FEATURING



JON ESTWARDS



F. HOLLAND DAY



IDI I SMOTRI



RUFUS PIRKENSTEIN





T. PAGADUAN



PIERRE ET GILLES



N-SPHERE NOVEMBER 2010

EDITORIAL TRANQUILIZERS

»I am alone and miserable; man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species and have the same defects. This being you must create.« Fluently ugly, the beauty that resides deep within humans tends to dissipate into one focal point. Searching relentlessly for those alike, mixing the palpable with the immutable, pushing forward the six degrees of separation, the male denies its own humanity.

Inside this paradox world, tightly stapled together to a wooden post, a bunch of notes-to-self flutter in the draft. Looking closely, by tearing apart the dynamics of the body with the integrity of the mind, the image thus created finds itself at the center of Jon Estward's work, multiplied in deformed mirrors, stapled on wooden posts, far away on the slope of a lonely mountain. Regression is never easy, but can pass through the absent stages of sanity, in Rufus Pirkenstein's and Thaddeus Pagaduan's works.

When finally reaching the top of the mountain, a peak stiffly lodged into infertile ground, the gathering of those alike seems more clear, the mirrors are reversed and doubled, back

to back,strongly glued by common desires. This world opens up through the eyes of *Pierre et Gilles*, a duo that found artistic expression through an entire range of the male personae.

Indeed, digging deeper and further away from the top of the mountain, the carnal progressions of cruelty and the animal rites of passage surface in Elem Klimov's Come and See. Peeling off another layer, at the center of this world bent into itself, a surprised spectator would find a seemingly sense of normality, when listening to the works of And Also the Trees, as the human returns towards nature again. The transgression through roles, the purpose emulated in this new image brings a fresh breeze of compromise between what lies hidden deep inside the male mind and what outsider perceptions only scratch the surface of.

However, the real world is cruel. Those alike are torn apart, those reflected are erased and a myriad of emotions - simply denied. »My heart was fashioned to be susceptible of love and sympathy, and when wrenched by misery to vice and hatred, it did not endure the violence of the change without torture such as you cannot even imagine.«

Quote: Mary Shelley. Frankenstein



INDEX

2

OCTOBER 2010

Editorial Tranquilizers **34**

ABUSE SHOWCASE

And Also The Trees Interview United Kingdom 68

NOX SHOWCASE II

Thaddeus Pagaduan Philippines

4

GLASS SHOWCASE

Jon Estwards Canada 44

NOX SHOWCASE I

CLOCKWORK

SHOWCASE

Rufus Pirkenstein Austria **82**

CHAINS & SCISSORS

Cold Perceptions of Solitude Scrum

18

STONE SHOWCASE

Fred Holland Day's Symphony United States **56**

France

Pierre et Gilles

84

EYE TEASER

Piero Roi United Kingdom

28

MOVING SHOWCASE

ldi I Smotri Come and See 64

HANGING CAGES

Inexplicably Analytical

JON

GLASS SHOWCASE ESTWARDS

»PLAYING ALONG THE CACTUS«

Name:

Jon Estwards

Location:

Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Occupation:

Artist

Definition of personal sphere:

Living in an empty bookstore and never being around anyone

Artwork in 4 words:

Playing along the cactus

What is inspirational for you:

Anything with no connection to anything I've seen before

Currently favourite artists:

None for a long time but I haven't been looking around

Tools of trade:

Mostly undisclosed. Cameras

Current obsessions:

None

Personal temptation:

Destroying my computer

photo right | Jon Estwards
Courtesy of the artist







photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Jon Estwards. Courtesy of the artist

F. HOL

STONE SHOWCASE LAND DAY'S SYMPHONY

»TO BE WOUNDED BY YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE«

Name:

Fred Holland Day

Lived:

8th July 1864 - 12th November 1933

Location:

Boston, United States

Occupation:

Photographer, painter, founder of the publishing firm of Copeland and Day

Influences:

The pictorialist movement, symbolism, the Boston Arts and Crafts Movement, classical antiquity

Technique:

Platinum prints

Associated with:

Walter Pater, Thomas Eakins, the New School of American Photography 1900 exhibition, Khalil Gibran

Obsessions:

Nude male figures, Christian themes, Orpheus and Classical themes, Keats, travels

Quote: Khalil Gibran, Let These Be Your Desires



The curtain rises. Puck stands lone on the right near a rock.

Puck:

What is that gleaming noise I hear?
What smell do my famished nostrils sense?
Oh! The cruel, cruel queen has tossed
her playful servant out into the cold...
how painful, how hurtful, how horrible
the sounds of hunger. Quiet, beast! As it is
our fate to die alone tonight... how horrid...

Oberon and his men enter from the left.

Oberon:

At this late hour of night, what wonders does the dark unveil? Who will be my pray I wonder?... What a ravished young man stands lone into the distance... his skin, so smooth beneath the light of mistress moon. My eyes do not deceive me! It is her servant, the bitch, the cunt, the demon, the creature from beyond! What a wonderful chance this is! I shall install in him the hatred she taught, dig deep and reach his most hidden fears, let him feel my flesh, my mind, my strength.

Oh, beautiful boy, I claim you!

Oberon approaches Puck. The curtain falls.



To forgive, to take, to use...

Is this how you repay me? For I!...
I have only done your wish. I have only followed you, to the ends of all.
And now, a nubile saint no more, mere victim of your undoing, I repent...
Forgive me for serving you in silence, forgive me for being truly yours, take me to the ends of pleasure, take me to the brink of pain, use me, master, for your own desire, use me, master, for the carnal pleasures of never ending rows of men.
This is, indeed, how you betray me.

S

photo | Fred Holland Day. 1906. Saint Sebastian Courtesy of Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division, Washington Apollo enters from the right holding a lyre. He sits down in the middle of the empty stage, with two thirds of his body in the shadow. He looks up into the light as he speaks.

In darkness deep I wait for thee,
a hunter trailing for his pray,
in silent tension, body stiff
my eyes endure thy figure play.
Oh, father! Thy bastardy desire,
which crawls down inside my bowels
has left me sunk into this fire.
Show thyself, come forth and kneel!
See my pain, my bile and feel
the gruesome beast thou thrust
hungrily into thy own blood,
now the vengeful tune I cursed
with thy lust for this young lad.

Apollo throws his lyre to the ground and exits to the left.

§





MOVING SHOWCASE MEAND SEE

»FUELED BY THE FEW. ANDYET UNLEASHED UPON THE MANY«

From its title - Come and See - Elem Klimov's last and most notable film - may sound like an invitation of sorts, but it may turn out to be one which many casual viewers would wish they had sidestepped after having fully experienced it.

The film offers an incursion into a place where the deepest terror meets the most depraved side of human nature. There is no relief, no forgiveness and no happy ending, and there may not even be a message either. Come and See is not a movie »about something«,

but it is a movie depicting something. And given its form (anti-war movie), there aren't many things to say either. War is well-known, and it has been known for ages, but it was only experienced by those in the battlefield. Maybe one single truth is relevant - that all wars were started and fueled by the few, and yet unleashed upon the many, like some many other things in society.

However, the film barely touches upon that. It is something that comes along the way and fits perfectly with the





atrocities that the viewer witnesses. Yet, Come and See is not solely about the horrors of war, they only play a part in the film's game, because yes, as odd or sinister as this may seem, this is more like a game - if you can picture a morbid game played by a wounded child in her last minutes of life. Which brings us close to one of the reasons why this film is unique: its protagonist, a 13-14 year old peasant boy named Florya, whom, in spite of his mother's protests, joins the partisans, only to be left behind by them. We either see brave children or victims or we rarely notice a mix between willingness and helplessness, between his prompt decision to fight with the partisans and his overall unarticulated way of being. Of course these are things that can easily coexist, but in this particular context form an unique mix.

There is a scene where Florya meets a young girl (Glascha) - right after he is left behind by the partisans - a scene which has a sweet and tender touch, but it remains at the same time haunting and - why not - disturbing. It describes very well the movie's approach. While most war films these days rely on explosions, dying comrades and some corny love-story (Pearl Harbor is a good, yet tedious example in this sense), this one displays atrocities in a poetic and haunting manner while still being very realistic. Even when the climax of Klimov's imagery reaches a nightmarish exaggeration, it is hard to perceive it like that. Because when you are there, you feel it, it may not be there, but you feel it and see it even.

There is very little significant dialogue in this film, because such films do not need dialogue - on the contrary, a solid dialogue pattern may get in the way, it may weaken the material. There are not many things left unsaid, not many lines one can come up with that would not have the "already used a thousand times" tag upon them. Besides,

we may know what the characters are thinking; it is easy to figure that one out. There are only the lingering images, the sounds and that is enough. War does not encourage a talkative behaviour either, it is more about sub-

»COME AND SEE IS A FILM THAT **LEAVES** NO HOPE. **GIVES US NO** REWARD FOR WITNESSING ITS **ATROCITIES**«

mission than it is about negotiation: the submission of the many to the desires of the few, however hopelessly or ridiculous they may be. Or, from a victim's perspective, it is about doing everything you can to defend what someone else wants to take from you.

There are no real heroes in wars and this is why the film doesn't focus on them. Or even if there are, they wouldn't be in full focus either, their grief will be enough burden to allow wasting time with such vanities.

However, in spite of all these, the film itself is less a depiction of war and its atrocities than it is a depiction of the animal nature in people. It is a known fact that, when allowed, people may act in a barbaric manner, leaving aside their beloved ethical code. An example of this is the scene in which the prisoners were told that »Germany is a civilised country« and that each and every one should have a brush when they are deported there. However, the German soldiers' actions seem to dictate otherwise. There is a nearly overwhelming tendency to conquer and destroy, and during wars the social context preventing such atrocities to happen is absent. At the same time, there is also a childish, yet effective motivation: you do whatever is necessary for your country. There is no bigger lie than this, because a country does not make such demands, however some of its people do, to fulfill their delusions of power.

Come and See is a film that leaves no hope, gives us no reward for witnessing its atrocities, but I find this to be the best approach when it comes to such things. For there were countless movies that used violence as a selling point (and maybe countless others will come), and once in a while it is good to have a film that does not try to make such horrors entertaining, but instead depict them in an honest and uncompromising way.

Having said this, viddie well, comrades!



ANDALSO

ABUSE SHOWCASE THE TREES

»DRIFTING BACKWARDS, FORWARDS THROUGH TIME«

:: And Also The Trees came into being in a small village in Worcestershire, United Kingdom, a setting which has been significant for you from the very beginning. While analyzing your more recent releases, these undercurrents seem to be easily traceable in your songs. What has changed throughout the years?

S.H.J.: Justin and I lived in a hamlet in Worcestershire for almost thirty years. There was a period when we made an effort to get away from this environment creatively speaking but it does take a conscious effort. This is where our roots lie and I imagine we will continue to be taken back there one way or another. These days it seems reflect our relationship with nature or solitude for example, rather than the place itself.

:: In shaping your songs, you seem to begin from identifiable places and moments (related to rural history or to English literature, for example) and then construct a narrative that detaches completely, while positing itself outside geographical and even temporal framings. Would you consider your body of work as an attempt of "looking back" or as something that goes beyond that?

S.H.J.: It is more than just looking back, as you say there is a certain disregard for »temporal framings« - lyrically I have always enjoyed the freedom of being able to drift backwards and forwards through time. Having said that I don't recall moving into the future that often. I sense the past around us, for good or bad it is there, in the city or in the coun-







photo | Diana Daia. And Also The Trees. 2010. Live in Berlin

tryside, it is in our minds and dreams. It can hold us back but there is also a lot we can learn from it.

": Nostalgia seems to play an important role even in today's cynical culture. While having gathered experience from your tours and travelling, would you see it differently perceived in Britain than in other places you have lived/visited?

S.H.J.: I think nostalgia is a human emotion isn't it? Which would make it the same everywhere.

:: In terms of music, listeners seem to be currently more nostalgic about the past than they were some years ago: the growing interest in early post punk or cold wave releases, for instance, compared to the inclination towards deconstruction/nihilism in the early '80s. How would you regard this shift and what music & visual art where you interested in when you formed AATT? S.H.J.: It goes round and round in circles, we are constantly learning from, referencing from, yearning for what has past... we always have been and we always will. Whilst the punk scene in the late 70's was about deconstruction and rebuilding it was quickly followed by a big Mod revival and then a few years later there was plenty on interest and nostalgia for the Rock- a -billy scene.

What I see now is that the lines between one scene and another are more blurred and that scenes in general are more fragmented than they were and as a result I expect they have less of an overall effect on society.

As a band we have been influenced by many artistic/musical movements from Pre-Raphaelite romanticism to the Jazz age, East European folk to Psychedelia. These avenues of exploration have been and still are very important to us creatively.

:: Listeners have often linked AATT to post-punk/neo-romanticism, genres which expose(d) urban anxieties and dystopic visions regarding the City. Is the urban environment with its cultural turmoil significant for you, as artists?

S.H.J: It has it's significance to us yes but obviously, due to our environment when we were growing up and indeed forming the band, much less of a significance than to other bands who were at their creative peak at that time... like Joy Division, The Gang of





photo | Diana Daia. And Also The Trees. 2010. Live in Berlin

Four, PIL, Magazine etc... The atmospheres and emotions generated by that era and it's »urban anxieties«, as you say, were something we felt close to and even a part of as young people growing up but creatively we were compelled to write about subjects and themes that were more closely linked to our actual situation.

:: Do you believe that we could talk about a striking dichotomy between the rural, idyllic environment and the industrialized blackened city? I think that those lines tend to get more and more blurred...

S.H.J.: They certainly do get more blurred yes, especially in our part of the world. This ebbing and flowing of the rural and urban is a subject we've thought a lot about over the years.

:: Your music is charged with melancholy, a quality that is given by both the vocals and the haunting instrumental. Would you regard it as a pervasive element throughout your releases?

S.H.J.: I'd say all of our work has a pretty thick vein of melancholy running through it, yes. Our aim is to balance it with an energy or light that comes either through the music or words.

:: While listening to your songs, one is tempted to visualize them as vignettes, similar to the Photo-Secessionist photographic pieces that used Pictorialism as a source of inspiration. Would you regard them as separate narrative fragments or as a continuum that supposes thematic connections between them/between full albums?

S.H.J.: I regard them as separate narrative fragments that can often be linked one to another. They sepa-

rate move off in opposite directions then eventually, sometimes come back together again. This at least, is how it happens in my mind... the lyrics are usually born from the music, yet in the context that we are speaking about now I am sure they take a different course - I mean I imagine that the musical connections are different to the lyrical ones.

:: This summer you have performed at the Temporäre Kunsthalle in Berlin, within the frame of the exhibition FischGrätenMelkStand by John Bock, who is also a close friend of AATT. How did this collaboration come into being?

J.J.: John is one of life's interesting characters. He approached us when he was planning his show at the Kunsthalle as AATT are one of his preferred bands from the 20th century. We met a few times and



have become friends. I'm hoping we can collaborate on another project next year...

:: Have you also participated with artwork to Bock's exhibition?

S.H.J.: He hung some of my photographs (five) in the *Virus Meadow music room*. I used to work as a photographer and have exhibited my photographs from time to time. John saw my pictures and wanted them as part of his exhibition. He also exhibited Justin's guitar and a film of us performing live made by the *La Blogotheque* team in Paris was projected on one of the gallery walls.

J.J.: It was good to have our own room in the »house« at the exhibition and we all loved playing the show in front of this »mad Terry Gilliam like structure«.

:: Many people came to see your acoustic performance, the location ending up full in a couple of minutes. What are your thoughts on the public and overall atmosphere in Berlin?

S.H.J.: I was really quite moved by the whole Berlin experience. I felt like I wanted to live there.

J.J.: Strange that after playing in Berlin so many times after these years we finally had time to experience the city and walk it's length to discover the massive roads with tall houses with bars and Biergartens. I always thought of Berlin as a winter place but the summer suits it very well.

": Nowadays, Berlin seems to be a point of convergence for many artists and musicians. Are there any performers that caught your attention during your stay? What contemporary musical projects do you find interesting nowadays? J.J.: (didn't stay long enough to experience anything of this kind)

:: Your official site has recently divulged that Justin Jones will contribute to the future album of Othon Mataragas: Impermanence. What do you think of Othon's music and what are your ideas for the collaboration?

J.J.: I met Othon on a boat on the river Thames in London. Turns out he knew of AATT and some months later he asked me to play on this song as he had my guitar sound in mind. The he got Marc Almond to sing on this same track which appealed to me as I have followed his career for a while. Recently I saw him (M.A.) at The Royal Court where he was singing as a part of project entitled 10 Plagues.

Othon seems to be a brilliant pianist as well as a creative mind.

»ALL OF OUR WORK HAS A PRETTY THICK YEIN OF MELANCHOLY RUNNING THROUGH IT«

:: In 2009 you released the acoustic album When The Rain Comes, and you are currently working on an Acoustic Live DVD. Are you going to focus more on acoustic performances and recordings rather than electric ones in the future? Are acoustic performances important for conveying a certain atmosphere?

S.H.J.: The acoustic project was a very successful and hugely enjoyable one, we would like it to be a side of AATT that evolves, we are certainly thinking of continuing the live shows anyway. We have learnt a lot from it and it's true that certain atmospheres come through more effectively in the acoustic environment and with the different instruments, we didn't predict this.

": Would the release of a video also be fitting for rendering visible the themes that you approach?

S.H.J.: I don't know, I am quite content that what the listener pictures when they listen to our music is made and remains in their heads, however some of the short films and videos that people have made for our music have been interesting and I've liked watching them.

:: A question which you might have been addressed a couple of times already: how was the name And Also The Trees born?

S.H.J.: It was the name of our first song.

" »Never stop, never stay« (Jacob Fleet). And Also The Trees seems to be constantly moving: what are you taking with you next and what should listeners expect in the near future?

J.J.: A new album should be recorded in 2011. It will not pretend that it is still easy to be creative in an original sense after more than 10 albums. This is why it takes us a long time to write them, we already wrote one and decided to start again. I'm sure that the acoustic project will influence this next album one way or another it is still early to know. We always have a feeling for the imminent work at the start. It's realizing this which is where the magic happens.

questions | **Diana Daia** answers | **Simon Huw Jones Justin Jones**



RUFUS P

SHOWCASE IRKENSTEIN

NAME:

RUFUS PIRKENSTEIN

LOCATION:

VIENNA, AUSTRIA

OCCUPATION:

ARTIST

WEBSITE:

FACEBOOK.COM/1541718585





photo | Rufus Pirkenstein. 2010. Lucifer`s Aircondition. Courtesy of the artist





photo | Rufus Pirkenstein. 2004/2010. Paralell Vulvenhain. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Rufus Pirkenstein. 2006/2010. Österleich. Courtesy of the artist

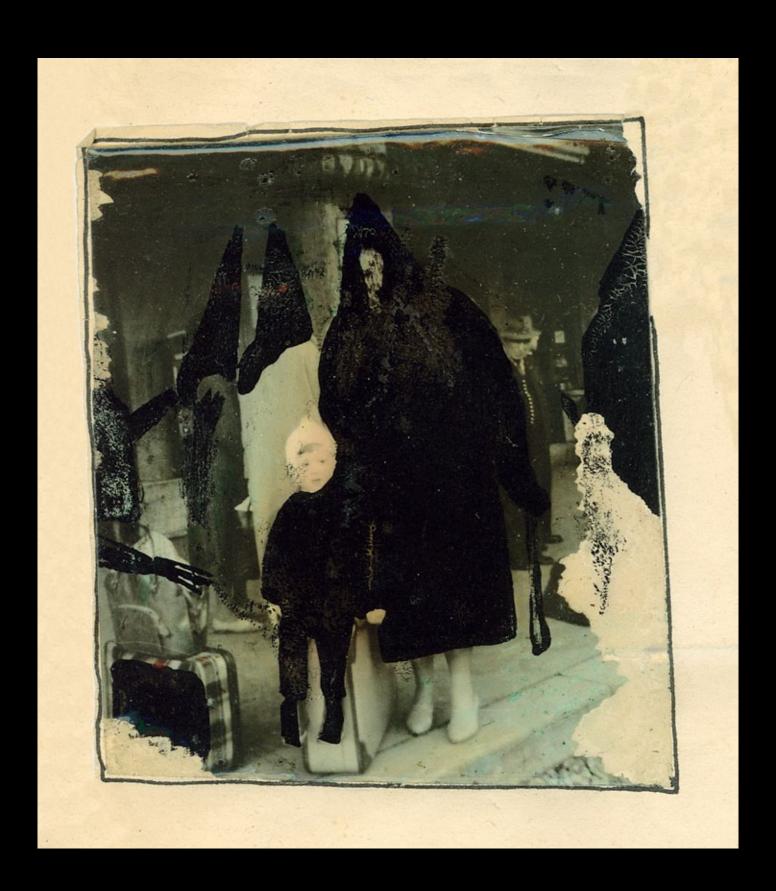
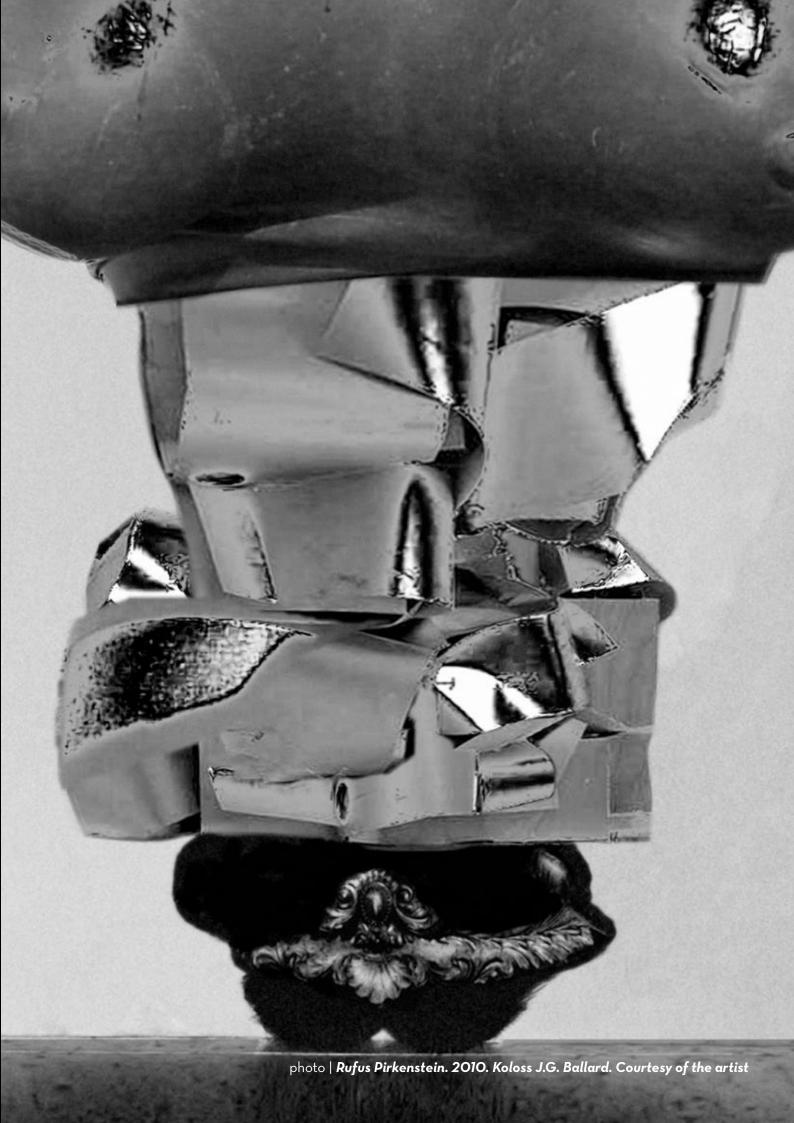


photo | Rufus Pirkenstein. 1977. Attnang Puchheim. Courtesy of the artist







PIERR

ECCKWORK SHOWCASE ETGILLES

»ATTHE CROSSROAD OF THE SACRED AND THE PROFANE«



ierre et Gilles are Pierre Commoy, born in 1949 in La Roche-sur-Yon and Gilles Blanchard, born in 1953 in Le Havre. They created through their artistic symbiosis of photography and painting a magnificent authentic universe. They have been inseparable ever since they met at a party in Paris in 1976, having solo exhibitions all over the world in Paris (European House of Photography), Glasgow (Museum of Modern Art), Tokyo (Ginza Art Space), Turku (Turun Taide

Museum), New York (New Museum of Contemporary Art), San Francisco (Yerba Buena Arts Center for the Arts) or Vienna (Kunsthaus Wien).

Having worked together for 30 years, they produced over 700 artworks including portraits of celebrities from all over the world such as Salvador Dali, Yves Saint-Laurent, Paloma Picasso, Nina Hagen, Boy George, Catherine Deneuve, Kylie Minogue, Claudia Schiffer, Laetitia Casta, Dalida, Juliette Greco and



close friends like Marc Almond or Nina Hagen or just random people. They create an unique experience of artificial settings, theatre elements, decors, lighthing, make-up, hairstyles, costumes made from special, varied material, sometimes receiving help from known specialists.

Their style is immediately recognizable because of their distinguishable technique, which leads to creating a unique handmade object: after Pierre takes the picture of the model, Gilles, without any digital manipulation and only by using successive layers of glaze and paint, brush and airbrush, adds new elements to the original frame transforming a reproducible photography into a unique piece. The boundaries between media of artistic expression are erased, and the photograph gradually transforms into a painting where their models find perfection and become porn or pop stars, religious figures, gods, saints, sailors, human clichés, at the crossroad of the sacred and profane, beautiful and ugly, good and evil, popular culture and classical elements.

Instead of representing the world as one marked by violence, they consider that they have the task to create a fairy-tale universe, dominated by kitsch, which is a result of mixing elements from Asian culture, extracted from their visits in Morocco, India, Thailand, while finding adorable the chromatics of these places and the people's way of being. To them, kitsch is just a way to meditate about themes as love and hate, tenderness and violence, and to combine commercial and high art, poetry, glamour and homoeroticism, adding to their artificially enhanced subjects exotic backgrounds with star-filled night sky, floating clouds, forest floors or industrial cityscapes and frames with flowers, branches, trees. Pierre et Gilles, like many other gay artists, focus on



the male body, homoeroticism being one major aspect of their artwork. They use beautiful melancholic male models, naked or partially dressed, with muscular bodies, heavy face make-up, playing with notions such as masculinity, perfection, superficiality, body in modern gay culture.

photo | Pierre & Gilles. 1991. La Madone au Cœur Blesse. Model: Lio Courtesy of Galerie Jérôme de Noirmont, Paris





photo | Pierre & Gilles. 1991. Les Cosmonautes. Model: Pierre et Gilles Courtesy Galerie Jérôme de Noirmont, Paris



photo | **Pierre & Gilles. 2007.** Le Dahlia Noir. Model: Dita von Teese Courtesy Galerie Jérôme de Noirmont, Paris

INE



HANGING CAGES XPLICABLY NALYTICAL

»NOW YOU'RE AGAIN MUTE«

de dreamt of a high speed chase across the heavens and of a spineless army throwing calcium arrows at catatonic targets. The firing squad has never been so beautiful. This is but a small token of my appreciation for the big black book on my night stand.

»Did you hear the chorus chanting in the afternoon sun?« »Not this time. I was indulging together with my ego into the remembrance of the bizarre conversations, in simpler shapes and sizes. You had something to say back then. Now you're again mute.«

»Do I sometimes still think that one bullet brings the silence and another one the long forgotten ovations? I couldn't say. There's still much work to be done until that level of performance.« »I will excuse myself then, and return when you'll desperately cry for help.« »You're

planning the future sufferings and rapture as always. I occasionally hate you as much as I hate myself. I'd gladly rip off every square inch of your skin and feed it to the subjects of your experiments, leaving the illustrious meat for the posterity to dispose of, and polishing of the bones for the children's primitive amusement. Any further resemblance to your methods sickens me profoundly.« »Yes. Jumping in and out of psychotic episodes like in a new found game of hopscotch, spreading the joy and fun, is primitive indeed. But I am positively convinced that you can go beyond primitive.«

Let us agree on how not to make each other feel uncomfortable and out of place again. It shouldn't be that difficult. And if by any chance it turns out so, we'll summon our old friend and referee. Shall we begin with the appetizers?





NOX SHOWCASEII THADDEUS PAGADUAN

NAME:

THADDEUS PAGADUAN

LOCATION:

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

OCCUPATION:

STUDENT/PAINTER

CONTACT:

T-A-D.DEVIANTART.COM

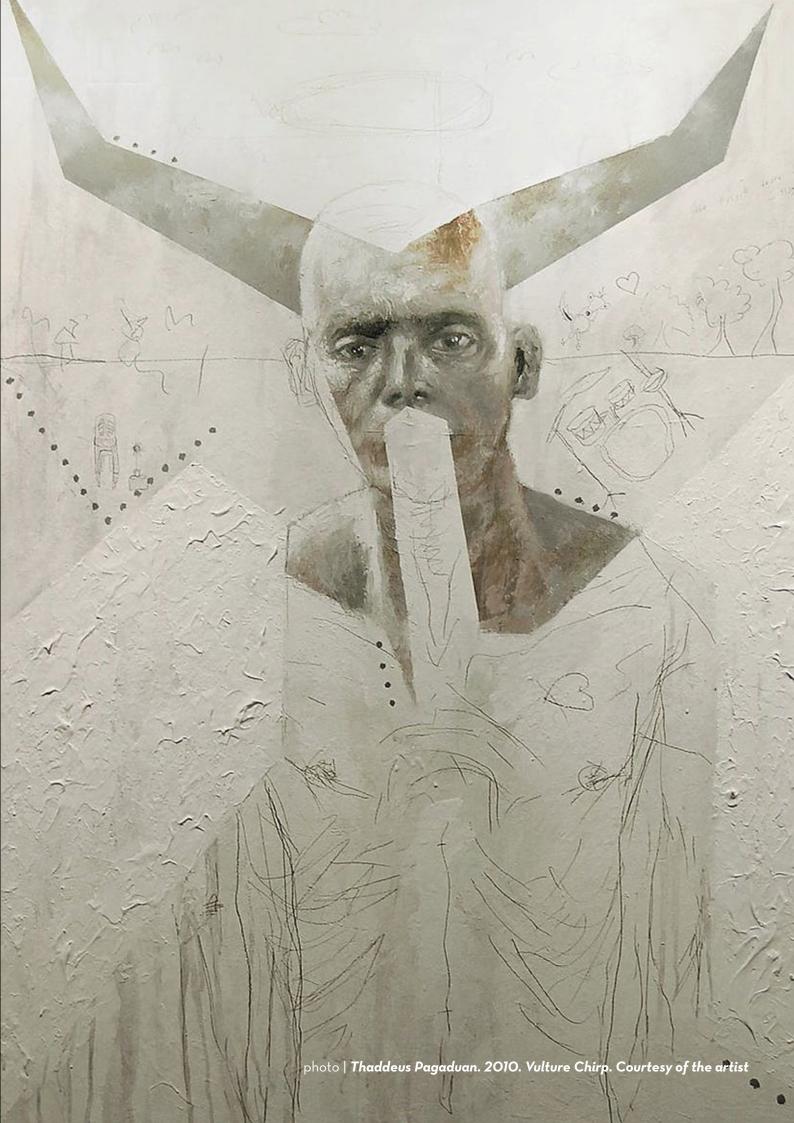




photo | Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2008. Ammo. Courtesy of the artist

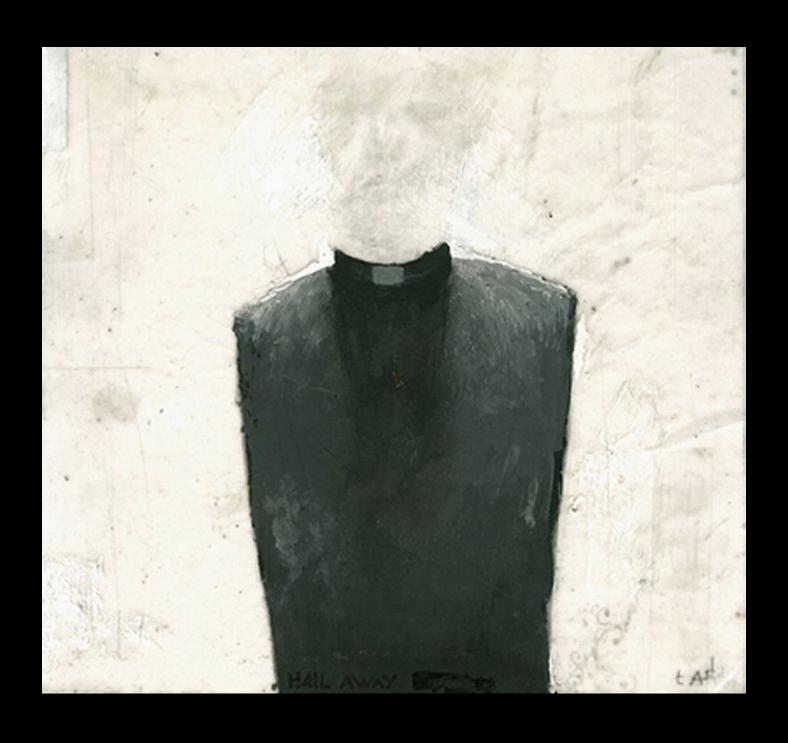
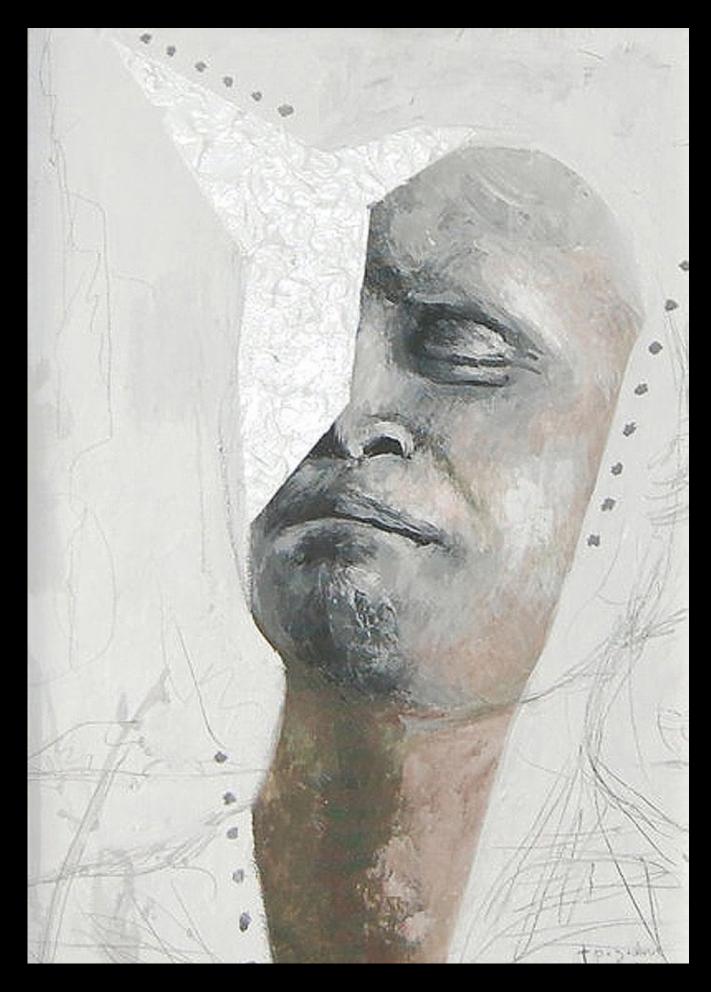


photo | Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2008. Moral Schmoral. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2010. Ari Nga Taraken. Courtesy of the artist



 $photo \mid \textit{Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2010. Kamaudiananna impierno. Courtesy of the artist$



photo | Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2009. Your's is Our's. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2009. Savior vs. Savior. Courtesy of the artist



photo | Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2009. god made Man as Man made him. Courtesy of the artist

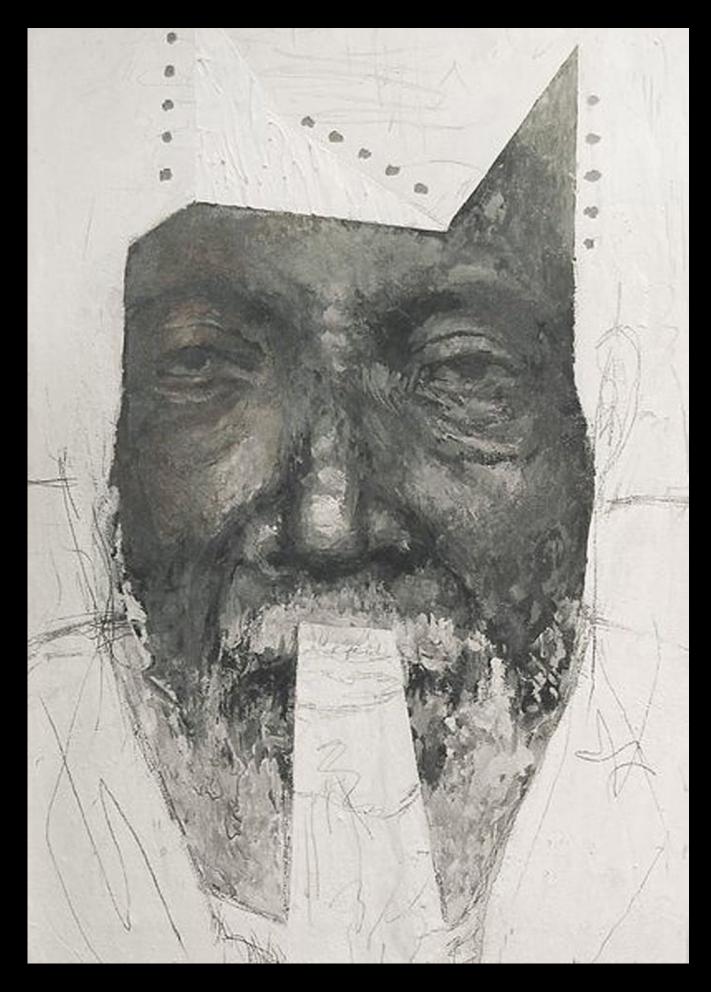


photo | Thaddeus Pagaduan. 2010. SNi Apo Daytoy Loko Kayo. Courtesy of the artist

CHAI

CISSORS





EYETEASER PIERO ROI United Kingdom

N-SPHERE MAGAZINE ISSN 2068 - 620X

SFERE.RO © 2007-2010 all rights reserved.

the reproduction of all material presented in the n-sphere is restricted.

the photographs and portfolios are property of the respective artists.

for editorial matters, please contact the gallery.

GRAPHICS&LAYOUT:

diana daia www.in-circles.org

WORDS:

vel.thora shade bahak b diana daia anca stirbacu

CONTACT:

virtual.spheres@gmail.com

