

sasiak eta hodeiak
brambles & clouds



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the balde

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february | march



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uda norbegiarra

Per Kristian Nygard artistak Oslon antolatutako erakusketan, mendi paisai ederra eraiki zuen. Aretoko espazio guztia lurrez bete eta aranak sortu ostean belar hazia zabaltu eta labur-laburra den uda norbegiarraren berotasuna baliatuz, bi asteren bueltan orografia ederra eratu zuen lau pareten artean.

norwegian summer

Artist Per Kristian Nygard exhibited beautiful scenery at his show in Oslo. He covered the floor with soil, built valleys, spread grass seeds over it all and, making use of the very short Norwegian summer heat, created beautiful mountains for two weeks.



LAND - ESKAPE

buzzcocks + lookers

Talde britaniar mitikoak martxoaren 28an joko du Intxaurrendoko kultur etxean. Eta ez da revival soila izango, 10 kantu dituen beren disko berria aurkeztera datozelako. Beren alboan, The Lookers, azken bi urteetan gure geografian barna milaka kilometro eta dozenaka kontzertu eskaini duen Ziburuko hirukote lotsagabea.

buzzcocks + lookers

The legendary british band will be playing in Intxaurrendoko the 28th of march. And it won't be just a revival gig, they are presenting 10 new songs from their new album. With them, The Lookers, the shameless band from Ziburu that during the last two years it's been one of the most active garage trios around.



viva rossellini!

Bilboko Alhondigan otsailean hasi eta apirilaren 16a bitarte, Roberto Rossellini zuzendariari eskainitako zikloa eskainiko dute. Zine modernoaren aitzindaria eta Antonioni, Cassavetes edo Bergman bezalako egileek aldarrikatu izan duten zinegilea.

viva rossellini!

There's a film cycle about director Roberto Rossellini at Alhondiga, Bilbao, from early February to 16th April. A precursor of modern cinema, recommended by film-makers such as Antonioni, Cassavetes and Bergman.



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PROPOSA(WO)MEN



gallery girls

Dokuserieak modan daude. Horien artean azkenetakoa gallery Girls. Arte galeria bat ireki nahi duten 20 urte inguruko neska talde batek New York-eko arte munduan murgilduko gaituzte. Beren hizkera eta ahots jasangaitzak tabakoa, ketchup-a eta patata frijituen modukoak dira. Adikzioa sortzen duten zaborra. Dokuserieetaz desengantatzeko elkarteren bat sortzen duten bitartean, gu telebistari pegatuta jarraituko dugu gure kaka dosia jasotzeko irrikitan.

gallery girls

Documentary series are all the rage. Gallery Girls is one of the most recent. A group of girls of around 20 have opened an art gallery which takes us right into the New York art world. Their way of talking and disagreeable voices are like cigarettes, ketchup and chips. Trash which creates addiction. Until somebody founds an association for giving documentary series up, we're going to stay glued to the screen to get our dose of rubbish.



rockomikiak oihanederren

Gasteizen ireki berri duten Oihaneder Euskararen Etxean egongo da ikusgai aurretik Donostian izan zen Rockomikiak erakusketa. Musika eta komikiak batzen dituen proiektu honek, objektuetatik harago joan eta hitzaldiak eta fanzine tailerrak eskaintzen ditu.

rockomikiak at oihaneder

The Rockomikiak exhibition – which has already been seen in Donostia – is programmed for Oihaneder Euskararen Etxea. This project, which unites music and comics, goes beyond the objects in themselves and offers talks and fanzine workshops.

oihanedereuskararenetxea.eus



chantal akerman

Otsaila eta martxoan, zine zuzendari eta artista handi honen lanak aztertu eta Akerman beraren tailerra eskainiko du Tabakalerak. Akermanek 15 urte zituenean Godard-en *Pierrot le fou* ikusi eta berak ere zinea egin nahi zuela erabaki zuen unean, zine garaikideak begirada berritzaile eta guztiz originala irabazi zuen.

chantal akerman

Tabakalera is going to study this great film director and artist's work during February and March and give access to Akerman's workshop. She was 15 when she saw Godard's *Pierrot le fou* and decided that she, too, wanted to make films, achieving an innovative, completely original contemporary approach to cinema.

tabakalera.eu



LEHEN AUKERA, BIGARREN ESKUA



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TRUKERAKO SARE SOZIALA



paperezko kontzertua. ainara legardon

Liburu dendak ez dira salerosketa guneak soilik. Ez lukete izan behar. Garoa liburu dendak urteak daramatza hori frogatzen. Kultur jarduera itzela eskaintzen ari dira beren espazioetan. Zarautzen adibidez, otsailaren 2an eta paperezko kontzertuen programaren barne Ainara Legardonek bere 20 urteko ibilbideari errepasoa emango dio zuzeneko kontzertuan. Idazle bati entzun genion esaten <<ez dakit gure hiri eta herriak liburu denda hauen mailan ote dauden>>.

paper concerts. ainara legardon

Bookshops are more than just places for buying and selling books. And so they should be: Garoa bookshop has been demonstrating this for years. They offer a great cultural programme in their areas. In Zarautz, for instance, as part of the paper concert on 2nd February, Ainara Legardon is going to look back over her twenty years' long career. A writer was heard to say: <<If our city or villages are good enough for these book shops>>.

egaroa.com

3DI



maki na kamura & mizoguchi

Martxoaren amaiera arte Maki Na Kamura artista japoniarraren obrak ikusgai izango dira Bilboarten. Artista honek eskaintzen digun paisaien berrirakurketaz gain, erakusketarekin modu ederrean bat egiten duen Mizoguchiren zine zikloaz ere gozatu daiteke martxoaren amaiera bitarte.

maki na kamura & mizoguchi

Until the end of March Japanese artist Maki Na Kamura is exhibiting at Bilboarte. This artist, who offers us new ways to interpret scenery. And also in Bilboarte, we have the chance to enjoy a cycle of Mizoguchi's films until the end of march.

bilboarte.com



mendi saguak

Vietnamgo mendi galduetako herrixetako biztanleek, turisten aurrean zuten lotsa eta pudore jarreraz hunkituta, Fabrice Wittner argazkilariak, bertan ateratako argazkiekin txantiloiak egin eta argia erabiliaz, Hanoi bezalako hiri erraldoi eta gogor batean berpiztu zituen inozentziaren irudi ziren "mendietako saguak". Irudiak, argia eta esposaketa luzeak erabiliz eginak daude, inongo trikimailu digitalik gabe.

country mice

Moved by the embarrassment of the inhabitants of small villages in the mountains of Viet Nam when they come across tourists, photographer Fabrice Wittner has used the patterns he took there and, using light, has resurrected the images of "country mice" in the enormous, tough city of Hanoi. No digital tricks were used to make pictures, taken using light and long exposure times.

delicatessen

Magnus Irvin eta Michael Ritzemak enpresa bitxi bat dute. Urteak daramatzate beren bezeroen alderdirik ilunenaren moldeak egin eta hauek delicatessen bihurtzen. Beste modu batera esanda: ipurtzuloak txokolatzeko bonboi bihurtzen. Orain, bonboi pertsonalizatuak egiteaz gain, zure ipurtzuloaren forma duen beira, zilar, brontze edo urrezko eraztun edo lepokoak egiten hasi dira. Badakizue zer dioen esaerak: ipurtzulo bat betirako da.

delicatessen

Magnus Irvin and Michael Ritzema are owners of a very special company. They've been doing molds of the darkest part of their customers and converting them in delicatessen. To say it in other words: doing annus chocolates. Now, they expanded their activity to "personalized" glass, silver, bronze or gold jewelry. You know what the legend says: a butt hole is forever.



kasse mady diabate + napoka iria

Martxoaren 20a, l'Atabal aretoan, errepikaezinak diren kontzertu horietako batetat gozatzeko aukera izango dugu. Maliko mande kulturaren hezitako Kasse mady Diabateren ahots leun eta musika itsaskor eta hipnotikoak batetik eta napoka iria bikotearen folk eta rock nahasketa bereziaz.

kasse mady diabate + napoka iria

There is going to be one of those unrepeatable concert on 20th March at l'Atabal. The soft voice and catchy, hypnotic music of Kasse Mady Diabate – from the Mande culture in Mali – and the Napoka Iria folk and rock duo's original mixture.

atabal-biarritz.fr



NEGURAKO PLAN GOZOAK

bizikleta bide argia

Daan Roosegaarde diseinatzaileak Herbeheretan dagoen Nuenen herrian, gauez argitzen den bidegorria sortu du. Van Gogh-en gau izartsua izeneko koadroan inspiratuta, eguneko argia jaso eta gauez dirdira egiten duen pintura berezi batekin pintatu du bizikleta bidea. Gure bidexka faboritoen zerrendan, Oz-eko bidearen pare jarriko dugu.

bicycle lane light

Designer Daan Roosegaarde has created a bicycle lane in Nuenen, in the Netherlands, which lights up at night. Inspired by Van Gough's painting of a starry night, he has painted the bike lane using the light collected during the day at night. One of our favourite roads: we'll follow it as much as the road to Oz.



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elur marrazkiak snow drawings

Sonja Hinrichsen-ekin elkarriketa
A conversation with Sonja Hinrichsen

Noiz hasi zinen elurra zure artelanen osagai gisa erabiltzen?

Ez nuen nik elurra aukeratu, nolabait elurrak aukeratu ninduen ni. Istripuz gertatu zen. Niri berez ez zitzaidan elurra gehiegi gustatzen eta hasieran ez nintzen batere baikor azaldu Coloradoko artista erresidentziara (Anderson Ranch Arts Center) lehendabizikoz gonbidatu nindutenean. Snow Drawings (Elur Marrazkiak) jolasaren ondorioa izan zen. Lehen egunetan nire elurretako botak frogatzen nenbilen eta erresidentzia alboan zegoen elur lautada batean paseatzen hasi nintzen- golf zelai bat zen-. Ibilaldi hori egiteko ohitura hartu nuen eta halako batean argazki kamara bat eraman nuen. Eta orduan piztu zitzaidan interesa. Elurretan uzten nituen urratsen bi irakurketa jasotzen nituela konturatu nintzen, eguzkiarekiko kameraren posizioaren arabera marrazkiaren lerroak ilunak edo oso argiak azaltzen zirela jabetu nintzenean.

When did you start to be interested in snow as material for your work?

I never intentionally chose snow as my material, it sort of chose me. It just somehow happened by mere accident. As a matter of fact I didn't even use to like snow very much, and was quite reluctant in the beginning when I was invited for the artist residency program in Colorado (Anderson Ranch Arts Center) for the first time. My project Snow Drawings resulted from play. One of the first days I was trying out my snowshoes I started walking little patterns on a pristine area of snow – actually on a golf course that was close to the artist residency. I started doing this more often and at some point took my camera with me. This is when it became interesting. I realized that I received 2 different readings of the imprints that I had left on the snow – depending on the position of the camera/my position in relationship to the sun the drawings appeared as dark lines or very bright lines.



Nola aukeratzen dituzu zure lanentzako espazioak? Proiektu erraldoi hauek egin aurretik zer lan egiten duzu?

Beti nago proiektuetarako espazioen bila jakina, beti ditut begiak eta belarriak elur marrazkientzat aproposak izan daitezkeen mihise paisaia ederrei so. Batzuetan, jendeak, aurretik bisitatu eta aproposak iruditzen zaizkien tokiak erakusten dizkit. Askotan ezagutzen ez ditudan lurraldeetatik gonbidatzen naute. Iaz adibidez Frantziako Alpeetatik gonbidatu nindute elur marrazki proiektu bat egitera. Google Earth ere erabiltzen dut, bertara joan aurretik eremu ezberdinak ikusi ahal izateko, bereziki oso urruti badaude eta ezinezkoa bazait aurretik ikuskatzea. Google Earth berebiziko tresna da lan honetan.





How do you choose the spaces, the places for your works? What kind of research do you do before realizing these huge projects?

I am of course always looking out for suitable locations, always keeping my eyes and ears open for beautiful landscapes that would offer themselves as “canvases” for my Snow Drawings projects. Sometimes people point me to areas that they have visited and that they think would work well. Sometimes I get invited for projects in regions I hadn’t even thought about – for instance last year I was invited for a snow drawings project in the French Alps. I also use google earth a lot to look at areas before I go there, especially if they are far away and I can’t just quickly go and check them out in advance. Google earth is an indispensable tool for this.



Zure land art eta lan iragankorrek kolaboratzaile ugari behar dute...nola konpontzen zara lan kolektibo horretan?

Ez dut nire lana "Land Art" gisa ikusten. Land Art piezak orokorrean irauteko eginak daude. Nire lana bestalde oso iragankorra da. Nik uste, lanaren sorkuntza espontaneoak, zeina prozesu guztian zehar gertatzen den, proiektuen parte hartzerako senak eta iragankortasunak Land Art-etik guztiz bereizten dutela nire lana. Eta bereizpen hau oso garrantzitsua da niretzat. Ez dut nahi nire ekintzek inongo orbainik utz dezaten naturan.

Organizazio bat edo gehiagorekin egiten dut lan, proiektua bultzatzen duten arte edo natura taldeekin batez ere. Normalean parte hartzaile talde handi batek erraz gauzatuko duen marrazki edo motibo sistema sinplea aukeratzen dut. Oso garrantzitsua da lanak motibo bera izatea, honek bideratzen duelako lanak osotasunean batasuna izatea eta ez marrazki solteen metatze bat.

Some of your ephemeral and land art projects need a lot of collaborators... how do you deal with the collective work?

I don't see my work as "Land Art". Land Art pieces were usually made to stay. My work, on the other hand, is extremely ephemeral. I think the spontaneity of creating the work – which happens entirely in the creative process, the participatory aspect of it (community collaboration in the creative process) and the ephemerality aspect clearly distinguish this project from Land Art. This distinction is very important to me. I don't want my activity in the environment to leave behind any traces.

I usually work with one or several organizations – for example an arts organization or nature organization, who will host the project. I usually choose a very simply pattern system, that can easily be realized with large numbers of participants. It's very important that we all work with the same pattern – this ensures that the result will become one cohesive piece of art rather than an accumulation of individual drawings.

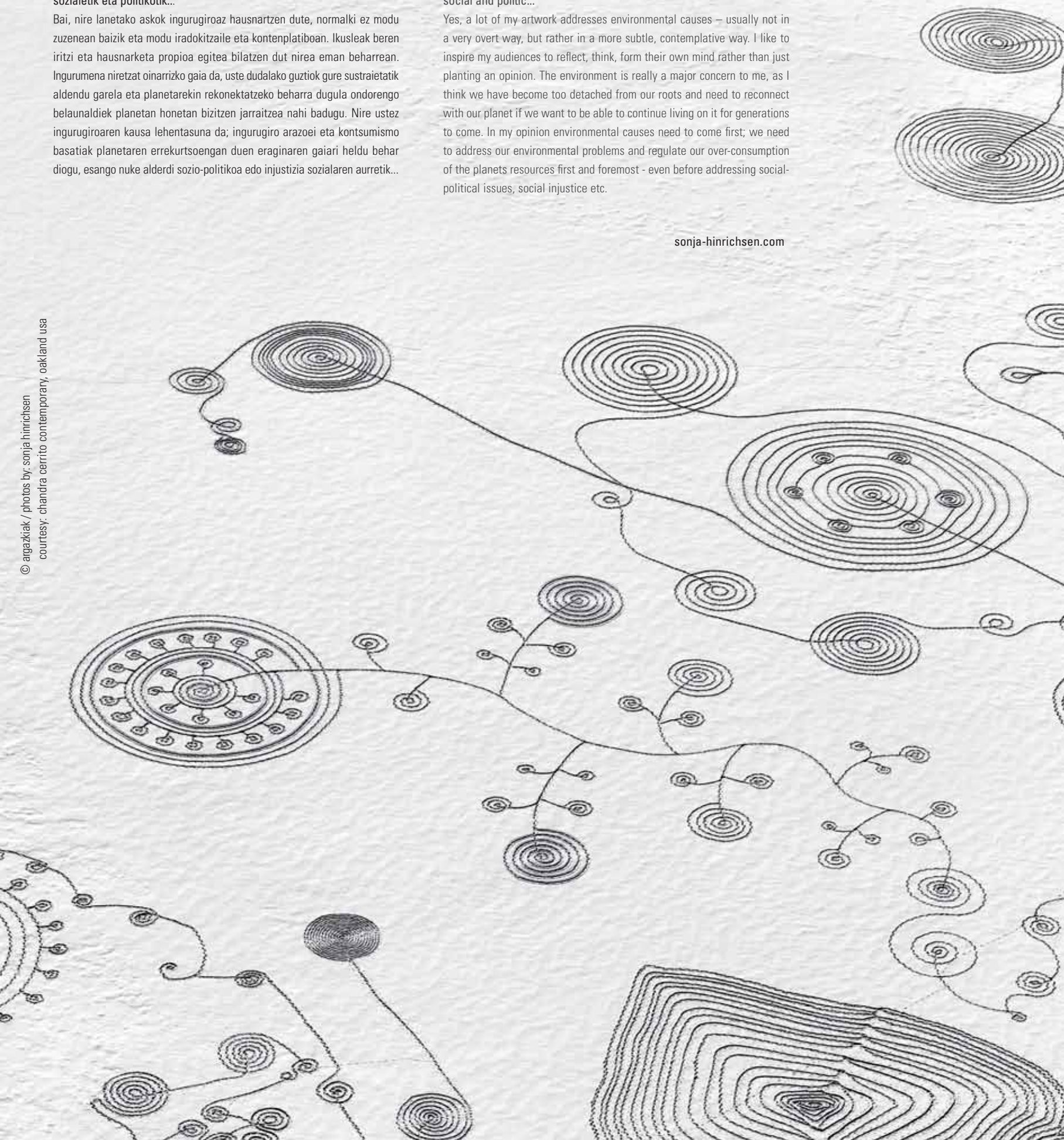
Beste lan mota bat ere egiten duzu, bideoa, instalazioak, marrazkiak,... eta iruditzen zaigu zure lan guztietan ingurumenaren gaiak baduela asko sozialetik eta politikotik...

Bai, nire lanetako askok ingurugiroaz hausnartzen dute, normalki ez modu zuzenean baizik eta modu iradokitzaile eta kontenplativoan. Ikusleak beren iritzi eta hausnarketa propioa egitea bilatzen dut nirea eman beharrean. Ingurumena niretzat oinarritzko gaia da, uste dudalako guztiok gure sustraietatik aldentu garela eta planetarekin rekonektatzeko beharra dugula ondorengo belaunaldiak planetan honetan bizitzeko jarraitzea nahi badugu. Nire ustez ingurugiroaren kausa lehentasuna da; ingurugiro arazoei eta kontsumismo basatiak planetaren errekursoengan duen eraginaren gaiari heldu behar diogu, esango nuke alderdi sozio-politikoa edo injustizia sozialaren aurretik...

You also do other kind of artworks.. video, installations, drawings... and we feel that in your work the environmental issue is also, something social and politic...

Yes, a lot of my artwork addresses environmental causes – usually not in a very overt way, but rather in a more subtle, contemplative way. I like to inspire my audiences to reflect, think, form their own mind rather than just planting an opinion. The environment is really a major concern to me, as I think we have become too detached from our roots and need to reconnect with our planet if we want to be able to continue living on it for generations to come. In my opinion environmental causes need to come first; we need to address our environmental problems and regulate our over-consumption of the planets resources first and foremost - even before addressing social-political issues, social injustice etc.

sonja-hinrichsen.com



the gift (oparia)

Lehendabiziko narrazio luzeak, errimaz idazten ziren, ziur aski, poetek, musikaz lagunduta errexitatu zitzen. Homeroren Iliada eta Odisea kasu. Gerora, erromantzeak, erdi aroko narrazioak, kantatak eta operak ohitura horri jarraitu dio. Rock musikan ordea, poema laburrak bai, baina iraupen luzeak kantu-narrazio oso gutxi gauzatu da. Aritz Brantonek datozen zenbakietan argitaratuko ditugun horietako hiru aukeratu eta itzuli egin ditu. Lehena, The Velvet Underground-en The Gift. Oparia. Ipuin klasikoetan bezala, amaieran sorpresa bat eskaintzen duen Lou Reed-ek idatzita eta John Calek errexitatutako kantu-narrazioa.

Waldo Jeffers bere mugaraino iritsita zegoen.

Abuztuaren erdialdea zen eta horrekin Marsha gabe bi hilabete baino gehiago zeramatzan. Bi hilabete, eta askotan irakurri zituen hiru gutun eta bi distantzia-handiko deiak baino ez zuen erakusgai. Egia zen ikasturtea bukatu zenean, Marsha Wisconsinera itzuli eta Waldo Pennsylvaniako Locustera, neskak gutxi gorabehera leiala izango zitzaiola zin egin zuela. Noizean behin mutil batzuekin geratuko zen, baina ondo pasatzeko, besterik gabe. Fidela izango zitzaion.

Baina, azken aldian, Waldo kezkatzen hasita zegoen. Kostata lokartzen zen gauez eta, loak hartzen zuenean, amets gaiztoak izaten zituen. Gauean esna geratzen zen ohean, bira-biraka ohagaineo edredoi tolestuaren azpian, malkoak gainezka Marsha irudikatuz, promes sakratuak edariz eta neandertal baten laztan balakariz gaudituta, azkenean ahanzte sexualaren azken fereketan makurtuta. Gizaki baten buruak ezin zian hainbeste jasan.

Marsharen desleialtasuna irudikatuz bizi zen. Egunean zehar gehiegikeria sexualen ameskeriak buruan sartzen zitzaizkion. Eta kontua zen mutil haiek ez zitean Marsha ondo ulertuko. Waldok, Waldo bakarrak ulertzen zian. Senak lagunduta, Marsharen psikearen bazter eta zirrikitu guztiak harrapatu zitian. Barre eragin egiten zioan. Marshak Waldo behar zian, baina ez zegoan haren ondoan.

Idea inauteriak hasi baino lehenagoko ostegunean bururatu zitzaion. Edelsontarren belardia moztu ondoren –dolar bat eta berrogeita hamar zentimo kobratuz– postontzian begiratu zuen, ea Marshak gutun labur bat, behintzat, bidali zion. Amalgamated Aluminum Company of Americaren iragarkia izan ezik –ea eguzki-oihalen bat behar zuen galdetuz– ez zegoen ezer. Haiek, behintzat, harengan arduratzen zituan. Enpresa New Yorkekoa zuan. Postaz, edozein lekutara joan zukean. Eta orduan ideia kolpeka otu zitzaion. Ez zuan Wisconsinera modu ohikoan joateko adin dirurik, egia, baina zergatik ez postaz joan? Hain zuan erraza non barregarria baitzen. Pakete batean egingo zian bidaia, banaketa bereziaz.

Hurrengo egunean Waldo supermerkatuara joan zen behar zuen tresneria erostera. Zinta amerikanoa, grapagailu bat eta neurri ertaineko kutxa kartoizko bat, bere tamainakoa, erosi zituen. Erabaki zuen gutxieneko mugimendua jasoz gero gustura samar ibiliko zela. Aire-zulo batzuk, ur pixka bat, beharbada ahamen batzuk eta, ziur aski, turista bat bezala joatea bezain atsegina izango zuan.

Ostiral arratsalderako, Waldo prest zegoen. Kutxan sartuta zegoen eta postetxeokoe hiruretan haren bila joango zirela hitza eman zioten. Paketearen kanpoaldean “Hauskorra” idatzi izan zuen eta, barruan eta kiribilduta, ondo pentsatuta jarri zuen goma-aparrezko enbalagearen gainean, saiatu zen Marsharen aurpegia irudikatzen atea irekitzen zuela, miresmenez eta pozaz gainezka: paketea ikusiko zian, banatzaileari eskupekoa emango zioan, irekiko zian eta, azkenean, bere Waldo ikusiko zian hor. Musu bat emango zioan eta gero, beharbada, pelikula bat ikusiko zitean. Zergatik ez zuen ideia hau lehenago izan?

Bat-batean esku zakarrek paketea hartu zuten eta Waldok gora zihoala sentitu zuen. Kolpe batekin lurreratu zen eta kamioia abiatu zen. Marsha Bronsonek ilea apaintzen bukatu berri zuen.

Oso asteburu gogorra izan zen. Gogoratu behar zuen horrela ez edaten. Baina Billek ez zion ezer gaitzetsi. Dena amaitu ondoren oraindik errespetatzen zuela esan zion eta, azken batean, izadiko kontu bat zen eta, eta maite ez zuen arren, txera bazion. Eta, azken batean, helduak ziren. A, Billek Waldori irakats ziezaiokeena... baina hori guztia duela urte asko geratu zela iruditzen zitzaion.

Sheila Klein, Marsharen lagun minik minena, arkupeko holtz-atetik sartu zen sukaldean.

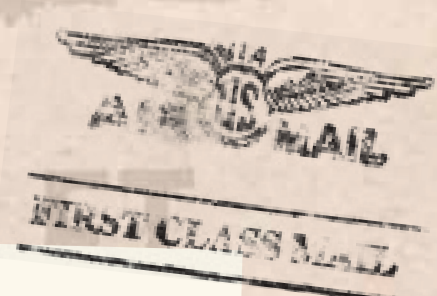
“Ai, ama, hori sargoria kanpoan.”

“Ba, bazekinat esan nahi dunana, lirdinga nagon, oso!” Marshak setazko ertzak zituen kotoizko bainu-txabusinaren gerrikoa estutu zuen.

Sheilak hatzarekin sukaldeko mahai gainean zeuden gatz ale batzuk hartu zituen, mihira eraman eta keinu bat egin.

“Gatz pilula hauek hartzeko esan zidaten, baina,” eta sudurraren keinu bat egin zuen, “baina txahala botatzeko gogoia ematen zidaten.” Marshak kokospe kolpe txikiak ematen hasi zen, telebistan ikusi zuen soinketa bat.

“Jaingo maitea, hori ezta aipatu ere.” Mahaitik altxatu zen, harraskara joan eta hor botila bat bitamina arrosa eta urdinez beteta hartu zuen. “Nahi al dun? Xerra baino hobe direla esaten dituen,” eta, orduan, saiatu zen belaunak ukitzen. “Ez dut uste daikiririk berriro edango



dudanik.”

Ahaleginari utzi zion eta telefonoa gainean zegoen mahaitik gertuago eseri zen. “Beharbada Billek deituko din,” Sheilaren begiradari erantzuna eman zion.

Sheilak kutikula bat hozkatu zuen. “Atzo ondoren, uste ninan ez huela berriro ikusiko.”

“Bazekinat esan nahi duana. Jainko maitea, olagarro bat bezala ibili zunan! Eskuak leku guztietan.” Keinuak egin zituen, eskuak altxatuz bere burua babesteko. “Kontua dun, pixka bat beranduago, borroka egiteaz nekatzen haizela eta, badakin, ostiralean eta larunbatean ez ninan gauza handirik egin, beraz, nolabait, zorretan nengonan harekin. Ulertzen didan.”

Hazka hasi zen. Sheilak ahoa eskuarekin estali zuen, barreka. “Bada, egia esan, nik ere, une bat pasatu ondoren,” eta orduan aurrera makurtu eta isil-gordeka esan zion: “nik ere egin nahi egin ninan!” Ordurako ozenki ibili zen barrezka.

Eta instant horretan Clarence Darrowko Postetxeko Jameson jaunak egurrezko etxe handiaren txirrina jo zuen eta, Marsha Bronsonek atea ireki zuenean, lagundu zion paketea sartzen. Marshak paper zatitxo horiak eta berdeak sinatu zizkion eta egongelan zeuden amaren diru-zorrotik atera zituen hamabost zentimo eman zizkion eskupeko.

“Zer izango da, zer uste dun?” Sheilak galdetu zion. Marsha besoak atzean zituen antxumatuta. Egongelaren erdian zegoen kartoizko kutxa marroia tinko begiratu zuen.

“Ba, ezekinat.”

Paketearen barruan, Waldo, ahots motelduak entzunez eta zirraraz hunkituta, dar-dar egin zen. Sheilak azazkala kutxaren erdian zegoen zinta amerikanoaz pasatu zuen.

“Zergatik ez dun igorlea begiratzeko, ea nork bidali duen?”

Waldok bere bihotzaren taupadak entzuten zituen. Oinkaden bibrazioa sentitzen zuen. Laster izango zuan.

Marsha kutxa inguratu zen eta tintaz trakets jarri zegoen etiketa irakurri.

“Ai, ama, Waldorengandik zetorren!”

“Babu hori!” Sheilak esan zuen.

Waldok, ilusioz jota, dar-dar egin zuen.

“Beno, berdin zain irekitzea,” Sheilak esan zuen.

Biak saiatu ziren hegal grapaduna altxatzen.

“A, arraio,” Marshak esan zuen, kexuka, “iltzeekin itxi din.”

Hegaletik berriro tiratu zuten.

“Jainko maitea, hau irekitzeko zulagailu elektriko bat beharko dinagu!” Berriro tiratu egin zuten. “Ezin diogu heldu.” Geldirik geratu ziren, arnasestuka.

“Guraizeak ekarriko ditun?” Sheilak esan zuen. Marsha sukaldera korrika joan zen, baina josketa egiteko guraizeak baino ez zuen aurkitu. Eta orduan gogoratu zuen aitak tresneria sotoan zuela. Behera joan zen azkar eta, itzuli zenean, labana industrial handi bat zuen eskuan.

“Aurkitu dudana hobe da.” Arnasestuka zegoen, oso.

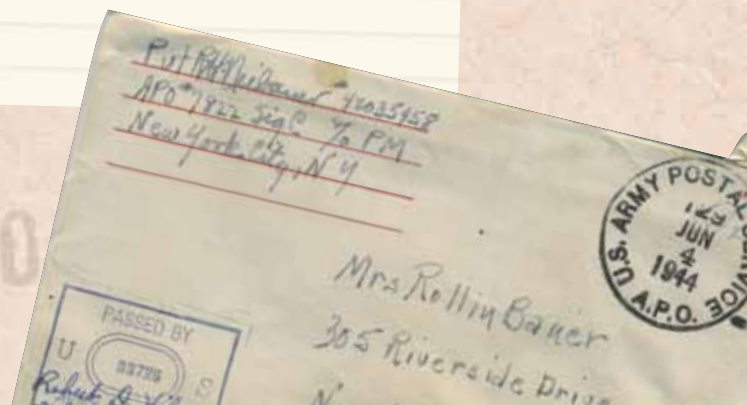
“Tori, hik egin: hiltzeaz nagon.” Peluxezko sofa handi baten gainean murgildu zen eta arnasa bota zuen ozenki. Sheila saiatu zen zirrikitu bat zinta amerikanoaren eta kartoizko hegalaren artean egiten, baina labanaren ahoa handiegia zen eta ez zegoen egiterik.

“Pikutara joan dadila gauza hau!” esan zuen, erabat amorratuta. Orduan, irri-barre batekin: “Badinat ideia bat.”

“Zer?” Marshak galdetu zion.

“Begiratu,” Sheilak erantzun zion, hatz bat kopeta altxatuz.

Paketearen barruan, Waldo hain zegoen paralizatuta non ia ezin baitzuen arnasa hartu. Larruan azkura zuen beroagatik, eta bihotzaren taupadak eztarrian sentitzen zituen. Laster izango zuan. Sheila tente jarri zen, erabat, eta paketearen beste aldera joan zen. Orduan belaunikatu egin zen, labanaren bi heldulekuei eutsi zien, arnasa sakona hartu zuen, eta xafla luzea paketearen erditik pasatu zuen, zinta amerikanoa zeharkatuz, kartoia zeharkatuz, enbalajea zeharkatuz eta —txlof!— Waldo Jeffersen burua zeharkatuz, zein apurtu zen pixka bat eta arku erritmiko gorri txikiak leunki dardarazi egin zituen goizeko eguzkipean.



The first long narratives were written in rhyme and the poets probably recited them to music. For example, Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. Later there were romances, the narratives of the Middle Ages, cantatas and operas in the same tradition. In rock music, on the other hand, there are short poems, but very few long narrative songs. Aritz Branton has chosen and translated the three which we are going to publish our next three numbers. The first is The Velvet Underground's 'The Gift'. As in classical short stories, Lou Reed's tale, which is read by John Cale, gives the reader a surprise at the end.

Waldo Jeffers had reached his limit. It was now Mid-August which meant he had been separated from Marsha for more than two months. Two months, and all he had to show was three dog-eared letters and two very expensive long-distance phone calls. True, when school had ended and she'd returned to Wisconsin, and he to Locust, Pennsylvania, she had sworn to maintain a certain fidelity. She would date occasionally, but merely as amusement. She would remain faithful.

But lately Waldo had begun to worry. He had trouble sleeping at night and when he did, he had horrible dreams. He lay awake at night, tossing and turning underneath his pleated quilt protector, tears welling in his eyes as he pictured Marsha, her sworn vows overcome by liquor and the smooth soothing of some neanderthal, finally submitting to the final caresses of sexual oblivion. It was more than the human mind could bear.

Visions of Marsha's faithlessness haunted him. Daytime fantasies of sexual abandon permeated his thoughts. And the thing was, they wouldn't understand how she really was. He, Waldo, alone understood this. He had intuitively grasped every nook and cranny of her psyche. He had made her smile. She needed him, and he wasn't there.

The idea came to him on the Thursday before the Mummers' Parade was scheduled to appear. He'd just finished mowing and edging the Edelsons lawn for a dollar fifty and had checked the mailbox to see if there was at least a word from Marsha. There was nothing but a circular from the Amalgamated Aluminum Company of America inquiring into his awing needs. At least they cared enough to write. It was a New York company. You could go anywhere in the mails. Then it struck him. He didn't have enough money to go to Wisconsin in the accepted fashion, true, but why not mail himself? It was absurdly simple. He would ship himself parcel post, special delivery. The next day Waldo went to the supermarket to purchase the necessary equipment. He bought masking tape, a staple gun and a medium sized cardboard box just right for a person of his build. He judged that with a minimum of jostling he could ride quite comfortably. A few airholes, some water, perhaps some midnight snacks, and it would probably be as good as going tourist.

By Friday afternoon, Waldo was set. He was thoroughly packed and the post office had agreed to pick him up at three o'clock. He'd marked the package "Fragile", and as he sat curled up inside, resting on the foam rubber cushioning he'd thoughtfully included, he tried to picture the look of awe and happiness on Marshas face as she opened her door, saw the package, tipped the deliverer, and then opened it to see her Waldo finally there in person. She would kiss him, and then maybe they could see a movie. If he'd only thought of this before. Suddenly rough hands gripped his package and he felt himself borne up. He landed with a thud in a truck and was off. Marsha Bronson had just finished setting her hair. It had been a very rough weekend. She had to remember not to drink like that. Bill had been nice about it though. After it was over he'd said he still respected her and, after all, it was certainly the way of nature, and even though, no he didn't love her, he did feel an affection for her. And after all, they were grown adults. Oh, what Bill could teach Waldo - but that seemed many years ago.

Sheila Klein, her very, very best friend, walked in through the porch screen door and into the kitchen.

"Oh gawd, it's absolutely maudlin outside."

"Ach, I know what you mean, I feel all icky!" Marsha tightened the belt on her cotton robe with the silk outer edge. Sheila ran her finger over some salt grains on the kitchen table, licked her finger and made a face.

"I'm supposed to betaking these salt pills, but," she wrinkled her nose, "they make me feel like throwing up." Marsha started to pat herself under the chin, an exercise she'd seen on television.

"God, don't even talk about that." She got up from the table and went to the sink where she picked up a bottle of pink and blue vitamins.

"Want one? Supposed to be better than steak," and then attempted to touch her knees. "I don't think I'll ever touch a daiquiri again."

She gave up and sat down, this time nearer the small table that supported the telephone. "Maybe Bill'll call," she said to Sheila's glance.

Sheila nibbled on a cuticle. "After last night, I thought maybe you'd be through with him."

"I know what you mean. My God, he was like an octopus. Hands all over the place." She gestured, raising her arms upwards in defense.



"The thing is, after a while, you get tired of fighting with him, you know, and after all I didn't really do anything Friday and Saturday so I kind of owed it to him. You know what I mean."

She started to scratch. Sheila was giggling with her hand over her mouth. "I'll tell you, I felt the same way, and even after a while," here she bent forward in a whisper, "I wanted to!" Now she was laughing very loudly.

It was at this point that Mr. Jameson of the Clarence Darrow Post Office rang the doorbell of the large stucco colored frame house. When Marsha Bronson opened the door, he helped her carry the package in. He had his yellow and his green slips of paper signed and left with a fifteen cent tip that Marsha had gotten out of her mother's small beige pocketbook in the den.

"What do you think it is?" Sheila asked. Marsha stood with her arms folded behind her back. She stared at the brown cardboard carton that sat in the middle of the living room.

"I dunno."

Inside the package, Waldo quivered with excitement as he listened to the muffled voices. Sheila ran her fingernail over the masking tape that ran down the center of the carton.

"Why don't you look at the return address and see who it's from?"

Waldo felt his heart beating. He could feel the vibrating footsteps. It would be soon.

Marsha walked around the carton and read the ink-scratched label.

"Ah, god, it's from Waldo!"

"That schmuck!" said Sheila.

Waldo trembled with expectation.

"Well, you might as well open it," said Sheila.

Both of them tried to lift the staple flap.

"Ah sst," said Marsha, groaning, "he must have nailed it shut."

They tugged on the flap again.

"My God, you need a power drill to get this thing open!" They pulled again. "You can't get a grip." They both stood still, breathing heavily.

"Why don't you get a scissor," said Sheila. Marsha ran into the kitchen, but all she could find was a little sewing scissor. Then she remembered that her father kept a collection of tools in the basement. She ran downstairs, and when she came back up, she had a large sheet metal cutter in her hand.

"This is the best I could find." She was very out of breath.

"Here, you do it. I-I'm gonna die." She sank into a large fluffy couch and

exhaled noisily. Sheila tried to make a slit between the masking tape and the end of the cardboard flap, but the blade was too big and there wasn't enough room.

"God damn this thing!" she said feeling very exasperated. Then smiling,

"I got an idea."

"What?" said Marsha.

"Just watch," said Sheila, touching her finger to her head.

Inside the package, Waldo was so transfixed with excitement that he could barely breathe. His skin felt prickly from the heat, and he could feel his heart beating in his throat. It would be soon. Sheila stood quite upright and walked around to the other side of the package. Then she sank down to her knees, grasped the cutter by both handles, took a deep breath, and plunged the long blade through the middle of the package, through the masking tape, through the cardboard, through the cushioning and right through the center of Waldo Jeffers head, which split slightly and caused little rhythmic arcs of red to pulsate gently in the morning sun.

FRAGILE
DON'T CRUSH





ziklista baten heriotza

1988. urteko uztailak 18. Ibiza. Oraindik 50 urte bete ez dituen arren atso bat dirudien emakume bat bizikletan dabil asfaltaturik gabeko bide batean barna. Bizikletatik erori eta burua kolpatzen du. Inguruan dabilen taxi gidari batek jaso eta ospitalera eramaten du. Bertan, intsolazioa zenaren ustetan ez zuten behar bezala zaindu. Ia urtebete lehenago, “nire aurreko bizitzetako batean Kabla Khan buruzagi mongoliarra izan nintzen” esan zuen emakumea ez zen berriro esnatuko.

Emakume hura 49 urte lehenago jaio zen Alemaniako Colonia hirian. Christa Paffgen izena zuen arren, betirako izango da Nico: Felliniren La Dolce Vita n egin zuen Nico, Terry brandy espainiarraren iragarkian atera zen Nico, Alain Delonekin Ari izeneko sema izan zuen Nico, New Yorkera joan eta Andy Warholen Factoryn ibili zen Nico, beste batzuen artean Jimmi Hendrix, Bob Dylan, Brian Jones, Jim Morrison eta Jhon Cale eta Jackson Browne maitemindu zituen Nico. Europara itzuli eta Phillipe Garrell zinemagilearen musa eta maitalea bihurtu zen Nico. Bere bizitzaren erdia baino gehiago droga menpekotasuna gozatu eta sufritu zuen Nico. Jaiotzetik belarri batetik gorra zen Nico.

Nicoren baitan zeuden Nico guztiak aipatzea ez du zentzurik. Dozenaka biografia eta artikulua irakurrita ere inork ez duelako ezagutuko benetan Nico. Inork ezin du benetan inor ezagutu. Baina jakin badakigu, Andy Warholek Velvet Underground-en lehen diskoa egin zuenean, Nico inposatu zuela kantari gisa. Lou Reed-en iritzia ren kontra. Eta ziurrenik inposaketa horrek eta diskoak izan zuen harrera hotzak eta salmenta eskasak bigarren diskotik kanpo utzi zuela (bide batez Warholi ere ostikoa eman zioten). *White Light / White Heat* bigarren diskoan, aurreko orrialdeetan irakurri ahal duzuen *The Gift* kantu-errelatoa grabatu eta argitaratu zuten. Lou Reed-ek idatzitako ipuinari Jhon Cale-k jarri zion musika. Ezkerreko altabozean ipuina erreztatua entzuten da, eskubikoan musika eta hitzak kantatuta. Taldeko bi egoek honezkero bat egiten ez zutenaren seinale. Nicok bere bakarkako ibilbideari ekin zion, baina guztion zorionerako bere ahots sakon, hotz eta hauskorra hainbeste gauzaren aurrekaria izango zen bananaren diskoa grabatua zegoen. Nork daki, Kabla Khan eta Nicoren gorpuztu zen hura non egongo den orain.



the death of a cyclist

18th July, 1988 Ibiza. Although it's extremely hot, a woman who is not yet 50, but who looks much older than her years, is cycling along a dirt road. She falls off and hits her head. A taxi driver who sees her picks her up and takes her to hospital. There, thinking she has sunstroke, they don't give her the treatment she needs. The woman – who, nearly a year earlier, had said "I was the Mongolian leader Kubla Khan in a previous life" – didn't regain consciousness.

She had been born 49 years earlier in Cologne, Germany. Christa Paffgen was her name before she became Nico forever. Nico acted in Fellini's 'La Dolce Vita'; Nico starred in an adverts for a Spanish brandy called Terry; Nico had a son called Ari with French actor Alain Delon; Nico went to New York and spent time at Andy Warhol's Factory; amongst others, Jimmi Hendrix, Bob Dylan, Brian Jones, Jim Morrison and John Cale and Jackson Browne fell in love with Nico. On returning to Europe, Nico became film-maker Phillippe Garrell's muse and lover. Nico spent more than half her life enjoying and suffering from drug dependency. Nico was deaf in one ear from birth.

There's no point in trying to mention all the Nicos there were within Nico. No-one will ever know the real Nico, not even after reading the dozens of biographies and articles there are about her. Nobody really knows anybody. But we do know that when Andy Warhol made the first Velvet Underground record he insisted that Nico had to sing on it. Although Lou Reed was against it. And it was probably because of that imposition, the lack of enthusiasm with which the record was met and its poor sales that they left her off the second LP (kicking Warhol out at the same time). It was on that second record – *White Light / White Heat* – that the narrative song *The Gift* came out: you can read it on the previous pages. John Cale did the voice for it; Lou Reed wrote it. The recital of the poem is on in the left-hand channel; the music and singing is on the right-hand channel. A sign that the two egos in the group were no longer in agreement. Nico started her solo career but, fortunately for all of us, her deep, cold, fragile voice – which was going to be the precursor for so many other things – was already recorded on the Banana record. Who knows where Kubla Khan and Nico's body is now...

Bidaiazteko paisaia soinu argitsuak osatzen dituen musikari aparta da Simon Green. Musika elektronikoaren eszenan ezinbesteko erreferentzia bilakatu da azken urteetan eta "Flashlight" Epan house eta hip hop estiloko nahastu ditu, besteak beste. Horretarako baxuaren doinuak sintetizadoreen erritmoekin batu eta giro paregabeak osatu ditu.

Simon Green is an excellent musician who creates bright-sounding sonorous landscapes for the listener to travel through. In recent years he has become an essential reference on the electronic music scene and his latest record, "Flashlight", mixes Epan house and hip hop. The bass melodies hook up with the synthesizer rhythms and the results are exceptional.



Bonobo
Flashlight
Ninja Tune 2014



Dr Dog
'Live at Flamingo Hotel'
Anti 2015

1999an Filadeldian sortutako taldearen lehendabiziko zuzeneko diskoa da hau. Zazpi diskoetako ibilbidea hemeretzi abestitan laburbildu dute, besteak beste Architecture in Helsinki taldearen bertsio bat ere sartuaz. Rock, pop eta americana doinuen nahasketa bikaina aurkitzen da hemen, taldearen zaletuei eta ezagutzen ez dutenei zuzenduta daudenak. Asko txundituko dira banda honek zuzenean duen energiarekin.

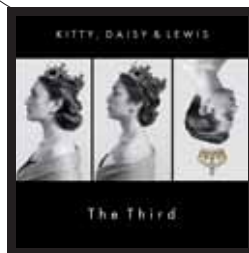
This is the first live offering by this Philadelphia band set up in 1999. They have compiled their last seven albums by choosing the nineteen that make up this one. These nineteen also includes a cover of a song by Architecture in Helsinki. An excellent mix of rock, pop eta Americana aimed at fans and unknowns alike. This band's live energy will amaze quite a few.

Animal Collective taldeko Noah Lennoxek bere bakarkako ibilbideak duen pisua erakusten du argitaratzen duen lan bakoitzean. Kolorez eta burbuilaz betetako doinuak osatzen ditu ibilbide horretan, ahotsak protagonismo berezia duelarik. "Mr Noah" eta "Boys Latin" zaratatsuak dira diskoa entzutean gehien erakarri gaituzten doinuak. Lennoxen trebetasuna erakusten dituzten kantuak hain zuzene ere.

Noah Lennox from the Animal Collective shows just how strong he is as a solo artist with every solo release he has. His solo career so far is one of colourful bubbly music that showcases his special voice. Our favourites on this one so far are the noisy "Mr Noah" and "Boys Latin", the songs that really display Lennox's musical skill.



Panda Bear
Panda Bear meets the
Grim Reaper
Domino Records 2015



Kitty, Daisy & Lewis
'The Third'
Pias, 2015

Lau urteko isilunearen ostean heldutasun musikala iritsi zaiela erakutsi du Kitty, Daisy & Lewis hirukoteak. Lehendabiziko diskoko erritmo rockabilly disdiratsuak albo batera utzi eta pop giroetara zuzendu dute bere hirugarren diskoa. Horren erakusle garbia da "No action" izeneko abestia. Egun pop eszenan erabiltzen den copy paste joera gaiztuzten duten instrumentu klasikoaren xarma erabili dutelarik.

The trio Kitty, Daisy & Lewis are back after four years of silence and they seem to have musically matured in these intervening years. They leave behind the sparkly rockabilly of their first LP and have headed into pop territory on this, their third LP. The song "No action" is a clear example of this change. They way the use some pretty charming sounding classic instruments helps them overcome the copy-paste tendency on so many recent pop releases.

Zoey Deschanel eta M. Ward-en disko berria "A very She & Him Christmas" diskoaren ildo beretik osatu dute eta besteak beste 60ko hamarkadako kantu klasikoaren bertsio dotoreak gauzatu dituzte. "Crooner" formatua hartu eta jazz doinueta eraman dituzte "Stay Awhile" edo "Time after Time" bezalako abestiak eta bertsio bikainak proposatzen dizkigute. M. Ward *puto amoa* dela erakusten duen beste lan bat.

Zoey Deschanel and M. Ward's new album is very much in the vein of "A very She & Him Christmas" and is compiled of some very elegant versions of 60s' classics. They bring 'crooner' to jazz on the likes of "Stay Awhile" or "Time after Time" and have come up with some knockout covers here. Another record that demonstrates why M. Ward is the main man at the moment.



She & Him
Classics
Columbia 2014



Manett
'Caravan'
Moonpalace Records 2014

Manett bilbotarrek bere bigarren estudioko diskoa aurkeztu zuten 2014aren ondarrean. Gainera kendu ezin ditzakezun "Following" edo "Harmless" bezalako kantu mingarrien alboan melodia bikain eta alaiak erakusten dituzten "Line" bezalako abestiak bildu dituzte. Autore pop eta folk doinuak dituen disko bikaina da hau, "Oldham" abestian bere handitasuna lortzen duena.

Bilbao band Manett released their second studio album at the tail-end of 2014. The songs go from "Following" or "Harmless", painful songs hard to shake off, to the beautifully melodic and happy "Line". An excellent singer-songwriter pop and folk record that shows its class on the song "Oldham".



casa susanna

"Casa Susanna" was the name of a house in Hunter, New York, a couple hour's drive from NYC. Tito Valenti created a safe haven for heterosexual males who liked to dress as women, a setting where they could indulge something approximating their true selves. A substantial group of cross-dressers enjoyed visiting on the weekends to play-act as housewives.

Autoan New York City-tik pare bat ordura zegoen Hunter herriko Casa Susana. Tito Valentik sortu zuen babesleku hau, emakumeak bezala jantzea gustatzen zitzaien gizon heterosexualentzat. Beren izaera beldurrik gabe erakutsi zezaketen eremu libre bat zen Casa Susana. Asteburutan elkartu, emakumez jantzi eta etxekoandre izatearen ametsa antzetzten zuten bertan.





kalea norentzat?

Administrazioek, erakundeek, udaletxeek eta halakoek kultur ekimen bat antolatzen dutenean, askotan, ahoa jantzi bai baino ipurdia agerian geratzen zaie.

Bapatean, interes politikoagatik edo besterik gabe tokian tokiko kultur ardunadunaren kapritxoari jarraiki, komunikabide guztiak bilduko dituen ekimena antolatzeko burutazioa izaten dute. Modernismo haize bolada bat. “Kalea”rekin konektatzeko beharra.

Eta, argazkilari famatu baten aginduetara, hiriko “indar biziak” direlakoak biluztu egiten dira espazio publikoan, edo, musika-talde indie-pop baten doinuen konpainiaz, koadroetako alkandorak eta mantelak zabaltzen dituzte hiriko parkean pic-nic alternatiboa egiteko, edo eta hurrengo egunean egunkari eta komunikabide guztietan azalduko diren udaltzaingoak zaindutako grafiti muralen lehiaketak antolatzen dira.

Baina hizkera xelebrea duen bizardun kanpotar bat, urteko edozein egunetan, kaleetan barna bizikletan biluzik dabilenean, edo familia ekuatoriarra reggaeton edo kunbia soinu-bandarekin parkera bazkaltzera doanean, edo eta grafitigile batek zentsuratik pasa gabe mural bat margotzen duenean, orduan, agintariekin, udaltzainekin eta komunikabideekin oso bestelako jarrera izaten dute. Turismoa sustatzen edo kultura kudeatzaileren soldata justifikatzen ez duen jarduera oro ez delako kultura, delitua baizik.

who’s the hood?

Government administrations, institutions, local councils... when they organise a cultural act, they like to talk the talk, but they then often fall flat on their faces.

Every now and again, because it’s of political benefit to them or even just for the hell of it, whoever’s in charge of the purse strings for local culture throws together something on a whim, and gets all of the local media behind it. A blast of modernist air. The need to connect with the “hood”.

And so when a famous photographer comes along, all the would-be local “driving forces” get naked in a public space, or when they all get together in their open check shirts and spread their tablecloths to have some kind of alternative picnic in a the local park accompanied by the music of some indie-pop band, or even the following day when the local papers are of full of local police-protected graffiti, the result of an official competition, well, it’s all cool.

But if any weird-sounding bearded foreigner on any given day rides a bicycle naked through the streets of town, or when an Ecuadorian family heads off down to the park for lunch accompanied by the sounds of reggaeton and cumbia, or even when a bunch of graffiti artists get their spray out without going through any official filter, well, that’s when those in power, the local police and media decide that any act that doesn’t justify their wages in no longer to be considered as culture, but rather as, well, a criminal act.





no comment

national war cementary de vicskburg
argazkia / photo by: bea jimenez

sorginak
witches









bomber / bomber: cultto
galtzak / trousers: sonia fuente
lepokoa / neckless: maider sierra

estilismoa
styling
nerea torrijos

argazkilaria
photographer
laurent leger
(lla photography)

makilajea eta ilea
make up & hairdressing
beatriz lopez

modelo
model
alba hernandez

jaka / *coat*: cultto
galtzak / *trousers*: cultto
lepokoa / *neckless*: maider sierra

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• **BORROKAN** Noiz da gero • **FLY SHIT** Iratzarri
• **EZINEAN** Ke todos... • **EN TOL SARMIENTO**
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paperpapers



kapital publikoa

jose luis otamendi
susa

Gogoratzen arma zehatza, azkena, erabatekoa bilatzen zuen beste poeta hura? Ez ote da poesia arma hori. Liburu arina ematen du Otamendirena, baina benetan pisutsua da, mamitsua, modernoa poetikoa izanagatik edo izan arren. Hala islatzen da azalean eta izenburuan. Garai latzen lekukoa, poemek busti egingo zaituzte hasieran, sumindu gero. Sentimendu pribatuak publiko bihurtzen ditu horrela poetak. Hori baita bere bidea muturreko indibidualismoaren garaian.

Do you remember that other poet who looked for a sharp arm, the latest one, the complete arm? Maybe poetry was that arm. Otamendi's book seems slight but is actually full of substance, profound, whether in spite of being modern poetry or because it is. You can see that on the cover and in the title. A witness to harsh subjects, the poems soak you first and then enrage you. In this way the poet makes private feelings public. That's how he copes with this period of extreme individualism.

orube
abandonatuak

garazi kamio anduaga
elkar

Liburu hontako hiru istorioak lotzen dituen errekurtsio narratiboa aurretik ikusi izan dugu bai literatura eta bai zineman. Espazio berean baina denbora epe ezberdinetan geratzen diren istorioak. Kasu honetan, hiru dira: Espainiako gerra zibilaren ostean kontzentrazio eremua utzi eta etxera itzultzen den gizonarena, 80. hamarkada amaieran heroina uztea lortu duen emakumearena eta gaur egun krisiak harrapatuta gezurra bizibide duen emakume garaikidearena. Bakardade istorioak dira hirurak. Irakurlea, etxeko atek irekitzen joango da, baina amaiera arte ez du jakingo azken 70 urteetan etxe horretan gertatu den guztia.

The narrative resource used to link the three stories in this book has been seen before in literature and in films. Stories which happen in the same place but at different times. In this case, there are three of them: the stories of a man who leaves a civil war concentration camp and goes home; a woman who has managed to give up heroin at the start of the 80's; a woman who, trapped by the current economic crisis, tells lies for a living. Three stories of solitude. The reader opens their front doors but, until the very end, does not find out that everything has happened in the same house.



pornotapados

paloma blanco
belleza infinita

Jolas interesgarri eta oso entretenigarria eskaintzen digu Pornotapadosek. Argazki pornografiko gordinak hartu eta gainera margotuta, egunero egiten ditugun akzioen bilduma eskaintzen digu Paloma Blancok. Bat batean, aldizkariko protagonistek, zigarro bat erre, platerak garbitu eta saxofoia jotzen dute, beti ere plazer handia iradokitzen duen keinuaz. Pornotapados, aldizkari pornoen formatu eta paper beran dago argitaratua, argazki handi eta dirdira merkea duen paperarekin, eta modu eder eta bizarro batean...oso erotikoa da.

Pornotapados offers us an interesting and highly entertaining game. Taking hardcore porn photos and painting over them, Paloma Blanco gives us a collection of the actions we carry out every day. Suddenly magazines stars smoke a cigarette, wash the plates and play the saxophone, always with expressions of the greatest pleasure. Pornotapados is published in porn magazine format and paper, large photos and cheap shiny paper, and, in a strange, beautiful way, it's very erotic.

guia del mal
padre 1&2

guy deslise
astiberri

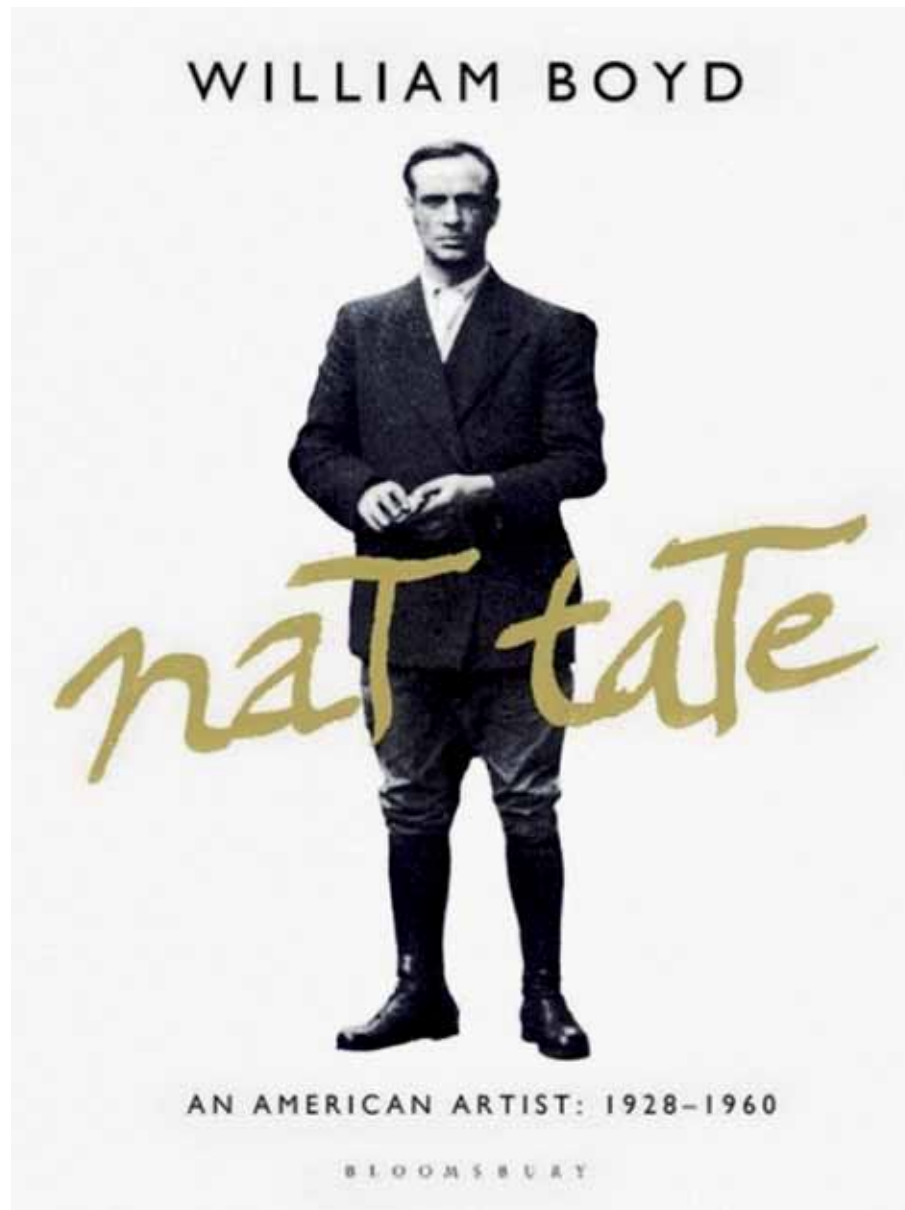
Bi bilduma eder hauetan, Guy Deslisek, aitasunaren inguruko pasadizoak kontatzen dizkigu. Transzendentzia merkerik ez duzue topatuko. Ez da hain modan dauden aitasuna edo amatasunaren inguruko hausnarketa sentitu, sakon eta kurtsi horietako bat. Umorea, (beltza askotan) eta samurtasuna uztartzen ditu bere seme-alabekin izandako esperientzietan oinarritutako formatu txikiko komiki liburua osatzeko. Zeharka bada ere, bizitzaren miraria baino, seme-alabak izatea gauza normala dela aldarrikatzen duen liburua.

Guy Deslise tells us about episodes from fatherhood in these two beautiful collections. There's no cheap transcendence here. This is not one of the deep, corny reflections about fatherhood and motherhood which have become so fashionable. Humour (which is often black) and tenderness are used to make up this small format comic book based on his children's experiences. The book suggests, indirectly, that having children is not so much a miracle as the most normal thing in the world.

nat tate:

esistentzia abstraktua

an abstract existence

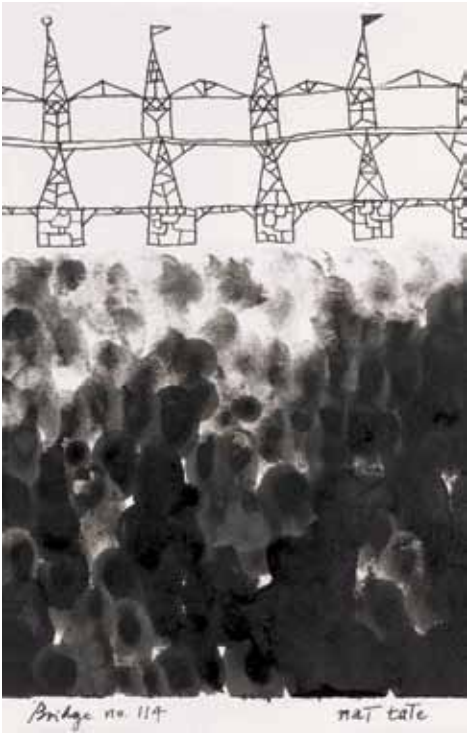


William Boyd idazleak Nat Tate artista espresionista abstraktuaren bizitzari eta obrari eskaini dio bere azken liburua: *Nat Tate. An american artist 1928-1960* (*El enigma de un artista americano 1928-1960*, Malpaso ediciones). Berpiztu egin du horrela Nat Tate artista ahaztua, 50.eko hamarkadan arrakasta lortu zuena, eta 60.ekoan bere obra eta bizitza suntsitu zituen. Ahaztura horren arrazoia? Arrakastaren ostean, fartsante gisa ikusi zuen bere burua. Bere artearen inpotentzia obsesio bihurtuta, alkoholean ito zituen bere deabruak. Europara abiatu zen, baina hondorago egin zuen han, artista europearren maila sekula izango ez zuela jabetuta. AEBtara itzuli, eta hainbat urte eman zituen margoturiko koadro guztiak berreskuratzen. Bere lanaren % 99 biltzea lortu zuenean, guztia suntsitu egin zuen, eta, 1960ko urtarrilean, miresten zuen Hart Crane egin zuen moduan, bere buruaz beste egin zuen, Staten Island-eko ferritik sato eginaz. Bere gorpua ez zen sekula azaldu. William Boyden liburuak esistitzen diren Nat Tateren obra gutxi horiek biltzen ditu.

Author William Boyd's latest book *Nat Tate. An American artist 1928-1960* is dedicated to the life and work of abstract expressionist artist Nat Tate. Boyd has resurrected the forgotten artist who, while having achieved fame and acclaim in the 50s, destroyed his work and took his own life at the beginning of the 60s. So, what is the reason for his having been forgotten? Once he had achieved success, he saw himself as a fraud. He became obsessed with the impotence of his art and tried to drown his demons in alcohol. He headed to Europe where he hit rock bottom. He realized he would never be as good as some of the European artists he saw, so he went back to the States and spent the following years going round retrieving the work he had painted. Upon recovering 99% of his work, he destroyed it all and, in January 1960, following in the footsteps of his much admired Hart Crane, he committed suicide by leaping to his death from the Staten Island ferry. His body was never recovered. The last few remaining examples of Nat Tate's work can be found in Boyd's book.

Willian Boydek Nat Tate artistaren bizitza idatzi egin zuen, eta, 1997an Jeff Koons artistaren etxean ospatu zen festa batean, artearen eta kulturaren munduko hainbat jenderi azaldu zien nor zen Nat Tate; horien artean zeuden David Bowie eta Gore Vidal. Guztiek irentsi zuten amua; baten batek oroitzen zuela ere esan omen zuen. Eta, Boydek dena gezurra zela aitortu zienean, haserretu orde, liluratuta, erabaki zuten zerbait egin beharra zegoela Nat Tateren istoriarekin, gezur hura nolabait egi bihurtu behar zutela. Zergatik? Boydek berak honela azaldu du: “50eko hamarkadako New Yorkeko artistak celebrity-ak ziren, eta beren proiektzioa talentuaren gainetik zegoen nabarmen. Jackson Pollock da adibiderik garbiena. Aurrerago, fenomeno bera gertatu zen 90eko hamarkadako Young British Artist haiekin guztiekin: Damien Hirst, Tracy Emin, Chapman anaiak, guztiak bihurtu ziren aberats eta ezagun... baina nik ez dut horien artean artista handirik ikusten”.

Willian Boyd wrote about the life of artist Nat Tate and in 1997 at a party held in artist Jeff Koons’ house, he explained exactly who Nat Tate was to invitees David Bowie, Gore Vidal and other people from the world of art and culture. And they all swallowed the whole thing; hook, line and sinker. One of them even claimed to remember the artist. When Boyd told them that it was all made up, instead of becoming angry, indeed, dazzled by it all, they decided that something should be done with Nat Tat’s story. They would make the lie become true. Why? Boyd himself explains: “In 1950s New York, artists were celebrities whose personal projection was clearly far greater than their talent. Jackson Pollock is the most obvious example of this. This same phenomenon happened again in the 90s with the Young British Artists. Damien Hirst, Tracy Emin, the Chapman brothers all became rich and famous... I but I can’t see any great artists in that group”.



Espiritu kritiko horrek gidatuta, Londoneko bi galeria garrantzitsuenen izenak erabiliz, National Gallery eta Tate, Nat Tate pertsonaia sortu zuen. Artista famatua, bere obra oso ongi saltzen zuena, baina oso ondo zekiena, bere baitan, mailarik ematen ez zuen talentu gutxiko sortzailea zela. Eta, normalean, bere buruaz hori dakienak zorigaitzeko bizitza izaten du. Boydek eta bere lagunek Nat Tateren izena eta bizitza gora beheratsua zabalduz joan ziren urtez urte. 2011an, adibidez, Sobethy’s etxeak *Bridge number 114* izeneko pintura jarri zuen enkantean, eta 7.000 liberatan saldu zuen. Espero baino askoz garestitiago. Gerora jakin da Boyd bera izan zela artelanaren egilea, baita eroslea ere.

So, with a critical spirit in mind, Boyd and accomplices used two of the most famous art galleries in London, the National Gallery and The Tate, to create the character of Nat Tate. A famous artist who has very good sales of his work, but deep down inside knows that he is a poorly talented painter that just can’t cut it. And in cases like this the person who realizes just how worthless they are does not lead a happy existence. Over the years, Boyd and his friends spread the story of the highs and lows lived through by Nat Tate. In 2011, the auctioneers Sotheby’s put the painting titled *Bridge number 114* up for sale and it was sold to the highest bidder for the sum of 7,000 pounds. Far more than was expected. It was later discovered that Boyd was both the artist of the painting as well as being the mystery buyer.

Liburua iaz argitaratu zen, David Bowie eta Karen Wrihten *21 Publishing* argitaletxearen eskutik, hain zuzen ere. Engainuak, jakina, ez zuen luzaro iraun. *The Independent* egunkariko David Lister editoreak liburua irakurri, eta susmagarria iruditu zitzaion, Boyd eta bere lagunak kenduta, artearen munduko beste inork ezer entzun ez izana Nat Tateren inguruan. Ikertzen hasi, eta liburuak aipatzen dituen galeriak sekula esistitu ez zirela deskubritu zuen. Iruzzurraren berri ematen zuen artikulua idatzi zuen segidan, ez hainbeste Boyd salatuz, baizik eta artearen munduak bizi duen autokonplazentzia eta kritika eza agerian utziaz.

The book was published last year by none other than David Bowie and Karen Wright’s book publishers *21 Publishing*. The hoax was soon uncovered though when *The Independent* newspaper editor David Lister read the book and became suspicious of the fact that apart from William Boyd and his friends, nobody else in the world of art had ever heard of Nat Tate. He began to investigate and soon discovered that none of the art galleries mentioned in the book had ever existed. He quickly published an article which laid bare the lie. While Boyd himself didn’t come in for criticism in the article, Lister did denounce the self-complacency and lack of critical faculties in the world of art.



better call saul

AMC kate estatubatuarrean estreinatu berri duten *Better Call Saul* telesailak New Mexico-ko Albuquerque hiriko abokatu baten gora beherak kontatzen ditu. Eta ez edozein abokatuarenak; Walter White-n abokatua du protagonista. *Better Call Saul*, *Breaking Bad* telesailaren spin off bat dela jakin beharko zenuke. Eta Spin off bat zer den ere badakizuela pentsatzen dugu. Orain arte irakurritakoak zuretzat zentzu gehiegirik ez badu, ez jarraitu irakurtzen. Joan zaitez hurrengo artikulura.

Oraindik hemen bazaude, aurreko pertsonaiak ezagutzen dituen zorioneko horietako bat zara. Edo, akaso, artikulua irakurtzen ez jarraitzeko esan dizun pedante honi kontra egitearren, hurrengo lerroak irakurtzen jarraituko duzula esan diozu zeure buruari. Bata nahiz bestea izan, honez gero harrapatuta zaude. Gauza bera gertatu zitzaigun *Breaking Bad* telesail zaleoi. Ikusten hasi, eta inork gutxi espero zezakeen Walter White eta Jesse Pickman-en gora beherek hain sakon ukituko gintuztenik. Baina meta urdina dastatu duenak ezin du besterik frogatu, eta zeharo engantxatuta geratzen da Albuquerqueko desertuari lapurtutako eremuetan eraikitako auzo periferiko klonikoetan eta urte osoan haize egokitua topera izaten duten eraikuntzetan.

Ondarrak higatutako paisaia haietara eramaten gaitu berriz ere *Better Call Saul* telesailak, *Breaking Bad*-eko Walter White kimika irakasleari minbizia diagnostikatu baino sei urte lehenagora. Garai hartan, Saul Goodman (abizen aproposagorik abokatu batentzat?) inguruko gaizkile eta mafiosoen abokatu kuttun bihurtzen da. Horrela, apurka-apurka, bezero-sare garrantzitsu bezain arriskutsua ehunduz doa.

Breaking Bad telesailaren sortzailea den Vince Gilligan-en proiektua da *Better Call Saul*. Ekoizpen, gidoilari eta talde tekniko berarekin egin du lan, eta, oraindik goiz bada ere iritziak ematen hasteko, telesailak badu oso interesgarria suertatzen zaigun adierazgarri bat: denboraren erabilera malgua. Hau da, narrazioa *Breaking Bad*-eko akzioa baino sei urte lehenago hasten bada ere, atalek eta denboraldiak aurrera egin ahala, akzioaren denborak *Breaking Bad*-en denborarekin bat egingo du, eta hura ere gaindituko du. Alegia, *BrBd*-ren prekuela eta sekuela izango dela *Better Call Saul*. *Breaking Bad* aurretik, *Breaking Bad* bitartean eta *Breaking Bad* ostean gertatuko da akzioa; beraz., aukera handiak ditugu *BrBd*-en desagertu eta hil diren pertsonaiak berriro ikusteko. Ikusiko al dugu berriz ere Walter White? Ez dago jakiterik. Baina jakin badakigu hura antzezten zuen Bryan Cranstonek *Better Call Saul* telesaileko atal batzuk zuzenduko dituela. Beraz, Heisenberg desertuan dabilela badakigu.

Bi telesailen harteko harremanean, pieza nagusietako bat *BrBd*-en ezagutu genuen Mike Ehrmantraut "fixer" edo arazo konpontzailea izango da (Jonathan Banks aktore sekundario itzelak antzezten duena). Bob Odenkirk aktoreak maisuki antzezten duen Saul Goodman ezagutzen duenak komedia kutsua espero badu ere, Gilliganek aurreratu du telesailaren % 80 drama izango dela eta % 20 komedia... beltza.

The US channel AMC has just started showing *Better Call Saul*, a tv series about the ups and downs of a lawyer in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Saul's not just any old lawyer: he's Walter White's lawyer. *Better Call Saul*, in fact, is a spin-off from *Breaking Bad*. We take it for granted you know what a spin-off is. If what you've just read doesn't make much sense to you... don't carry on reading. Skip to the next article.

Now you've got this far, it's clear you're one of the fortunate people who know these characters. Or maybe you've decided not to accept our pedantic recommendation not to carry on reading and you've promised yourself that you'll read on until the end of the article. Whatever it is, you're hooked by now. The same thing happened with *Breaking Bad* tv series. After starting watching the series, Walter White and Jesse Pickman's ups and downs moved us more deeply that we would have expected. But whoever's tried those blue meth can't take anything else and gets completely addicted in those clone buildings stolen from the desert on the outskirts of Albuquerque, buildings in which the air conditioning is left on throughout the year.

We're taken back to that scenery, so full of trash, by the tv series *Better Call Saul*; the action takes places six years before the teacher from *Breaking Bad*, Walter White, is diagnosed with cancer. At that time, Saul Goodman (is that the most appropriate surname ever for a lawyer?) becomes the area's ill-doers' and mob men's favourite lawyer. And, that way, he weaves together a network of clients which is as considerable as it is dangerous.

Vince Gilligan, the creator of *Breaking Bad*, is also the person behind *Better Call Saul*. He's worked with the same production, script and technical group and, while it's early yet to start forming opinions, we can mention at least one interesting feature to the series: its flexible use of time. While the action starts six years before *Breaking Bad*, the episodes and times will catch up with *Breaking Bad* and also go beyond it. *Better Call Saul* is going to be *BrBd*'s prequel and sequel at the same time. The action will take place before *Breaking Bad*, during *Breaking Bad* and after *Breaking Bad* too, and, in that way, we will have the opportunity to see characters who disappeared and died during *BrBd*. Will we see Walter White again? There's no way of knowing. But we do know that Bryan Cranston, who played him, is going to direct some episodes of *Better Call Saul*. So do know that Heisenberg will be in the desert one way or another.

One of the main pieces in both series is Mike Ehrmantraut, the fixer we meet in *BrBd* (played by the magnificent character actor Jonathan Banks). While the presence of actor Bob Odenkirk, who plays Saul Goodman so well, means we can expect a bit of comedy, Gilligan has said that 80% of the series will be drama and 20% (black) humour.



Spin off: aurreko telesail batetik ateratako pertsonaiekin sortutako telesail berria.

Better Call Saul izango da, ziurrenik, orain arte sortu diren Spin off-en artean zailena. *Breaking Bad* bezalako serie mitiko batetik ateratako kimua izatea erronka itzela da. Spin off ugari ikusi dugu azken urteotan. Ezagunagoak batzuk, eta kultuzkoak beste batzuk. *Cheers* telesailetik atera zen *Frasier* adibidez, originalaren gainetik dagoen spin offaren adibidea izan daiteke. *Family Matters* (Steve Urkel mitikoa azaltzen zeneko hura) *Perfect Strangers* telesailetik atera zen. *Melrose Place*-ko gazte ederrak nerabeen telesail baten ondorio dira. *Beverly 90210* telesaileko Kelly Dylanen lagun motozalearekin enroilatzen denean, ekoizleek deskubritu zuten Jack guapo hark bazuela beste publiko bat. *Grey's Anatomy*-tik ere, besteak beste, Addison doktorea protagonista zuen *Private Practice* atera zen, eta *Friends*-etik *Joey*. Ezezagunagoa da honez gero kultuzko seriea den *The Lone Gunmen*, *The X-Files*-en spin-offa non protagonistak Mulder eta Scullyri laguntzen zieten konspirazioen teoria zale frikiak ziren. Gutxiak daki adibidez, *The Simpsons* ere TV saio baten spin offa dela. *The Tracey Ullman Show*-en atal bat izan ziren hiru urtez, eta nork gogoratzen du egun Tracey Ullman? Gertuago, *Siete Vidas* telesailetik sortu zen *Aida* edo eta *Goenkale*tik ateratako *Hasiberriak*.



Spin-off: A new tv series put together using the characters from a previous series.

Better Call Saul is probably going to be the most difficult spin-off yet created. *Making an offshoot of a series as mythical as Breaking Bad* is an incredible challenge. There have been a lot of spin-offs in recent years. Some have become famous and others have cult status. *Frasier* came out of *Cheers*, for instance, and may be an example of a spin-off which is better than the original series. *Family Matters* (in which the mythical Steve Urkel appears) came out of *Perfect Strangers*. The beautiful young people in *Melrose Place* came from a series about adolescents. The producers of *Beverly 90210* found, when Kelly hitched up with Dylan's biker friends, that good-looking Jack had another audience. Doctor Addison came out of *Grey's Anatomy* to star in *Private Practice*, and *Joey* came out of *Friends*. *The Lone Gunmen* is a less well-known series, a spin-off from *The X-Files* in which lead characters Mulder and Scully help conspiracy theory freaks. Not many people know that *The Simpsons*, too, is a spin-off. For three years it was part of *The Tracey Ullman Show*, and who remembers *Tracey Ullman* now? Closer to home, *Siete Vidas* gave rise to *Aida* and *Goenkale* gave us *Hasiberriak*.



roy andersson: zinegilea kamara batekin existentziaz hausnartzen

Absurduaren komedia, surrealismo groteskoa, koreografia humanista, zine piktorikoa, Roy Andersson zinegile suediarren zinemagintzak definizio ugari onartzen du. Veneziako zinemaldiko azken edizioan, bere zinemagintza bereziaren adibide garbia den izenburu bitxiko film batekin irabazi zuen urrezko lehoa: *En duva satt på en gren och funderade på tillvaron* (*A Pigeon Sat on a Branch Reflecting on Existence*).

Izenburu bereziak, hain zuzen ere pelikularen lehen planoari egiten dio men. Zinemaldi garrantzitsuenek, suediar honen pelikulak primizian estreinatzeko borrokatzen badute ere, ikuslego orokorrarentzat ezezaguna da Roy Andersson. 1969. urtean, *En kärlekshistoria* (*A Swedish Love Story*) bere lehen pelikularekin, Berlingo jaialdian lau sari jaso zituen. Arrakastaren ostean, Anderssoni oso gauza "bergmaniarra" gertatu zitzaion. Depresio batek harrapatu eta lur jota egon zen. Prestatzen ari zen filma bertan behera utzi eta proiektu berri bati ekin zion. *Giliap* izenburuko komedia beltza estreinatu zuenean, kritikak ez zuen gupidarik izan. Bergman sindromearen itzal luzea itzuli eta ondorengo 25 urteetan, Andersson-ek ez zuen pelikula berririk egin.



Gure gozamenerako ordean filmatzen jarraitu zuen. Iragarki errealizadore gisa lan egin duelako orduz geroztik. 400 iragarkitik gora egin ditu bere ibilbidean eta bere lanek, eragin handia izan dute publizitatean. Anderssonen estilo berezia behin eta berririo kopiatu dute iragarki ezberdinetan. Horietaiko franko sarean topa ditzakezue. 1981. urtean, zine konpainia txiki bat sortu eta bi film labur egin zituen. Någotting har hänt (Something happened) izenburua zuen lehenak, IHES-aren gaia jorratzen zuen eta Suediako Osasun Ministerioaren enkargu bat zen. Proiektua bertan behera geratu zen ministerioko arduradunei gaia jorratzeko modua ilunegia iruditu zitzaielako. 1993ra arte ez zen estreinatu. 1991. urtean egin zuen bigarren film laburak, *Härlig är jorden* (*World of Glory*), beste batzuen artean, Clermont Ferrand Zinemaldiko sari nagusia jaso zuen.



Arrakastak bultzatuta, baina presa handirik gabe, *Sånger från andra våningen* (*Songs from the Second floor*) film luzea filmatu zuen 2000. urtean. Urte hartako Cannes-ko jaialdian epaimahaiaaren saria jaso zuen. Anderssonen estiloaren adierazgarri diren plano fijoan filmatutako 46 sekuentzia luzeetan, militar nazi itxura duten burokratak, arrausika doazen metro bidaiariak, amildegira botatzen duten neskatoa, zabortegean gurutzean iltzatuta dagoen jesukristorena, ... kritika sozial nabarmena ezkutatzeko sekuentzia naif, surrealista eta indartsuak. Harribitxi liluragarri bat. Sekuentzia bakoitza filmatzeko, Andersson-ek, denbora epe luzeak erabiltzen ditu. Rembrandt-en pintura handi eta panoramikoak bailiran, akzioak, pertsonaiak eta objektuak konposatu eta zuzentzen ditu bilatzen duen efektua lortu arte.

2007. urtean, ildo beretik, *Du levande* (*You the Living*) filmatu zuen, eta aipatutako uso hausnartzaileak, aurtan Veneziako sari nagusia jaso duen *A Pigeon Sat on a Branch Reflecting on Existence* filmekin batera, Andersson-ek trilogia eder, original eta pertsonala sortu du. Gutxi batzuen plazererako zoritxarrez. Edo zorionez. Gutxitan izan da hain zuzendari saritua hain ezezaguna gure artean.



roy andersson: filmmaker with a camera reflecting on existence

The comedy of the absurd, grotesque surrealism, humanist choreography, pictorial cinema... Swedish film maker Roy Andersson accepts many different definitions for his cinema. At the last Venice Film Festival he won the Golden Lion for a movie with a strange name, a good example of how unusual his films are: *En duva satt på en gren och funderade på tillvaron* (*A Pigeon Sat on a Branch Reflecting on Existence*).

This peculiar title is a direct reflection on the main scene in the film. The most important film festivals compete to give the Swede their prizes, but Roy Andersson is unknown to most cinema goers. In 1969 *En kärlekshistoria* (*A Swedish Love Story*), his first film, won four prizes at the Berlin Festival. After this success, something very Bergman happened to Andersson: he became profoundly depressed. He stopped the film he was working on and started on another project. When he brought out the black comedy *Giliap*, the critics were merciless. Bergman's influence was long-lasting and Andersson made no more films for 25 years.

Fortunately for us, though, he carried on filming. He has worked in advertising since then. He has made more than 400 spots and his work has been highly influential in the advertising world. Andersson's particular style has been copied time and time again in adverts. You can see a lot of them on the Internet. In 1981 he set up a small production company and made two short films. *Någonting har hänt* (Something happened) was the first one; commissioned by the Swedish Health Ministry, it deals with AIDs. The project was stopped when the person in charge at the Ministry decided the approach to the subject was too dark. It wasn't premièred until 1993. In 1991 he made his second short film, *Härlig är jorden* (*World of Glory*): it won, amongst others, the main prize at Clermont Ferrand.

Encouraged by his success, but in no hurry, he made a feature film – *Sånger från andra våningen* (*Songs from the Second floor*) – in 2000. That year it won the judges' prize at Cannes. In line with Andersson's style, there are 46 long fixed camera shots in which social critique hides behind naïf, surrealist and high impact sequences: bureaucrats who look like Nazi soldiers; travellers in the underground shouting; a girl they throw off a cliff; a Christ nailed up in a rubbish tip... An astonishing jewel. Andersson uses long exposure for each sequence. As if they were large, panoramic paintings by Rembrandt, he composes and directs the action, characters and objects until he gets the effect he's after.

In 2007, in the same style, he filmed *Du levande* (*You the Living*) and, along with the Venice prize-winning *A Pigeon Sat on a Branch Reflecting on Existence*, it makes up a beautiful, original, highly personal trilogy. Which only a few people enjoy, unfortunately. Or fortunately. There are very few directors who have won so many prizes and are so little known.





shigeru ban

3 dimentsioetako poesia

Shigeru Ban, azken Pritzker arkitektura saridunak, hiru dimentsioetako poesia egiten duela esaten badugu, akaso, artikulo hasera kurtsiegia dela esango du baten batek. Ezingo du gezurra denik esan ordea. Shigeru Ban-en arkitektura gainera, edertasun estetikitik haratago doa. Bere lanaren oinarrian, sustengarritasuna, iraunkortasuna eta arkitekturaren balio soziala nabarmentzen dira.

Shigeru Banek, Tokyon eta Califonian ikasi ostean, Cooper Union's School of Architecture eskolan izena eman eta bertan ezagutu zuen New York Five taldeko partaiderik esperimentalena zen Jhon Hedjuk irakaslea. Hedjuk "maisuren" irakaspenek berebiziko eragina izan dute Banen ibilbidean. Banek, bere sustraia japoniarrak eta mendebaldeko arkitektura eskoletan ikasitakoak uztartu zituen. Japoniar arkitektura tradizionaletik hartutako "shoji" kontzeptua (altuerara aldaketarik gabeko zoru jarraia) eta Hedjuk irakaslearen ikuspegi razionalistari esker, arkitektura sistemen estrukturak sakonean ikertu zituen. Bere ibilbidearen haseratik, estruktura ikusiezinak eta arkitekturaren betebeharrak sozialak uztartu ditu, bere arkitekturaren ikur bihurtu arte. Arkitekturak ez du ezertarako balio bere baitan, zentzu bat izan behar du, galdera bati edo behar bati erantzun behar dio.

Poesia, haren beharra duenarena da
"El cartero de Neruda" - **Antonio Skarmenta**

Arkitektu japoniarraren lanean gainera, naturak eta sustengarritasunak oinarritzko garrantzia dute. Eta hain zuzen ere, naturak gure bizimodu erosoa astindua sortzen duen une horietan garatutako arkitektura irtenbideak izan dira Shigeru Bani izen bat eman diotenak. Babeslekuak ikur bihurtu ditu arkitekto japoniarrak. Babeslekuak, iraunkortasunik bilatzen ez duten arkitektura efimeroak dira. Une jakin batean arazo jakin bati erantzuten dioten eraikuntzak. Babesleku hauek eraikitzeko, merkea eta erraz topatu daitezkeen materiale birziklagarriak erabiltzen ditu gainera. Nagusiki paper eta kartoizko hodiak. Askotan industria ezberdinen soberakin direnak (ohialak biltzeko erabiltzen diren kartoi hodiak adibidez). Babesleku hauek eraikitzen errazak dira, edonork, edonon eraikitzeko modukoak. Paper eta kartoizko hodiekin eginiko babesleku hauek mundu osoko krisialdi ezberdinetan erabili dira: 1994 Kobeko lurrikaran, urte bereko Ruandako genozidioan, 1999 Turkiako lurrikaran, Indiako Ahmedabab-en...

Shigeru Ban-en lanak, berritzaileak eta ederrak izateaz gain, ekonomikoki, sozialki eta ekologikoki etikoak dira. Askotan, bere jarduera, arkitektura efimero gisa definitua izan da baina ongi pentsatuz gero, bere eraikinek ez dute ezer efimerotik. Egia da, bere eginkizuna bete ostean eraikuntza desagertu egiten dela. Estrukturak eta materialeak birziklatu egiten dira eta eraikuntza desgaertu (eraikin guztiekin gertatuko da lehenago edo beranduago) baina Shigeru Banen babeslekuak bizirik dihardute eraiki eta erabili dituztenen memorian. Banen babeslekuak behin eta berriro agertzen dira, eraldatuta eta garatuta, beren beharra dutenak erabili dezaten. Poesiarekin gertatzen den moduan.

3 dimensional poetry

If we begin our article by saying that Shigeru Ban, winner of the latest Pritzker Architecture Prize, creates 3-dimensional poetry, some may be inclined to say we are being over-pretentious. But they will not be able to say it is untrue. Indeed, Shigeru Ban's architecture goes beyond the aesthetics of beauty. Sustainability, durability and the social worth of architecture are the key underlying pins to his work.

On finishing his studies in Tokyo and California, Shigeru Ban enrolled in the Cooper Union's School of Architecture where he met the most experimental member of the New York Five, Professor John Hedjuk. "Grand-master" Hedjuk's teachings have had a vital influence on Ban's career. Ban has merged his Japanese roots with what he has learned from western architecture. Taking the "shoji" concept (extended level floors) from traditional Japanese architecture as well as Hedjuk's rationalistic perspective, he has carried out an extensive study of the structures of architectural systems. From the beginning of his career he has blended invisible structures with architecture's social obligations; these elements have become symbolic of his work. Architecture is worth nothing by itself, it needs to mean something; it must either answer a question or a need.

Poetry, it belongs to those who need it
"El cartero de Neruda" (The Postman) - **Antonio Skarmenta**



Both nature and sustainability are essential elements of this Japanese architect's work as well. In fact, it is the work that Shigeru Ban has developed in the spaces where nature violently interrupts our comfortable lifestyle and the solutions he has provided that have made his name for him. The Japanese architect has made symbols of shelters. Shelters are fleeting architectural structures that do not seek permanence. They are buildings that fulfil a definite purpose in a distinct moment in time. In addition, he uses cheap, readily available recyclable materials. Principally paper and cardboard tubes that on many occasions are leftover industrial waste (cardboard rolls tubes from rolls of fabric are an example.) These shelters are easy to build by anybody, anywhere. These shelters built with paper and cardboard rolls have been used in disaster areas all over the world: the Kobe earthquake in 1994, the Ruanda genocide the same year, the 1999 earthquake in Turkey, in Ahmadabad, India....

As well as being innovative and beautiful, Shigeru Ban's work is also economically, socially and ecologically ethical. On many occasions his work has been classified as ephemeral architecture, but if you really think about it, there is nothing at all fleeting about his buildings. It's true that once they have fulfilled their purpose the structures and material are recycled and the buildings disappear (all buildings disappear sooner or later), but Shigeru Ban's shelters live on in the memory of those who built and used them. Ban's shelters, modified and further-developed, appear time and time again ready for those who need to use them. Just like poetry.



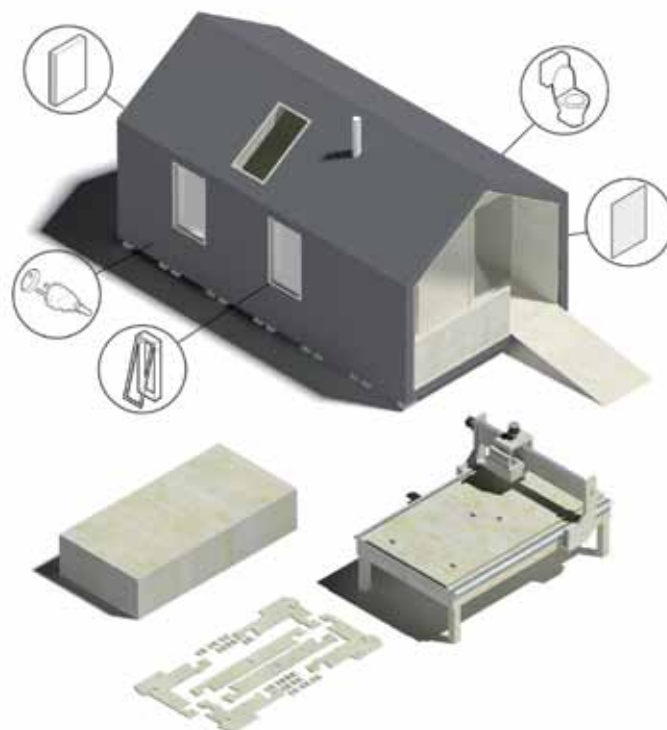
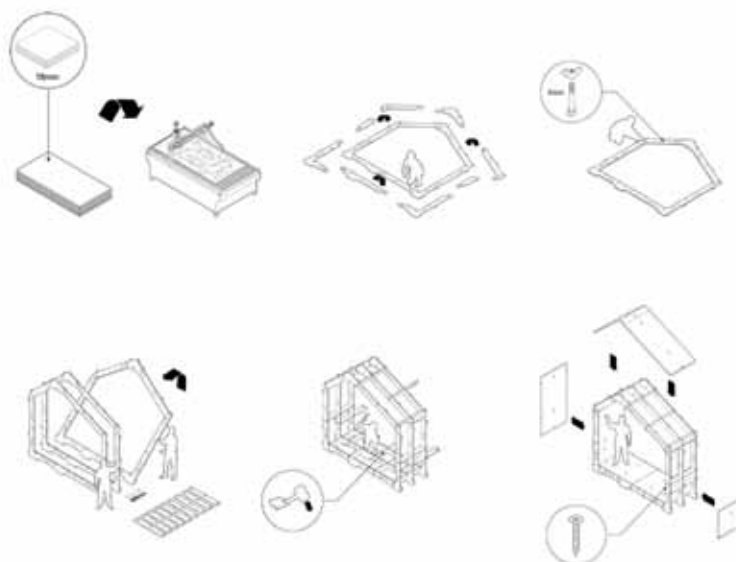
eraikuntza libreak open source buildings

2011. urtean Alastair Parvin eta Nick Lerodiaconou arkitektoek, kodigo irekien filosofia arkitektura mundura gerturatzea erabaki zuten. Teknologia digitalen garapenak, eta batez ere hardware libreaz baliatuta, arkitektura demokratizatzeko eta munduko edozein bazterretan edonork bere etxea eraikitzeko aukera zabaltzea izan zuten helburu.

Wikietxearen diseinua, jasagarritasun printzipioak betetzeaz gain, material merke eta eskuragarriekin egiteko dago pentsatua. Helburua, eraikuntza fidagarri eta ziurra egin ahal izatea. Era berean, lizentzia irekikoa izanik, edonork berrikuntzak, moldaketak eta hobekuntzak gehitzeko ahalmen etengabea dago. Eraikuntza ezaguerarik gabe ere, eta webgunean azaltzen zaizkigun pausoak jarraituz, edonork, kide gutxi batzuen laguntzarekin, etxe bat eraiki dezake. Beharrezkoa den informazio guztia (diseinua, piezen maketak, planoak,...) edonork deskargatu ditzake. Wikihouse, mundu osoan zabaltzen joan da arkitekto, urbanista eta auto-eraikuntza zaleen lanari esker. Bitartean, guztiok ordaindu dugun Guggenheim museoak bere irudia zabaltzeko eskubideak eta baimenak eskatzen jarraitzen duela jabetzen garen bakoitzean, bai, "euskal hiri modernoaz" deskojonatu egiten gara.

In 2011, the architects Alastair Parvin and Nick Lerodiaconou decided to apply the open code philosophy to the world of architecture. Through the use of developing technologies and free hardware particularly, they came up with the objective of democratising architecture and opening up the opportunity of being able to build your own house to people worldwide.

In addition to meeting the principles of sustainability, the design of these Wikihouses is based on widely available cheaply-priced materials. The aim is to enable people to build a safe, sure structure. As well as that, the fact that there is an open licence means that innovations, alterations and improvements can be continuously added by anyone who feels inclined to do so. With no prior knowledge of building necessary, anybody, along with a few helpers, can build a house by simply following the steps outlined on the webpage. All the information you need (design, model pieces, diagrams...) is freely available for download. Wikihouse has steadily spread throughout the whole world thanks to the work of architects, urban planners and DIY fans. So now every time we recall that the Guggenheim Museum, paid for by all of us, still insists on permission and image rights, well, we just crack up at the idea of the "modern Basque city".





urte osoa opor a year-long holiday

argazkiak / photos by: uxeta labrit

Nire ametsak kaskarrak dira. Mendebaldeko Europako biztanle guztiek bezala "bidaia" nahi dut. Beno, zailtasunak kontuan izanik, hizkuntzaren hesia, talde bidaia antolakuntza txarra, hegazkin konpainiekin iruzurtua izateko arrisku garbia, egia esatearren, nik benetan egin nahi dudana "turismoa" egitea da. Bakoitzak bere ametsak ditu eta nireak. "Pasioaren zirkuitua", "Kolarearen oporraldia" eta "Plazerra kartara", Nouvelles Frotières-en hiru eskuorri aipatzearren, infinitura arte kateatzen joatea da.

Plataforma, Michel Houellebecq

My dreams are quite trite. Just like everybody else in the West I want "to travel". Well, considering the difficulties entailed, the language barriers, the terrible organization typical of package holidays, the clear risk of being ripped off by an airline, to be honest, what I actually want to do is "tourism". Everybody has their own dream and mine is to link one after another never-endingly, say, the "Passion Circuit", "Colour Holidays" and "Pleasure a la carte" just to mention some of the brochures from tourist agency Nouvelles Frotières.

Platform, Michel Houellebecq

vasco langara belea

Hernan Ordoñez, beste xelebrekeria askoren artean, *The baldeko* kolaboratzailea eta bele bat da. Cuervo bat. San Lorenzo de Almagro futbol taldearen zale amorratua. Eta horregatik bidali zigun argazki hau, *Buenos Aires queridoko* kaleetan, Boedo auzoan, topatu zuen mural batena. Futbol talde guztietan daude zale amorratuak, baina beleena beste zerbait da. Aita Santu zuri bat (Bergoglio) bele beltz bihurtzen duen futbol talde batek zerbait berezia behar du izan. Gauza berezi horien artean, “El Vasco Langara” dago.

Isidro Langararen bizitzak pasadizo ugari ditu. Hernanekin behin baino gehiagotan hitz egin dut San Lorenzoko “remera” eraman duten euskaldunen eta euskaldunak ez direnen inguruan; izan ere, argentinar batekin futbolaz hitz egitea, bizitzaz hitz egiteko aitzakia bat besterik ez da. Beste argentinar batek, Newell’s Old Boys talde berezian lehen golak sartu zituen Jorge Valdanok, esan zuen moduan, “batere garrantziarik ez dutenen gauzen artean, gauzarik garrantzitsuena futbola delako”.

Isidro Langara 1939ko maiatzaren 21eko goizaldean iritsi zen Buenos Airesera, bi asteko bidaia luze baten ostean. Garaiko futbol talde gehienak hura fitxatzen saiatu ziren, River Plate ahaltsua tartean, baina Langarak San Lorenzo aukeratu zuen, han lagun zuen beste euskaldun batek jokatzeko zuelako, Angel Zubieta atezainak. Portuan lurra zapaldu bezain pronto, auto batean sartu, eta “Gasometro” futbol zelai mitikora eraman zuten, San Lorenzok River Plateren aurka jokatu behar zuen partida ikustera. Langarak, ordea, ikusi baino, partida jokatzeko nahiago zuela esan zuen, eta, lehendabizikoz jantzi zuen San Lorenzo de Almagroko kamiseta. Partidaren lehen 45 minutuak futbolaren historian zizelatu geratu dira betiko. Langarak lau gol sartu zituen, 7., 13., 21. eta 39. minutuetan. Irratiak tipo handi eta ia ezezagun haren golak transmititu zituen herrialde osora. Argentinako etorkin galego, asturiar, euskaldun eta andaluziar guztien idolo bihurtu zen hiru ordu lehenago itsasontzian iritsi eta River Plate ahaltsua umiliatu zuen jokalaririk hura. Ondoren, jakin zutenean Langara errepublikarren aldekoa zela eta Euskadiko selekzioan jokatzekoagatik erbestean zegoela, ia santu izendatu zuten.

Isidro Langara Argentina, Chile eta Mexikon bizi izan zen. Euskal Herrira itzuli zen 1986an, baina, ordurako, beleak ez zuen habi aproposik topatu lurralde hauetan, eta Ameriketara itzuli zen. Mexikon bizi izan zen aurrerantzean. Hala ere, tarteka itzultzen zen bere jaioterrira, Pasaia, eta Atotxako futbol zelaira joaten zen Errealaren partidak ikustera, Luis Miguel Arkonada atezain mitikoaren aitaren konpainian. Haur koskorra zela *Bildur Gutxi* izeneko futbol taldean hasi zen “Vasco Langara” beleak 1992ko abuztuaren 21ean utzi zion hegan egiteari.

vasco langara the crow

Hernan Ordoñez, along with all the other clever witty stuff he does, is a collaborator here at thebalde and a Crow. Un Cuervo. A rabid fan of the San Lorenzo de Almagro football team. And that is why he has sent us this photograph of a painted wall mural, taken in the Boedo neighbourhood, from the streets of *Buenos Aires querido*. All football teams have their ardent fans, but The Crows are something special. There must be something special about a team that can turn a white Holy Father (Bergoglio) into a black crow. One element of that specialness is “El Vasco Langara”.

Isidro Langara lived a full life. On more than one occasion I have spoken to Hernan about both the Basques and others who have worn the jersey of San Lorenzo, for to speak to an Argentinean about football is merely an excuse to speak about life itself. Another Argentinean, Jorge Valdano, who scored his first goals with another special club, Newell’s Old Boys, said: “Of all the unimportant things, football is the most important.”

Isidro Langara arrived in Buenos Aires on the morning of the 21st May, 1939 after a lengthy two-week journey. Most of the clubs around at that time, including the powerful River Plate, tried to sign him, but Langara opted for San Lorenzo because his Basque goalkeeper friend Angel Zubieta was playing there. As soon as he landed in the port he was whisked away to the mythical “Gasometro” football stadium to watch San Lorenzo play against River Plate. But rather than watch the match Langara declared he would prefer to play in it, so for the first time he pulled on the jersey of San Lorenzo de Almagro. The first 45 minutes of the game have been chiselled into the history of the game. Langara scored four goals in the 7th, 13th, 21st and 39th minute. The radio transmitted this big burly almost unknown player’s goals to the rest of the nation. The player who had three hours earlier arrived by ship and humiliated the almighty River Plate instantly became the idol of all the Galician, Asturian, Basque and Andalusian immigrants in Argentina. When they discovered that he had gone into exile from Spain because he favoured the republicans and had played for the Basque national team, they almost made him a saint.

Isidro Langara lived in Argentina, Chile and Mexico. He returned to the Basque Country in 1986, but by then the crow was unable to find a suitable cage in these lands and he returned to the Americas. He lived in Mexico from there on in. Nevertheless, he returned to his birthplace, Pasaia, occasionally, and he would go to the Atotxa Stadium, accompanied by the father of the mythical goalkeeper Luis Miguel Arkonada, to see Real Sociedad play. The crow that, as a small child had begun to play football in a team called *Bildur Gutxi* (*Little Fear*), finally had his wings give way beneath him on the 21st of August, 1992.



DEA antidroga partxeak

DEA (Drug Enforcement Agency) Amerikako Estatu Batuek droga borrokatzeko duten agentzia da. Guk, herrialde hartatik datorren ia guztia bezalaxe, ez dugu ongi bereizten zer izan zen lehendabizi, filma ala errealitatea, errealitatea ala filma. Baina, DEAk sail eta taldeek erabiltzen dituzten partxe brodatuak ikusita, gure faboritoen zerrenda honetan FBI eta CIAren gainetik daude; argi dugu dekomisatutako sustantzien eraginpean diseinatzan dituztela partxe itzel hauek.



DEA antidrug badges

The DEA (Drug Enforcement Agency) is the US government's agency in the war on drugs. As happens on most occasions in relation to news coming out of the States, we here have trouble distinguishing which came first: reality or the film, or the film or reality. However, having seen the colourful spectrum of badges used by the DEA, it's clear that this agency belongs on the top of the list, far above the likes of the FBI and CIA. It seems that this agency's badges have been designed and set up under the influence of the substances they were set up to decommission.



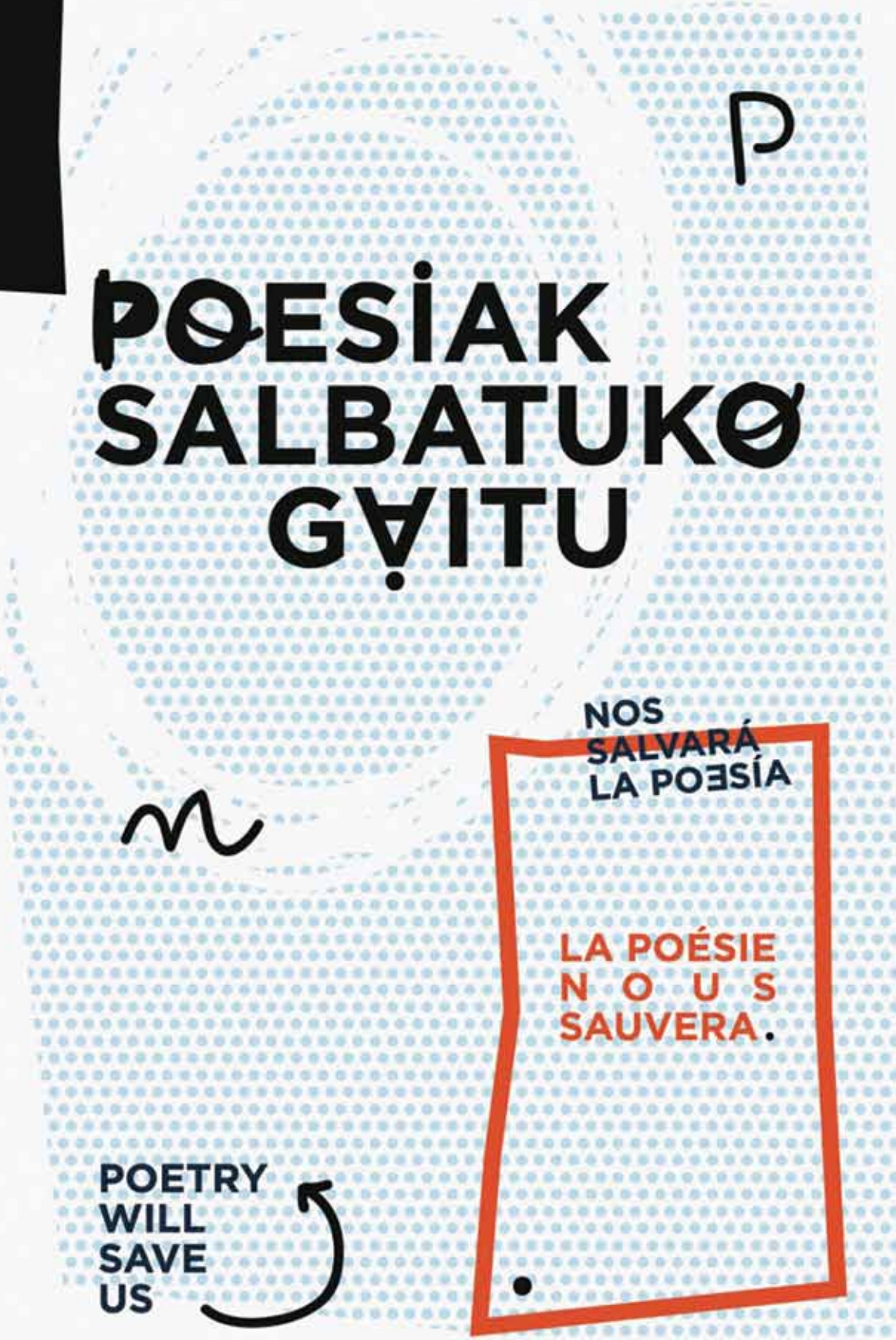
poesirudiak
poetrimages

by: maite toledo



Noranhiko jendartean sentitzen zaitut.
gertuan: baina urrun, urrunegi...

Eta karminez margotutako muxuak erortzen zaizkit ezpain zartatuotatik;
makurtu, eta poltsan jasotzen ditut ●
musurik gabe ezin maite baitzaitut.



P

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Alexandre Dumas



Thomas Alexandre Davy de la Pailletterie (Haiti, 1792 - Frantzia, 1806) izenaz jaio zen, baina aita markesaren abizena baztertu, eta ama esklabuarena hartu zuen: Dumas. Hala, bere semeak nola bilobek izen bera izan zuten, Alexandre Dumas idazle ospetsuak izan ziren.

Thomas Alexandre Davy de la Pailletterie (Haiti 1792 - France 1806) was his name on birth, but he gave up his aristocrat father's surnames and took his slave mother's: Dumas. So his son and grandson had that same surname: the famous writers both called Alexandre Dumas.

Aitak Frantziara eraman zuen Thomas Alexandre semea, eta noble bati zegokion hezkuntza eman zion.

His father took Thomas Alexandre to France and gave him an aristocrat's education.

1786an, aitarekin haserretu, eta armadan eman zuen izena, "herensuge" mailarekin, (soldadu arrunta). Belgikan, Vendéen, Alpeetan, Italian eta Egipton borrokatu zuen, eta Frantziako Armadako lehen jeneral beltza izatea lortu zuen.

In 1786 he quarrelled with his father and joined the army as a mere squaddie. He fought in Belgium, Vendée, the Alps, Italy and Egypt and was the first ever black general in the French Army.

Iraultzaile zintzoa, "Gizatasun Gizona" deitu zioten, zibilen alde eta soldaduak estu hartzen egindako lanagatik.

A true revolutionary, he was called "The Civilised Man" because of his support for civilians and strict control of his soldiers.

Egiptotik bueltan atxilotu egin zuten, eta ez zuen Napoleonen laguntzarik izan. Are okerrago, esklabutza berreskuratzean, jeneral beltz ospetsu hura oztopoa zen.

He was arrested on return from Egypt and he was not helped by Napoleon. Worse still, slavery was reintroduced and been a black general was a problem.

D'Artagnanen hiruen aurkako buruz-burukoak edo Montekristoren kondearen malurak, aitaren bizipenetan oinarritu zituen seme idazleak.

D'Artagnan's enemies and the Count of Montecristo's bad luck, based on Thomas Alexandre's, were used by his son and grandson in their books.

Frantziak oraindik zor dio "Ohorezko Legioa"; 1906an, haren heriotzaren ehungarren urteurretean, estatua bat jarri zuten Parisen haren omenez, baina naziek sutsitu egin zuten.

France still hasn't given him the Legion of Honour; the statue of him which some fans put up in 1906 was destroyed by the Nazis.

Villers-Cotterêts-eko Le Penzaleek alkatetza lortu zutenean, esklabutza memoria ez ospatzea erabaki zuten. Hori izan da "Deabru Beltza"ri eginiko azken iraina.

Le Pen followers coming to power in Villers-Cotterêts and not commemorating slavery was the latest insult to the "Black Devil".

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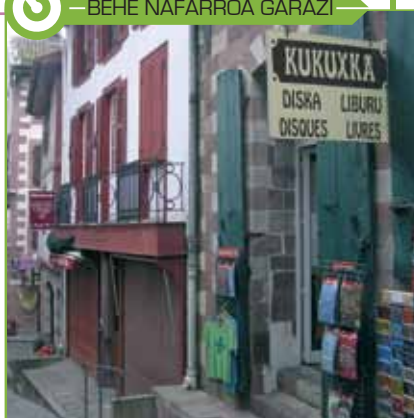


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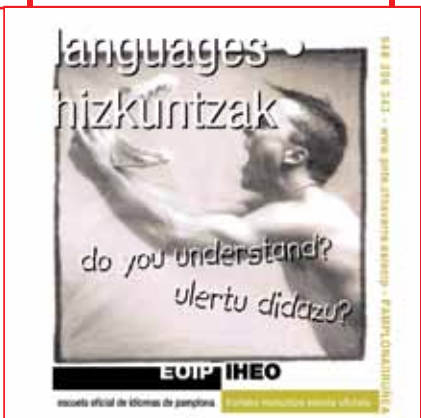
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