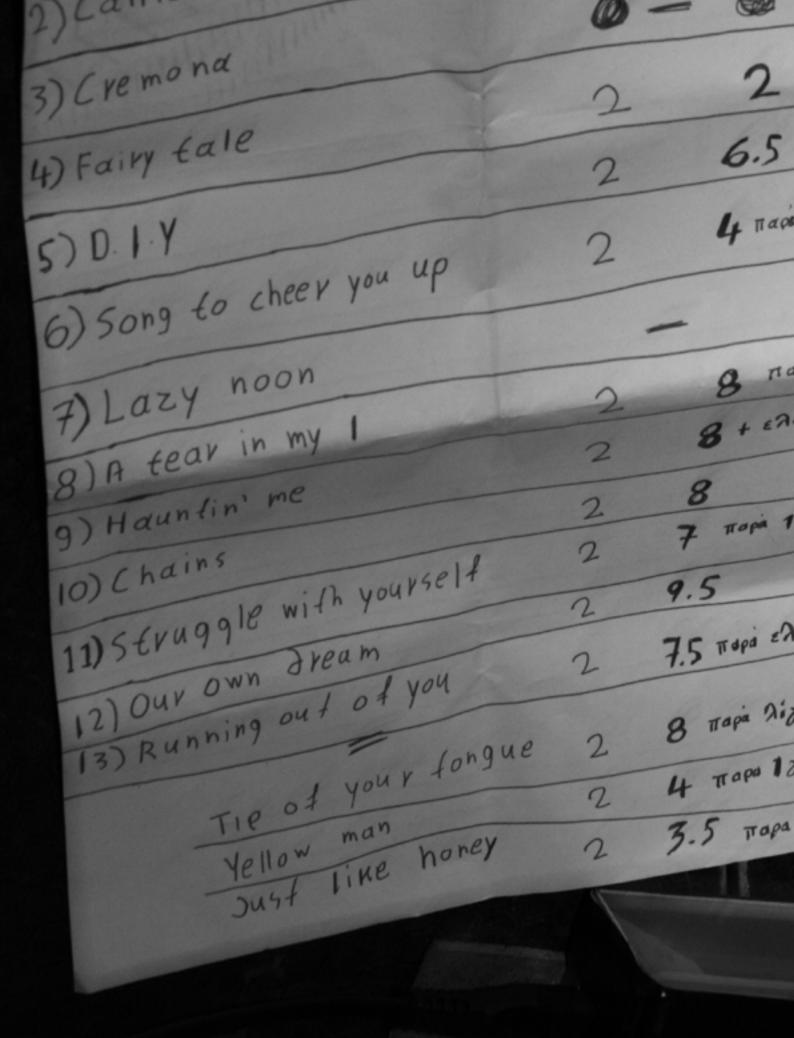
KEEP SHELLY IN ATHENS
HIPDIEBATTERY
(WITH VISUALS BY
GEORGE TANASIE)

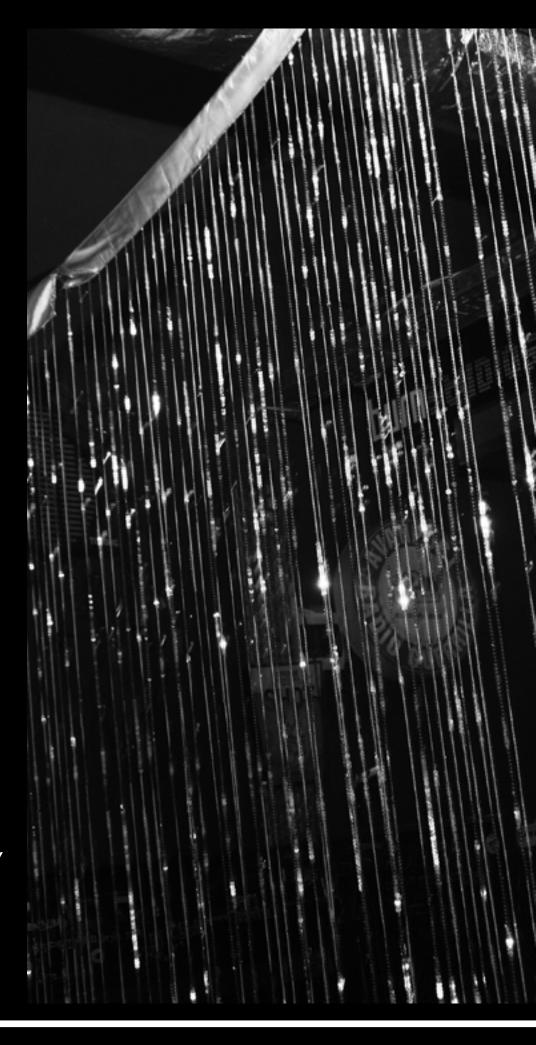
WHERE:

CONTROL, BUCHAREST | ROMANIA______

WHEN:

JANUARY 2012





| ‡

HIPDIE-BATTERY

photo right |
Andrei Mihnea Ferezan.
Hipdiebattery. Live in Bucharest.
Courtesy of the artist









‡KEEP
SHELLY
IN
ATHENS

photo right |
Andrei Mihnea Ferezan.
Keep Shelly In Athens. Live in
Bucharest. Courtesy of the artist











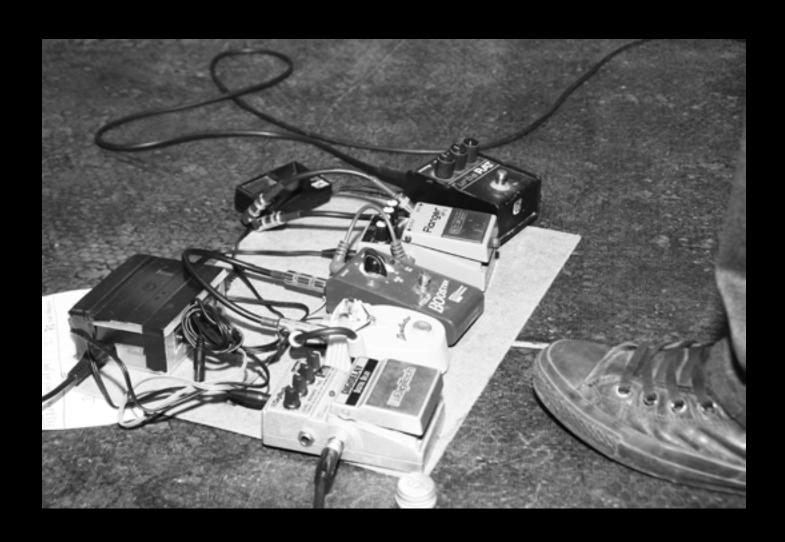


photo | Andrei Mihnea Ferezan. Keep Shelly In Athens. Live in Bucharest. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Andrei Mihnea Ferezan. Keep Shelly In Athens. Live in Bucharest. Courtesy of the artist

HANGING CAGES REROUTE

MONOLOGUE BECAME ALMOST FAKE

he last dialogue took almost forever to find its way to the tips of his fingers, but even so, it seems that the pen's dried up or the ink is of a lesser brand.

»Do you consider yourself worthy of the pen but too small and insignificant for the words?« »I do not know. You have been absent for months, dialogue became scarce, monologue became almost fake. Seems that everyone has lost their touch. Or their talent, if indeed there was talent to be found somewhere.« »That is a good question. Didn't think you could come up with something new. Anyway, some sort of rebranding is necessary. Your authenticity is decaying. The originality is taking a circular spin. Or perhaps you cannot exist outside the beaten path. And that would be... regretful. I think some characters got used to your presence

and your disappearance would sadden them needlessly.« »So what you're really saying is...!?«

»My dear, this is neither fashion, so you can try on various combinations, nor some hip attitude. You must be better than this. A whole lot better.« »I was wondering where the off-duty teacher in you went. I see your old habits die as hard as anyone's. I ponder still if to congratulate you or ignore you completely. But unfortunately, I may yet have to find some use for you... as a convenient presence, as some entity to be blamed for anything and everything, as a cheap late hour chat or some other form of light entertainment or intellectual activity.«

Is that a spark of the old vanity once worn so graciously? Is that a last minute sniff of magic powder for the bold and disoriented?





