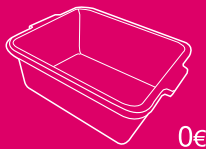




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the balde



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the balde

marzelo zelaieta 75
13. bulegoa
31014 iruñea

t. +34 948. 12.19.76
t. +34 943 44 44 22

info@thebalde.net

publi@thebalde.net
m. +34 639 20 80 22

www.thebalde.net

argitaratzailea / publisher: eragin. komunikazioa eragin sli

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publizitatea / publicity: idoia artxanko

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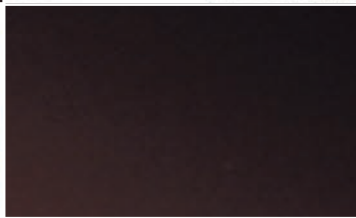
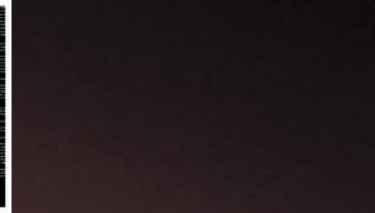
ale honetako kolaboratzaileak / collaborators this issue: jon alonso, asier leoz, alex mitxelena, asier larraza, berta osés, maría solana, itziar suárez, jon benito, mónica escudero, felipe apalategi, nagore telleria, amaia sagasti, kristina goikoetxea, elhuyar..

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imaginative, provocative and interesting works? send them to:
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LABURRAK IN BRIEF



CALLING YOU: HOW TO SURVIVE
The III Okupgraf Meet takes place during the second six months of the year 2003. This project, in association with Arteleku, have just started their "Posters on how to survive in the First World". As part of the whole thing Okupgraf asked 19 people and groups to come up with posters. The 20th poster could be yours. Why not take part as well? For more info go to www.okupgraf.net.

TATTOO-FLASH KAMISETAK: TATUATZEKO ADORERIK EZ DUTENEN IRTENBIDEA

TATTOO FASHION

Azalean luzitzeko gogo edo adorarik ez izan arren gero eta ugariagoak dira tatuaje flash edo irudiak kamisetetan. Irudi tribalak dituzten kamiseta estu eta bakaladeroetatik hasi eta Tentaciones-ek markatzen duen tendentzia jarraitzen dutenen amerikar old school tatuaje irudiak soinean dituzten fashion biktimitaraino. Tattoo kamiseta original bat lortu nahi izan ezkerro hoberena tatuaje estudio batetara jotzea duzu. www.tattoos.com helbidean mundu osoko tattoo estudioekin lotura topa dezakezu.

DEIADIA

2003ko bigarren seihilekoan zehar egingo diren "Okupgraf Grafikagintzaren III. Topaketen" esparruaren barruan, okupgraf-ek - Arteleku n lotutako proiektu batek "Lehen munduan biziraupenerako kartelak" izeneko ekimena jarri du abian. Horren ondorioz, eta proiektuaren deskribapen orokorrean irakur daitekeenez, Okupgraf-ek 19 pertsona edo talde gonbidatu ditu, proposatutako "lehen munduan biziraupenerako kartelak" lemari erantzungo dion kartel bana egin dezaten. 20. kartela ordea zurea izan daiteke eta horregatik gonbidatzen zaitugu ekintza honetan parte hartzera. Argibide gehiago: www.okupgraf.net

MOTZA DA BATERIEN BIZITZA



NOKIAREN N-GAGE

Nokiak telefonoak egiten zituen. Egun beraien jostailutxoekin edozer gauza egin dezakegu. Adibide Nokia N-gage: irratia edo mp3ak entzun, emailak jaso, zure bost lagunengatik datuak behin eta berriz aldatu eta noski irudimezuetxoekin kriptografiara jolastu. Guzti hau ondo dago, baino telefono modukoa hau kontsolatxo txikitxo bat ere bada. Jokoak memoria txarteletan etorriko dira (edo internetetik ekarriko ditugu eh) eta 3 dimentsioetako jokoak iragartzen dituzte. Ikusiko da. Komunikazioaren belaunaldi berri honetako aparailu guztietan bezala intentsoa bai, baina motza da baterien bizitza. www.n-gage.com

NOKIA'S N-GAGE

Nokia used to make telephones. These days you can do almost anything with their wee gadgets. Look at their N-gage: listen to the radio or mp3s, receive e-mails, constantly change you five best mates' info and play with cryptographs and photos. That sounds like the biz, but this contraption even has a game console. The games come in the memory cards (or we'll download them off the net eh!) and they're advertising games in 3-D. We'll see about that one. It's intense like all the other new generation communication yokes, but the batteries don't last very long. www.n-gage.com



TATTOO FASHION

Maybe because people don't feel like adorning their skin with tattoos or they just don't like them, flash tattoos of tattoo images emblazoned across t-shirts are becoming more and more popular. You can come across anything from figure-hugging raver t-shirts with tribal designs to Tentaciones fashion victims totting old school American tattoos. If you want to get an original tattoo design for your t-shirt, you'd be better off checking out a tattoo parlour. You can find tattoo studios from all over the world at www.tattoos.com.

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ESTAFETA 76. IRUÑEA +34 948227394
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LA SALIE 24. BAIONA +33 559595477
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www.gipuzkoa.net/kultura

erakusketak

ordutegia
10:30 - 14:00 / 16:00 - 20:30
asteartetik larunbata arte

artista berrien XL lehiaketa
XL certamen de artistas noveles
maiatzaren 8tik ekainaren 21era - erakustaretoa

joxe migel
zumalabe mendiburu
1906-1992

apirilaren 2tik maiatzaren 18ra - ganbara



kontzertuak - conciertos

catalunya euskadi
trobades - topaketak
areto nagusia

Apirilaren 2an
PAU CASAN, pianoa

Apirilaren 30ean
EUGENIO BECCHERUCHI, kitarra
ANTONIO CIPRIANI, bibolina



Gipuzkoako Foru Aldundia
Diputación Foral de Gipuzkoa

Kultura, Euskara, Gazteria eta Kirol Departamentua
Departamento de Cultura, Euskara, Juventud y Deportes

“Agenda, itxuraz, arrunta zen.”

gau orbela

testua / by: jon alonso

Agenda, itxuraz, arrunta zen.

Saltzaileak gogoratzen zuen dendan ahaztuta utzi zuenak praktikak erosi nahi zituela.

- Konturatu zinen nolakoa zen?

Saltzailea, neska bat, ez bide zegoen oso seguru.

- Ni bezalakoa edo. Neska arrunta.

- Jakina, neska arrunta.

Saltzailea ez zen nire tipoa, aski polita zen arren; baina norbaiten expainetatik entzun behar izaten duenetakoa zen, antza. Agendaren jabeak ez zuen hainbeste eskatuko.

- Eta praktikak eraman zituen?

- Ez. Azkenean ez zituen eraman. Inguru honetan... - eta hau esaten zuelarik eskuak mokor aldera

zeramatzan- estutxo-edo zeuzkan, eta ez zegoen neurri handiagorik.

Mokor-aldea, aldaka alegia, begiratu nion. Saltzailearen mokor iheskorrek bere baitan hartuko ez zituen praktikak ez zen egongo munduan. Horrek esan nahi zuen agendaduna, neska arrunta izateagatik -saltzailea bera bezala, bestalde-, ez zegoela anorexiak jota.

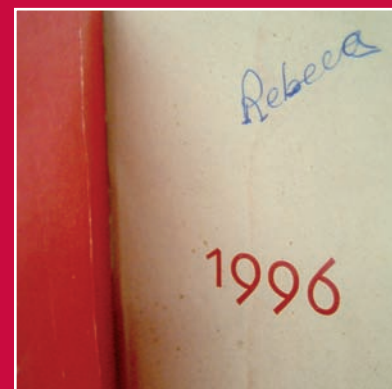
- Pena da, ondoren jaso baititugu handiagoak, ongi geratuko litzaizkiokeenak.

- Eta agenda utzi egin zuen, besterik gabe?

- Utzi ez. Ordaintzean izango zen. Poltsa ireki, kartera ateratzeko, eta agenda ereriko zitzaion.

- Baina, praktikak erosi ez bazituen...

- Alkandora bat eraman zuen, ordea.



Agendak testu bat zekarren hil bakoitza bukatu eta gero. Uztailaren lehen hiru egunei zegokien orria erauzita zegoen, eskuz, eta horren ondorioz ekaina bukatu eta geroko testua -Angeles Casorena, oraingo honetan- eta uztailaren 5a, ostirala, ondo-ondoan agertzen zen, tartean erauzitako orriaren ertz irregularra baizik ez zegoela. Testuak hainbat urte lehenago Rainbow Warrioren hildako kazetari portugaldar bat gogoratzen zuen; uztailaren 5eko oharra, ordea, San Ferminak, agenda horren jabearentzat, egun hartan hasi zirela: 371 euro.

Kontua eginda nuen dendara baino lehen: 3.721 euro uztailaren 4tik 15era. Ez zegoen batere gaizki. Igandea 15era arte ez omen ziren beherapenak iritsi: 77 euro baizik ez. Ulergarria zen. Alkohol gehiegizkoak sortutako beherapenak, nonbait. Jendea ordurako akitua, edo diru guztia erreta. Gutxieneko tarifa zitekeen, taxien bandera jaitea bezalakoa, edo bere baitan zerbitzu osoa hartzen ez zuten zirri batzuen ordaina, agian. Larunbatean 6an, aldiz, marka: 600. Zenbat saio egin beharko lituzke 600 euro irabazteko? Hiru, lau, bost, sei? Kazetari portugaldarrak Fernando Pereira zuen izena. Casok salatzen zuen ezen, hamar urte geroago, Frantziak segitzen zuela bere saio atomikoak egiten. Atzerapausu ikaragarria

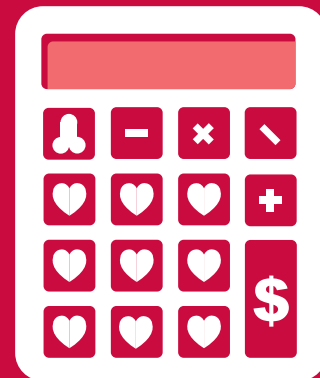
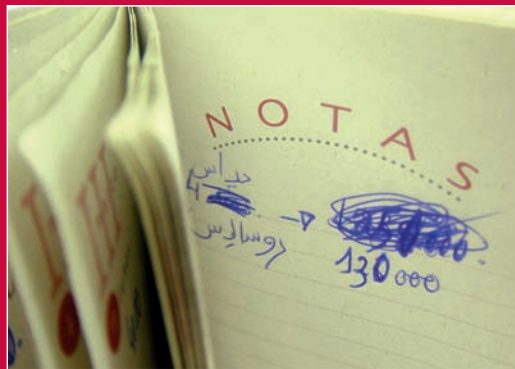
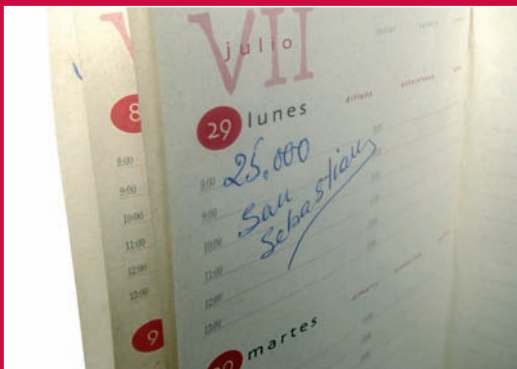
asmoz edo, "Z" bat idatzita "H"aren gainean. ONCZA. Kanpotarra izango zen, noski. Gehienak bezala. Hamar egun baizik ez ziren falta. Horrek joan-etorri asko egin, gezurrezko azalpen asko eman eta mesede ugari eskatu behar izatetik libratuko ninduen.

Gainera ifrentzuetako itsasoetan nabigatzen ohitutako marinela naiz. Nire lagun batek dio hontzari ez zaiola lumara begiratu behar. Berak horrela dio. Ez dut sekula ongi ulertu. Hariari lotu behar zaiola esan nahi izaten duela uste dut, edo horixe da nik ematen diodan interpretazioa; esaldia botatzen dueneko inguruabarrek eraman naute horixe uste izatera, behintzat, baina ez dakit zergatik, hori aditzera emateko, aukeratzen duen hontza, ez eta, lumara ez eta zer ataletara begiratu behar zaion ere; are, ni guztiz okertuta egotea oso litekeena da.

Baina ez diot hontzari luma begiratu.

Rosana nor zen jakin nuenean, eta noren partetik nindoa esan nionean, kanpora, parkinera ateratzeko esan zidan. Europako erdikaldeko herriren batekoa izan zitekeela iruditu zitzaidan.

Parkinean ilun gorotza zen, hainbeste ze trailerrak itzal badaezpadaoak baitziren. Sagardotegitik zetozen batzuen oihuak eta kantuak baizik ez



historian, zioen. Historia animalia tematia da, haatik. Mila urte igarota, ura bere bidean.

Dena ez zen, ordea, negozioaren kontabilitate hotz eta hutsa. Bazegoen material sujerikorrarik; "día del poli. Vino y... ahí, ahí, ahí". Nor zitekeen parte zaharreko helbide batean bizi omen zen "Pepe el de los porros"? Eta erosketa-zerrenda xumeak: "jabón de lavadora, dos filetes de hígado, anillas para las cortinas". Eta bestelakoak: "Eduer, bienestar y salud. Control". Lehen orriari, urtearekin batera, izen bat: "Rebeca". Egiatzkoa izan zitekeen, edo ez.

-Emaizkidazu praka horiek.

-Barkatu?

- Praka handiago horiek, ongi geratuko zitzaizkionak, emateko. Dendatik alde egin nuen.

Agendak, berau giza-espeziaren aldeko kantu nahi zuen asmo oneko batean batek apailatua, efemeride batzuk glosatzen zituen, bakoitza bere egunean. Urtarrilaren 27 batean askatu zituzten Auschwitzetik azken zazpi mila prisionerrak. Otsailaren 13 batez sartu zuen Parisko patenteen erregistroan Louis Loumière delako batek zinematografo izeneko traste bat. Martxoak 8 zituen New Yorken beren lan-baldintzen hobetzea eskatzen zuten 192 emakume kiskali zituenean esku ezezagun eta kriminal batek. Eta holako. Hilabetez hilabete.

Etorkizun zegoen urriaren 17an, ostegunez, hau ikusten zen idatzita: ONCHA, eta gero, boligrafo berberez, hurbilpen fonetiko bat lortzeko

ziren entzuten. Ez zitzaidan iruditu inor atzetik etorri zitzaigunik.

- Ez diot ezer zor. Esaiozu ni bakean uzteko.

Nahiko poliki mintzatzen zen gaztelaniaz, azentu piska bat bazuen ere.

- Zerri bat da.

- Hau zuretzat eman dit.

Pardeltxoa hartu zuen. Begiak iluntasunera piska bat egin baitzitzaizkidan, harriduraz hartu zuela esango nuke. Zigarro bat piztu nuen.

- Ez dizut esan, ba? Zerri bat da, putakume handi bat. Putakume esan zuen, beren jatorritik hain urruti hegan egiten dute hitzek, ze, azkenerako, inork ez baitaki nondik datozen, ezta nora doazen ere. Hontzek bezala.

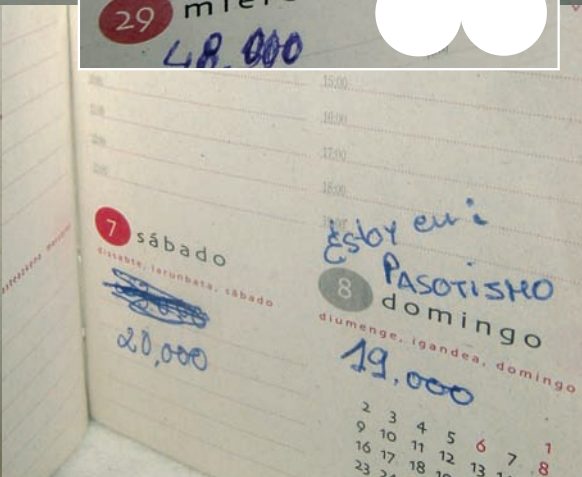
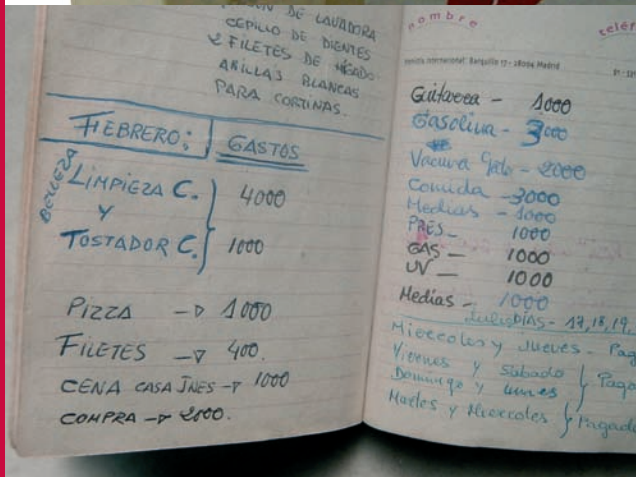
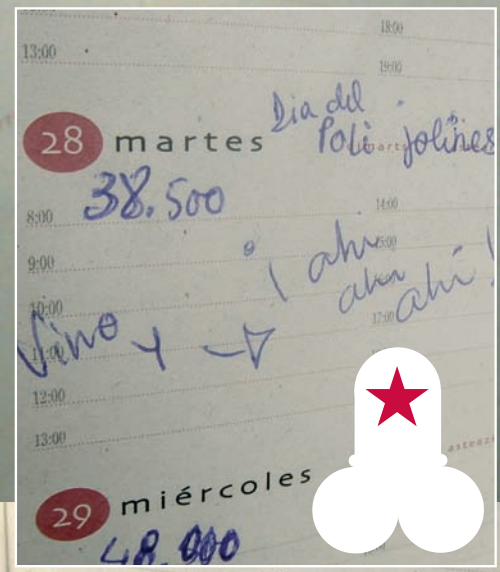
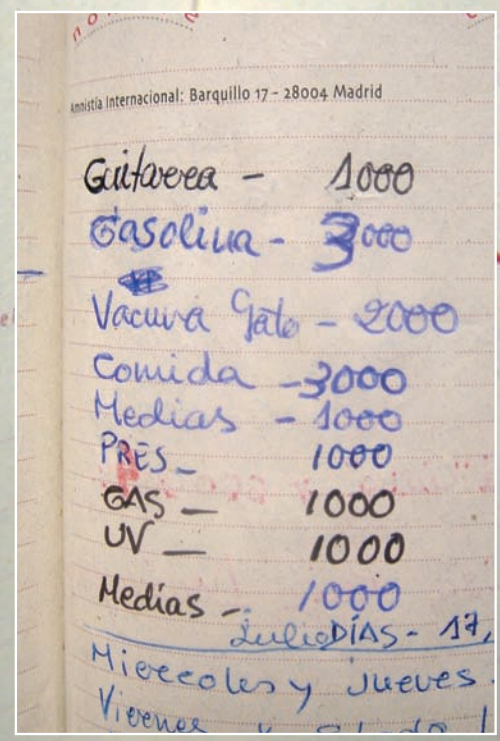
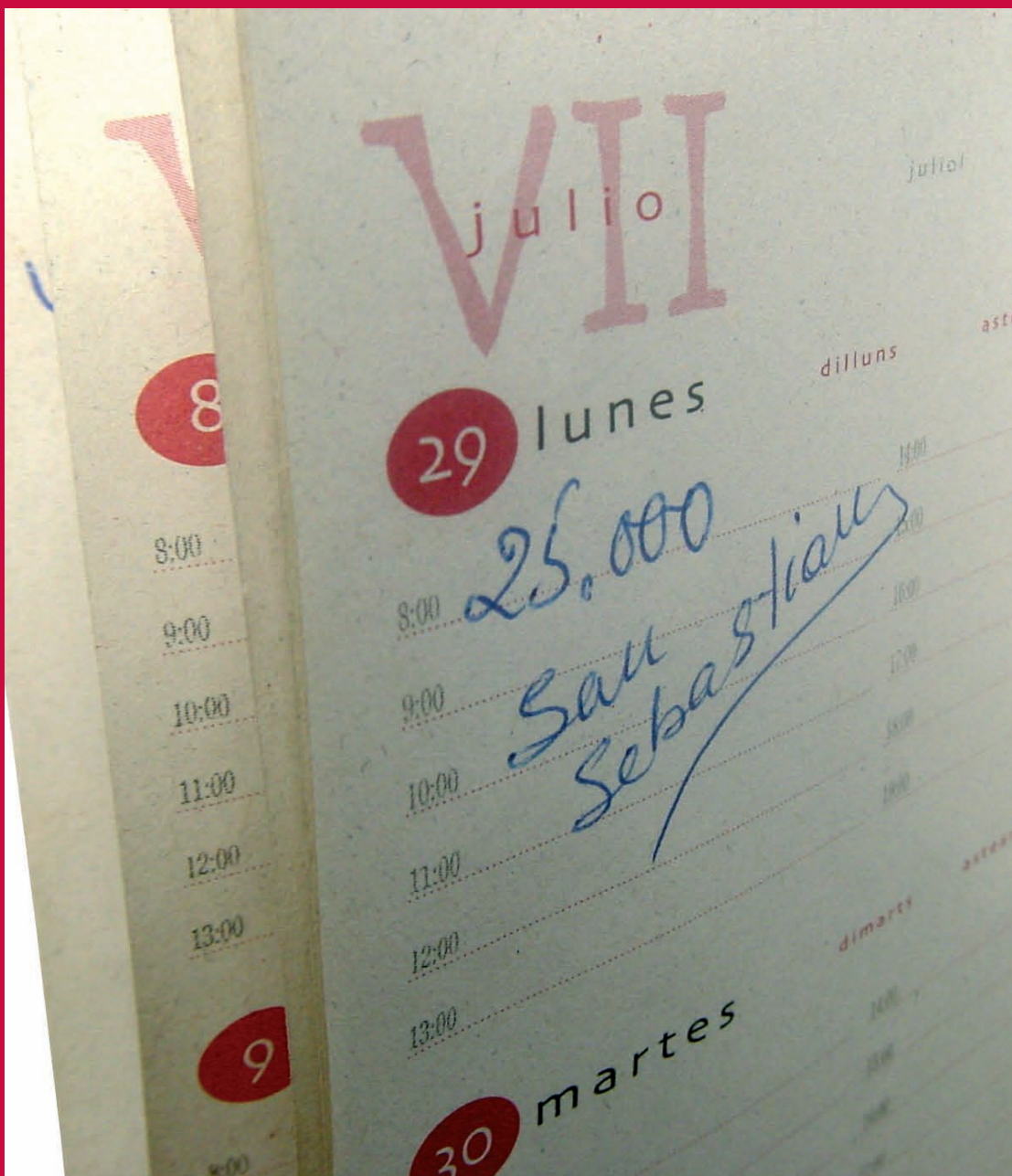
Pardela ireki eta prakak atera zituen. Hasieran, bazirudien ez zuela ulertzen. Gero irri-algara lehor eta ozen bat jaulki zuen; zulagailu baten hotsarekin bilatu nion nolabaiteko kidetasuna.

- Doala popatik hartzen! -prakak aurpegira bota zizkidan. Han zer egiteko gutxi geratzen zen.

- Astebete emango dizut. Astebete barru esango diot non topatu zaitudan. Esan egin behar diot. Nahi eta nahi ez.

Rebeca -hori bazen bere egiatzko izena- lokalaren barruko aldera abiatu zen ordurako, korrika txikian. Adatsa zabuka zihoakion batetik bestera, lurrera emeki-emeki jausi behar zen luma balitz bezala. Gau orbela bezala.

Hontz batek ulu egin zuen.



Agenda hau Donostiako denda batetako mostradorean azaldu zen. Jabeak ez zuen erreklamatu.

withered night leaves

The diary, at first glance, looked like any other diary.

The shop assistant remembered that the person who had left it behind had wanted to buy a pair of trousers.

- Do you remember what she was like?

The shop assistant, a girl, didn't seem to sure.

- Like me I suppose. Your average girl.

- The shop assistant wasn't my type. She was pretty enough, but she gave the impression she was one of those girls that had to hear it said.

The owner of the diary wouldn't ask as much.

- Did she buy the trousers then?

- No. She didn't take them in the end - as she said this she brought her hands towards buttocks - I think they were a bit too tight for her, and

we didn't have a bigger size.

I looked at her buttocks, well her hips actually. There wasn't a pair of pants in the whole world that her almost non-existent buttocks wouldn't have been able to slip into. That meant that the owner of the diary, a normal girl, wasn't - unlike the shop assistant - stricken with anorexia.

- It's a pity, we got bigger sizes in later on. They would have fit her well.

- So, she just left her diary here like that?

- No she didn't leave it here. It must have dropped out of her bag when she went to pay.

- I thought you said she didn't buy the trousers...

- No, but she did buy a blouse...

There was a text at the end of each month in the diary. The page with

the first three days of July had been ripped out, so the piece of writing at the end of June - by Angeles Caso - was right beside the page for Friday, the 5th of July. The only thing between them was the jagged stub of paper left over from the missing page. The text was about the Portuguese journalist who had been killed on the Rainbow Warrior years before. The page for July the 5th however was about San Fermin; the festival started for the owner of the diary on that day. The diary read: 371 euro.

I had done my sums before going to the shop: 3.721 euro from July the 4th to the 15th. Not bad at all. The drop off didn't seem to have arrived until Sunday the 15th: only 77 euro. It was understandable. A reduction brought on by overindulgence in drink probably. Everybody was either

This agenda appeared in a clothing store in Donostia. The owner never reclaimed.

Handwritten calculations on a piece of paper:

144.300
+ 25.000
+ 29.000

198.500
+ 14.000
+ 32.500

245.000

Handwritten notes on a piece of paper:

80 5511
8080 6518
Pueblo TOLOSA - ONCHA. 7000 Pension
CHAPARRIL DEL CICIO 11710
888-858227 -> Sevilla
26 Marzo
MARTES. -> Viki
Jueves 10'00 Noche
Llamada
TRINO AVILA MUSICO Profesor

Handwritten notes on a piece of paper:

POB - LA ROSA San Sebastian JRUN.
Telf - (943) 490114.
POB FRONTERA
Telf - 943-630475 BHOVIA JRUN.
Juaunacion dia 5 NOVEMBER

completely wasted or broke by then. It could have been a minimum charge, just like a taxi driver hitting the meter as you get into the cab, or maybe a quick paid-for pleasure that wasn't part of the full service. Saturday the 6th on the other hand, was a different story: 600 euro. How many times would you have to do it? 3, 4, 5, 6? The Portuguese journalist's name was Fernando Pereira. Caso was denouncing the fact that, ten years on, France was still at its nuclear tests. The article called it a huge step backwards in history. Suppose that's why history is a frightened being. A thousand years on, and water just flows along its course.

It wasn't, I must point out, all cold-blooded business accounting in the diary. There was other more suggestive stuff: "cops' day. They turned up and... there, there, there". Who could this guy who seemed to live in the old part of the city be? This "Pepe, the smoke man". The was a simple shopping list as well: "washing powder, two liver steaks, rings for the curtains". And there was this one too: "Eduarne, health and welfare. Control". There was a name on the first page, the first page of the year: "Rebeca". It might have been her real name. Then again, it might not.

- Give us those trousers.

- Sorry?

- Give us those trousers, the big ones you said would fit her. I left the shop.

The diary, as if it were some song looking to sing the praises of humanity, carried important events that had happened on corresponding dates in the past. On a 27th of January they had

released the last 7,000 prisoners from Auschwitz. On a 13th of February a Louis Loumière had registered some contraption called a cinematograph at the Parisian Patent Office. March the 8th carried the news that a hidden criminal hand had torched a factory in New York where 192 women were staging a lock in to demand better rights. Burnt to a crisp. And so on. From month to month the same song and dance.

There was a word written in for the future October the 17th: ONCHA. There was an attempt at a phonetically written version with the same pen. A "Z" was scrawled over the "H". ONCHA. Must be a foreigner. Like most of them. Only ten days to go now. That was a lot of coming and going, a lot of lies as explanations and I wouldn't have to ask for a whole bunch of favours.

I'm a sailor who's well used to navigating on the seas of influence. A friend of mine says that you should never look at an owl's feathers. That's what he says. I have never understood him. I think he means you should stick to the job at hand, well that's what I make of it anyway. The places he says this in have led me to believe this, but I can't tell you why, I mean, to come to that conclusion he picks an owl and I don't know what feather or skin you're supposed to look at. I may also be completely and utterly wrong.

But I won't look at the owl's feather.

When I found out who Rosa was, and when I told her on whose behalf I was there to see her, she told me to get outside to the car park. I thought it looked just like one you'd come across in an Eastern European village.

The shadows projected by all the trailers shrouded the shitty little car park in darkness. The only thing to be heard were the songs and high spirits of a few people on their way back from a cider house. I didn't think we had been followed.

- I don't owe her nothing. Tell her to get off my case. She spoke Spanish rather slowly and with a bit of an accent. - She's a pig.

- She gave me this for you.

She took the parcel. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and I think she was taken aback. I lit up a cigarette. - Didn't she tell you, then? She's a pig, a right fucking bitch. "Fucking bitch" she said. The words just flew out, so far from where they had come from. The thing is that nobody really knows where they come from. Nor where they're going. Just like owls. She opened the parcel and took out the trousers. At first, she didn't seem to understand. Then she a loud dry cackling laugh erupted from within her. I thought she sounded like a drill.

- She can stick them up her arse! - she flung the trousers in my face. There wasn't much more for me to do there.

- I'll give you a week. In a week's time I'll tell her where I've found you. I have to tell her. Whether I want to or not.

- Rebeca - if that was her real name - had already turned round and headed back to the club, ran back almost. Her hair swung from side to side. It looked as if it were a feather just about to gently fall to the ground. Like leaves falling from a tree at night. An owl hooted somewhere



testua / by: nagore telleria



egilea / author:
unai elorriaga
argitaldaria / published by:
elkar



egilea / author:
mikel ibarguren
argitaldaria / published by:
susa poesía

van't hoffen ilea

Espainiako Narratiba Sari Nazionalaren ikuskizun piroteknikoa hasi zenean, errematea bakarrik falta zitzaion eleberriari. Idazlea ekitaldietako erreklamu bihurtu aurrekoa da. Eta subentzioen bedeinkazioa duena, Igartza bekarena. Zaila da gero funtzionarioak maitatzen, baina Elorriagari esker Matias Malandari kariñoa hartzen zaio.

Etxez etxe dabil grabadorarekin jendearen bizitzak grabatzen. Presoen kondenak laurdenera jeisten dituen kartzelako idazkariarena, jokuagatik bainera saldu zuenarena, eta beste. Berak bitartean, eskuan darabillkien pilotako suge anarkistari hitz egiten dio eta bere bizitza imaginatu egiten du emakume batekin komuneko atean topo egiten duen bakoitzean. Iduseko munduan espagettiak plateretik suizidatu egiten dira, erleak liderrak dira eta gabardinek intimidatu egiten dute. Asko du SPtik. Gehiago ironia eta jokuetatik. Eta izenburua demokratikoa dauka. Bere hitzaldi batera joan zirenek erabaki zuten, "Hiztegiak eta Hilerriak" ezetz, "Van Hoffen ilea" behar zuela. Udaberrian gehien saldutakoa.

When the National Spanish Narrative Prize firework display got under way, all that were missing to the novel were the finishing touches. That was before the writer was acclaimed. And the blessings of the subsidies be on you, the Igartza grant. It's hard to love civil servants, but thanks to Elorriaga, we get fond of Matias Malandar. He goes from house to house with his trusty tape recorder recording peoples' lives on tape. There's the Prison Secretary who reduces a convict's sentence to a quarter the original, the one about the person whose gambling pushed them to sell their bath. During all of this, he carries on talking to the anarchist who runs a ball through his fingers. And he imagines his life every time he runs into a woman at the toilet door. In an Idus world, spaghettis commit suicide by jumping off a plate, bees are leaders and rain-coats can be very intimidating. There's a lot to SP. More from irony and play. And it's got a democratic name. Those who went to one of his talks decided that "Hiztegiak eta Hilerriak" (Dictionaries and Cemeteries) wasn't on and that the name should be "Van Hoffen ilea" (Van Hoff's hair). The biggest seller this Spring.

Durango azokako debutean bankiloan geratu zirenetakoa da Ibargurenen bigarren olerki bilduma. Poemak, berak bizi duenaz. Deserriaz, distantziak eta ausentziak. Disimulorik gabe. Erbestean bizitzeak dituen konstanteak erakusten ditu; muga fisikoak eta animikoak. Zigarro mutxikinetan bilatzen ditu maitearen ezpain ertzak. Desegindako ohean eta katilu erabilletan. Kantuak estropeatzen entzun nahi du haren ahotsa, eta behin eta berriz entzuten ditu doinu berak desafinoa noiz azalduko. Deserriko karrika bakoitza muxu bat da, presaka emandako igurtzi dardarti bat. Eta ibilbidea Carrefour des Evadésen bukatzen da, iheslarien guruzbidean.

One of those to debut at The Durango Basque Book and Music Fair was Ibarguren's second collection of poetry. Poems, on the poet's life. On exile, distant and absence. Straight to the point. The poet speaks of the life of a political refugee: the physical and mental barriers. He looks for the traces of a lover's lips on cigarette butts. In used beds and mugs. He wants to hear her voice destroying songs, every time he hears the melody he waits for the tuneless voice to burst into song. Every street of his exile is a kiss, a quickly-given shaking caress. And the journey ends at Carrefour des Evades, the crossroads of those on the run.

deserriko karririkak

Unai Elorriaga

Van't Hoffen ilea

elkar

UNA
228
ELORRIAGA

languages
hizkuntzak

do you understand?
ulertu didazu?

EOIP IHEO

escuela oficial de idiomas de pamplona

iruñeko hizkuntza eskola ofiziala

948 206 343 - www.pnte.cfnavarra.es/eoip - PAMPLONA/IRUÑEA

W E L C O M E

zinemak begiratzenezaitu u eman zitezazari begiratzitez zinemazaitu u eman zitezazari

look yourself into the cinema man look at you cinema

GO V E M



bigarren asaltoa

MATRIX reloaded

testua / by: koldo almandoz

the second round

Ordenadore kode batetan enkriptaturik deskubritu genuen Matrix. Matrix: gu kontrolatzen gaituen ama programa omen da. Omen. Matrix-ek zeresan ugari sortu du. Gure errealtatearen metafora izateaz gain existentzia berari buruz hainbat galdera planteatzen dituelako. Filosofia oso bat dago Matrixen inguruan. Filosofoak galderak egiteko sortu genituen. Magritek ez omen zuen pipatzen liburua oparitu zidan egileak, Fito Rodríguez-ek. Barruan, orri solte batean zera idatzi zidan:

We first came across the Matrix hidden in a computer code. The Matrix: the mother programme that supposedly controls us all. Supposedly. The Matrix has caused quite a bit of debate. And all this because not only is it a metaphor of reality, it also poses some serious questions what existence really is. There's a whole philosophy surrounding the Matrix. We came up with philosophers to ask questions. Fito Rodríguez, the author of Magritek ez omen zuen pipatzen, came me a copy of the book as a present. The following was written on a page on the inside:

Galderatxo bat zeukeat hiretzat:

Matrix zer duk?

- 1) Irudikapen hautsia?
 - 2) Antzezpen lausoa? ala
 - 3) Ordezkapen kaiolatua?
- Herorrek erranen
Fito

I have a question for you:

What is the Matrix?

- 1) A shattered illusion?
 - 2) A muddled picture?
 - 3) An engaged representation?
- Well?
Fito



M

Irudikapen hautsia

A

Ordenadore pantaila hartan lehendabizikoz Matrix irakurri genuenean, ez genuen ulertu. Hizki eta zenbakietan enkriptaturik zetorren sekretua deskubritu genuenean ordea jabetu ginen ama programa hura ez zela perfektua, bazituela zirrikituak. Errealitatea irudikapen bat besterik ez zela ohartu ginen. Hautsi egin zitzaigun ustezko errealitatea, eta harekin ordura arte bizitako irudikapena. Baina zerbait desagertzen denean beste zerbaitek bete behar du hutsune hori. Irudikapen bat beste irudikapen batekin betetzen da. Pilula gorria aukeratu genuen, baina agerian geratu zitzaigun errealitate berri hori benetakoa al zen? Eta Matrix-ek eskeintzen digun beste irudikapen bat bada? Bigarren ataleko izenburuak argi esaten du: Matrix RELOADED. Matrix berriro kargatu da...

Antzeppen lausoa

Lausotasuna beharrezkoa izaten da antzeppen batek gudan interesa pizteko. Gizaki libreek Matrix zer den deskubritu eta pilula gorria aukeratzeko programa erositik ihes egin eta errealitate bortitzera itzultzeko. Solaris filman adibidez kontrakoa gertatzen da. Errealitateari uko egiten dio protagonistak bere maitearekin itzultzeko. Ez du irudikapena hautsi nahi. Bertan bizi nahi du pertsona maitatuarekin. Baina aukera ezberdin hauek ez dira inoiz modu arrazoitsu edo logiko batean gertatzen. Modu lauso batean ematen da pertsonaien antzeppena. Hain humanoak diren ezjakintasuna eta zalantzak bultzatutako lausotasuna. Fikzio zientzia film interesgarri guztietan somatu daiteke anbiguitate eta definizio eza hori. Horrek egiten ditu Blade Runner, Espace Odissey 2001, Solaris eta Matrix moduko filmak interesgarri: Etorkizunean kokatuta, ezezagunaren antzeppen lauso bat direlako.

Ordezkapen kaiolatua

Zion ezagutuko dugu bigarren atalean. Matrix-ko irudikapenetik ihes egindako gizaki libreen hiria. Lehendabiziko Matrix-en gizaki libreak euren ordeko birtualekin aritzen ziren interakzioan, kaiolaturik zeuden euren ordezkapenekin egiten zuten borroka. Bigarren asalto honetan, berriro kargatu den Matrix da etsai, baina Zion-en bizi diren gizaki libreen artean ere ez da bakerik. Azken finean, Matrix bera, gizakien izaera eta antolamenduan oinarritutako ordezkapen edo irudipen edo antzeppen bat delako. Smith agenteak Morpheo-ri esan zion moduan: << Ba al zenekien lehendabiziko Matrix-a gizakien mundu perfektu bat izateko diseinatua izan zela? Inork sufrituko ez zuen mundu bat, guztiok zoriontsu biziko ziren mundu bat... ba desastre hutsa izan zen>>

3 aukeretatik bat aukeratzea ezinezkoa zait. Hirurak edo bat bakarra ere ez. Ez dakit. Liluratuta naukan arren Matrix zer den ere ez dut guztiz ulertzen. Eta hori da, niretzat behintzat, Watchosky anaiek sortu duten munduaren sekretua. Magriten obraren modukoa da Matrix. Ez dugu guztiz ulertzen, baina erakargarria zaigu. Zer ezkututzen da pintura horien atzean. Zer dago enkriptaturik Magriten margoetan? Magrit...Matrix...

Matrix Reloaded maiatzak 21 ean estreinatzen da
Matrix Revolution azaroaren 7 an.



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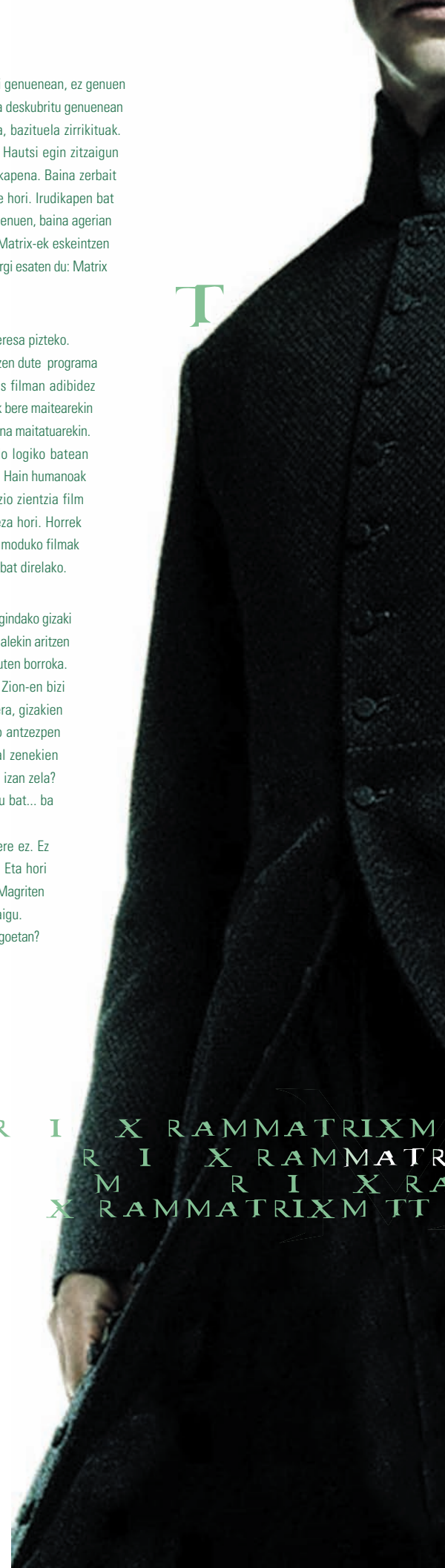
M

T



animatrix

Matrix-en sortzaileek 9 anime zuzendariari eskatu diete Matrix-en interpretazio bat. Emaizta, munduko animazio egile onenen 6 eta 16 minutuko 9 laburmetrai itzel. Webgune ofizialean ikus daitezke lehendabiziko emaitzak. Luxu bat.



T



A shattered illusion

When we read the word Matrix on that computer screen for the first time, we didn't understand it. But when we managed to unravel the code to the secret hidden in letters and numbers we realised that this mother programme was not perfect, it had its flaws. We realised it was a metaphor for reality. What we had imagined as reality crumbled into little pieces, as did the illusion of everything we had lived through. But when something disappears, something else steps in to fill the empty space left behind. We just picture something different. We chose the red pill, but is the reality that was then revealed to us then the real thing? What if it's just another illusion thrown up by the Matrix? The name of the sequel is loud and clear: Matrix RELOADED. The Matrix has just been loaded again...

A muddled picture

An illusion needs to be a bit muddled and quirky if it is to interest us. Free peoples discover what the Matrix is and choose the red pill to escape comfortable existence and get back to violent reality. The opposite happens in the film Solaris. The protagonist turns their back on reality to be with the one they love. They don't want to shatter the illusion. They want to stay and live there with the person they love. But these choices never appear to us in a logical or reasoned way. People's views of things are put across in a muddled way. A murkiness provoked by the very human traits of ignorance and doubt. This type of ambiguity and lack of definition are present in all good science fiction movies They're what make Blade Runner, Space Odyssey 2001, Solaris and Matrix interesting films: because they are unknown obscure dramas set in the future.

An engaged representation

We get to see Zion in this second instalment. Zion is the city that's home to all those who have escaped. In Matrix Part I free people lived interactively with their virtual selves, they fought with their imprisoned representative self. In this second round, the reloaded Matrix is the enemy, but there's no peace to be found among the free peoples of Zion either. At the end of the day, the Matrix itself is just a picture, representation and illusion based on the humans and the way they live. Just as Agent Smith said to Morpheo: "Did you know that the first Matrix was designed to be a perfect world for humans? A world where no-one would suffer, a world where everybody would be happy. . . well, it was a disaster".

It's impossible for me to choose one of the three. The whole lot of them or none at all. I don't know. Though I'm dazzled by the Matrix I'm not exactly sure what it is. And that's what I regard as the secret behind the world created by the Watchosky brothers. We don't fully understand it but we are drawn to it all the same. What is hidden behind the paintings? What is coded into Magrit's drawings? Magrit...Matrix...

Matrix Reloaded opens on May the 21st

Matrix Revolution on November the 7th

TT TAI I I T R
IXM TT TAI I Y T
MMATRIXM TT TAI I
TAI I I T R

R I T R



animatrix X

The creators of Matrix have asked nine animators to come up with their interpretation of the Matrix. The outcome: 9 incredible short cartoons from 6 to 16 minutes in length from the best animators in the world. You can see the first results at the official web page. A real luxury.



Kriptografia: artea eta zientzia

Testuak, soinuk, irudiak edo beste edozein eratako informazioa kodea ezagutzen ez duten guztientzat ulergaitz bihurtzea da kriptografiaren helburua. Horretarako, jatorrizko informazioa eraldatu egiten da, eta igorleak eta hartzaileak bakarrik jakin behar dute zein diren aldaketa horiek.

Gaur egun, gehienbat informatikan erabiltzen da kriptografia, batez ere, sarean eta ordenagailuetan dauden datuak babesteko eta sinadura digitala egiaztatzeko. Izan ere, eskutitz bat gutun-azaliki gabe bidalitzeko, postariak idatzitakoa irakurtzeko aukera izango du, noski. Antzekoa gertatzen da Internet bidez bidalitako mezuekin: babestuta egon ezean, edozeinek 'harrapa' ditzake. Arrisku hori saihesteko, funtzio matematiko konplexuak erabiltzen dira mezuak zifratu eta ezkutatzeko. Nolanahi ere, informatika baino askoz ere lehenagokoa da. Antzinako Egiptoko apaizak, esaterako, herriarentzat ulertezinak ziren hieroglifikoez baliatzen ziren. Baina, batik bat, gerra-garaian garatu dira sistema kriptografikoak.

Kriptografia hitza grekotik dator: kryptos, ezkuta, eta graphein, idaztea. K.a. 400. urtean, Greziako Esparta hirian, militarrek scitalla sistema erabiltzen zuten. Militarrek makila batean bildutako oihaletan idazten zituzten mezuak. Oihala lodiera bereko makila batean bildu ezean, testua ezin zen ulertu. Are sinpleagoa zen Julio Zesarrek ezarritako sistema: letra bakoitza alfabetoan hiru toki aurrerago zegoen letrarekin ordezkatzeko. Mende batzuk geroago, Erdi Aroko kopiatzaileek bokalik gabe idazten zuten batzuetan, eta bokalen tokian puntuak edo edozein kontsonante jartzen zuten. Beste batzuetan, zodiakoaren alfabetoa erabiltzen zuten.

Aita Santuen inguruko azpijokoek bultzada handia eman zioten kriptografiari. Hain zuzen ere, Klemente VII.-aren zerbitzari batek idatzi zuen kriptografiari buruzko lehen eskuliburua. 1466an, Leon Battista Alberti alfabeto bat baino gehiago erabiltzen zituen sistema bat asmatu zuen; hiru edo lau hitzetik behin, alfabetoz aldatzen zuen. Igorleak eta hartzaileak bi zirkulu zentrokideren kokapena adostu behar zuten, horren arabera erabakitzen baitzen zein zen ikur bakoitzaren baliokidea. XX. mendean, kriptografiaren iraultza gertatu zen. Albertiren sistemaren oinarrituta, zilindro birakariak zituzten teletipoak diseinatu ziren. Lehenengo patentea 1919koa da, eta geroxeago asmatu zuen Enigma Arthur Scherbiusek. Hain juxtu, makina kriptografiko perfektutatzen zuten horrek eraman zituen naziak porrotera II. Mundu Gerran, Alan Turingek Enigmaren gakoak deszifratzeko gai ziren 'bonbak' asmatu baitzituen.

II. Mundu Gerraren ondoren, teknologia elektroniko eta digital berriak eta kriptografia uztartu egin ziren. Geroztik, inoiz baino eraginkorragoa eta konplexuagoa bilakatu da, eta kuantikak are aukera gehiago irekitzen ditu orain. Hala ere, Edgar Allan Poeren ustez, "zaila da gizaki batek gizakiak berak askatu ezin duen enigma bat sortzea".

testua / by: ELHUYAR



Bale zuriaren iragarpen beltzak

Moby Dick

Herman Melville-ren *Moby Dick* nobela, itsasoa eta gizakiaren arteko harremanari eskeinitako liburuak aipagarrienetakoa da dudarik gabe. Ur azalean behintzat hala da. Uretan barrena buzeatzen jarri ezker, liburuak patua eta gizakiak bere buruarekin duen etengabeko borrokaritza buruzko irakurketa egin genezake. Baina bada jatorriz *The Whale* eta gero *Moby Dick* izenez ezagutzen dugun liburuan, argia iristen ez den eremu sakonagorik. Bale zuriaren nobelak, gordetzen du bere hizki eta hitzetan gehiengoarentzat ezzaguna den istorio beltz bat ere. Herman Melvillek 1851. urtean argitaratu zuen bale zuriaren lehendabiziko bertsoa. Ez zuen *Bartleby*-ren aitak, gerora bere idatzietan topatuko zenaren arrastorik. *Moby Dick* nobelaren historia garaikideko agintari ugariaren hilketen iragarpenak topatu dira enkriptaturik. Nobelaren orri eta paragrafo ezberdinetan topa ditzakegu hilketa ezberdinen inguruko datu eta zehaztasunak. Kasualitatea? *Moby Dick* zaletu baten paranoia? Aspertzeko denbora asko duen ikerle baten irudipena... Bai, guztiak ziurrenik, baina polita da serendipity-rekin jolastea...

testua / by: thb



Cryptographye: art and science



The objective of cryptography is to render texts, sounds, images and whatever other type of information code used indecipherable to those who aren't meant to understand it. In order to achieve this, the original information is transformed and only the sender and receiver can read the changes.

Nowadays, codes are mostly used in computing, mostly to protect information in computers and on the net and to confirm digital signatures. It's like if you send a letter without an envelope; the postman will be able to read what has been written. The same thing happens to messages sent over the net; they can be picked up if they are not protected. To avoid this risk, complex mathematical functions are used to encode and hide the messages.

Cryptography is an awful lot older than computing all the same. The hieroglyphics used by ancient Egyptian priests is an example of this. However, it's in times of war that codes have been most used. Cryptography comes from the Greek words Kryptos which means "hidden" and graphein which means "written". In the Greek city of Sparta the military were using the scytale system about 400 BC. The scytale was a tapered baton around which was wrapped a spiral strip of parchment containing the message. Words were then written lengthwise along the baton. Unless a baton of the same shape was used to read the original, the message couldn't be understood.

The system implanted by Julius Caesar was much simpler: each letter was replaced by the corresponding one three letters down. A few centuries later on, Middle-Aged copyists started writing without vowels and they would replace them with dots or any consonant. At other times they would use the alphabet of the zodiac.

The use of codes came on leaps and bounds with all the dirty tricks going on around the popes. So much so that it was a servant of Clemence VII who wrote the first handbook on cryptography. In 1466, Leon Battista Alberti came up with a system that used more than one alphabet; every three or four words it changed alphabets. The sender and the receiver had to agree on the position to set two concentric circular scales of letters. According to their choice, the words would mean one thing or another. There was a revolution in codes during the XX Century. The rotor teletype disk system, based on Alberti's design, was first to come along. The first patent is from 1919. Then Arthur Scherbius invented the Enigma machine. This ciphering machine, whose codes were claimed unbreakable, was actually what caused the Nazis to lose WWII when Englishman Alan Turing invented machines called "Bombe", able to crack the codes.

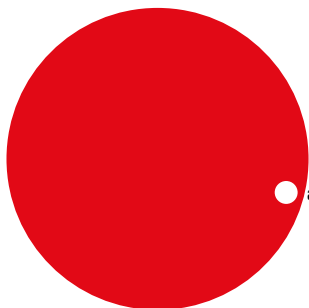
After WWII, new electronic and digital technology was applied to cryptography. It has become more complex than ever and quantum physics offers even more possibilities. But as Edgar Allen Poe put it: "It's difficult for someone to create a code that another can't crack".



The Moby Dick

The white whale's black predictions

Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" is undoubtedly one of the most praiseworthy books on the relationship between humans and the sea. That's what it seems like on the surface anyway. If you delve beneath the surface of the book, you'll find another reading that deals with the never-ending fight between mankind and its destiny. Fair enough, but there are even deeper lightless places to be found in Moby Dick, originally called The Whale. The book hides a much darker story in its letters and words and it has been ignored by the majority of readers of the story. Herman Melville published the first version of the book in 1851. Bartleby's father, later present in his writings, is nowhere to be found. The murder of many modern-day leaders is encrypted into Moby Dick. You can find factual detailed explanations of different murders on different pages. Is it a coincidence? Some paranoia from a Moby Dick freak? The imagination of a reader with too much time on their hands? ...Yep, probably a bit of one and all, but there's a great buzz to be got out of fooling around with serendipity...



agenda@thebalde.net

BILBO ELETRONIKA

Maiatzak 2 Ostirala, gaueko 11etan COLUMBUS Aretoa, Bilbo

Friday, May 2nd, 23:00. Columbus Concert Hall, Bilbao



Bilboko Intermusic elkarteak musika elektronikoa jaialdia antolatdu. Dj-en artean, besteak beste, Christian Varela, Mark Broom, Monika Osmo Morbid eta Alain izango dira. Zuzenekoak Hounded House eta Tierra-k eskeiniko dituzte eta horretaz gain argi proiektzio, ileapaindegi, piercing eta dragg queen-ak ere izango dira.

The Intermusic Association in Bilbao have organised a festival of Electronic music. Among the DJs appearing are Christian Varela, Mark Broom, Monika Osmo Morbid and Alain. Haunted House and Tierra will be playing live and look out for the light projections, hairstylists, body piercing and drag queens.

JO

NORA JO



DO

WHAT TO DO



2. BREAK DANCE LEHIAKETA

Elorrioko Arriola antzokian Maiatzaren 10ean

May 10th, Arriola Theatre, Elorrio



Elorrioko Logela multimedia elkarteak bigarren Break Dance lehiaketa antolatdu Arriola Antzokian. Apirilaren 15a baino lehen lanak bidali dituzten dantza taldeen artean sei izango dira maiatzeko finalean ikusgai izango direnak. Hip Hoparen erritmoek antzokia hartuko dute beraz, mugimendu ikusgarriak erabiltzen dituen dantza estilo honi teloa irekiaz.

The Logela Association in Elorrio have organised their second Break Dance competition to be held at the Arriola Theatre. The organisers will choose six dance groups from all those who submit their entries before April 15. The final takes place in May. Hip hop gets to take over the theatre for a day and no doubt this spectacular style of dancing will be the curtain raiser for a great day out.

<http://logela.org>



LOU REED EDGAR ALLAN POERI ABESTEN
Bilbo Euskalduna jauregia maiatzak 20, 21:00h
 Bilbo Euskaldun Palace, May 20th, 21:00



Kaleratu berri duen lan berrian Lou Reed-ek Edgar Allan Poeren idatzietara jo du. Idazlearen hainbat lan musikatu ditu eta "The Raven" izena jarri dio diskoari, idazlearen poesiari ezagunenetariko baten deitura. Velvet Underground-en gidari izan zen musikaria gure artean izango dugu berriz bere lanik berriena aurkezten.

Lou Reed sifts among the writings of Edgar Allen Poe on his latest record. He puts music to the words of the writer and has called the record "The Raven" after one of the poet's most famous songs. The ex-leader of Velvet Underground comes to Bilbao on the tour to promote the record.

● www.loureed.org



MASSIVE ATTACK
Donostiako belodromoan maiatzaren 31ean
 May 31st, Belodromo, San Sebastian



100th Window izeneko laugarren diskoa aurkeztera dator Massive Attack Bristolgo taldea. Trip hoparen eremuetan mugitzen den banda honen lan berrian besteak beste Damon Albarn eta Sidnead O'Connor-ek parte hartu dute. Duela urte batzuk egin bezala, berriz ere Donostian izango dira, belodromoan kasu honetan.

Bristol band Massive Attack hit town with their fourth album 100th Window on show. Damon Albarn, Sinead O'Connor guest on the Trip-hop kings' latest. They were in San Sebastian a couple of years ago and they obviously liked the experience because they're back.

● www.massiveattack.co.uk



METAK JAIA
Ondarroako Kafe Antzokian, apirilaren 30an
 April 30th, Kafe Antzokia, Ondarru



Datorren maiatzaren 1ean Metak diskoetxeak bi urte beteko ditu. Hori dela eta ospakizun festa antolatuta dute Sorkun, R eta Sei Urte taldeekin. Lehenak joan den udazkenean kaleratu zuen bere bakarkako lana eta beste bi taldeek aurtengo udaberrian lehen diskoa kalean ikusiko dute Irungo zigiluaren eskutik. Kontzertuez gain hainbat dj ere izango da.

The record company Metak celebrates its second birthday on May 1st coming. The lads and lasses have decided to organise a bit of a bash with the groups Sorkun, R and Sei Urte. Sorkun released her first solo album last Autumn and the other two release their debuts on the Irun based label this Spring. There'll be the odd DJ knocking about as well.

● www.musikametak.com



IKUS-ENTZUNEZKO JAIALDIA GASTEIZEN
Ekainaren 23tik 28ra Montehermoso jauregian
 June 23rd-28th, Montehermoso Palace



Gasteizko ikus-entzunezko XVIII. jaialdia datorren uda hasieran izango den arren, aurkeztu beharreko lanak maiatzaren 23 baino lehen bertan egon behar dute. Honela atal ezberdinetako lanak (film, dokumental, bideo etab...) hiru mila eta sei mila euro bitarteko sariengatik lehiatuko dira. Horretaz gain beste hainbat proiektio eta tailerretan parte hartzeko aukera ere izango da. Argibideak : 945.16.18.30

We know the VIII Gasteiz Film Video Festival is in the Summer but if you want to take part, all entries must be in by May the 23rd. The different sections of the festival (films, documentaries, videos, etc...) offer between 3,500 and 6,000 euros in prize money. There'll be screenings of stuff that's not taking part in the competition and you'll also be able to participate in the odd workshop or two.

● www.vitoria-gasteiz.com



FESTIMAD
Maiatzaren 30 eta 31ean Mostoles-en
 May 30th and 31st, Mostoles



Udaberria iristearrekin bat jaialdi erraldoien artean klasiko bat dator berriro ere. Horietako bat, eta urtero bezala, Mostolesen: Asian Dub Foundation, Audioslave, Marilyn Manson, Deftones, Ojos de Brujo, Radio 4... eta beste hainbat arituko dira Festimad-en. Musika talde bat baduzu, ez ahaztu jaialdian antolatzen duten maketa lehiaketan parte hartuz gero jaialdian zuzenean jotzeko aukera izan dezakezula!

Spring is here and the giant music festival season is almost upon us. This classic in Mostoles opens the show again this year. Asian Dub Foundation, Audioslave, Marilyn Manson, Deftones, Ojos de Brujo, Radio 4... and plenty of others make up the bill this year. If you have a band, don't forget to send a copy of any demos you have: you might win the chance to play at the festival.

● www.festimad.es



MID NAZIOARTEAKO JAIALDIA
Uztailak 19-20 Donostia.
 July 19th-20th, San Sebastian



MID (Moda-Irudi-Dj) jaialdiari esker ekitaldi eta ikuskizun bereziak izango dira Donostiako txoko ezberdinetan. Moda, diseinu, arte, musika eta disziplina ezberdinen erakustaldi berezia "markoinkonparable"-ko sargori egunak freskatzeko..

The nooks and crannies of San Sebastian will play home to lots of interesting spectacles and shows thanks to the MID (Moda/Fashion-Irudi/Image-Dj) Festival. The clammy Summer days in this "marcoinkonparable" will undoubtedly be freshened up by these special exhibitions of fashion, design, art, music and other disciplines.

● www.m-i-d.net



STEAK TARTAR
Maiatzaren 17 eta 18an Bilboko La Fundicion aretoan
 17th and 18th of May. La Fundacion, Bilbao



MPO antzerki eta dantza ekoiztetxeak sortu duen Steak Tartar konpainiaren lehen lana estreinatuko dute Bilboko Fundicion aretoan. Eva Vidal-ek zuzenduriko "¿Qué hacer con lo incorregible? Ikuskizuna da estreinatuko dena. Bertan, jasangaitza den egoera batean nola bizi daitekeen esperimentatuko dugu.

The dance and theatre producers MPO offer us the first piece of work by theatre group Steak Tartar at La Fundacion in Bilbao. Eva Vidal directs the show called "Que hacer con lo incorregible?". The play experiments with how people can live through unbearable situations.

● www.lafuncion.com



GASTEIZKO ZINE JAIALDIA
Maiatzaren 6tik 10era
 May 6th – 10th



Zuzendari berrien zinemaldia izango da datorren maiatzean Gasteizen. Inagrazio ekitaldian Torremolinos 73 filma ikusteko aukera izango dugu Candela Peña eta Javier Camara aktoreekin. Horretaz gain Pilar Bardem-i omenaldia egingo zaio eta Michael Nynam-ek (El Piano filmako soinu bandaz arduratu zenak) kontzertua eskainiko du.

Gasteiz plays host to a film festival for new director this coming May. The opening session screens the film Torremolinos 73 starring the actors Candela Pena and Javier Camera. There's also a little homage organised for Pilar Bardem and Michael Nynam (the man responsible for the soundtrack to the film The Piano) will be appearing in concert.

● www.cinevitoria.com

zientzia.net

www.zientzia.net



Zientzia eta teknologia egunez egun

Estatu batuek ez dute txikikerietan galtzen denbora, eta oraingoan 1.600 kilometroko errepidea eraikitzeari ekin diote. Non eta Antartikan.
http://www.zientzia.net/artikulu.asp?Artik_kod=7668

Dosierrak

Klimaren bilakaera

Zientzialariak 80ko hamarkadan jabetu ziren Lurraren berotzeak izan ditzakeen ondorioez, baina arazoari aurre egin eta irtenbideak proposatzerakoan, ezadostasunak gero eta argiagoak dira.
http://www.zientzia.net/dossier.asp?Id=81&Dossier_kod=12&Orr=0



Argazkiak



Begiratu gure argazki-artxiboan egunero aukeratzen ditugun argazkiak.
www.zientzia.net/argazkiak.asp



Asteasuain, 14. 20170 Usurbil (Gipuzkoa).
tel. 943 36 30 48. Fax-zk. 943 36 31 44
E-mail: elhuyar@elhuyar.com <http://www.elhuyar.org>

selvasmagicas.com

decoración animal

elektra: daredevil's lost love

testua / by: txo!?

We've had the opportunity to catch Daredevil on our cinema screens for the last while. Him and his helper Elektra, his merciless ninja killer girlfriend. Those of you who have seen the film will be asking yourselves: Ninja? Killer? Merciless? Nonsense! The woman is a wimp, and she gets taken out really stupidly. Yep, that's about the height of it alright, but everything in this wonderful film is wimpy and well dodgy. I still think, however, that Elektra is the character that loses out the most.

Frank Miller, the man who created Elektra to appear in the monthly instalment of Daredevil as his lover, is probably on his knees in the toilet spewing up in disgust. He took her out of the world of leotards and made her the star of a series of comics called Elektra. They were more like European comics than your typical superhero ones. Miller and Bill Sienkiewicz were responsible for the incredible "Elektra Assassin" and the later "Elektra lives again". They gave the character an amazing depth and then they left all us Elektra fans in bits afterwards. We couldn't find another woman as merciless, as manipulative, as fiery a lover, as coolheaded and fast, as schizophrenic and darkly psycho, as damned and as effective a killer as this gal.

Miller wrote her off, twice. He came up with the character, moved her away from superhero comics and created a comic that became a reference point. He then considered the character as being fulfilled and rounded everything off by killing her in both the comic and real life.

Buf! Why kill a comic that was selling so well? At least that's what the heads at the giant Marvel publishers thought. Even though Miller now has all the rights to his comics, when he created Elektra Marvel owned the rights to the character. They started a woeful follow-up that was a major flop. They aimed at publishing three series but it was shelved after a few issues.

These days Marvel have really gone and done the job on Elektra. They have taken all the aesthetic and literary potential Elektra had for cinema and they have flushed it down the bog. What we get instead is a lame wimpy character who looks totally laughable. Right up there with the mess they have made of the film.



elektra: daredevilen amorante galdua.

Azkeneko bolada honetan Daredevil pelikula pairatu ahal izan dugu gure hiritako zinema pantailetan. Bertan, Daredevili laguntzen Elektra, honen emaztegai ninja-hiltzaile-errukigabea. Pelikula ikusi duzuenek zera pentsatuko duzue: Ninja? Hiltzaile? Errukigabea? Bai zera! Tipa hori oso lila da, gainera amen batean akatzen dute oso era traketsean. Hala da bai, pelikula zoragarri honetan dena baita lila eta traketsa. Baina denen artean Elektra da, nire ustetan, galtzeko gehien duen pertsonaia. Elektra, Daredevil super heroiaeren hilabeteroko komikian amorante bezala agertzeko sortu zuen Frank Millerrek, honez gero komunean egonen dena, gomitoka. Horren ostean leotardodun pertsonaien unibertsoetik atera eta Elektrak berak protagonizatuko zituen komiki mordo on bat egiten jardun zen. Super heroikomikiena baino, europar komikien antza handiagoa zutenak. Izugarria Bill Sienkiewiczekin batera egindako Elektra Assassin eta osteko Elektra lives again. Pertsonaiari sakontasun ikaragarria eman zion eta horren ostean elektrozale guztiok kaka eginik geratu ginen. Ezin aurkitu mundu osoan emakume hori bezain gupidagabe, manipulatuzaile,

amorante sutsu, garun hotz eta azkar, eskizofreniko zein psikopata ilun, neskato galdu edota hiltzaile eraginkorragorik.

Millerrek haren heriotza idatzi izan zuen, bitan. Pertsonaia sortu, super heroiegandik alden du eta komiki erreferentzial bat sortu zuen. Horren ostean pertsonaia osatuz eman eta heriotzez borobildu zuen, komikitan zein errealtatean.

Bo! Nola ba horren ongi saltzen zen afera akabatu? Marvel argitaletxe erraldoiek hori pentsatuko zuten behintzat. Millerrek gaur egun bere komiki guztien eskubideak izan arren, Elektra sortu zuen garaietan Marvelek zituen pertsonaiaren eskubideak. Hortaz, jarraipena eman zion saiakera ergel eta frakasatuaz, estatuan hiru serie ezberdin hasi ziren publikatzen eta zenbaki gutxi batzuk irau zuen.

Gaur egun Elektra borobildu dute Marvelekoek. Estetikoki zein literarioki zuen potentzial zinematografiko guztia komunetik bota eta itxura ergel eta itxura barregarriaren emakume bat erakusten digute, hori bai, pelikula guztiarekin koherentzi izugarria mantenduz.



costa rica

eguzkia eta imperial-aren erreinua the sun and the imperial Kingdom

Itsasontzi

herdoildu batean. Herdoildu eta zaratatsu baten barruan gaude. Gora eta behera. Kordoka eta kulunkaka. Parean, Nikolasen begi urdinak zuzen-zuzen iltzatuak dauzkat. Bi ordu daramatzagu itxaroten. Ferry honen barruan autobus zikin hori ez dela sartzen argi dago. Baina berdin zaie. CMTCA-ko (Compañía Marítimo-Terrestre de Costa Rica) langileak patxaraz eta burugogortasunez hartu dute lana. Ezetz. Ezetz, esaten diot nire buruari. Ez dela sartzen. Orduan etorri zait lehenengoa. Lehenengo eta azken golarria. Hogei eta hamazazpi egunetan gordetako arroz, indaba eta Imperial garagardo litro guztiak bota ditut kareletik behera.

In a rusty iron ship. We're in a noisy rust bucket of a ship. Up and down. We're heave this way and that. Nicolas at my side has his eyes glued on me. We've been waiting for two hours. Anyone can see that dirty bus is never going to fit onto the ferry. But they just don't care. The lads from CMTCA (Compañía Marítimo-Terrestre de Costa Rica) go about their job stubbornly and languidly. No way I tell myself. There's no way that it'll fit onboard. That's when I remembered what had happened before. The first and last time I had spewed my guts up. All the rice, beans and gallons of Imperial beer I had wolfed down over the last 37 days had been heaved overboard.

testua / by: felipe apalategi
argazkiak / shots: itai, felipe apalategi



Herrialde hontara etortzeko lehenbiziko pausoak atzo eman nituela iruditzen zait.

Dentistaren kontsultan itxaroten nengoela irakurri nuen Costa Ricari buruzko erreportajea. Ikusgarria. Surf bidai bat egiteko leku aproposa zela zirudien. Hala ere, nahiz eta olatuen presentzia ia ziurra izan, prest nengoen Murphy-ren lege guztiak betetzeko. Gainera, "B" plan bat antolatzeko aukera ematen zidan herrialde bat zela zirudien. Erabakita. Mapa zabaldu, eta HB motako arkatzaz (idatzi al daiteke halako batekin audientzi nazionalen, informazio diligentzia bat ireki gabe?), marra zuzen bat egin nuen ipar Pazifikotik (Ozeano Barea, Euskaltzaindiaren azken bertsioan), hego pazifikorarte. Olatu guztiak nahi nituen dastatu. . San Jose eta bere jende, putetxe, uralita, janari usain eta zakar guztiak atzean utzita Nicoya Penintsulara jo nuen. Santa Teresa, Malpais eta Playa del Carmen, surfeatzeko asmoa nuen. Lehenengo kontaktua ona izan zen Pazifikoarekin. Olatu asko; iraunkorak eta politak. Han hasi nintzen bioaniztasunak duen esanahia ulertzen. Natura interaktiboa. Animaliak ez ziren "bere" lekuan gelditzen, "zure" lekura, gauzetara, gorputzera etortzen ziren. Etortzen dira. Bakoitzak bere portaera eta jokaera desberdinekin: Pelikanoak, kaimanak, untxiak, tximeletak, karramarroak, izurdeak, baleak, intsektuak, intsektuak, intsektuak, narrastiak, tximuak. Marrazoak. Bai, marrazoak. Costeauren larunbatetako erreportajetan eta Aquarium-ean dauden horietaz gain, lehenbizikoz aizan ditut nire bizitza hain gertu marrazoak. Eta Calipso-a ez zegoen gertu. Denbora pasa ahala, ohitzen zara, eta animalia interaktibo guzti horiek daudela ez zara konturatzen. Haien artean topatu nuen Nikolas. Suediar arketipo bat. Bergman-en film batetik ateratakoa zirudien. Ite hori, hitz gutxi, bidai eta garagardo zalea, burugogorra. Eta berarekin, Peter Gun. Denbora luzean ezagutu dudana pertsonarik interesagarriena, eta dudarik gabe, bidai honetan izan dudana esperientziarik aberasgarriena. Peter Gun! 70. hamarkadako porno izar bat. Liluratuta geunden. Nikolas eta biok gau osoak iragan genituen bere istorio lizunak entzuten (artistikoki entzuten) Imperial garagardoa kontrolrik gabe edaten genuen artean. Sexuari buruz jakin nahi eta inoiz egitera ausartu ez ginen galderak egin genituen. Harrigarria. Diru mordo bat egin zuen bere gazte egunetan porno filmekin. Costa Rican aurkitu zuen, milaka alditan larrua jo eta gero bere txokoa. Hiltzera etorri zela zioen.

It seems like yesterday when I started getting the journey to this country ready.

I read a report on Costa Rica while I was waiting at the dentist's. Spectacular stuff. It looked like just the place to go on a surfing trip. I was pretty sure that there would be some great waves there. I was also aware that I was a model for being pole-axed by Murphy's Law. Nevertheless, it also looked like the kind of place that would allow for a plan "B". Decided so. I opened up a map, grabbed a HB pencil (can you still write with one of these without being dragged off down to the Special Central Court in Madrid?) and drew a straight line from the North Pacific (Ozeano Barea - Calm Ocean according to the latest from Euskaltzaindia) down to the South Pacific. I wanted to try out all the waves. I set off for the Nicoya Peninsula, leaving San Jose with all it's people, brothels, Uralite, the smell of food and all the rubbish behind. I intended to surf at Santa Teresa, Malpais and Playa del Carmen. My first contact with the Pacific was good. Loads of waves: long and beautiful. That was where I started to understand what biodiversity was. Interactive nature. Animals didn't stay where they were "supposed" to. They came over to where you were, where your things were, your body. They're still coming. Each and every one had their own way of carrying on. There were pelicans, caimans, rabbits, butterflies, crabs, dolphins, whales, insects, insects, reptiles, monkeys, sharks... That's right, sharks. Apart from on Costeau's Saturday Show and at the Aquarium, I had never seen sharks so close up. And The Calipso was nowhere near. You get used to it as time passes and you don't even realise all those beasts are there. Amongst them all I came across Nicolas. Your archetypical Swede. He looked as if he had just walked off a Bergman set. A blond-haired, beer-drinking, stubborn, travel-loving Swede of few words. And along with him, Peter Gun. One of the most interesting characters I have ever met and without doubt the most enriching experience on this trip. Peter Gun! The 70s porn star. We were amazed. Me and Nicolas would spend nights listening to his horny sex-filled stories (listening artistically) as we drank huge quantities of Imperial beer. We questioned him about all the things we had ever wanted to know about sex but had never dared to ask. Unreal. He had made a fortune from the porn movies he had made in his youth. He had shagged and bonked for years and then he had found his spot in Costa Rica. He had come there to die he said.



Gauzak horrela, eta antzeko bizi modu, joera, altuera, eta gustuak geneuzkala ikusita, Nikolasekin bidaia jarraitzea erabaki nuen, eta hegoaldera abiatu ginen. Ikusi eta entzundako olatu eta hondartza gehienak frogatu genituen: handi eta txikiak, hareazko eta harrizko hondoak. Presa eta helburu zehatzik gabe. Sistemarik gabe; hautatzeko arrazoirik ez. Frank Sinatra-ren zinta jarri eta bukatzen zenean autoa gelditu. Ongi da. Gauzak deskargatu. Nola deitzen da hondartza hau? Modu honetan aurkitu genituen:

1) Jaco. Metro bat. Olatu ona, ezkerre eta eskuina. 2) Quepos. Olaturik gabe. Imperial, indabak eta eguzkia. 3) Esterillos. Metro eta erdi. Olatu ona. Oso ona. Harea eta harria. 4) Manuel Antonio. Olatu gutxi eta tximu asko. 5) Manuel Ballena. Kasu honetan baleak, olaturik ez. 6) Dominical. Ezker oso ona hartu genuen, metro eta erdikoa gutxi gorabehera. Estatubatuar asko bere arrosa-gorri koloreko low-tar neska lagunekin. 7) Playa Hermosa. Polita eta olatu dezenteko. 8) Bahia Drake. Tabloientzako olatu aproposa. Luzea eta erraza. Metrotxo bat. 9) Matapalo, Matapalito, Pan dulce, Pavones. Lau hauek, Corcovado penintsulan daude. Jende asko joaten ez den leku bat da penintsula osoa. Olatuak barra-barra, kontrolik gabeko animaliak. Marrazoak eta kaimanak edonon. Matapalo eta Matapaliton (zein da handiena?), bi metro inguruko olatu oso onak. Harria eta zenbait marrazo. Noski, han ginen gu, festa ez galtzeko. Pavones. Munduan dauden olatu luzeenen artean dago. Oso sendoa eta iraunkorra da. Harri olatua. Jende asko uretan. Metro bateko olatuak (eta batzuetan txikiagoak), baino oso politak eta dibertigarriak.

* (Egin dudako olatu deskripzioan, zuzenketa koefizientea aplikatua dago)

Seeing that Nicolas and myself shared the same lifestyle, attitudes, height and likes, we decided to continue our travelling together. We headed south. We tried out most of the beaches and waves we saw and heard, big or small and stone or sand sea floor. We weren't in a hurry and we hadn't any set plans. We didn't use any kind of system, there was no special way of choosing a place to stop. We'd stick on a Frank Sinatra tape and when it finished we'd stop the van. This is grand. Unload the van. What's this place called? That was how we found the following:

1) Jaco. One metre high. Good left and right waves. 2) Quepos. No waves. Imperial, beans and the sun. 3) Esterillos. Metre and a half. Good wave. Really good. Sand and stones. 4) Manuel Antonio. Few waves and loads of monkeys. 5) Manuel Ballena. Whales here but no waves. 6) Dominical. We got a really good left wave, about a metre and a half high. Lots of Americans with their pinkish-red lowland girls. 7) Playa Hermosa. Lovely place and plenty of waves. 8) Bahia Drake. Great for long boards. Long and easy. About a metre high. 9) Matapalo, Matapalito, Pan Dulce, Pavones. These four are on the Corcovado peninsula. This place is visited by many heads. There are loads of waves and wild animals. Sharks and caimans all over the shop. In Matapalo and Matapaliton (which one is bigger?) we got really good two-metre high waves. A few stones and sharks as well. There was no way we were missing this party. Pavones. Some of the longest waves in the world to be found here. Really firm and long. Stone wave. Loads of people in the water. Metre high waves (sometimes smaller), but really nice and a great kick.

*(In my calculations of the waves the correcting coefficient has been applied)



Peter Gun



*Zuzenketa Koefizientea:

Zenbat eta etxetik urrunago egon, deskribatzen dituzun olatuen altuera eta surf sesioak gero eta faltsuagoak dira. Hau da, Ameriketako gertatutako surf istorio bati buruz ari bagara hizketan, orduan, metro bat kendu behar genioke olatu bakoitzari egia aurkitzeko. Adibidez: "A" lagunak dio, 2 metro eta erdiko olatuak hartu dituela Kalifornian. Koefizientea aplikatu, eta badakigu berez, metro eta erdiko olatuetaz ari garela. Asia eta Australian gutxi gora behera metro eta erdi eta bi metroen arteko koefizientea aplikatu beharko genuke. Afrika aldean (Kanariar irlak barne) metro erdi. Ergel aurpegiarekin gelditzen zara, milaka kilometro egin ondoren, zure etxe ondoan olatu hobeak, ugariagoak eta politagoak izan direla konprobatzen duzunean. Zentzu honetan, giza duintasuna gordetzeko helburuarekin gezurretan ibiltzeak badu justifikaziorik.

*The correcting coefficient: The further you get from home, the falsier the height of the waves and the surfing sessions you have done get. What I mean is: if your talking about some surfing sessions that happened in the States, you have to take a metre off the height of the waves to discover the real height. For instance, if "A" says he has surfed two and half metre waves in California, we apply the coefficient and we know that he surfed a metre and a half high waves. In Asia and Australia you have to apply a coefficient of about one and a half to two metres. In Africa (that includes The Canaries) about half a metre is necessary. You really look like a schmuck when you travel thousands of kilometres to find out that there are better, more frequent and more beautiful waves just down the road from your gaff. In this case, there is no justifying lies in order to save face.



Surfa egiteko leku hoberik bada munduan. Eta otsaila ez da hilaiberik aproposena

Kosta Ricara joateko. Ez genituen gure bizitzako olatuak harrapatu. Baina berdin zait. Surfa, nire kasuan, aitzaki bat besterik ez da txapela burutik laxatzeko, munduan, jende, kultura, leku, bizimodu eta sentitzeko beste milaka bide eta forma daudela konturatzeko. Nahiz eta nabaria izan, noizbehinka gogoratzea ez dago sobran. Aldi berean, batzuetan eta nire munduaren egunerokotasunean atxikitzen zaidan gris kolore eta sentimendua kentzeko bide aproposa izaten da. Horrekin konformatzen naiz. Ez da gutxi.

There are better places in the world to go surfing and February is not the best time of year to go to Costa Rica. We didn't come across the waves of our lives. But I still don't care. In my case surfing is just an excuse to slap my beret on my crust and get off out into the big broad world to see that there are thousands of different peoples, cultures, places, lifestyles and ways of feeling things out there. Yeah, I know everyone knows that, but a little reminder every now and again doesn't do any harm. It's also a way for me to shake of that grey dullness that sometimes shrouds my day to day life. That's all I want. It's a lot more than you think.



Hala ere, eta Surfa ez bazaizu gustatzen, aipatutako "B" plana azalduko dut. Gida txiki baten modura azalduko ditut

KOSTA RIKAZ BEZALAKO HERRIALDE BATEAN SURF TAULA IA ERABILI GABE ETA DOTORETASUNA BABESTUZ egin daitezken ariketak:

- 1) Kalean dagoen jendea konputsiboki agurtu.
- 2) Arroza eta indabak gosaldutako jan, eta afaletu.
- 3) Futbol partidak jolastu.
- 4) Arrantzan ibili.
- 5) Dauden milaka fruituak jan.
- 6) Sumenditan gora eta behera ibili.
- 7) Pura vida! esan...ergel itxura edukit gabe.
- 8) Zaldi baten gainean mendiak zeharkatu.
- 9) Saiatzen bazara, Malaria harrapatu.
- 10) Europarra izan.



Eta Dotoretasuna nola gorde? Zaila da, baina lortu daiteke. Bidaian zehar asko hitz egin dugu Panenka eta bere penaltiari buruz. Adibide eta guru bat da guretzat. A ze pertsonaia. Ez dakit, egia esan, zeinen kontra, baina Panenka jokatuak Europako final batean, berak bota behar izan zuen azken penaltia. Sartu eta irabazi. Baloia hartu, atezaina begiratu, eta ukitu suabe eta motel batekin, baloia leunki sartu zen portarian. Irabazi zuten. Denbora pasa eta ez dugu ezer oroitzen joko, gertakizun edo beste jokalariei buruz. Panenkaren estilo eta dotoretasunaz hitz egiten dugu soilik. Olatu gutxi, bero asko, diru eskasa, errepide txarrak, gure taula nazkanteak Costa Rica osotik paseatzen. Baina estiloso: Zeinek gogoratuko du beste guztia? Hurrengo baterarte Costa Rica

Iowatar pinky girl



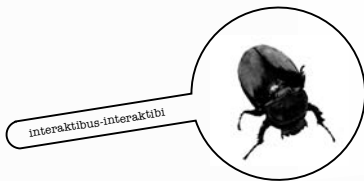
If

you don't like surfing, I'll explain plan "B" to you. Here's a little guide book that will show what you can do in A PLACE LIKE COSTA RICA WITHOUT ALMOST TOUCHING A SURFBOARD AND NOT LOOKING LIKE A GOBSHITE IN THE ATTEMPT:

- 1) Compulsively greet people in the street.
- 2) Breakfast, lunch and dine on rice and beans.
- 3) Watch football matches. 4) Go fishing. 5) Eat the thousands of different types of fruit there. 6) Tear up and down volcanoes. 7) Say "Pura vida..." without looking like a right twat.
- 8) Trek across mountains on horseback. 9) If you make an effort, you might just get Malaria. Eur opean.

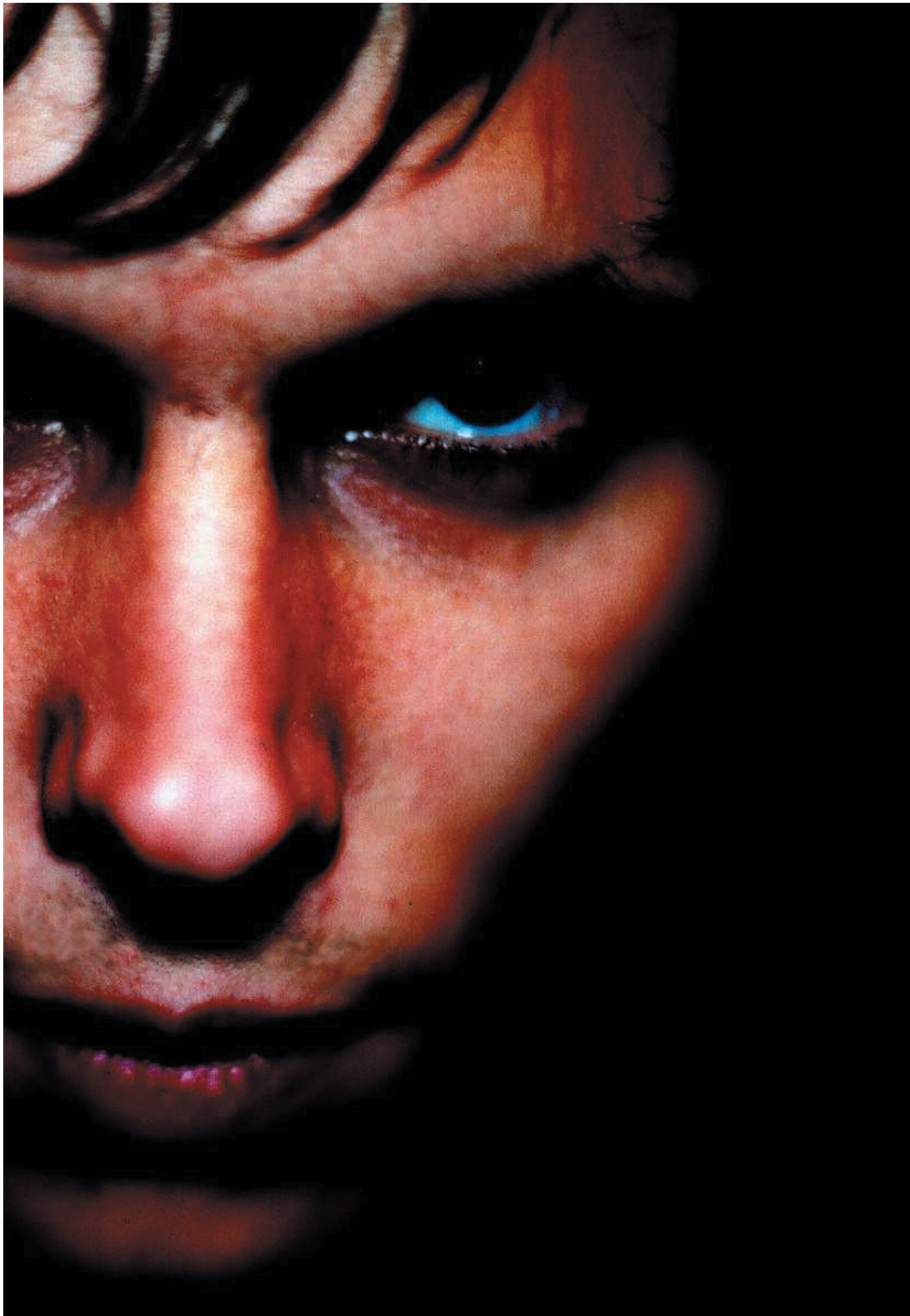
Right, how do you not come across as an arsehole?

It's not easy but it can be done. On our journey we spoke lots about Panenka and his penalty. He's a guru and an example to us all. What a man! To tell you the truth I don't know who it was against, but Panenka had to take the last penalty in a European football final sometime. He scored and the team won. He took the ball, looked at the keeper and softly stroked the ball into the back of the net. They won the match. Time has passed and we can't remember any of the other players or anything about the game. We just talk about Panenka's style and elegance. Few waves, serious heat, little money, bad roads and our revolting boards all across Costa Rica. But, in style: Who'll remember the rest? Until we meet again Costa Rica.





testua / by: mónica escudero



sideral

schizotronic
and techno

indarrak
lagun zaintzala

Hamar urte dira plater batzuen atzean bere zeregina erakusten, sei bere lehendabiziko elektro-pop abentura atzean utzi zuenetik eta ia bi, Satellite K-ren eskutik bere lehendabiziko eta arrakastatsu Darkhouz & Popotronic diskoa merkaturatu zuenetik. Bi urte beranduago eta disketxe eta banatzaile berriekin (Pias Spain) berriro datorkigu Squizotronic and Techno lanarekin. Aleix Verges, dj Sideral hobekien egiten dakiena egiten jarraitzen du, baina oraingoaz askeago, helduago eta aitzakia horrekin harrapatu dugu.

Telefonoaren bestaldean techno astuna entzuten dugu. Tipo honek ez dio lan egiteari uzten promoa egiten duenean ere. Azkenean, ni entzutea lortzen dudanean Squizotronic and Techno definitzeko eskatzen diot:

Nire lehendabiziko sesioarekin alderatuta, honek ez du hain estilo zentratua, horregatik Squizotronic. Estilo ezberdinen nahasketa kaotikoa da, drum 'n' bass apur bat, hip hop-a eta indietronica. Melodiak gidatuta egin dut lan eta horrek aukeraketa zaila eta orden gutxikoa egitera eramanez. Eta bigarren bolumena, ba izenak dioen moduan Techno-a da. Eta hori ez da beharrezkoa definitzea.

Eta nola aukeratzen dituzu tema ezberdinak? Instintoari jarraitzen diozu edota komertzialtasuna ere kontutan izaten duzu?

Kantu batzuk euren pisuagatik egon beharra dute, eurekin maitemindu zarelako, baina oinarria inprobisazioa da. Plater batzuk alokatu, etxean montatu eta inprobisatuaz pintxatzen hasi, gauzak berreskuratzen eta b alde harrigarriak deskubritzen...horrek ematen dio freskotasuna sesio bati. Techno bolumena ezberdina da. Garatuagoa dago bai, hausnarketa handiago bat eskatzen du.

Zenbat grabaketa ordu behar izan dituzu sesioa borobiltzeko?

Gutxi, sesioekin oso gauza kuriosoa gertatzen da: lehendabizikoa grabatzen duzu, gero hiru edo lau gehiago egiten dituzu bariazioak sartuz eta azkenean lehendabizikoarekin geratzen zara. Freskotasun kontua dela iruditzen zait.

Zure lehendabiziko CD mix- arekin, honetan aplikatu ahal izan duzun zer ikasi zenuen?

Gehien bat entzulerik gabeko sesio bat egitea. Zaila da ohitzen. Inork ez du zure musika edo zugandik tira egiten...

Zigilu propioa sortzearen esperientziak zer esango diezadakezu?(Hit Kune Do)

Ba oraindik globo sonda baten modukoa dela, niretzat behintzat. Paper kontu guztiak Carlesen eskuetan dago (zigiluaren beste % 50 Carles Baena) eta ni ba beno gauzak nola garatuko diren zain nago. Ideia printzipioz Peanut Pie-ren diskoa berrargitaratzea da eta gero estilo ezberdinetan gauza interesgarriak egiten dituen jendea deskubritzea da. Gauzak mugitzea. Ez dugu nahi grabatu eta urtebete itxaron behar izatea diskoa kalean ikusteko. Hori gorrotogarria da, eta esperientziak diot hori.

Etorkizun arrakastatsua ikusten dut. Artistok ongi ulertzen diogu elkarri. Agur esaten diogu. Gaueko zortzirak dira eta platerak hotsegiten diote. Zortea diskoarekin Aleix eta indarrak lagun zaitzala...

This guy has been cooking up his own stuff at the turn table for the last ten years or so. It's six years since his first electro-pop adventure and almost two since his first and successful Darkhouz & Popotronic release on Satellite K. Two years on and he's back with his Squizotronic & Techno on a new label and with a new distributor (Pias Spain). Aleix Verges, dj Sideral is still doing what he does best, but now he's much freer and much more mature. What other excuse did we need to meet up with him?

We hear some heavy techno vibes coming down the phone lines. This guy never lets up, not even when he's doing promotional work. Finally, when I manage to hear myself, I ask him to define Squizotronic & Techno:

It's not such a centred style if you compare it to the first sessions I did. That's where the name Squizotronic comes from. It's a chaotic mixture of different styles; a bit of drum 'n' bass, hip hop and indietronica. The melodies are the pulsing force behind the record and that made the choice more difficult. It also meant there was less order. The second one is volume, it's like the name says: Techno and there's no need to define that.

How do you choose the different songs? Do you just follow your instinct or is there a commercial aspect there?

A few songs are there because of their own weight and you kind of fall in love with them, but improvisation is the basis to it all. I rent out some decks, set them up at home, start waxing, dig up some oldies, come across amazing B-sides...all that gives a freshness to a session. Techno volume is different. It's more developed, it demands a bit more reflection.

How long does it take you to round off a session?

Not long. A very strange thing happens with sessions: you record the first session and then you do another three or four with different variations, but you normally go with the first. I think it's got something to do with freshness.

Have you applied what you learned from the mixing of your first CD to this one?

The big thing is doing a session with no crowd there. It's hard to get used to. There's no-one there egging you on. No-one to bounce off.

What can you tell us about the experience of setting up your own label?

Well it's all up in the air at the moment, for me anyway. Carlos is looking after all the paperwork (Carlos Baena owns 50% of the label) and, well, I'm just waiting to see what happens. The main idea is to re-release the Peanut Pie record and then discover lots of interesting people doing interesting things in different styles. You know, shake things up a bit. We don't want to record and then have to wait for a year to the record in the stores. That's really odious and I'm talking from personal experience here.

I see a bright future in it. Us artists have a great understanding. We say goodbye to him. It's eight in the evening and the decks are calling. Good luck with the record Aleix and "may the force be with you."

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the invasion of the monologues

testua / by: i.b.m.

I like theatre. Classical, contemporary, drama, comedy, and of course, monologues. It must be really difficult to stand up in front of a mike and start saying things that have to make people laugh. Yep, I really do like them, but I also like wild mushrooms too and I don't have them in my corn flakes every morning! Lately monologues are sprouting up everywhere...like mushrooms!!!

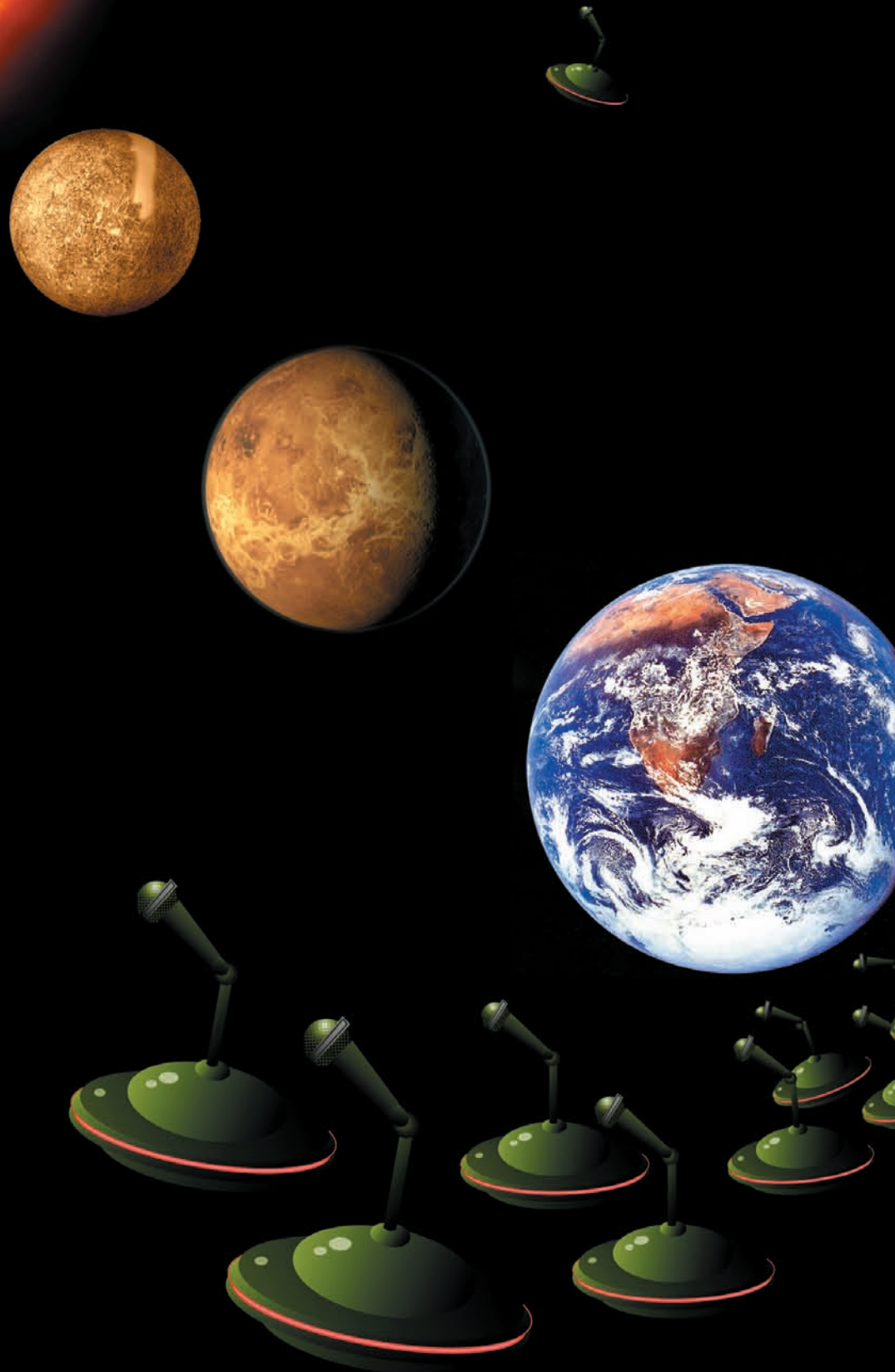
I don't know about you lot, but I've just about had my fill of them. Have you ever had so much of something that later on you can't even stand the smell of it? What do you mean no? Remember the Patxaran? I wouldn't like to feel the same about monologues but the way it's going it's getting harder and harder not to.

I get home from work, turn on the television and because I don't feel like watching junk T.V., I stick on Canal Plus and, what do I see, any old famous git spouting on about their everyday life...as if I hadn't got enough of everyday dribble of my own! In hope, I turn over to ETB: some bloke with the same waffle as the other, oh yes, it's more local, but still the same waffle. So I turn off the telly and snuggle up in bed with a book...Just like the man said: "T.V. sustains culture."

I read the paper as I have breakfast; unemployment here, condemnation of sky-high house prices there, some new law on citizen control..., Jesus! Desperately looking for a something better I skip straight through to the What's On section: "Eleven Men in Search of Adulthood" at the Arriaga Theatre at eight in the evening. That'll do grand. So there I am, sitting in my seat, waiting for the lights to go down and just dying to be anonymous. There are eleven men up on the stage, yeess, but, hang on a sec, one of them steps forward and...starts talking to me!! That's when I say to myself: surely it can't be eleven monologues? Well, no, it's just the one, but yer man tells me what has happened and then the rest of them show me...a bit of action at least...mother of God!! Then the narrator steps to the fore again and same again. I mean, I get to see a bit of action, but if they've explained everything to me before I see it, that just turns me into a totally passive spectator. What's the point? And I have to pay 18 euro for the pleasure!!

As always I've missed the last bus home; I know the driver saw me legging for the bus, heaving my guts up, but he still leaves me there gulping down air on the side of the road. I manage to flag down a taxi after half an hour. The taxi driver starts rabbiting on: I get a profound analysis of the current political situation in exchange for 6 euro... I'm up to here with it all! I spend the whole day careering from one monologue to another: in the lift, at the hairdresser's, at work, with the other half, on the telly and at the theatre? What next? Monologues at the cinema?

It's as plain as the nose on your face that the monologue is a formula that works. And as always occurs in cases like this, some people do it well and that's something to be grateful for. But others have just jumped on the bandwagon in search of quick and easy success and that's the end of any inner journey in drama. I don't want to forfeit those journeys, I want to see new stories and worlds, I don't care if they are not real; I just want to live there for an hour and a half and witness their conversations!!



monologoaren inbasioa



Antzerkia gustatzen zait, klasikoa, garaikidea, drama, komedia, eta noski, monologoak. Zaila izan behar du mikro baten aurrean jarri eta derrigorrez barregarriak izan behar duten gauzak botatzen hastea. Bai, gustatzen zaizkit, baina perretxikoak baita ere eta ez ditut goizeko kafetxoan botatzen! Eta azken bolada honetan monologoak edonon agertzen dira, . . . perretxikoak bezala!!!

Ez dakit zuek, baina ni asetzen hasia naiz. Ez zaizue inoiz gertatu zerbait gehiegi hartu eta gero usaindu ere ezin izatea? Nola ezetz? Eta patxarana!? Ez litzaidake gustatuko horrelako ezinikusia sentitzea monologoekin, baina gero eta zailagoa da ekiditea.

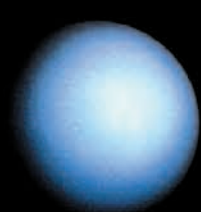
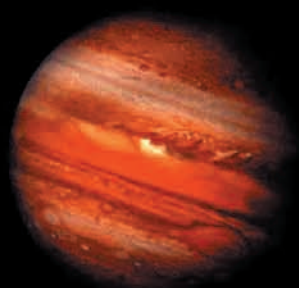
Lanetik etxera joan, telebista piztu eta "telezaborra" ez ikustearren, plusa jartzen dut eta horra, edozein famatuk eguneroko edozein kontu botatzen topatzen dut... nire egunerokotasunarekin nahikoa ez banu bezala! Itxaropena ez galtzarren ETBra jo dut: tipo bat, kontu berberekin, baina, hori bai, askoz ere "autoktonoagoak". Beraz, telebista itzali eta ohera joaten naiz liburu bat hartuta... Baten batek esan bezala, agerikoa da bai, telebistak kultura sustatzen duela!

Gosaldu bitartean egunkaria dut eskuartean; langabezia gora; etxebizitzaren egoeraren salaketa; hiritarrek kontrolatzeko legedi berria... ufa! Mundu hobeago baten bila Agenda Kulturalaren atalera pasa naiz zuzenean: arratsaldeko 8tan Arriagan "Hamaika gizon heldutasunaren bila".

Jarlekuan eserita, argiak noiz itzali zain nago, gizaki anonimo bat izateko irrikitan. Hamaika dira eskenatoki gainean daudenak, bai; baina, halako batean horietako batek aurrera pausua eman du, eta hizketan hasi zait!! Orduan galdetu diot nire buruari: ez dira izanen ba 11 monologo? Ba ez, bakarra da baina tipoa lehenik eta behin zer gertatu den kontatu dit eta ondoren, gainontzekoek, gertatutakoa erakutsi didate, akzioa behingoz... bai to! Berriz hitza hartu du narratzaileak. Beno, gutxienezkoa ez da akzio apur bat ikustea, baina alde aurretik guztia azaldu badidate, erabateko ikusle pasiboa bilakatu naute. Eta hori guztia 18 euroren truke!! Azken busa galdut du, betiko moduan; txoferrak ederki asko ikusi nau korrika, arnasesetuta, baina, jakina, itota kale gorrian utzi nau. Ordu erdi beranduago taxi bat lortu dut. Taxista hitz egiten hasi da; egoera politikoaren analisi "sakona" egin dit 6 euroren truke...

Aski da! Eguna ematen dut monologotik monologora: igogailuan, ileapaindegian, lanean, bikotearekin, telebistan eta antzerkian! Zer izanen da hurrengoa, zinema?

Argi dago monologoa eskenatoki gainean funtzionatzen duen formula dela. Beti bezala, zenbaitek ongi erabiltzen badaki formatua, eta eskertzekoa da. Baina, beste zenbaitek ustezko arrakasta errazaren bila abiatu dira monologoaren txartela hartuta, euren dramaturgian barnako bidaia bertan amaitzen delarik. Nik bidaiatzen jarraitu nahi dut, mundu eta istorio berriak ezagutu nahi ditut, errealak ez badira ere; bertan bizi ordu eta erdiz eta bertakoen elkarrizketen lekuko izan!!!

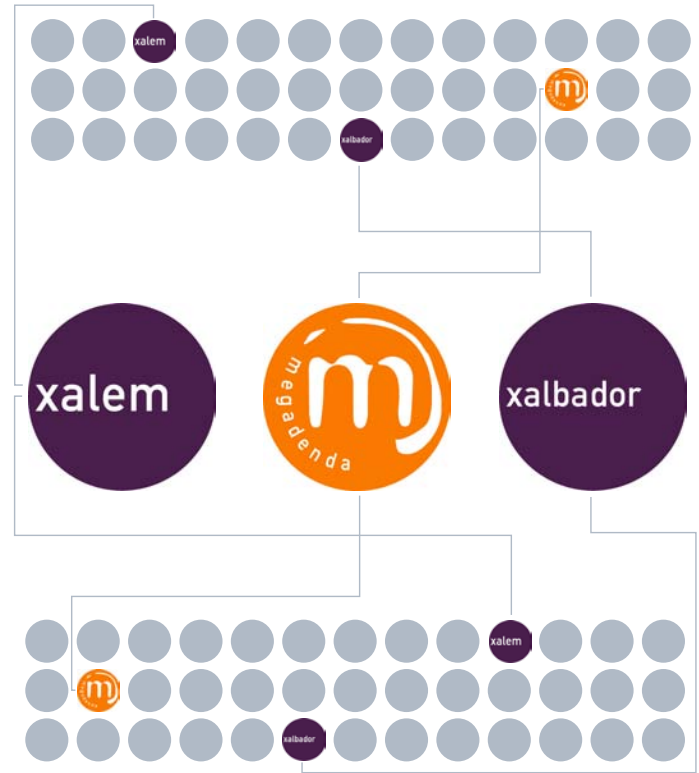


Arpele - JATEKES



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gure!
arteana!
euskaraz



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skunk funk ●∞

collections = have = a = modern = **oriental style**

funk a tott

gure bildumek estilo orientala modernoa dutela. From all over the world we take reference from architecture, sculpture, toys, uniforms and translate their shapes and colours in our designs from all over the world.

Askok dio, gure bildumek estilo orientala modernoa dutela. Jantzi batzuk erreferentzia zuzena dute Txina, Japonia edota Indiako arropa tradizionalarekin, baina beti ere Star Trek kutsuko ukituarekin. Sekula ez gara mugatzen eremu bakar batetara. Herrialde ezberdinetara egindako bidaiak inspirazio zuzena dira. Mundu osoko arkitektura, eskultura, jostailu, jantzi, uniforme eta bitxikeriei arreta egin eta forma eta kolore horiek gure diseinuetara eramaten ditugu.

Many say that our collections have a modern oriental style. Some garments truly have direct reference from for example chinese/japanese or indian traditional clothing with a Star Trek touch. Never the less we do not limit ourselves to just one field of reference. Certainly our trips to many foreign places inspire us a lot. From all over the world we take reference from architecture, sculpture, toys, uniforms and translate their shapes and colours in our designs. Also our multinational origins are surely leaving their marks.



Gure bildumak estilo orrialde modernoa dutela



We try to do practical garments going away from straight forward shapes, adding a personal twist

Gure jaioterri ezberdinek ere ziurrenik ezartzen dute zigilu propioa. Arropa praktikoa egiten saiatzen gara beti ere tolestura propioa gehituz: erditik, alboetatik, diagonalean. Jantzi eraldagarriak maite ditugu, erabiltzaileari aukerak ematea da gure helburua. Eta aukera horietan garrantzi handia dute kremailerek. Kremailera egileen maitatuenean zerrendan gaudela ziur gaude!

Erabiltzen ditugun koloreei dagokionez kontrastea izan daiteke definizioa. Koloreen konbinazioarekin jolastea gustoko dugu. Material eta inpresioekin berritzaileak izatea atsegin dugun moduan. Emakume bildumako formak femeninoak dira, streetwear kontzeptua modu zabalean hartuz. Gure "bezeroak" nerabeetatik hasi eta 40 urte

We try to do practical garments going away from straight forward shapes, adding a personal twist: off center, diagonal, uneven, not straight. We love to workout transformable garments, were the wearer decides of how he prefers to wear it. Many of this changes are achieved by the use of zips- the zip manufacturer must love us- in fact they should sponsor us!

As for the colors we are using: contrast might be the word. Most of our garments are playing with two color combinations, either between outer material and lining, or highlight piping, contrast color zips and prints. The shapes of our female range is feminin, sporty casual streetwear in the widest sense, as our customer age

Draktikoa

Arroba eriten saiatzen gara beti ere tolestura oronioa behituz



Emakume bildumak formak femerineok dira, stric erwear, kan zentua modu zabalean hartuz

Gure jantziak sasoi eta egoera ezberdinetan jantzi daitezke



bitarteko emakumeak dira. Gizonezkoen bildumak ere estilo bereari eusten dio, akaso ausardia arinago batekin. Hala ere jantzi ausartenek izaten dute arrakasta gehien azken sasoiaren. Gizonezko askok eskatzen digu emakumezkoen modeluren bat taila handiagoan... Ziurrenik gizonezkoen bildumetan jarraitu beharreko tendentzia mozketara eta forma aldaketan ardatzuko da. Gure arropa ordea ez da muturreko tendentzia garaikideei begira diseinatzen. Gure jantziak sasoi eta egoera ezberdinetan jantzi daitezke. Egoitza Euskal Herrian badugu ere Portugal, Espainia, Britainia Handia, Frantzia, Irlanda eta beste hainbeste herrialdeetan present gaude.

group reaches teenies to people reaching their 40's. Our mens garments follow a similar style, slightly less risky. However it seems in the last seasons, especially the more daring garments are the ones which have the greatest success. From many of our customers we even hear that their male clients tend to ask for our girls garments in bigger sizes. So a probable tendency will be a slight shift to more adventures cuts and shapes for men. Our garments are not only built and designed for the current trends. As they do not exploit the seasonal trends to a limit, but follow a more personal version of actual tendencies, they can be used in different occasions for more than one season. From our base in the Basque Country we thoroughly cover Portugal, Spain, Great Britain, France, Ireland being also present in several other countries. - FUNK A LOTI-

Ziurrenik eizonezkoen bildumetan jarraitu beharreko tendentzia mozketa berritzaileak eta modak daude. So a probable tendency will be a slight shift to more adventures cuts and shapes for men



tendentzia mozketa



they can be used in different occasions for more than one season

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- 12-BERRI TXARRAK (BURGÓS)
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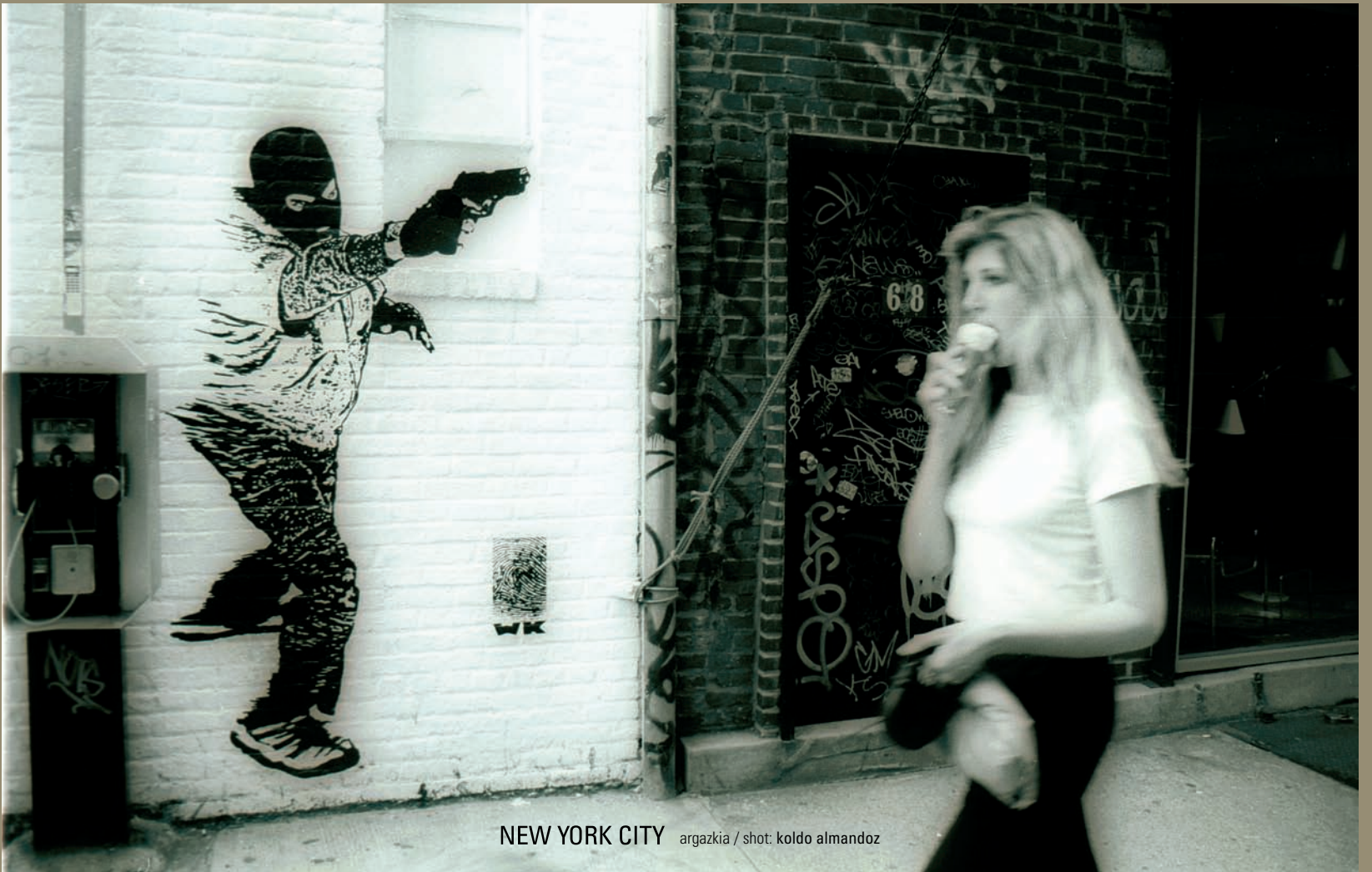
MIKEL ERENTXUN+BUSINESS CLASS...

SAGARRO!

ILUNETIK ARGIRA



30. ALEA JADA KALEAN



NEW YORK CITY argazia / shot: koldo almandoz

NO CO MMENT

Imajina ezazu herriko alkatea zera esanaz << Hiri honetan ez da Kulturarik izango, subkulturak ez badaude >> eta berehala 30 miloi euro ematen ditu subkulturak garatzeko. Ba hori benetan gertatu da Amsterdamen.

Azken urte hauetan, aitzina okupatuta zeuden eraikin handietatik artista guztiak atera dituzte apartamendu berriak eraikitzeko. Bat-batean hiria aspergarri bihurtzen ari zela konturatu, eta orain erru sentimentutik edo, broedplaatsen edo "arte txitategiak" izeneko lekuak hasi dira finantzatzen udaletxetik. Arte txitategirik handiena NDSM-terrein da. "Europako handiena," dio Francine-k, proiektu hau lantzen ari dena Kinetisch Noord Fundaziotik. Guztiz abandonatuta zegoen hiriko ontziolak, orain 20.000 metro karratu (kanpoko 50.000 metro karratuak kontatu gabe) eskaintzen dizkie "subkulturako artistei. Bere bulegotik bi arrapala handi eta garabi herdoildu bat ikusten dira portuaren aurrean. <<Kanpoko lur honetan dagoen guztia erabiltzeko plan kreatiboak badaude >> azaltzen du Francinek.

<< Arrapala behean atelierrak eraikiko dira, eta metalezko kontenedoreak artisten lantegiak bihurtuko dira >> dio arkitektoen proiektu esperimentalak erakusten. Garabi bat, artistikoki zein funtzionala izan daiteken igartzen da bere marrazkietan.

total art

Could you imagine the Lord Mayor of a city saying: "There will be no culture in this city if there is no subculture?", and then he straightaway hands over 30 million for the development of subculture projects. Well, that's what's actually happened in Amsterdam.

The evicted a large bunch of artists who were living in large old buildings so they could turn them into fancy apartment blocks. All of a sudden they realised that the city was starting to get very boring, and pushed by a sense of guilt (or who knows what) the Town Hall set up and started financing the broedplaats (live-in art houses for young artists). The biggest one of these is the NDSM-terrein. "The biggest in Europe" claims Francine from The Kinetisch Noord Foundation. They took the completely abandoned city shipbuilding yards, about 20,000 square metres - that's not including the 50,000 sq metres on the outside - and gave them to subculture artists. You can see a couple of ramps and rusty cranes from their office window. "There are plans to use everything that you can see outside creatively." Says Francine. "We'll build some workshops under the ramps and the metal containers will be artists' studios." She says this as she shows us the experimental architectural plans. You can clearly see a crane, both functional and artistic, in the drawings of the plans.

www.ndsm.nl

NDSM WERF

www.ndsm.nl

Proyectorganisatie NDSM-werf

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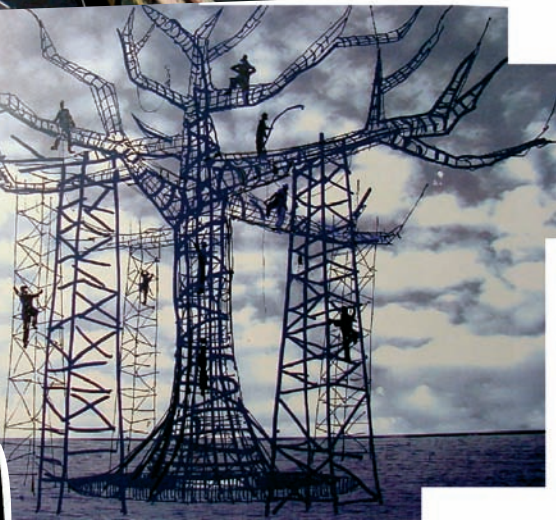
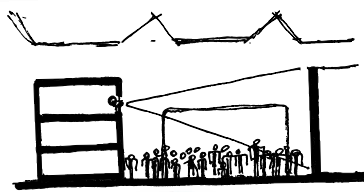
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Ontzian sartzerakoan, forma guztietako kolorezko etxolak ikusten dira. Gizon batzuk egurrezko estrukturak daude lantzen. Antzerki talde batek bere batzarra dauka karabana baten barruan. Emakume batek zirko jantziekin metalezko zuhaitz bat dago margotzen. <<Laster bakoitzak edukiko du bere leku propioa. Hiru pisuko estrukturak eraikiko dira eta kolektibo bakoitzak nahi duen moduan beteko du bere espazioa>> jarraitzen du Francinek. Guztira 140 tailer. "Antzerki herrixkan" gaude orain. Hemen akrobatak, zirko artistak, performer-ak euren tailerrak izango dituzte. Apur bat aurrerago "Eskulangintza kalea" ikusten da: bitxitegiak, jantzi

eta altzari tailerrak. Eta hau ez da guztia. Media proiektuak, arte disziplinariorok, filmgileak, sukaldariak, baita osasun mentalarekin lan egiten duen taldeek izango dute bertan euren espazioa. <<Aniztasuna izan da gure irizpidea, artisten aukeraketa egiterakoan. Diziplina guztietako jendea nahi dugu txitatategian. Jarrera esperimentalak izateari garrantzia handia eman diogu. Proiektu ez ezagunak lehenetsuna du beti>>. Eta aniztasun honek ziurrenik proiektu interdisziplinariorok sortaraziko ditu. Kasko honen azpian txitazen diren proiektuak erakusteko mendebaleko hall handia erabiltzen ari dira jada. Baina eraikuntzarik bereziarena skate

parkea izango da. 1000 metro karratuko pista honek beirazko ormak izango ditu, jendeak barrutik eta barrura begiratzeko aukera izan dezan. Beiraz gain, erabiltzen ari diren material guztia untzigitza bertan dago: urki gapirioak, herdoildutako metal estrukturak... Modu honetan, berez duen itxura trauskil edo latza mantentzen da. Artisten hiri paradisiakoa ari da bihurtzen NDSM-terrein hau. Galdera: Zenbat balio du arrautza kreatibo bat hemen txitatzea? 30 euro urtero metro karratuko.



When you go into the shipbuilding yards, you can see colourful huts of all sizes. They're a few blokes working on some wooden structures. A theatre group is having a meeting in a caravan. A woman dressed in circus costume is painting a metal tree. "They'll soon have a place of their own. We're going to build three-storey buildings and each group will do with the space allotted to them as they see fit" adds Francine. All told, there'll be 140 workshops. We're in "Theatre Village" at the moment. Acrobats and circus artists and performers will have their workshops. A bit further on we have "Handcraft Street": jewellers, clothes and furniture shops. And that's

not all. Media projects, disciplined arts, filmmakers, chefs and even groups involved in mental health will all have their own space. "We looked for diversity when we chose the artists who were going to come here. We want to see artists from all walks of life here. We really feel that the experimental side of things is very important. Unknown projects will always be given preference." And no doubt that all this diversity will come up with cross-over projects. They have already begun to use the exhibition hall that lies under this big hull. But the most special building will be the skate park. This 1,000 square metre park will have glass walls so people can see out and in. As well as the glass, everything

they aim to use is in the yard: rusty metal structures... That way the yard loses none of its harshness. This NDSM-terrein is turning into a bit of a paradise for artists. The question is: how much does it cost to hatch a creative egg here? 30€ a square metre a year.



IGANDEA

Sisiforen behin-behinekotasuna

2003.02.20

Hitzen definizioa

Hainbeste hitzegi arauemalle, ez dakit zertarako. Hitzen definizioa alferrikako lana da. Hitzak, definitu beharrean, zalantzan jarri behar dira aldiro. Joseba Sarrionandia, "Hitzen Ondoeza".

Ez digu denborak hoztasunik eman Egunkariaren itxieraz hitz egiteko. Ez gaitu denborak epeldu. Asko hitz egin da Otsailaren 20az geroztik: itxieraz, Otsailaren 22ko manifestaldiaz, etorkizuneko egunkariak, hamahiru urteetan Euskaldunon Egunkariaren ekarriaz... Asko hitz egin dela esan dugu, baina susmoa dut, hitzek aurretik zuten balioa galdu dutela itxieraren ondoren. Ezin zaiela hitzei lehengo baliorik eman. Hitzentzat zegoen espazio askeetako bat itxi dutelako. Iritzi askeak, kritikak, sormenak lekua zuen bitarte txiki bat itxi dutelako. Eta hitzak lehen baino zaurituagoak daude orain. Ez dakigu hitzei zein balio eman.

Ez da komunikabide baten lehen itxiera honakoa, ez da kultur espresio baten lehen ukapena. Egin (irratia eta egunkaria) eta Ardi beltza ditu memorian jendeak. Ez ziren garrantzia gutxiagokoak izan baina, Espainiako zentsurak ebaki, debekatu edo moldatzera behartutako testuak. Torrealdaiak bazuen horren berri. Adierazpenerako debekua ez ezik, sortzeko oztupoak izan ditugu urtetan. Susmopeko kultura batean bizi gara. Euskarak, koordinada geografiko batzuetan bizitzeak, pentsatzeko modu batek, eta kasu honetan, mundua ikusteko modu batek kondenatu gaitu. Errudun kronikoak gara. Ez nuke baina biktima

paperik jokatu nahi, sinetsi behar genuke hitzaren, arrazoiaren, egiaren balioan. Nahiz eta hauek zaurituta egon. Nahiz eta aurrerantzean hauek zorroztera behartu gaituzten.

Sinboloa eta tresna: aterbe eta plaza
Herri bakoitzak bere sinboloak behar ditu. Herria identifikatuko duena, herriarrak batuko dituen, ikur izango dena. Euskaldunon Egunkaria ikur bat zen, mundua ikusteko modu bat izateaz gain, sentitzeko modu bat, kontatzeko modu bat zen. Gure buruak isladatzeko ispilu bat zen, paperezkoa izan arren. Guk gure burua, guk mundua ikusten genuen bertan. Sinboloa ez ezik, tresna zen. Euskara biziko bazen, euskara komunikaziorako erabilgarri izango bazen, euskara egunerokorako baliagarri izango bazen tresna bat behar zuen: egunkari bat. Euskal Herria besteak bezalako herri bat izango bazen. Euskaldun Egunkaria konpromezu bat zen goizero: bere buruarekin lehenik, irakurleekin gero.

Gerra garaian, etsaiaren sinboloak apurtzen edo osten saiitzen dira. Zer dira gudu-zelaiko banderak, inongo helburu geografiko edo estrategikorik ez duten herrien bonbardaketak (Gernika, adibidez) edo elizen, liburutegien, monolitoen suntsiketak. Sinboloak apurtuta

izana ezabatuko dela uste dute. Guri ere apurtu digute gure txikian, gure gerra txikian, elkarlanaren bidez, instituzioekiko morrontzarik gabe eta independentziaz jasotako proiektua. Ez zena sinboloa bakarrik. 80 zentimo baino gehiago balio zuena, balio sinbolikoa zuelako. Sinbolo eta tresna zena.

Sisiforen zalantzak eta beharrak
Beharra da euskarazko egunkari bat sortzeko arrazoi nagusia. Ez gintuen harritu EGUNEROren ordezkapenak Otsailaren 21 hartan. Beharra zen. Beharra da, gizakiaren motore nagusia. Izan beharra, informatu beharra, irakurleekiko konpromezua mantendu beharra.

Behar hori ongi egiten zen baina. Euskaraz egiten zen lanik duinenetako bat zen Egunkaria. Ez zen beharrak estaltzera mugatu. Elizan, edo haurrekin edo zakurrekin hitz egiteko hizkuntza bat berri zuten, egunerokorako erabilgarri eta fresko bihurtu. Kazetari gogotsu eta baliotsuak zituen. Barkatu Ama asteroko erreferentzia zen. Ezagutzen genituen gaietan sakondu eta ezagutzen ez genituen artistak, lanak, bilguneak erakutsi zizkigun. Gure txikian ezezagun zitzaizkigun esperientziak erakusten zituzten. Elkarriketatuta gintuztenean ere inportante sentitu arazi

gintuzten. Gurasokeriarik gabe hartzen zituzten irakurleak. Musika entzuteko modu bat, bestelako kultura bat islatzen zuten. Hori zor diegu Mikel Lizarralderi eta besteei. Hori eskertu behar diegu.

Begiak, Kulturako atalak, Hirustak, Horoskopoak... euskaldun bezala pentsatu, sentitu eta bizitzeko aukera ematen ziguten. Gure burua ikusten genuen isladatuta egunkarian, gure errealtatea. Gure hizkuntzan. Hezkuntzarako tresna ere bazen egunkaria, artista edo pertsona bezala hazten baikinena.

Behar horrek egiten du larri euskarazko egunkari bat kalean izatea. Sisiforen mitoak bezala, harriarekin maldan gora goaz, berriz. Noiz eroriko den jakin gabe. Proiektu definitibo hau izango den jakin gabe. Susmopean jaioko da hurrengo proiektua ere. Gure bihotzaren zati bat hemerrotekatan egongo da. Hitzeko leku hori berreskuratu nahiko genuke, goizero gurekin izan, egunero. Astelehenak berri astunez arinduz. Gure txikitutasunaz harrotzen eta gure akatsez konturatzen. Gure ezinez jabetzen baina gure ametsak betetzen. Gure hitzentzako plaza izango den eremu bat behar dugu, esateko asko dugu-eta oraindik!.

testua / by: jon benito

The definition of words

So many dictionaries and rules, I just don't know what for. It's pointless defining words. Instead of defining them their meaning should be constantly put in doubt. Joseba Sarrionandia, "Hitzen Ondoeza".

Not enough time has passed for us to be able to speak about the closure of Egunkaria in a calm way. Time hasn't cooled us down. A lot of things have been said about the 20th of February since then, about the demonstration on February the 22nd, about the future newspaper, about what 13 years of Egunkaria has really meant...as we said, a lot of talking has been going on, but I get the feeling that words have lost the meaning they had before the closure. You can't place the same value on them. Because they've closed one of the free spaces open to words. Opinions, criticisms, creativity...they've all had a small door slammed in their faces. Words are in a worse way now than they were before. We don't know what value words have anymore. It's not the first time that a newspaper has been closed down, nor is it the first silencing of an expression of culture. Egin (the radio and newspaper) and Ardi Beltza are still fresh in our minds.

The texts cut, banned and modified by Spanish censorship are not of lesser importance either. Torrealday knew that. Not only have we been prohibited from expressing ourselves for many years, but many obstacles have been put in our way to stop us from being creative.

We've been damned for the Basque language, for living within certain map coordinates, for the way we think and for, this time round, having our own way of viewing the world. We're chronically guilty. I wouldn't like to play the victim, because we should believe in the worth of words, reason and the truth. Even if they have all been dealt a severe blow. Even if it means we become more demanding of them.

Symbol and tool: shelter and the public domain
Each country needs its symbols. One that will identify the country, one that will unite the people, a flagship if you like. Euskaldunon Egunkaria was one of those symbols. As well as an outlook on the world, it was also a way of feeling and reporting it. It was a mirror we could see ourselves reflected in, even if it was made of paper. It wasn't only a symbol, it was a tool as well. If Basque was to live, the language needed to be used to communicate. If Basque was to be useful as an everyday communicative language, it needed a tool: a newspaper. If the Basque Country was to be like every other country, that's what was needed. Euskaldunon Egunkaria was a commitment every morning: first of all to itself, and then to its readers. In times of war, you try and smash or rob the

enemy's symbols. What are battlefield banners? What are the bombing of towns and villages of no geographical or strategic importance (Gernika for instance)? Why destroy churches, libraries or monoliths? They think that if a symbol is smashed it will disappear. One that was not just a symbol. It was much more than the 80 cents because it was a symbol. A symbol and a tool.

Sisyphus's doubts and needs

The need for it was the main reason a newspaper in Basque was set up. We weren't surprised at the appearance of the substitute EGUNERO on the 21st of February. There was a need for it. Necessity is society's biggest driving force. The need to exist, to be informed, to maintain that commitment with the readership.

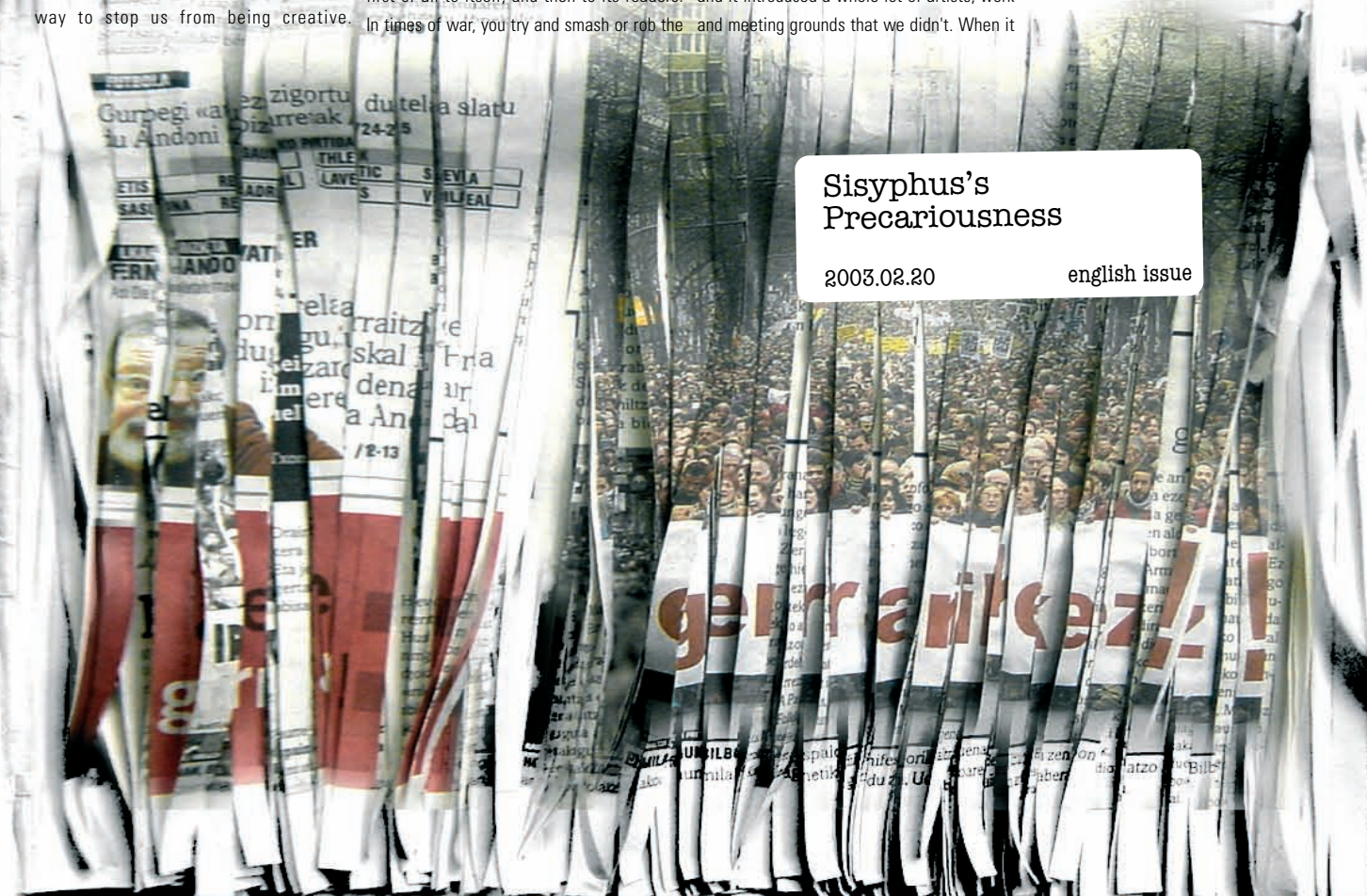
That need was more than well looked after. Egunkaria was one of the finest pieces of work done in Basque. It didn't just limit itself to covering a need. It renovated language used to speak at church, to children, to talk about everyday things. It revitalised and refreshed it. It had hardworking and valuable journalists. "Barkatu Ama" was a weekly must for us. It went into detail on the things we knew about and it introduced a whole lot of artists, work and meeting grounds that we didn't. When it

interviewed us, it made us feel important. It didn't patronise the readers. It showed us a way to listen to music, a different type of culture. We owe that to Mikel Lizarralde and to the others. We should thank them for it. Begia, the different culture sections, Hirusta, the Horoscope...they all gave us the chance to think, feel and live in Basque. We could see ourselves and our reality reflected in the paper. That need is what makes it so serious to have a Basque language paper on the streets. It's like the Sisyphus myth, we're starting to climb that hill with the stone on our backs again. We don't know when it may fall. We don't know if this will be the definitive project. The next project will also be born under a sign of suspicion. A piece of our hearts will be in the "What the papers say" section. We want to recover that section of words, so it's with us every morning, every day. Softening the harsh news on Mondays. Making us proud of our smallness and aware of our mistakes. Making sure we know of our inabilities but fulfilling our dreams as well. We need a public domain that will host our words, because we've still got an awful lot to say.

Sisyphus's Precariousness

2003.02.20

english issue



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**EZ UKATU
THE BALDE-REN
BILA JOATEKO
GOZAMENA**



bi aparteko etxe Bordeaux-en two esplendide houses of Bordeaux



Bordelerako bidean aurkitzen dugun paisaia gurearen nahiko ezberdina da. Badirudi izenik gabeko lekua dela, herri edo toki berezirik gabea. Bordelerako bidea kolore eta ehunduraz inguratutik dago. Besterik gabe.

Bidai honen bukaeran topatzen dugun hiria ere ez da oso ezberdina.

The type of landscape that you see on the road to Bordeaux is quite different to what we are used to seeing around here. It looks like a place without a name, villages or any attention-grabbing place whatsoever. The road to Bordeaux is surrounded by colour and textures. Nothing else.

testua / by: alex mitxelena argazkiak / shots: asier larraza

Izan ere, Bordele hiri handia, kolore berdineko etxe baxuz osaturiko itsaso zabala dirudi.

Baina kale eta etxe guztiak berdinak diruditen hiri honetan badaude salbuespenak ere. Zabaltasun honetan kontraste bezala agertzen zaizkigun adibideak. Ez altuera handian edo tamainan inposatzen

The same can be said about the city we find at the end of the road. The big city of Bordeaux is like a broad sea of mono-colour low houses.

But even though all the houses look the same, there are a few exceptions to be found. They stand out in contrast in this wideness.

diren eraikinak, beraien berezitasunean ezberdintzen direnak baizik. Horrek, are eta bereziago egiten ditu topatzen dituenarentzat.

The Baldek, Rem Koolhaasek 1997an eraikitako Maison Lemoine eta Lacaton & Vassal bikoteak 1993an eraikitako Latapie etxea ikusteko aukera izan du.

And not because of their height or their bulk, but because they are different. That makes them all the more special when you find them.

The Balde has had the opportunity to visit the Maison Lemoine built by Rem Koolhaas in 1997 and the Latapie built by the pair Lacaton & Vassal in 1993.



Monsieur Lemoine, gizon aberatsa, tetraplegiko gelditu zen auto istripu baten ondorioz. Bordeleko hiriguneko XVIII. mendeko etxe ikaragarria erabili ezina geratu zitzaionez, inguruko herri bateko mendixkaren gainaldean etxe bat eraikitzea erabaki zuen. Arkitektoarekin elkarlanean, aparteko etxe bat eraiki zuten. Iaz hil zen bost urteren ondoren.

Etxeak kanpotik itxura ikaragarria du airean flotatzen dagoen kaxa bai dirudi. Mendixkaren tontorrean, zeruak murratzen du bere geometria argia. Malda igo eta patioan sartzen gara, horma azpitik igarota eta espazio honetan, aurrean topatzen dugu kaxa, egesturara berezi baten bidez eutsita.

Harkaitzaren kontra sartzen gara beheko solairuko sukalde txiki ilunean. Bertan, Lemoine jaunak etxean zehar mugitzeko zuen igogailu berezia topatzen dugu. Gela baten zabalerako plataforma, hodi hidrauliko baten bitartez, gora eta behera mugitzen da nahi den altueran gelditu daitekeelarik. Hemen zeuzkan Lemoine jaunak bere laneko mahai eta beste altxari batzuk ere.

Igogailua hartu eta espazioa gure begien aurrean irekitzen da, begirada, egongelaren beirazko hormak zeharkatuz, lorategira zabaltzen bait da. Kaxaren azpian dagoen leku irekia da egongela, lorategiaren ondoren Bordele hiriarren panoramika zabala duen gotorlekua.

Igogailua berriro hartu eta logelak daukan kaxara igotzen gara. Kaxa hau zuluatik dago kanpoaldeko ikuspuntuak eduki ditzagun. Zulo hauek altuera ezberdinetan kokatzen dira, zutik wealthy man, dagoen pertsonarentzako nahiz aulki gurgildunean dagoenarentzako. Inguru Monsieur Lemoine, guztiaren ikuspuntuak ditugu inguruak gu ikusi gabe. became paralysed from the neck Lemoine alarguna gaur egun eroso bizi da bere down after suffering a car accident. He was senarraren memoria hain ondo isladatzen unable to continue living in his remarkable XVIII house in duen istorioz betetako etxe the city centre of Bordeaux, so he decided to build a new one in one zoragarri honetan. of the small villages in the surrounding mountains. Working closely with the architect, he built an incredible house. He passed away last year after five years.

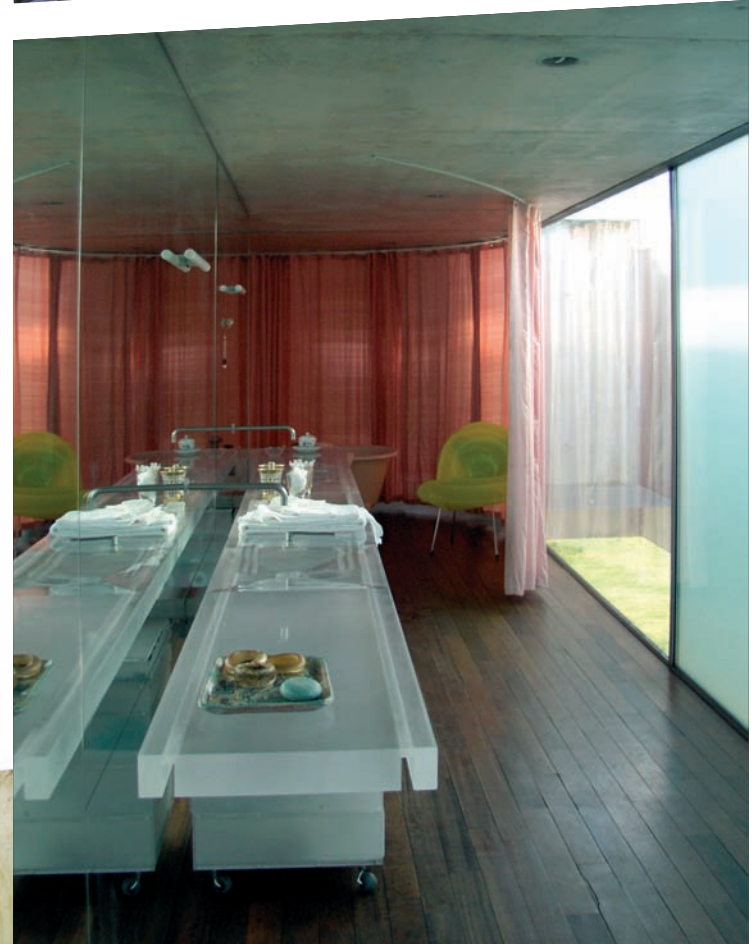
looks amazing from the outside; it's like a box floating in mid-air. Poised on the top on the hill, the sky marks its geometric light. You climb the hill and enter into the patio. You pass under the wall and face the box, held up by a special structure.

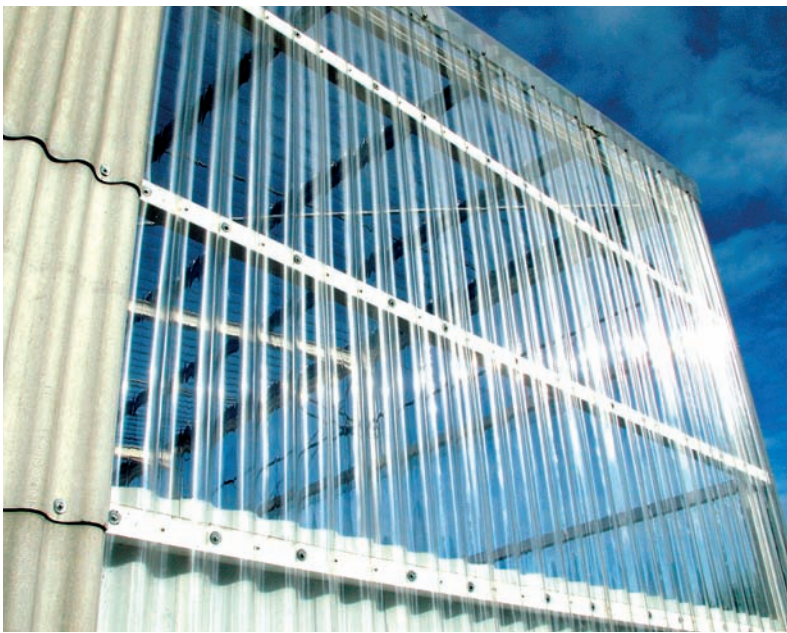
You go inside to the small dark kitchen by a rock. This is where you first come across the lift that Mr Lemoine used to use to get around the house. It's about the width of a room, and moves up and down by using a hydraulic system. It can be stopped at any height. This is where Mr Lemoine kept his work desk and other pieces of furniture.

We take the lift and space opens up before us. We get off and go through the glass walls of the living room that then open onto the garden. The open space at the bottom of the box is the living room, and after the garden, a panoramic view of Bordeaux greets the eye.

We take the lift again and head up to the box that contains the bedrooms. There are holes cut in this box to allow exterior views. These holes are set at different heights, perfect for someone standing up and for someone confined to a wheelchair. We can see all the surrounding area without it seeing us.

The Widow Lemoine now lives comfortably in this story-filled incredible house that retains the memories of her husband.





Latapie bikoteak orube bat zeukan Bordeleko kanpo aldeko auzo arrunt batean. Baita bertan etxe bat eraikitzeko diru apur bat ere. Urte batzuen ondoren, Anne Lacaton eta Jean Phillipe Vassal arkitekto gazteak ezagutu zituzten. Beraien asmoa jakin arazi eta elkarlan sakon batean murgildu ziren.

Etxe hau dagoen auzoa etxe txikiak eta noiz behinkako dorrez dago osatua. Lorategidun etxe arrunt hauetan espontaneoki agertzen dira negutegi zein eraikin txikiak. Inguru honetan etxe honek lortutako integrazio maila aipagarria da.

Kaleko aldetik etxea opakoa da itxita dagoenean. Ez du leiho ezta aterik ere. Irekitzen denean aldiz, ate eta leihoz osatuta dagoela jabetzen gara. Auzoan hainbeste dagoen material merke inguratua dago etxea. Honen barruan egurrezko kaxa dago etxeak behar dituen gelak dituelarik. Bi solairuek argi zatikatzen dituzte egongela eta sukaldea logeletatik. Hauek ere material nahiz altzari arruntez osatuak daudelarik. Lorategiaren aldean berriz etxea gardena da negutegiak egiteko plastikoz inguratua bai dago. Hemengo gela handi denek dute erabilgarritasuna, negutegia bizitzeko leku estra bezala pentsatuta dagoelako. Honekin etxea berotzen ikasi behar izan dute jabeek.

The Latapies had a plot of land in your average estate just outside Bordeaux. They also had enough money to build a house there too. After a few years they met the young architects Anna Lacaton and Jean Phillippe Vassal. They told them what they wanted and that was the beginning of a close working relationship. The estate the house is found in is full of small house along with the odd tower. Sheds and greenhouses have popped up in the gardens of some of these houses rather spontaneously. The way the house fits into its surroundings is remarkable.

When viewed from the street, the house is opaque when it's closed. It has no windows or doors. However, when it's open, you suddenly realize there is a door and it's full of windows. The house is covered by much of the cheap material to be found on the estate. Inside, the house has all the rooms it needs in a wooden box. Two floors clearly separate the living room and kitchen from the bedrooms. These rooms are made from and furnished with everyday materials.

The part of the house that gives onto the garden is transparent because this part of the house is covered with the plastic that is used to make greenhouses. All of the big rooms here have their use. This is because the greenhouse part has been conceived as an extra part of the house. The owners have had to learn how to heat up this house with this room.



Bi aparteko etxe ditugu gugandik ez oso urrun. Bakoitzak bere erara bizitzeko ohiturei buruz hitz egiten dutenak. Aparteko jabe eta aparteko etxeek elkarrekin lortutako lotura ikaragarriaren adierazgarri.

There are two incredible houses not very far from where we live. Each one speaks volumes on how these people have chosen to live. These amazing owners and their amazing houses and the incredible connection achieved says it all.



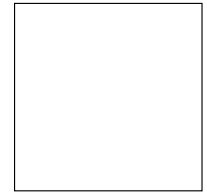
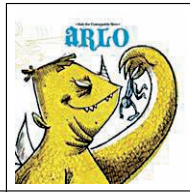
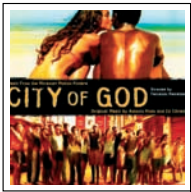


**THIS SUMMER STAY ALERT
TO THE BALDE N°10**



THE BALDE X

FAMILIA GUZTIAREN GOZAMENERAKO



AUDIO



SOUNDTRACK

City of god

Zinean musika izaten da askotan narrazioaren lagunik onena, muntaiaren maila berean. Ed Cortés eta Antonio Pinto konposatzaileek (azken hau "Estacion Central Do Brasil"-en musikaren egilea) Cidade de Deus izeneko favela galdutan girotutako filmari janzirik egokiena josi diote. Soinu banda honetan bossa eta samba badagoen arren (Cartola-ren "Preciso me encontrar" bikaina) eskaintza ez da hor amaitzen; 60ko eta 70ko hamarkadetako funky erritmo biziek tokia hartzen dute, Blaxpotation filmetan bezala, eta haien bitartez pertsonaien bizipenak abiada bizian pasatzen dira ikuslearen aurrean. Bitxia gertatzen da filmean Trip Hop tankerak topatzea ("A transa") edo break beat azeleratuak ("Morte Zé Pequeno") baina hauek ere mesede egiten diete dagokien sekuentziei.

Music is often a story's best friend in a film, right up there with the editing. The composers Ed Cortes and Antonio Pinto - he composed the music for "Estacion Central Do Brasil" - have really come up with the perfect music for the film Cidade de Deus, a story set in the lost Favelas of Rio. Even though you'll come across bossa and samba (Cartola's excellent "Preciso me encontrar"), there's a lot more than that on offer: there's plenty of room for the lively funky rhythms of the 60s and 70s so typical of Blaxpotation films. These pulsing rhythms drive the snatches of the film's characters' lives along. Strange as it seems, there's trip hop ("A transa") and frenetic break beat ("Morte Zé Pequeno"), but they really enhance the sequences they accompany.

asier leoz

THE KILLS

Keep on your mean side

Rock-aren esentzia disko egina. Alison eta Jamie kide bakartzat dituen taldeak atera duen diskoa sublimazio ariketa bat da: Riff-a gorputzak astintzeko elementu nagusia bezala, graduazio altuko sexualitatea ahots eta hasperenetan (The Cramps, Iggy Pop eta abarri hartuak) eta azkenik, garage soinu zitala, ebakitzen duen soinu hori da sublimatzen dutena. Batzuetan Jon Spencerren Boss Hog ekartzen dituzte gogora, Cristina Martinez-en partez PJ Harvey balego bezala ("Superstition" kantuak PJ-ren lehen diskotik hartua dirudi), beste batzuetan ("Fuck the people") John Lee Hooker eta Bo Diddley bezalako eritmo lizunak senti daitezke. "Keep on your mean side" diskoa une honetan ezinbestekoa gerta dakigun.

This records brims over with the essence of rock. This is an exercise in the sublime from the group made up of Alison and Jaime: it has all the sex-drenched singing and sighing and meaty riffs ala The Cramps, Iggy Pop and company that you need to shake yer bones to. The dirty garage sound they use gives it the subliminal touch. Sometimes it reeks of Jon Spencer's Boss Hog with PJ Harvey instead of Cristina Martinez ("Superstition" sounds like it could have been taken from PJ's first record) and at other times it dips into the lusting sex of John Lee Hooker and Bo Diddley ("Fuck the People"). "Keep on your mean side" could just be a must right now.

asier leoz

AMA

"s/t"

Ama. Kapikua. Gu sortu gintuena edo gazteleraz maitatzeari jartzen zaion izena. Hitzak ordea bigarren mailan geratzen dira. Ama musika delako. Le Mans eta La Buena Vida-ko kide batzuk sortzen duten musika. Ama. Donostiako pop erritmoetan nabigatzen duen taldea. Izen bereko lehen diskoa kaleratu dute, Jabalina diskoetxearekin, itsaso bare eta epel batean bidaiatzen duen lana, non pop klasikoarekin batera uhin elektronikoa eta biolinaren doinuek gure ontziko arrauak bogan jartzen dituzten. "Ha nacido una estrella", "Buenos dias tristeza", eta zigarro eta kafe baten lurrin usainean aurkitzen diren gainontzeko kantuak. Ama, the one who gave as birth or the word that refers to love. Donostia Pop pundits Ama are made up of members from bands Le Mans and La Buena Vida. They have just released their self-titled first record on Jabalina Records. This lot sail across the calm warm waters of classic pop, a little bit of electronic and the lilting tones of violin. You can just see yourself lighting up a cigarette and sipping a cup of coffee to songs like "Ha nacido una estrella", "Buenas dias tristeza" and all the others tunes to be found on this record.

ome

ARLO

Stab the unstoppable hero

Ben Vaughn-en ekoizpenarekin aurkeztu du Kalifornia aldeko banda honek bere lanik berriena. Energiarik beteriko abestiak eta doinu dibertigarriak. Posea nabarmentzen den garai hauetan, entsegu lokalean gustora aritzen den talde baten lana. Rock and roll-a soilik da baina gustatzen zaigu. Power pop klasikoa eta hard rock pintzeladak diskoak osatzen duten abestietan. Horietatik "Little American" eta "Culture" bezalako kantuek diskoaren nondik norakoak erakusten dizkigute. Izenburuak dio: Labankatu heroi geldiezina. Disko honetan 12 laban topatuko dituzu...

Ben Vaughan steps in as producer on the latest record by Californian band Arlo. The record is full of enjoyable energetic songs with many a wink and a nod towards classic power pop and hard rock throughout the twelve songs that make up the record. Check out "Little American" and "Culture" to see what I'm on about. Steb the unstoppable hero, its only rock&roll but we like it.

ome



bidaiak

modeloa / model **maider sanz**

atrezzo eta argiak / atrezzo and lights **amaia tobes**

makilaia / make up **nekane ortiz**

argazkiak / shots **amaia sagasti**


lekua / place **tolosa karabanak. ikaztegieta**

“Je ne suis pas un ange” esan zuen behin Mae Westek. Baina zer da aingeru bat izatea bada? Maeren hitzak bibliatzen hartuta, berak esandakoa jarraitu zuen. Labezomorroak lez, bere lau gurpileko kobazulora sartu zen behin nire printzesa, eta han geratu zen, ilunpetan, nikotinarekin amodioa eginaz gau eta egun. Horrela, karabana barnean, herriak, hiriak eta kontinenteak bisitatu zituen...Berlínen leihotik burua atera eta Marlen topatu zuen kalearen beste aldean, bere amoranteetako batekin, aterkipean, airezko muxu luze bat ematen...eta Budapest, Florencia, Lesbos, Ankara...guztiak zeharkatu zituen bere kaiolatik irten barik. Mila ziren kuriositateak erakarrita inguratzeko zitaizkion miresleak. Errusiar gizon altuak, vespadun italiar espabilatuak, ezpatadun printzipe ingelesak, belodun emakume irakiar misterioitsuak, begi sakoneko fakir hinduak... Izugarriko ilara egiten zuten denek nire printzesaren ate aurrean. Baina honek, mesprezuz ixten zien atea denek. Mae West zuen lagun bakartzat... elkarrizketa luzeak izaten zituzten biek gauero. Basokada whiskia eskuetan zutela, izandako amoranteei buruz mintzo ziren... “bada behin izan nuen Parisen maitale bat, zeinak gauero izar bat ekartzen zidan ohe gainera...”, “eta beste behin, hiru aste eman nituen Pragako etxeko batetik irten barik, ezagutu nuen txekiar baten mirariak zirela eta...”. Beste batzuetan nire printzesa eta Mae isilik geratzen ziren, nor bere pentsamenduetan murgildurik. Batzuetan, elur malutak karabanako leihotik sartzen zirenean, ene printzesak, bata ondo lotzen zuen bere gorputzera kanpoan egiten zuen hotz latza ez sentitzearren. Eta modu horretan, bere mundu ilunean murgildurik, eta Mae lagun bakartzat, urteak pasa ziren nire printzesarentzat. Miresleak etsiturik joaten ziren, karabana geldí zegoen lekutik mugitzen zenean. Egurrezko zerraldoa biraka hari zen munduan zehar, bueltak eta bueltak ematen, yo-yo infinitu baten antzera. Ene printzesa han... Leihoko gortinen atzetik bere silueta antzeman zitekeen, kearen artean, agerpen bat balitz bezala. Honela, egun batetan, gazte arabiar batek, karabanako atea irekitzea lortu zuen. Han topatu zituen Mae eta nire printzesa erabat izozturik. Bata leihoan eta bestea ohean. Edo alderantziz... bata ohean eta bestea leihoan. Edo eta bata paretan zintzilika eta bestea ohean konorterik gabe, edo... dena dela, hotz egiten zuen barnean. Gazte arabiarrek karabanako atea itxi zuen, eta honek biraka jarraitu zuen, biraka, biraka...infiniturarteko bidai luze hartan.




the journey

Mae West once said "Je ne suis pas un ange." But what exactly is an angel then? Well, my friend followed those words to the "t". She crawled off into her four-wheeled cave like a cockroach and there she stayed, in the dark, making love to nicotine day and night. And so it remained until she set off in her caravan and visited towns, cities and continents. She stuck her head out the window in Berlin and on the other side of the street came across Marlene hunched together with one of her lovers under an umbrella blowing air kisses... and then came Budapest, Florence, Lesbos, Ankara...she crossed them all without descending from her wheeled cage. Thousands of curious onlookers gathered around to catch a glimpse. Tall Russian men, Hip Italian Vespa owners, sword-wielding English princes, veiled and mysterious Iraqi women, Hindu fakirs with bottomless eyes...they all formed an immense queue that led to my princess's door. But she haughtily slammed the door in their faces. Mae West was her only friend... they would talk and talk into the small hours every night. With a glass of whiskey each in hand they would reminisce about lovers they had enjoyed..."I once had a lover in Paris who would bring a star and hang it over our bed every night..." "and then another time when I spent three weeks in Prague. I didn't leave the house for those three weeks such was the magic of that Czech...". Other times Mae and my princess would remain silent, each one lost in her own thoughts. Sometimes snowflakes would fly in the window of the caravan and my princess would hug her dressing gown to her body to shut out the freezing cold. And in this way with Mae as her only friend, my princess spent years lost in her dark little world. The onlookers would dejectedly trod off when the caravan moved on from where it was stationed. The wooden coffin was spinning round the world, round and round it went, like a never-ending yo-yo. My princess there... her silhouette could be made out behind the curtains, like a vision shrouded in smoke. Then one day a young Arabian managed to get the door open. He found my princess and Mae frozen completely stiff. One at the window and one in bed. Or the other way round...one in bed and one at the window. Or one hung on the wall and the other one unconscious on the bed, or... whatever, it was cold in there. The young Arabian closed the caravan door and it kept on spinning, round and round and round...on that long journey into the infinite.




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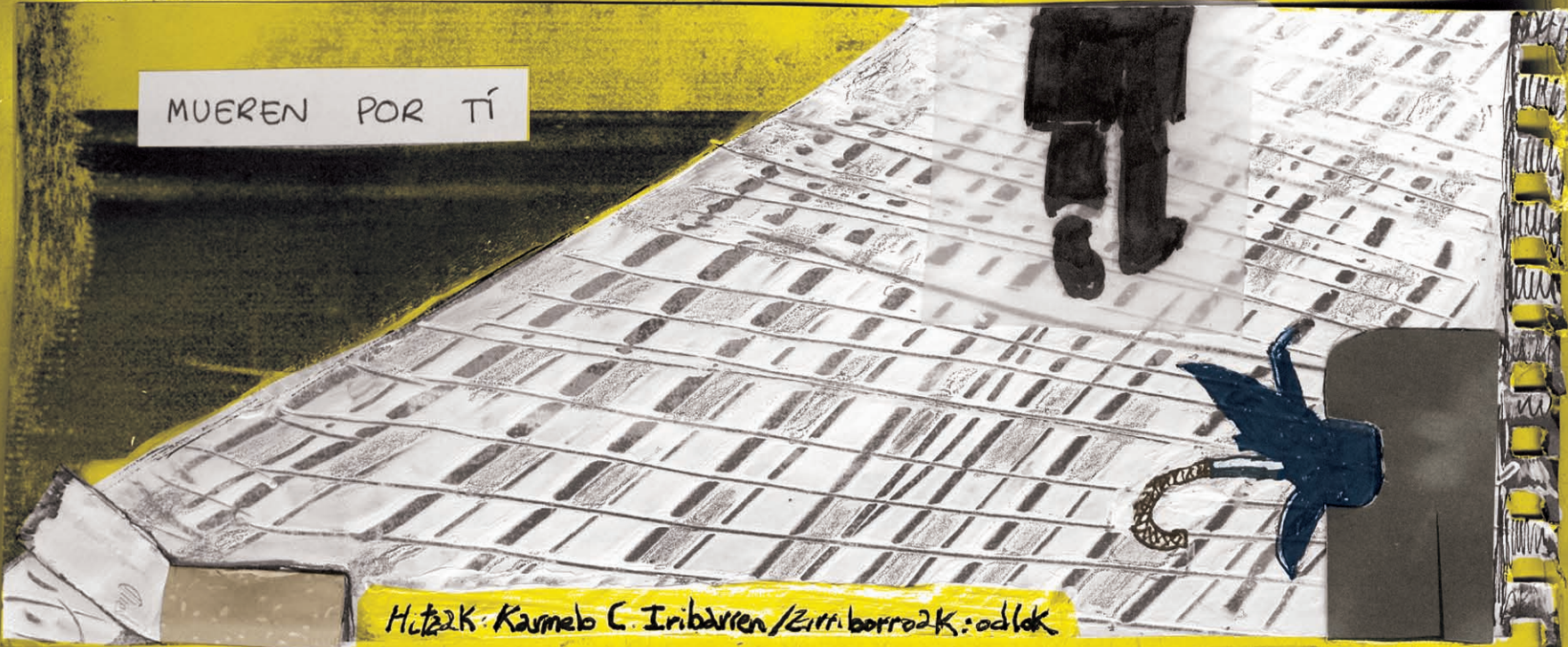


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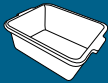
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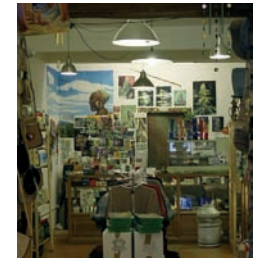
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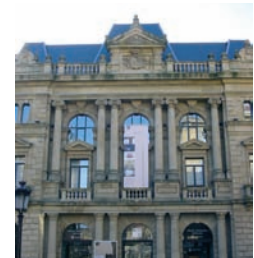
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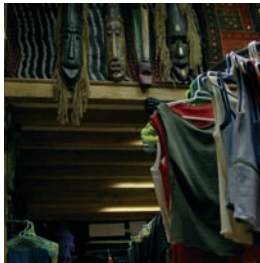
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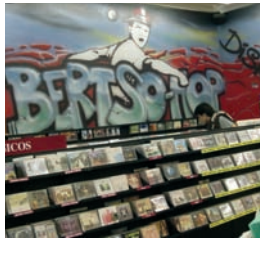
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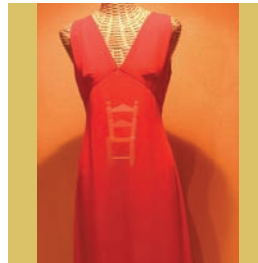
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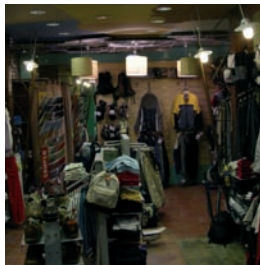
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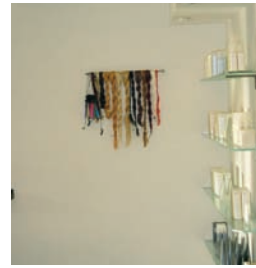


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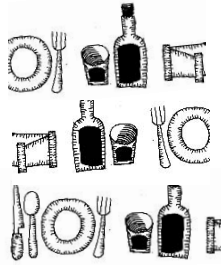


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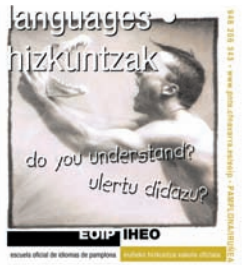
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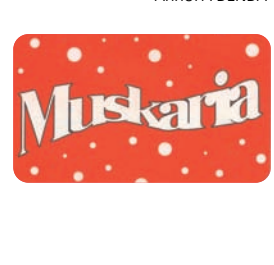
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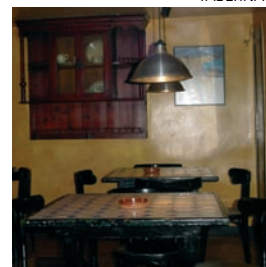
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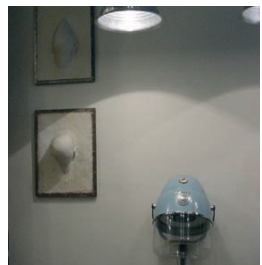
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ARROPA DENDA



skunk funk

94 415 28 59
PLAZA BERRIA 2, 48005
www.skunkfunk.net



if you want to become the
balde's distribution point:
the balderen banaketa puntua
izan nahi baduzu:



info@thebalde.net +34 948 12 19 76



Sagarroi | Euria ari duela

Sagarroik hasieran jende asko harritu bazuen Joxe Ripiaurekin suposatzen zuen hausturagatik, akaso horrelako disko bat espero zutelako izan daiteke.



Seiurte | Bapatean

Seiurte. pop eta rock doinuak talde berri batean ezohikoa den moduan uztartuz baina talde berri baten naturaltasunez.



R | Hedatuz

Andoaingo laukote bat ageri da hizki honen atzean, hardcoretik abiatuta ez diona muzikin egiten taldeak pop, metal eta bestelako rock eraginei



Miztura

Donostiar hauen musikak konbentzionalismoa ihes egiten die, Post aurrizkia jarri izan zaie maiz beraien musika sailkatzerakoan, post-rock, post-core... hauek alde batetara utzirik Mizturaren musika bidai batetarako txartel bat bezalakoa da



Zein? | Seiehun eta bi

Ama Say taldearen errautsetatik jaioa. Melodiaren bidez sentimenduak transmititze aldera tresnak modu garden, natural eta zuzenean tratatu dituzte, ia efekturik gabeak. Garage, pop, rock, noise eta blues doinuak.



Fermin Muguruza In-komunikazioa / komunikazioa

“Irun Meets Bristol / Komunikazioa”: Neil Perch (Zion Train), Rob Smith (Smith & Mighty), U-cef, Alpha & Omega, Peter (More Rockers), Flynn & Flora, DJ Parasit, Fun'da'mental, I. Gilmore (Creative Invasion), Blue & Red, Insiders, Alikat, Armagideon, Dr Sativa, Bristol eta inguruko artistek egindako “in-Komunikazioa” lanaren erremixak, gehi “In-Komunikazioa” diskoa, luxuzko kutxa batean bilduta.

2 CDko kutxa > 18 euro
edizio mugatua

alterMetak

Mano Negra Illegal

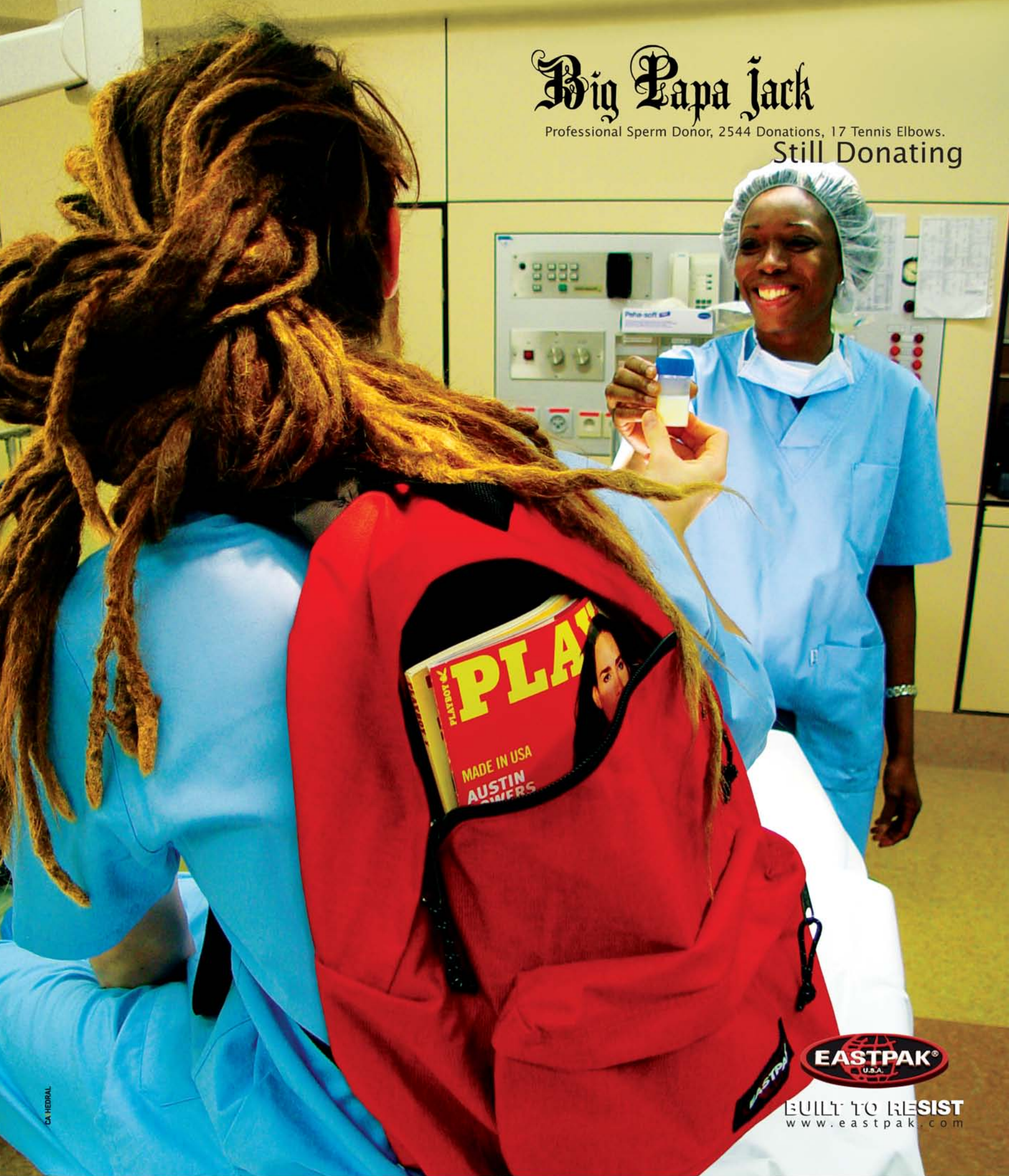
Mano Negra talde mitikoaren kantu ezagunenak Fermin Muguruza, Skunk, Big Mama, Rude boy System, La Ruda Salska, Flor del Fango eta abar luze baten esku.



Big Papa Jack

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