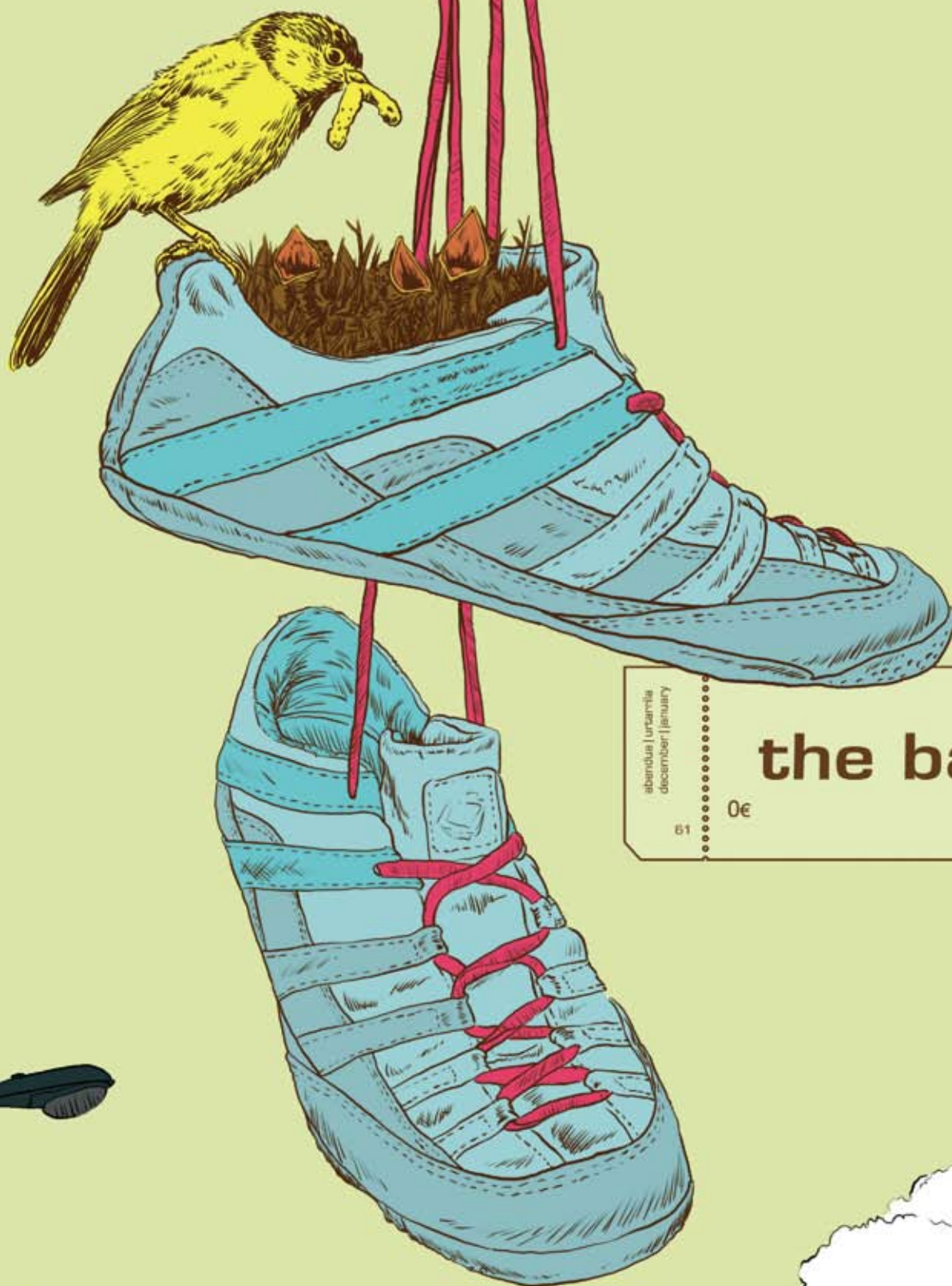




abundus | turtaria
december | january

61

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the balde



birdziklatzen



the balde

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Eusko Jaurlaritzako
Kultur sailak diruz
lagundutako aldizkaria



Lan berritzaile, irudimentsu
eta ausartak egiten dituzula?
bidali iezazkiguzu:
Imaginative, provocative
and interesting works?
send them to:
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ute lemp

Marlene Dietrich eta cabaret alemaniarren ondorengoa den artistak, beste batzuen artean, Edith Piaf, Bertolt Brecht eta Kurt Weill-en lanak eraman ditu mundu osoko antzokietara. Oraingoan, Astor Piazzolla-ren musikari jarri dio ahotza. Lan horretan, Piazzola Sextet musikari argentinaren laguntza izango du. Iruñeko Gayarre antzokia "arrabal" bihurtuko dute abenduaren 16an.

www.utelemper.com

ute lemp

This successor to Marlene Dietrich and German cabaret has taken Edith Piaf, Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill's works, amongst others, to theatres all over the world. And now she's given her voice to Astor Piazzolla's music. She's accompanied by the Piazzola Sextet from Argentina. Iruñea's Gayarre theatre is going to become a popular song theatre the 16th of December.

www.utelemper.com



AMATXO,
ARTISTA IZAN
NAHI DUT!

ipar haizearen kontra

Sare sozialek eta Internet aroak ekarri dizkigun harremanetarako kodigo berriak aztertzen dituen antzezlanaren eramango dute ohol-tza gainera Tanttaka taldekoek. Daniel Glattauer idazlearen "Gut Gegen Nordwind" eleberrian oinarritutako obra ikusteko aukera, adibidez, abenduaren 15 eta 17an, euskaraz, Donostiako Antzoki Zaharrean.

against the north wind

The Tanttaka group are taking to the stage a play about the new relationship codes that social networks and the Internet age have brought us. Based on Daniel Glattauer's "Gut Gegen Nordwind" novel, you can see it, amongst other places, in Basque on the 15th and 17th of December at Donostia's Antzoki Zaharra.



joeystarr

Martinikan jaio zen Didier Morville. Seine Saint-Denis auzoan hazi zen, eta, Joeystarr izenaz, frantziako hip-hop kulturako izen nagusietako bat bihurtu zen. 80eko hamarkadaren amaieran, Bruno Lopes-ekin batera, NTM (Nique Ta Mère) mitikoa sortu zuen. Zure amaren lagunik kuttunena izan nahi duen rapero honek zuzeneko eskainiko du Biarritzeko L'Atabalen, abenduaren 10ean.

joeystarr

Born in Martinique with the name Didier Morville, brought up in Paris' es Seine Saint-Denis district, Joeystarr has become one of the biggest names on the French hip-hop scene. He formed the mythical NTM (Nique Ta Mère) at the end of the 80's with Bruno Lopes. The rapper who'd love to be your mum's best friend is playing at Biarritz' es L'Atabal on the 10th of December.



denbora makina

Nor akordatzan da Yahoo maps tresnaz? Ba, jakin ezazue gu zale amorratuak garela. Denbora-makina bihurtu da. Badira hamar urte bere sateliteak ez dituela argazkiak berritzen, eta, horri esker, iraganera bidaiatzeko aukera ematen digu. Ingalaterra eta Irlandako Yahoo bitartez sar daiteke Yahoo mapsera, erraz asko. Hona hemen Atotxako futbol zelai zaharraren aztarnak Donostian eta Isozaki dorrerik gabeko Bilbo.

<http://uk.maps.yahoo.com/>

the time machine

Who remembers Yahoo Maps? Let it be known that we're huge fans. They've become a time machine. It's been ten years since their satellites renewed the photos, and that gives us a chance to travel back in time. It's very easy to get into Yahoo Maps via Yahoo England or Yahoo Ireland. Here you can see Donostia with remains of the old Atotxa football stadium and Bilbao without Isozaki Tower.

<http://uk.maps.yahoo.com/>



STREET ARCHAEOLOGY

fikzio urbanoak

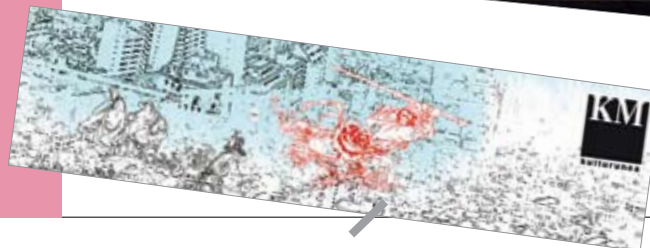
Koldo Mitxelena Kulturunean ikusgai dauden bi erakusketa bereziek badute zerikusirik elkarren artean. Erakusketen elkargunea aurreko The balde zenbakian erakutsi genizuen Gasca bilduma da. "Fikzio Urbanoak" izeneko erakusketan, hainbat artistek hiriaren inguruko hausnarketa grafikoa egin dute. Bigarrena, Ganbara aretoan paratu dena, Juan Carlos Eguillor handiari eskaini zaion omenaldia da. Urtarrilaren 28ra arte. Ez galdu!

kmk.gipuzkoakultura.net/eu

urban fictions

There is a connection between the two special exhibitions at Koldo Mitxelena Culture Centre. The exhibition in the front meeting area is Gasca's collection, which we told you about in the previous number of the balde. In "Urban Fictions" numerous artists have contributed graphical reflections about the city's surroundings. The second, housed in the attic rooms, is a tribute to the great Juan Carlos Eguillor. Until the 28th of January. Don't miss it!

kmk.gipuzkoakultura.net/eu



sleep suit

Proiektu honen bitartez, espazio pertsonalaren eta ingurunearen arteko harremanaz hausnartu nahi da. Egitura eta material bereziz eginiko jantzi-zaku honekin, gure gorputzak edozein tokitan topatuko du lasai lo egiteko edo atsedean hartzeko aukera. Bere sare egiturak erraz eusten dio gure gorputzaren pisuari. Badakizu, bat eskuratu, eta azal zaitez zure lantokian horrela jantzita!

<http://www.forrestjessee.com/198768/SLEEP-SUIT>

sleep suit

This project's aim is to help reflect on the relationship between personal spaces and the environment. With this wearable bag, made with special materials and a special structure, our bodies will be able to relax and go to sleep easily anywhere. The net structures easily support our bodies' weights. So now you know: get hold of one and turn up to work in it!

<http://www.forrestjessee.com/198768/SLEEP-SUIT>



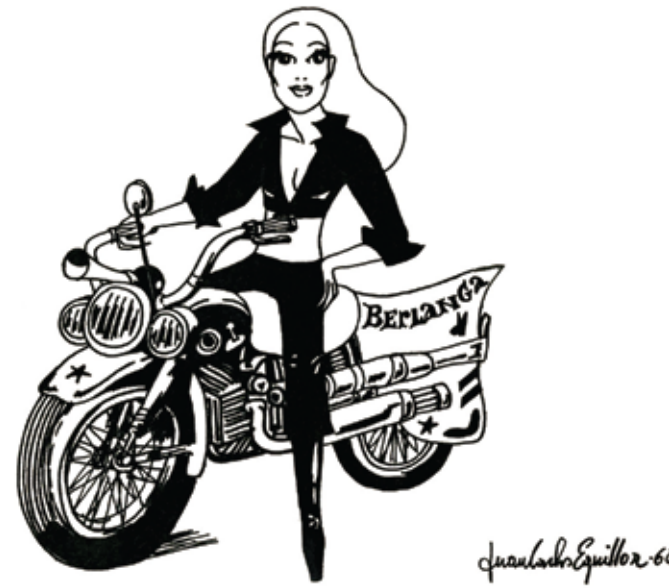
KOLDO MITXELENA
KULTURUNeko ERAKUSKETAK
2011.10.27 - 2012.01.28

HIRIKO FIKZIOAK FICCIONES URBANAS

LUIS GASCA - GIPUZKOAKO FORU ALDUNDIAREN BILDUMA
JULIÁN ARMENDÁRIZEN BILDUMA, ABARROTS, ARCHIGRAM
JUDAS ARRIETA, ANOUK DE CLERQ, SIMON FAITHFULL
JAVIRROYO, TXUSPO POYO, PUSHWAGNER, PIA RÖNICKE
FRANCESC RUIZ...

JUAN CARLOS EGUILLOR

Luis Gasca-Gipuzkoako Foru Aldundiaren eta
Julián Armendárizen bildumetan



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kmk.gipuzkoakultura.net
Asteartetik larunbata arte: 11:00 - 14:00 / 16:00 - 20:00

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Kultura, Gainera eta Kirol Departamentua
Departamento de Cultura, Juventud y Deporte

Ikaragarri gustatzen zait the way you talk to me maitia!



Iruñeko
Hizkuntza
Eskola
Ofiziala

- | | | |
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| ingeleza | gaztelania | japoniera |
| frantsesa | italiera | arabiera |

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948 20 63 43

ruper

Urteari amaiera emateko modu hobeagorik ez dugu irudikatzen. 30 urte daramatza Ruperrek bere bide propioa egiten. Ez du zerikusirik unean uneko modari eta joerei desesperatuki eusten diotenekin. Ruper arbola da. Guk arnastu dugun aire beraz elikatu dena. Gure moduan, presarik gabe baina etenik gabe errauts bihurtuko dena. Babesa eta itzala ematen diguna. Donostiako Victoria Eugenia antzokian, eta Mugalariak lagun dituela, bere azken lana, "Hodeien azpian", aurkeztuko digu kantari oñatiarrak.

www.ruperordorika.com

ruper

We can't imagine a better way to finish the year. Ruper's been making his own way for the last 30 years. There's no connection with contemporary fashions or attitudes. Ruper's a tree. Feeding on the very air we breathe. Like us, he'll become dust ceaselessly but without any hurry. He gives us shade and shelter. The singer from Oñati, along with his group the Mugalariak, will present his latest work, "Hodeien azpian" (Under the Clouds) at Donostia's Victoria Eugenia theatre.

www.ruperordorika.com



re.act.feminism #2 - a performing archive
2013 arte bizirik mantenduko den proiektu hau, nazioarteko hainbat artistak eta kolektibok feminismoaren eta generoaren inguruan proposatu eta gauzatu dituzten performance lanen bilduma da. Proiektu dinamikoa izanik, iragana, orainaldia eta etorkizuneko praktika artistikoek elkarrekin dituzten loturak eta eraginak aztertzen dihardu. Urtarrilaren 15era bitartean, Gasteizko Montehermoson.

www.montehermoso.net

re.act.feminism #2 - a performing archive
This project, which is going to continue until 2013, is a collection of performances about feminism and gender performed by various international artists and collectives. Being a dynamic project, it investigated the connections and influences between artistic practices from the past, the present and the future. Until the 15th of January at Montehermoso in Gasteiz.

www.montehermoso.net



OINK, OINK!

ilusioen zirkua

Eta zirkuko gidari eta zuzendari lanetan, nola ez, Federico Fellini. Donostiako San Telmo Museoa jenu italiarrari eskainitako erakusketarekin batera, Nosferatu zinekluba haren lanaren atzera-begirada osoa eskaintzen ari da. Luxua.

www.donostiakultura.com

circus of illusions

And who should the conductor and director of these circus works be but Federico Fellini. Along with this exhibition about the Italian genius at Donostia's San Telmo museum, Nosferatu Cinema Club offers us a retrospective about all its work. A luxury.

www.donostiakultura.com



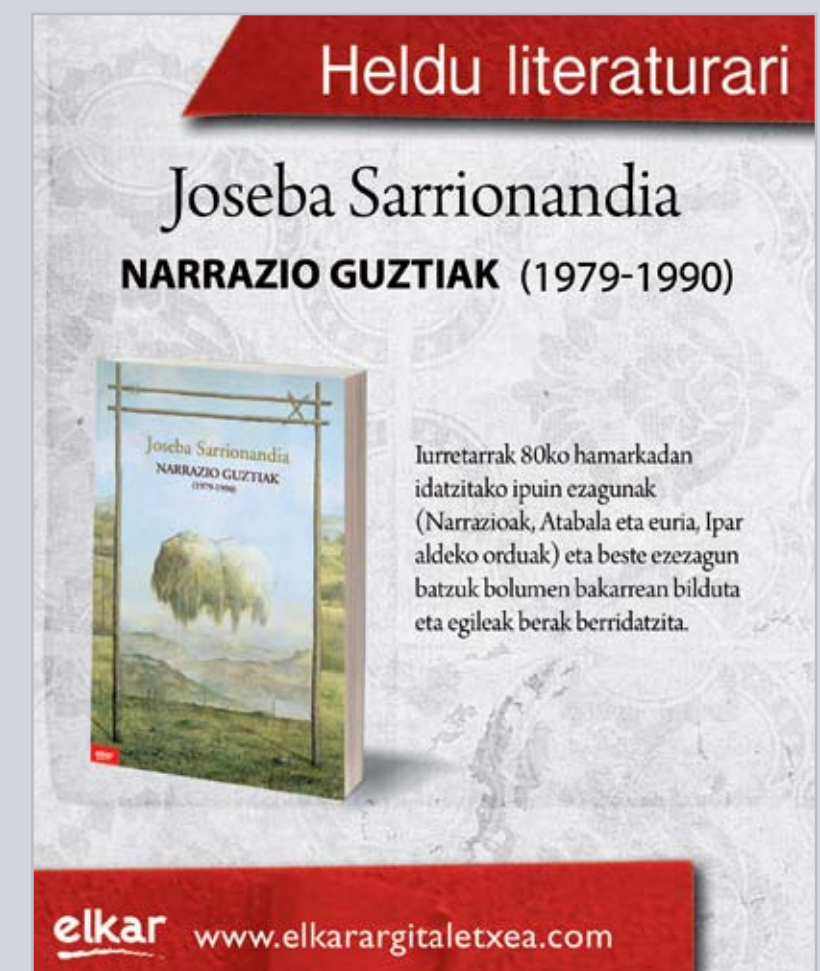
We received the text the other day.

~~Beste~~ Lehengo egunean testua jaso genuen.

Itzulpen eta zuzenketa zerbitzu profesionala

INGELESA | EUSKARA
GAZTELANIA | FRANTSESA | ALEMANA

11itzulpen
www.11itzulpen.com



gasolindegia

Zer dute gasolindegiek hain ezleku bereziak izateko? Jabetu al zarete gasolindegietan dena dela muturrekoa? Hotza, haizea, beroa, prezioak... Matt Barnes argazkilariak, gure zibilizazioa elikatzen duten iturriei eginiko argazkiekin, jabetzen gara gasolindegia

<http://mabarnes.co.uk/index.php?/project/cold-stations/>

petrol stations

What makes petrol stations such weird non-places? Have you realised that everything at petrol stations is extreme? The cold, the wind, heat, prices ... Matt Barnes' photos of the springs that supply our civilisation make us realise that petrol stations are little Las Vegas at the sides of roads.

<http://mabarnes.co.uk/index.php?/project/cold-stations/>



pintxos and blogs

Urteak daramatzate Pintxos & Blogs ekimeneko arduradunek afari tematikoak eskaintzen. Gai jakin baten aditu batek hitzaldi laburra eskaintzen du afortzen hasi aurretik, eta, ondoren, janaria plateretara iristen denean, afarian izena emandako edonork galderak egiten edo bere iritzia ematen du. Pintxos&Blogs afari hauek parte hartze handia izaten dute eta giro ederra izaten da. Hurrena non eta zeren inguruan izango den jakiteko, badakizue...

www.pintxosandblogs.com

pintxos and blogs

Pintxos & Blogs has been offering theme suppers for years now. An expert on a particular subject offers a short speech before the supper and, then, while the dishes arrive, anyone who's signed up for the supper can ask questions or give his or her opinion. Pintxos&Blogs suppers are usually very well attended and there's a great atmosphere. If you want to know where the next one is and what it's about...

www.pintxosandblogs.com



fluxus

Urtarrilaren 16a bitartean, New Yorkeko MoMA museoan Fluxus mugimenduari eskainitako erakusketa interesgarria duzue. Artearen merkantilizazioaren kontra egin zuen mugimendu honek, eta 60-70eko hamarkadetan izan zuen loraldia. New Yorken bazaudete edo joateko asmoa baduzue, jarduera artistikoen nahasketa eta loturak bultzatu zituen mugimenduaz gozatzeko, bisitatu MoMA.

www.moma.org

fluxus

There's an interesting exhibition about the Fluxus movement at New York's MoMA until the 16th of January. The flourishing of the movement against art's commodification in the 60's and 70's. If you're in New York or you're planning to go there, go to MoMA to enjoy the mixture of artistic disciplines and the movement which built up connections.

www.moma.org

GASOIL,
FLUXUS
& BLOGS

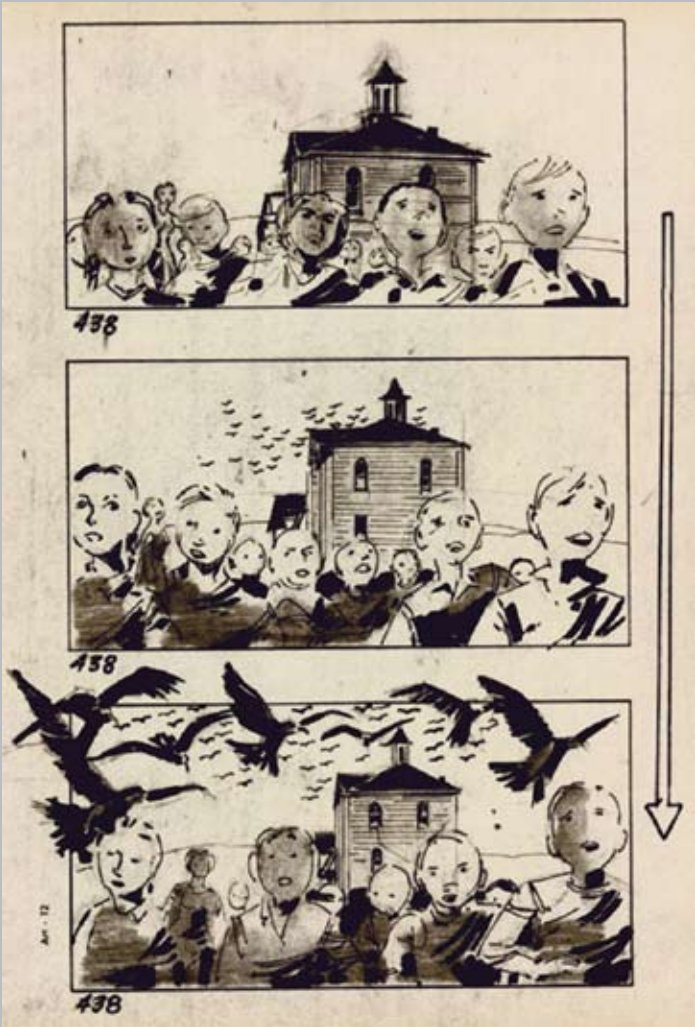
no comment



bujunbura (burundi) • odolok

txoriak txori

10.000 txori espezieetik gora ezagutzen da. Egun, gehiago dira urtero desagertzen direnak, deskubritzen direnak baino. Gure planetako basoen suntsiketarekin “txorizidio” isil eta gordina gauzatzen ari gara. Gizakiak obsesio berezia izan du beti txoriekin. Hegan egiteko gaitasunak, Ikaroren ametsak, ziurrenik zerikusia du horrekin. Txori maitaleek badakite mugarik gabeko mundua dela txoriena. Ornitologia akademikotik hasita, eta txori-kantuen txapelketetarako erabiltzen diren doping-sustantzien trafikora bitartean, unibertso oso bat kabitzen da. Guk, unibertso zaku horretan eskua sartu eta, zozketa bat bailitz, eduki gutxi batzuk aukeratu ditugu. Hasteko, story board orrialde bat, Alfred Hitchcock-ek txoriak izaki beldurgarriak ere izan zitezkeela erakutsi zigun filmekoa, hain zuzen ere.



We know of more than 10,000 species of birds. Nowadays, more species disappear than are discovered. “Birdicide” is taking place in our planet’s woods. Humanity has a special obsession with birds. Icaro’s dream to fly is probably connected with that. Bird lovers know that the bird world has no limits. There’s a whole world between academic ornithology and doping birds in bird song championships. We’ve put our hand into that universe’s bag and, like in a lottery, we’re pulled just a few things out. To start with, a story-board from Alfred Hitchcock’s film, which showed us for the first time that birds can also be frightening.

birds will be birds



habi arkitektura

nest architecture



Ornitologoek aspaldian deskubritu zuten hirietan bizi diren txoriek hiriko soinuak imitatzen dituztela euren txioetan. Txoriek ingurunera moldatzeko duten iaotasuna ez da horretara mugatzen. Mokora duten edozein materialarekin egiten dituzte habiak.

Bederatzi motatan sailkatzen dira txorien habiak: aztarrikatua, mendixka, zuloa, barrunbea, adaburua, platera, plataforma, zintzilikaria eta esferikoa.

Ornithologists long ago discovered that town birds imitate different town sounds in their chirping. Bird's skill in adapting to their environment is not limited to that. They use their beaks to make nests with any type of material.

Nests can be put into nine different categories: scrape, mound, burrow, cavity, cup, saucer or plate, platform, pendant, sphere



john james audubon maitasuna, heriotza eta pintura istorio bat a story of love, death and paintings

Munduko hegazti margolaririk ezagunena ehiztari sutsua zen. Berak zioen moduan, <<txoriak tiro fin batez akabatu behar ditut, ahalik eta pieza txukunena lortzeko>>. Ondoren, alanbreekin, hegaztia jarrera egokian jarri, eta “natura hil” horiek marrazten zituen. Hegaztiei eraztunak jartzen lehena izan zen, eta, modu horretan, hegaztien migrazioei buruzko ikerketa baliotsuak egin zituen. Txorien maitalea zen. Maitale eta hiltzaile. <<Gutxi dira 100 txori baino gutxiago akabatzen ditudaneko egunak>>. Herrialdeko txori espezie guztiak pintatzeko asmoz, bidaia ugari egin zuen pinturak eta eskopetak bizkarrean hartuta. 1826an Ingalaterrara eginiko bidaia batetan, bere marrazki tekniken berri eman zien hainbat ikertzailei. Ikasle horien artean, Charles Dickens zegoen. Frantziako kapitain baten sasikumea, Haitin jaio, Frantziar hazi, eta, guda napoleonikoetatik ihes, AEBra jo zuen. Audubonen biografia gora-beheratsua kontatzeko tarterik ez dugu hemen. Haren txori ilustrazioez goatzeko gonbidapena besterik ez da hau. *Birds of America* liburua ornitologoen biblia modukoa izateaz gain, ia bi mende beranduago, oraindik ere aho bete hortz uzten gaituzten ilustrazioez beteta dago.

The most famous painter of birds in the world was an ardent hunter. As he said himself: <<I need to kill the birds with as fine a shot as possible in order to get the neatest piece>>. He would then fix the bird into whatever required posture by using wire and he would then draw the “naturally dead” creature. He was the first to ring birds and was thus able to carry out valuable research into bird migration patterns. He loved birds. Loved them and killed them. <<There aren’t many days where I kill less than 100 birds>>. With his painting equipment and rifle strapped across his back, he travelled far and wide with the intention of painting all the birds in the places he passed,through. On a trip to England in 1826, he showed his drawing technique to many researchers. One of those students was Charles Dickens. He was the illegitimate son of a French captain, born in Haiti. He grew up in France and escaped the Napoleonic War to the United States. We don’t have the space here to talk of the ups and downs of Audubon’s life. This is just an invitation to enjoy his marvellous bird illustrations. His book *Birds of America*, as well as being a type of ornithological bible, is full of incredible drawings still capable of leaving the viewer stunned 200 years after it was originally published.



txori militararak military birds



Ingurunearekin kamuflatzeko, talde baten partaide sentitzeko eta, era berean, beste txorien artean nabarmentzeko. Hori da txori lumen kolorearen zentzua. Hain zuzen ere uniformeek betetzen duten zeregin bera. Eta modu horretan irudikatu ditu Sato marrazkilari japoniarrak. Kontraesan ederra iruditu zaigu bakearen eta askatasunaren sinbolotzat dugun animalia jantzi militarrekin aurkeztea.

To blend into its surroundings, to feel part of a group and in the same way, to stand out amongst other birds. These are the functions of the colouring of birds’ feathers. The very same role carried out by uniforms. And the Japanese illustrator Sato has depicted them as such. A wonderful contradiction that mixes the animal that symbolises peace and freedom with military dress.



lorategiko flamenkoak
garden flamingos

1850 inguruan azaldu zen lehen ipotxa Thuringiako lorategi batean. Philip Griebel izeneko eskultoreak jarri zuen, germaniarren ipotxen mitoan oinarrituta. Legendak zioen harrizko ipotxak gauez haragitzen zirela eta lorazainari laguntzen ziotela lorategia zaintzen. Bide luzea egin dute lorategiko ipotxek eta, maitale fidelak izaten jarraitzen badute ere, etsai amorratuen mehatxupean bizitzera pasa dira. Hainbestera da kontua, ezen Britaniako Royal Horticultural Society-k betirako debekatu egin baititu ipotxak lorategietan. Lorategietako ipotx “askatzaile” taldeak ere ezagun egin dira azken urteotan.

Lorategietako ipotxen mundua kitzikagarria eta interesgarria bada ere, guri, txoriez hizketan ari garen honetan, lorategietako flamenkoak interesatzen zaizkigu. 1957an sortu ziren, eta, ipotxen moduan, sortzailearen izena ezaguna da. Don Featherstone artistak diseinatu zituen. Eta pluralean hitz egiten dugu, lorategiko flamenkoak bikoteka, gutxienez, jartzen direlako. Bi dira eta binaka saltzen dira: bata burua gora, eta bestea burua makurtuta. Plastikozko gorputz artezko sabelaldean izaten dute sortzailearen sinadura, eta hankak lurrean erraz hondoratzen diren alambre biluziz eginak daude. Flamenkoek ez dute mendeetako historiarik, eta, legenda izatekotan, John Waters-ek zuzendu zuen “Pink Flamingos” (1972) filmaren eraginaz dira legenda. Ukaezina da, ordea, AEBko pop kulturaren garrantzia ikonikoa. Brian Ott, Denver University-ko Media studies and pop culture irakasleak dioenez, <<lorategiko ipotxek eta flamenkoek erakartzen gaituzte, hain zuzen ere, gusturik gabeko arte piezak direlako. Flamenkoen kasuan, gainera, ez dago arrazoi etnografiko edo antropologikorik. Fenomeno estetiko hutsa da, eta, zentzu horretan, oso amerikarra. Aurreko belaunaldientzat, flamenkoak lorategirako apaingarri ederrak eta egokiak ziren. Egun, kontrako arrazoia gaitik jartzen ditugu, ironia eta txantxa kutsuak bultzatuta. Punk jarrera da. Gustu txarra izatea, egun, gustu ona izatea da>>.

1979an, Wisconsin-ko Madison hiriko unibertsitatean, gertakizun bitxi batek ohitura bati hasera eman zion. Unibertsitateko ikasleen hauteskundeetan, ikasle talde batek 1080 flamenko paratu zituen kanpuseko belardietan. Orduz geroztik, herrialde osoan zehar behin eta berriro errepikatzen den txantxa surrealista bihurtu da. 2009an, Madison hiriak plastikozko flamenkoa izendatu zuen hiriko txori ofizial.

The first garden gnome appeared in 1850 in a garden at Thuringia. A sculptor called Philip Griebel put it there, basing it on the German gnome myth. According to the myth, at night the stone gnomes come to life and help gardeners look after their gardens. Garden gnomes and their loyal adorers have come a long way, but they are now under threat from committed enemies. It’s such a big issue that the Royal British Horticultural Society, for example, has forbidden gnomes from its gardens forever. And in recent years gnome “liberator” groups have become famous.

Interesting and stimulating as the world of garden gnomes is, we’re talking about birds here, and garden flamingos are what we’re interested in. They were created in 1957 and their creator is well known in the gnome world. The artist Don Featherstone designed them. And we have to speak in plural here because garden flamingos always come in pairs, at least. There are two of them and they are sold in pairs. One holds its head high, the other bends it down. They have pink bodies, usually have their maker’s name on their bellies and their legs, made of bare wire, are easily pushed into the ground. Flamingos do not have a centuries long history and their only legend is John Water’s film “Pink Flamingos” (1972). But their importance in US pop culture is undeniable. Brian Ott, a lecturer in media studies and pop culture at Denver University, has written that <<Garden gnomes and flamingos attract us because they are tasteless pieces of art. Furthermore, there is no ethnographical or anthropological justification for the flamingos. It is a completely aesthetic phenomenon and, in that sense, it is highly American. For previous generations, these flamingos were beautiful, appropriate decoration for gardens. Nowadays we give the opposite arguments, moved by irony and jokes. It is a punky attitude. Nowadays, having bad taste is good taste>>.

In 1979, a peculiar occurrence gave start to a custom at Madison City University, Wisconsin. During the university elections, one group put 1080 flamingos onto the campus lawns. Since then, this surrealist joke has been played time and again all over the local area. In 2009, Madison City named the plastic flamingo its official bird.

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Paristik dator Mina Tindle. 2012an argitaratuko duen estudioko lehen lanaren aurrerapena da hau. Folk poetiko eta akustikoa lantzen du, eta samplerrekin apaintzen du. Erraz sartzen eta gainetik kentzen zaila den “To Carry many small things” da bere single nagusia. Baina bada momentu hoberik, batez ere, “Echoes” eta “Plein nord” kantuetan bilutzen denean.

Mina Tindle hails from Paris and this is an advance of her debut studio album, due for release in 2012. This is acoustic poetic folk fleshed out with samplers. The single “To Carry many small things” is very easy to listen to but a lot more difficult to get out of your head. But there is even better on offer here, particularly when she strips away any outer shell on “Echoes” and “Plein nord”.

Bandcamp-en aurkitu dugu Orioko Giranice taldearen diskoa. Post rock doinuak lantzen dituzte, abesti luzeak eta instrumentu asko dituztenak. Bost kantu hauetan intentsitate ezberdinak nahasten dira, “Rapid heart movement” doinuak erakusten duen bezala. Biolinak gidatuta lortzen dituzten soinu-paisaiek nortasun handia ematen diete.

We came across Orio band Giranice's record in Bandcamp. They are very much in the post rock mode with long songs and lots of instruments. You'll find different levels of intensity on this five-track record, check out “Rapid heart movement” to see what we mean. The driving violin on the songs creates sound landscapes the really give the band character.

Javi Pezen itzulera organikoa da *Triz3ps*. Artifizioak alde batera utzi, eta hiruko taldea osatu du Alberto Boschekin eta Oriol Floresekin batera. Groove askoko soula da hemen aurkituko duzuna, “Trifünka” bezalako abestietan hazten dena. Arima, doinua, berotasuna eta emozioa lan berean bildu, eta, atzera begiratu beharrean, etorkizuna dantzan jartzeko kantuak dira.

Triz3ps is the organic return of Javi Pez. He's packed away his usual artifices and formed a three-piece with Alberto Bosch and Oriol Flores. This is soul full of groove that really grows and can be heard on songs like “Trifünka”. These songs of soul, melody, warmth and emotion will have you dancing into the future instead of reminiscing of the past.



Mina Tindle
Mina Tindle
Autoekoizpena



Giranice
Giranice
Autoekoizpena



Triz3ps
Triz3ps
No CD records



Supersweet
The hereafter
Supersweetsound



Porco Bravo
Grooo!!!
Freak productions



The Great Barrier
The Great Barrier
Autoekoizpena

Lehen entzunalditik harrapatzen zaituen disko horietakoa da Supersweeten lehen lana. Chico Boom eta Señor No taldeetan aritutako musikariekin osatzen duten banda honek 60ko hamarkadako doinuak eskaintzen dizkigu. Poparekin eta psikodeliarekin ere ausartu dira. Horren guztiaren emaitza, “Cross road” single izugarria da. Talde elektriko bezain ikaragarria.

Supersweet's debut is one of those records that grabs your attention from the very first listen. This band, made up of musicians who have played in Chico Boom and Señor No, play very 60s-sounding songs. There's pop and psychedelia and the end result can be heard on the powerful single “Cross road”. As electric as they are amazing.

High energia eta rock n'rolla lizunkeriarekin nahasten direnean azaltzen da Porco Bravo. Barakaldoko taldeak lehen disko luzea aurkeztzen digu, Turbonegroren eraginetik aldendu gabe osatu dituzten kantuekin beteta datorrena. Eszenatokia erretzen duen talde horietakoa izanda, zuzenean ikusi beharreko banda da. Disko honi esker, haien abestiak kantatuko ditugu hurrengo emanaldian. Zikinak bezain maitagarriak.

When you mix high energy eta sultry rock n' roll, you get Porco Bravo. This is the Barakaldo band's first long player and without straying too far from influential Turbonegro, they are here with a packed album under their arms. This band burn on stage and really should be enjoyed live. Now, thanks to this record, we'll be able to sing along to their songs the next time we see them play. Dirty and loveable.

Lau abestik osatutako EPa grabatu du Uribe Kostako The Great Barrier taldeak. Estilo ugari nahasten dituzte beren abestietan, eta horren emaitza dira “Really” bezalako kantu koloretsuak. Folk eta pop doinuak nahasteko modu bitxia dute. Lehen lan honetan kutsu pertsonala duen “Come back!” misterioetsua nabarmentzen da, “When the loves goes fine” abestiaren baimenarekin.

The band The Great Barrier from Uribe Kosta have recorded a four-track EP. They mix plenty of different styles and the outcome are colourful songs like “Really”. They have a curious way of mixing folk and pop and the most outstanding moment here, with the permission of “When the loves goes fine”, is the mysterious and personal “Come back!”.



cambodian rock

Vietnam-go guda garaian, ejerzito estatubatuarren irrati militarretan rock musika entzuten zen nagusiki. Irrati-uhinak bizilagunengana, Cambodiara, iritsi ziren, eta bertako gazteriak bereak egin zituen. Beren musika tradizionalako doinu eta instrumentuekin nahastuta, 1964 eta 1975 urteen bitartean, musika hipnotiko, dantzagarri eta rockeroek Cambodia inbaditu zuten.

1964. Phnom Penh. Cambodiako hiriburua. Hamar urte igaro dira frantsesek alde egin zutela. Herriak askatasun aire berriak arnasten ditu. Frantsesek utzitako ohitura batzuei, ordea, ez diete uko egin. Kafetegiak, dantzalekuak, gau giroa... Cambodia loratzen ari zen herrialde berria zen. Jendeak dibertitzeko gogo zuen eta, aipatu bezala, irrati-uhinei esker, gazteek gudan zegoen ondoko herrialdetik iristen ziren doinu berriak eta erakargarriak bereganatu zituzten berehala.

Rock cambodiarraren erregea Sinn Sisamouth izan zen. Unibertsitate ikasle honek dantzalekutako urretxindor horietakoa zen, eta bera eta bere banda berehala egin ziren ezagun. Cambodiako erreginaren kuttuna bihurtu zen, hein handi batean, "Waiting for the moon" eta "Moonlight my love" baladei esker. Hala ere, erreginaren kuleroak hezetzen zituzten baladen gainetik, garage doinuak ziren nagusi. Gazteriak gaua erre eta dantza egin nahi zuen. Sinn Sisamouth-ek, gainera, herrialde angloetatik zetozen kantuen moldaketa aske eta deskriba ezinak egiten zituen. Hona adibide batzuk: "I'm still waiting" (Animals-en "The House of Rising Sun"), "I love petite woman" (Santanaren "Black magic Woman") edo eta "Always Hope" (Beatles en "Hey Jude").

Sinn Sisamouth "erregea" kenduta, 1964-1975 bitarteko rock cambodiarraren izar nagusiak emakumezko kantariak izan ziren. Ros Sereysotheak Sisamouth-ekin batera kantatu zuen askotan, baina bakarka aritzen zenean bere estiloak surf rock sikodelikora jotzen zuen. Nire faboritoak, Pan Ron gazteak, euskal triki-pop bikoteen ahots nasal jostalariaren antzekoarekin kantatzen zuen. Peter Sellers-ek ezagutu izan balu, ziur naiz "The Party" filman sartuko zituzkeela txoritxo honen garaje kutsuko doinu alai eta jostalariak.

1970ean estatu kolpea izan zen Cambodian, eta monarkiak alde egin behar izan zuen. Ordura arte neutrala zen herrialdeak amerikarren alde egin zuen. Erregimen berriak, propaganda-arma gisa erabili zituen askotan rock taldeak. Phnom Penh-eko gauetan rocka entzuten zen, baina geroz eta arrazoi gutxiago zegoen dantzarako. Vietnamgo gudaren ondorioak ere pairatzen hasi ziren Cambodian. Batetik, oihanean eta nekazal guneeetan AEBko soldaduen bonbardaketak jasaten zituzten, eta, bestetik, Khemer gorrien sarraskiak. Musikarik gabe ere nahikoa egoera "sikodelikoa" bizi zen. 1975ean, Pol Pot boterera iritsi zenean, beste gauza askoren artean, musika debekatu zen. Rock musikarekin zerkusi izan zuten guztiak asasinatuak izan ziren (Cambodiako populazioaren laurden bati gertatu bezala). Grabaketak suntsitu ziren, eta rock artista haien biografia eta memoria ere desagerrarazi zuten. Kasete eta binilo batzuetan gorde ziren grabaketei esker salbatu zen, egungo perspektibatik zientzia fizkzioa iruditzen zaigun belaunaldi haren loraldi iragankorra.

<http://www.aquariumdrunkard.com/2009/01/08/cambodia-rocks-sounds-from-the-60s-70s/>

During the Vietnam War, there was a steady staple diet of rock music on the US Army's military radio broadcasts. The radio waves reached the inhabitants in neighbouring Cambodia and young people there soon made it their very own. From 1964 to 1975, Cambodia was invaded by hypnotic dance rock that mixed traditional melodies and instruments with Western rock.

1964. Phnom Penh. The capital of Cambodia. It's been ten years since the French upped and left. The populace are breathing in the fresh air of freedom. However, there are some French customs that the locals have held onto. Cafes, dance halls, nightlife... Cambodia was a blossoming new place to be. People wanted to have fun and as mentioned above, thanks to radio waves, young people immediately got into the new hook-filled music that was coming from their war-torn neighbours.

Sinn Sisamouth was the King of Cambodian rock. This university student was one of the dance hall nightingales and he and his band became well-known very quickly. He became the favourite of the Cambodian Queen, due to his ballads like "Waiting for the moon" and "Moonlight my love". However, more than the queen-knicker-wetting ballads, garage was king. The youth wanted to rip it up through the night and dance. As well as his ballads Sinn Sisamouth recorded indescribable free-form versions of songs coming from English-speaking countries. Some examples are "I'm still waiting" (The Animals' "The House of Rising Sun"), "I love petite woman" (Santana's "Black Magic Woman") or "Always Hope" (The Beatles' "Hey Jude").

Leaving aside "King" Sinn Sisamouth, the major stars of 1964-75 Cambodian rock were female singers. Ros Sereysothea often sang with Sisamouth, but when she sang alone she tended more towards psychedelic surf rock. My favourites, the young Pan Ron, sang in the same tones as the playful nasal voices of Basque triki-pop duets. If Peter Sellers had known them, I'm sure he would have put their cheerful frolicsome garage-esque music in his film "The Party".

There was a coup d'etat in Cambodia in 1970 and the monarchy had to flee the country. Countries that until then been neutral sided with the Americans. The new regime regularly used rock bands as a propaganda tool. Rock was still to be heard in the Phnom Penh night, but the reasons to dance were quickly disappearing. Cambodia also soon began to suffer the consequences of the Vietnam War. On the one hand, US Army bombing affected people in jungle and rural areas, and there were also the Khemer Rouge massacres. Even without music, the situation was still rather "psychedelic". In 1975, Pol Pot came to power, and amongst other things, rock music was banned. Anybody who was connected to rock music was assassinated (as happened to a quarter of the Cambodian population). Recordings were destroyed and the biographies and public memory of these rock artists were wiped out. Thanks to recordings saved on some cassettes and records, from the perspective of today we can view the transitory flowering of what comes across to us as a science-fiction generation.

<http://www.aquariumdrunkard.com/2009/01/08/cambodia-rocks-sounds-from-the-60s-70s/>



industrialdeko txoria bezala



like the industrial estate bird

ordu pare bat
eta dozena erdi zigarreta falta dira
zeruari eusten dioten
uralita eta porlanezko teilatuetan
txoriak kantatzen hasi arte.

apenas lorik egin gabe ohetik jaiki
komunera joan
eta gaurkoa ere
egun gogorra izango dela susmatu dut
besapeak bizarra egiteko espraiaz busti ditudanean.

kriminala krimenaren tokira itzultzen den moduan
itzultzen naiz ni tarteka
gauetz
industrialdeko scalextri-an barna
kotxea gidatzera.

beranduago,
langabezi bulegoan sartu,
burua tente, harro, 26 urte kotizatuta, kaguendios!
eta mahaiaren bestaldean dagoenak berriro esango dit
aurretik dudan denbora guztia niretzat dela.

biek dakigu, ordea,
beldurtuegi nagoela denbora hori aprobetxatzeko
neguak amaierarik ote duen
ez dakien
industrialdeko txoria bezala.

in couple of hours
and half a dozen cigarettes,
the birds that cling to the sky
on the cement and asbestos roofs
will start singing.

after hardly sleeping they get out of bed,
go to the loo and,
today too,
i can see they're going to have a tough day
as i cover my armpits with shaving foam.

like a criminal going back to the scene of the crime,
i sometimes go back
at night
to the industrial estate's spaghetti circuit
to drive my car.

later on,
when i go into the dole office,
my head high, proud, after 26 years signing on, godammed!
the person on the other side of the table will tell me again
that all the time ahead of me's just for me.

but we both know
that i'm too scared to make use of that time,
like the industrial estate bird
that doesn't know
whether winter ever ends.



diseinuaren beharraz the need to design

Juli Capella arkitekto eta diseinatzaile ezagunak, bere agenda lanpetuan tarte bat egin, eta Bilboko Global diseinu-etxe ezagunean izan zen Asi nacen las cosas liburu interesgarria aurkezten.

The well-known architect and designer Juli Capella has taken time from her busy schedule to present her interesting book “Asi nacen las cosas” (“That’s How Things are Created”) at Bilbao’s known Global design Centre.

Krisi garaietan, diseinua bigarren maila batean geratzen dela dirudi. “Azalekoa”, “hutsala” eta beharrezkoa ez den zerbait gisa ulertzen da. Ados zaude diseinuaren pertzepzio honekin?

Guztiz kontrakoa. Krisi garaietan asmamena beharrezkoagoa da, salbatzen zaituen puntua da hain zuzen ere. Dena ongi doanean apur bat erlaxatu zintezke eta ez hain ongi diseinatu, dena onartzen eta dena saltzen delako. Krisialdian, ordea, jendea zorrotzagoa da eta produktuek prezio merkeagoa edo aukera gehiago eskaini behar dituzte. Eta, horretarako, diseinua ezinbestekoa da. Ez dezagun nahastu diseinua eta azaleko dekorazioa. Enpresari argiek ulertu dute, eta talentua ari dira kontratatzen.

Zentzu horretan, ekonomilari askok “beharrezkoaren ekonomia” datorrela diote... Eta diseinua? Beharrezkoa al da diseinua? Beharrezkoa al da kultura? Eta estetika?

Beharrezkoa den gauza bakarra jatea eta lo egitea da. “Así nacen las cosas” liburuarekin ikasi nuen gizakiak ez duela inoiz sortu soilik beharrari lotutako objekturik, inoiz, eta ni ere harritu nintzen. Leizetan bizitzen jarrai genezake, biluzik joan, jateko ehizatu eta harrietan eseri. Baina gizakiak hobetzeko eta garatzeko beharra du, eta hor ezinbestekoa da diseinua. Beraz, kultura eta estetika ere badira beharrezkoak. Sorkuntza-akzio hori da, hain zuzen ere, beste animaliangandik bereizten gaituena. Haiek guk egiten dugun gauza bera egiten dute, hezi eta etiketikaz gozatu ez ezik. Hori gabe, gizakia ez litzateke gizaki izango; beraz bai, diseinua behar dugu, edo leizera itzuliko gara.

Altzari diseinuan, adibidez, geroz eta garrantzi gehiago ematen zaio birziklatzea, jasangarritasuna, ergonomia, ekoizpen ekologikoa eta antzeko kontzeptuei. Hori al da altzarien eta, orokorrean, diseinuaren etorkizunerako bidea?

Egun, jasangarritasun irizpideak ez dituen diseinatzailea edo enpresa delitugilezat hartu beharko genuke. Honez gero, ez dago aitzakiarik; badakigu planeta ez suntsitzea gure eskuetan dagoela, ezin dugu hain berekoi izan. Diseinua ekologikoa izango da, edo ez da izango.

Zure liburuan diseinuaren prozesuez hitz egiten duzu. Batzuetan, bitxiak eta bat batekoak dira, baina, gehienetan, konplexuak, saiatuak eta neketsuak dira. Gehiengoak diseinuaren pertzepzio friboloa edo azaleko samarra dugu? Justifikatuta al dago pertzepzio hori?

Jendea ez da ergela, eta diseinua friboloa dela pentsatzen badu, hein handi batean, hala delako da; behintzat, komunikabideek diseinu gisa saltzen dituzten modako produktu koloretsu, apetasu eta karrankariak. Baina hori diseinu munduaren zati nimiño bat besterik ez da. Jendeari erakusten zaionean eguneroko bizitzan inguratzen gaituen eta hobeto bizitzan laguntzen gaituen oro norbaitek diseinatua izan dela, orduan, diseinuarekin adiskidetuko da. Ezagutzea maitatzea da.

It seems that design gets left in a second category in times of crisis. It’s taken to be “superficial” or “superfluous”. Do you agree with this perception of design?

Quite the opposite: in these difficult times ingenuity is needed, in fact it’s what can save you. When things are going well you can relax a bit and not design quite as well because everything will get sold anyhow. But in times of crisis people are more demanding and lower prices or wider choice have to be offered. And that’s why design is indispensable. Don’t let’s confuse design and superficial decoration. Clever business people have understood this and are taking on talent.

In this area, many economists say that “necessary cuts” are on the way. Does that include design? Is design necessary? Is art necessary? And aesthetics?

Eating and sleeping are the only necessary things. In the book “Asi nacen las cosas” I discovered that humans have never created objects just for needs, never, and I too was surprised. We could still live in caves, go around naked, hunt for food and sit on stones. But humans need to improve and develop things and design is indispensable for doing that. So culture and aesthetics are indispensable. That creative action is, in fact, what distinguishes us from the other animals. They do the same things are we do, apart from developing and enjoying aesthetics. Humanity wouldn’t be humanity without that, so we do need design if we don’t want to go back to the caves.

For instance, furniture design pays more and more attention to recycling, sustainability, ergonomics and the ecological production ideas ... Is that they way forward for furniture and for design in general?

We could consider designers and companies without sustainable criteria to be delinquents. But there are no excuses, we know that it’s up to us not to destroy the planet, we can’t be as selfish as that. Design is either ecological or it isn’t.

In your book you talk about the design processes, some of which are peculiar and once-offs, but most of which are complex, difficult to put into practice, and tiring. Do most of us see design as being something frivolous? Is that perception justified?

People aren’t stupid, and if they think that design is frivolous, that’s because to a large extent it is, at least the colourful, whimsical, garish things they pass off as design in the media. But that’s just a tiny part of the world of design. When people are shown that all the things that surround them in everyday life and that help them to live their lives were designed by somebody, they start to be in favour of design. You only have to know it to love it.



tidy

txukun

Larunbat arratsalde ez etxean sartuta bazaude, zeure buruaz beste egiteko nahikoa motibo pilatu zaizula konturatzen zara, aspaldi eman dituzu onenak, bizitza absurdoa da, irautea geratzen da, hobeto frakasatzea, eta idaztea, akaso.

Munduari forma eman nahi diozu, ordena ezarri eguneroko bizitzak eragindako higadura mingarriaren baitan, zeure bizitza kontatu, arrastoa utzi, ez inorentzat, ez bada zeuretzat. Eta idazten hasten zara: "Larunbat arratsaldea da, etxean sartuta zaude, hain sentitzen zara bakarrik aspaldian, zeure oroitzapenak txukun jartzen hasi zara, badaezpada, mundua orduz lehen utzi beharrean aurkitzen bazara ere, eta ez dakizu nondik hasi. Datuak eman ditzakezu, izena, abizenak, adina, jaioterria, nortasun agiriaren zenbakia, kontu korrontean gaur bertan daukazu dirua, ondasunak oro, begien kolorea, eta gero has zaitezke kontatzen zer izan den zure bizitza gaur arte".

Idazten hasi zara, baina zalantza sartu zaizu gero, ni zer naiz, datuak, gurasoek kontatu didatena, neure buruari esaten diodana, besteek nitaz uste dutena, era guztietako artxiboetan niri buruz gordetzen dutena, espediente akademikoa, curriculum, ni zein naiz, eta ordenagailuan karpeta berri bat sortu duzu, nobela, eta haren barruan beste hainbat karpeta, ni, aita, ama, aita-amak, anaia, arreba, anai-arrebak, familia, lagunak, herria, eskola, eta ez dakizu zenbat luzatu ahalko zenukeen zerrenda, eta gelditu egin zara, eta mundua izeneko karpeta bat sortu duzu, eta haren barruan zein sortu asmatu ezinda zaude, herrialdeka joan beharko zenuke akaso, edo mendeka, edo urteka, horixe akaso onena, hor daude urtekariak, hala errazagoa da dena, bazeneukake zu jaio zinen urtetik hastea, 1975, eta gero hala segi gaur arte, urteka, eta halaxe eraman kontakizuna, urtez urte, txukun-txukun.

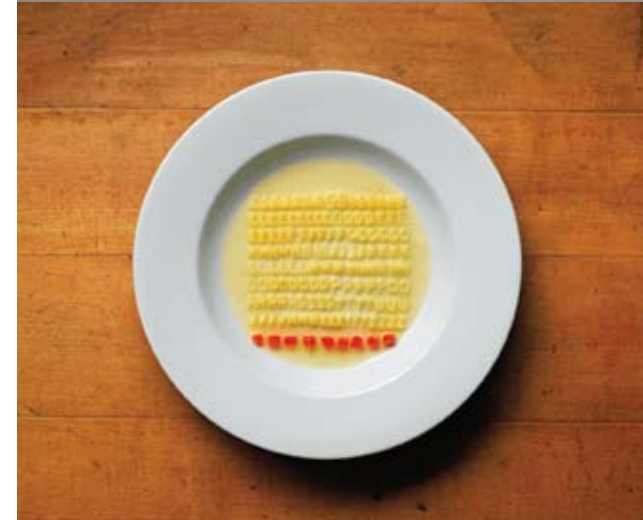
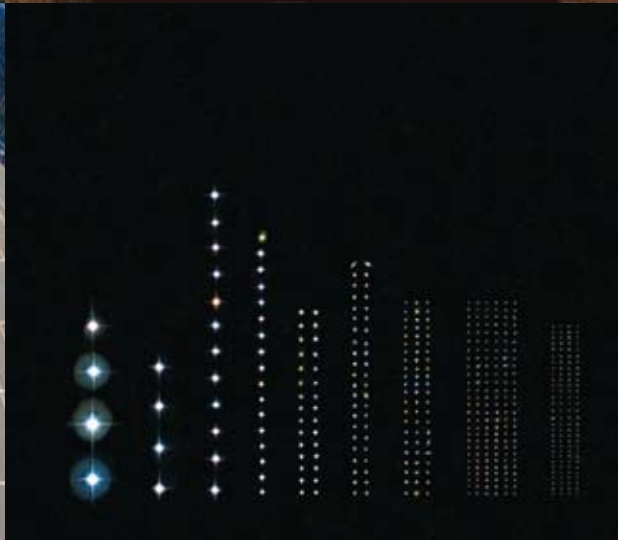
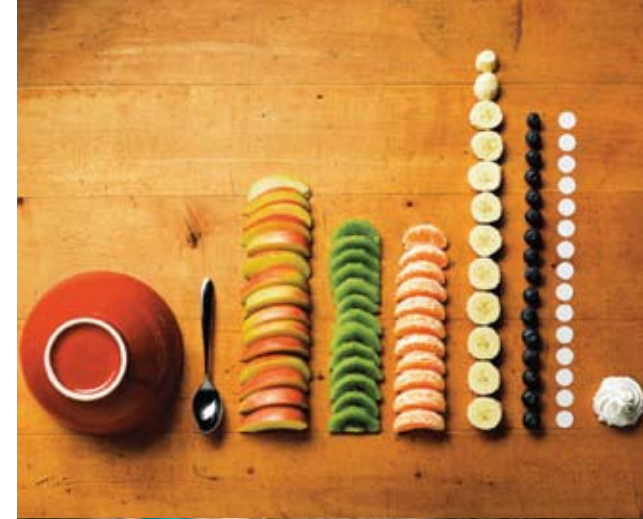
Ez zaitu konbentzitu. Ez datuak emanda, ez urteka joanda ordenatuko duzu zure baitako korapiloa. Edo bai, akaso ordenatzeko moduak denak dira onak, alfabetoa, matematika, eta zer esan zenezake zeure buruaz, ez badira hizkiak eta zenbakiak. Hori bai, txukun idatzi.

If you're at home on a Saturday afternoon, and you realise that enough reasons have stacked up for you to commit suicide, your best years are long past, life's absurd, hanging around's all that's left for you, it's better to be a failure, maybe to write something.

You want to give shape to the world, tidy up the painful erosion caused by everyday life, tell the story of your life, leave something behind you, not for anyone else, just for your own sake. And you start writing: "It's Saturday afternoon, you're alone at home, you've felt so alone for such a long time, you've started to tidy up your memories, just in case you have to leave the world before your time is up, and you don't know where to start from. You can give some information, your name, surname, age, place of birth, passport number, the money in your current account right now, all your possessions, the colour of your eyes, and then you can start saying what your life has been until now".

You start writing, but then you have doubts, who am I, the dates, what my parents told me, what I tell myself, what other people think about me, the information they keep about me in all sorts of files, my academic record, my cv, which one I am, and you open a new file on your computer, the novel, and inside that you open lots more new files, me, Dad, Mum, my brother, my sister, siblings, family, friends, town, school and you don't know how long the list could go on for and you stop, and you open a file called World, and you can't decide what to open up inside that, perhaps you should start with your country, or the century, or the year, maybe that's the best thing, there the diaries are, that'll be the easiest thing, you'll be able to start in the year you were born, 1975, and then carry on until today, year by year, and in that way your tale will be neat, year by year.

You're not convinced by that. Not by giving your data, not by organizing everything year by year. Or maybe you are, maybe all the different ways of organizing things are fine, alphabetical, mathematical, what could you say about yourself without words or numbers. But do make sure you write neatly.



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ПРОДАННЫЙ АППЕТИТ

КИНО-ПАМФЛЕТ ПРОИЗВОДСТВО ВУФКУ

ЭРДМАНА И
МАРИЭНГОФА
РЕЖ. ОХЛОПКОВ
ОПЕРАТОР РОНА

2 СТЕНБЕРГ 2

Vladimir eta Georgi Stenberg Moskun jaio ziren. Lehen, XIX. mendeko azken urtean, bigarrena, XX. mendeko lehendabizikoan. Ama errusiarra bazuten ere, aita suediarren nazionalitatea izan zuten, 1933an sobietar nortasuna eman zitzairen arte. Urte berean hil zen Georgi, gidatzen zuen motorrak traktore baten kontra jo zuenean.

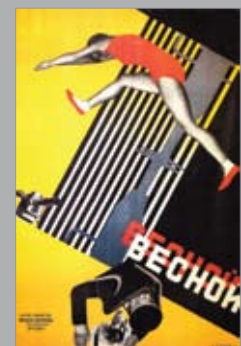
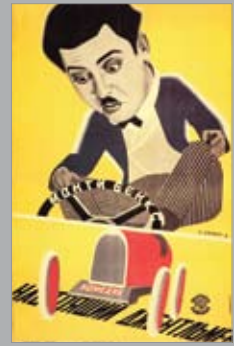
Moskun ingeniari-tza eta arte ikasketak egin ostean, berehala hasi ziren iraultzaren alde lanean. Konstruktibismoaren bultzatzaileak izanik, artearen erabilpen herrikoia- ren aldekoak ziren. “Arte eder” kontzeptuaren aurka, Stenberg anaiek denetarik egin zuten, eskulturak, tren-bagoi diseinua, arkitektura, antzerkirako dekoratuak, jantziak, zapatak... Arteak herriaren mesederako izan behar zuen. Antzerkigintza eta zinema izeneko propaganda-armak berria zen bi anaiei zaletasun nagusia. Gazteak izan arren, trebezia berezia zuten hainbat arte jardueratan. Eta ezaguera horiek guztiak maisuki islatu zituzten euren jardura nagusian: kartelgintzan. Kartela, formatu merke eta praktikoa zen herri nagusiki iletratuari iraultzaren mezua helarazteko. Stenberg anaiek maila gorenera eraman zuten kartelgintzaren artea. Zinema zaleak izanik, Sobietar Batasuneko filmen (Einstein, Vertov...) zein kanpotik (Chaplin, Keaton...) zetozen film ugari- ren kartelak egin zituzten. Kartelok pelikula- ren trailer gisa funtzionatzen dute. Pelikula- ren mamia jasotzen zuten xehetasunez josita zeuden. Argazkilaritzaren teknika ezagutzen zuten- ez, fotomuntaketa eta kollagearen teknika erabiltzen zuten. Dirudienaren kontra, kartel ia gehienak ilustrazioak dira. Fotomuntaketa zirribor- rorako erabili eta gero, eskuz marrazten eta margotzen zituzten, efektu liluragarriak sortuz. Konstruktibismo- tik abiatuta, erre- alitatetik ihes egiten zuen lan grafikoa egiten zuten. Berritzaileak izan ziren alor askotan: perspektiba- ren distorsioa, fotomuntaketa, argia, mugimendua, kolorearen erabilera dinamiko- a, tipografien moldaketa eta abar. Radikalismo- tik abiatuta, estilo propio bat sortu zuten. Kartelgintzak ez du lortu inoiz Sobietar Batasunean zuen garrantzi- rik eta eraginkortasun- ik. Eta horren arrazoi- etako bat, kartelgile sobietar- ren talentuan arda- zten da. Stenberg anaiek eta enparauek estetika- z haratago doan arte jardura bihurtu zuten kartelgintza. Beren lana ikusi besterik ez dago. 2 Stenberg 2 gisa sinatzen zuten anaiei lana, oraindik guztiz abangoardista iruditzen zaigu.



Vladimir and Georgi Stenberg were born in Moscow. The first one was born in the last year of the 19th Century and the second in the first year of the 20th. Though their mother was Russian, they shared their father’s Swedish nationality until they were granted Soviet nationality in 1933. That same year Georgi was killed when the motorbike he was driving collided with a tractor.

On finishing engineering and art in Moscow, they immediately began to work in favour of the revolution. As promoters of constructivism, they believed in using art for the people. The Stenberg brothers, disagreeing with the concept of “fine art”, did all kinds of artistic work: sculpture, train carriage design, architecture, theatre backdrops, clothes, shoes... Art had to be for the people. The new propaganda tools that were theatre and cinema were the brothers’ favourite however. Though they were young, they were especially skilled at different art forms. And that knowledge was masterfully shown in their main line of work: posters. The poster was the cheapest and most practical way to get the message of the revolution through to a mainly illiterate population. The Stenberg brothers raised the art of poster work to its highest plain. As huge fans of cinema, they did the posters for many Soviet films (Einstein, Vertov,...) and foreign movies (Chaplin, Keaton...) brought to the USSR. Posters worked as a kind of trailer for the film. Their posters were full of small details that captured the essence of the film. As they knew photography technique, they used photo-montage and collage. In spite of what they look like, however, most of their posters are actually illustrations. They used the photo-montage technique to build up a draft and they then drew and painted the posters. Through this work method, they achieved some startling results. With constructivism as their starting point they shunned reality and did graphic work. They were innovators in many different fields: the distortion of perspective, photo-montage, light, movement, the dynamic use of colour, moulding typography, etc. From radicalism they created their very own style. Poster art has never again achieved the effectiveness and importance it did in the Soviet Union. One of the reasons for that lies in the talent of those Soviet poster designers. The Stenberg brothers and their counterparts, changed poster art into an activity that was more than just an exercise in aesthetics. Just check out their work. The brothers’ work was signed 2 Stenberg 2, it is still totally vanguard in our opinion.





agitprop trena
agitprop train



Agitprop (агитпроп), agitación y propaganda.

Agitazioa eta propaganda. Bi hitz horien batuketatik sortu zuen Errusia boltxebikean *agitprop* kontzeptua George Plejanov teorikoak. Sobietar Batasunean Lenin-ek hitza bereganatu, eta departamendu oso bat sortu zuen, agitazioa eta propaganda bultzatzeko helburuarekin. Departamendu horren barruan “*agitprop* trena” izan zen egitasmorik bereziena. Artista ugari tren batean sartu, eta herrialde berri eta erraldoian zehar bira egin zuten. Iraultzaren lorpenak eta gobernu berriaren egitasmoak azaltzeko, antzerki obrak eskaini zituzten, eta zine kameraz filmaketak egin zituzten, sobieten herrialde berria bazter guztietako herritarrei erakusteko asmoz. Trenak, gainera, inprenta txiki bat zeraman, eta kartelak inprimatu eta trenaren leihotik jaurtikitzen zituzten herrialde osoan zehar. Gobernu iraultzailea finkatu zenean, Agitazio eta propaganda departamenduak bi kontzeptuen artean propagandari garrantzia handiagoa eman zion, eta agitazioa baztertu zuen. *Agitprop* proiektua geltokian geratu zen betirako. 20 eta 30eko hamarkadetan, Sobietar Batasunetik kanpo, *agitprop* izena eman zitzaion pisu politiko eta ideologia ezkertiarreko AEBko antzerkiari. Bertolt Brecht-en obra asko ere *agitprop* mugimenduaren barne kokatzen dira. 80eko hamarkadan, Margaret Tacher-ek izen hori berreskuratu zuen, antzerki eta telebista saioen bitartez bere politika ultrakontserbatzailea kritikatzeko artistak mespretxuz izendatzeko. Hamarkada gutxitan, guttiz bestelakoa da egoera. Egun, agitazioa eta propaganda kapitalaren armak dira, hainbat herrialdetako ekonomia kontrolatzeko. Hori bai, demokrazia eta bakezaletasunaren “printzipio ukaezinen” babesean.

Agitprop (агитпроп), agitation and propaganda.

Agitation and propaganda. Bringing these two words together, theorist George Plejanov created the concept of *agitprop* in the Bolshevik Russia. In the Soviet Union Lenin made the word his own and he set up an entire department with the specific objective to spread agitation and propaganda. Within the department, the single most special project was called the “*agitprop* train”. Many artists boarded the train and travelled the length and breadth on this massive new country. The tour featured plays and film recordings that highlighted the achievements and projects to be undertaken by the new government that were presented to people all over the country. The train carried its own small printing press and they would print up posters and leaflets that would then be thrown out of the window to people in the populated areas they passed through. Once the Revolutionary Government had established itself, the Department of Agitation and Propaganda began to focus more and more on propaganda and agitation was eventually sidelined. *Agitprop* had reached its last stop and there it stayed. In the 20s and 30s, leaving the Soviet Union, ideologically left-wing political based theatre in the USA was baptised *agitprop*. Much of Bertolt Brecht’s work has also been labelled part of the *agitprop* movement. In the 80s, any theatre group or TV series that critised her ultraconservative policies was ridiculed as being *agitprop* by Margaret Thatcher. A couple of decades later, the situation has changed completely. Nowadays, agitation and propaganda are arms held and used by capital to control the economy in different countries. Of course, they are only used in the defence of the “irrefutable principles” of democracy and peace.



etsaiarekin poesiaz

Mahmud Darwish poeta palestinarra eta **Helit Yeshurun** poeta israelarrak buruz buruko bizia ukan zuten 1996an, lehen bake prozesua hasi berrian. Hitz ez-aspertua hebreeraz egin zuten, eta Tel-Aviveko Hadarim aldizkarian argitaratu zen udaberriz, Parisko *Revue d’etudes palestiniennes*-en udazkenean. Gero, beste elkarriketa batzuekin, *Mahmoud Darwish: la Palestine comme metaphore* liburuan jaso zen (Actes Sud, 1997). Hona hemen saio dialektiko hartako zenbait pasarte, Darwishen pentsamendu poetiko eta politikoaren argigarri ez ezik, israelarren eta palestinarren arteko harreman intelektuala zertan den antzemateko baliagarria izan litekeelakoan.

Helit Yeshurun. “Lirio zuriak amets zituen soldadua” poeman, 1967an idatzit zenuena hain zuzen, galde egiten zaio soldaduari heriotzaraino helduko den aberriaren alde, eta erantzuna: “Ez! [...] Harenganako maitasuna maitatzen irakatsi didate. Baina ez dut sentitu haren bihotza neurean urtzen. [...] Fusila dut nik maitasunerako bidea [...]” Soldadu horrek bakean bizi nahi du bere haurraren onez, eta beretzat aberria ez da “amaren kafea dastatzea” besterik —arabiarrendako ez bezala, hark “belarra, sustraiak, adarrak ditu arnas.” Ez ote duzu gutiesten israeldarrek lur honengana duten atxikimendua?

Mahmud Darwish. Erdi ikusten dut zer dagoen gordea galderaren gibelean. Ez diot uko eginen erantzuteari, baina oroitarazi nahi nizuke poema honengatik bortizki jazar zitzaizkidala artista arabiarra, israeldarrengana daukagun behako estereotipatuaz oso bestelakoa baita poema. Ezagutzen nuen soldadu bat zen hori. Bere bizitzaren historia kontatu zidan arrats batean. Gorroto zituen Estatua eta Defentsa Ministerioa —hori ez zen izugarri arrunta garai hartan, 67ko gerraren ostean. Estereotipoari eginiko arrapostua zen poema. Tanke bat iduri ikusi behar nukeen soldadu israeldar hartan, odol-haragizko izaki bat ikusi nuen. Trahizio handia zen hori. Historia egiazkoa da. Soldadu hark alde egin zuen gerra amaitutakoan. Bada Israelgo gizartean sustrairik ezaren sentimendua. Gizarte berria da. Israeldar guztiak ez dira Israelen jaioak. Estatuak hogeit urte zituen 1967an. Ezinezkoa da sustrai eta kultur erreferentziak dituen gizarte bat sortzea belaunaldi batean edo bitan. Horregatik ezartzen du Israelgo hezkuntzak herriaganako maitasunaren irakaskuntza. Errusian ez zegoen nekazari judurik. Israelen sortutako lanbide abertzale berria da. Horretarako antolatu ziren kibutzak. Ez dut kritikatzeko. Ez zegoen benetako lotura fisikorik izpiritu juduaren eta Israelgo lurraren artean. Mugimendu sionista ahalegindu zen judua lurrari lotu dadin, eta horretan ari da oraino. Zertara iritsi nahi duzu? Nik diodana da poema hau izan zela israeldar bati tribuna eman zion lehen poema arabiarra.

H. Y. Eta zer dio ahots horrek? Soldadu horrendako, aberria bere amaren kafea dastatzea dela.

M. D. Ahots horrek dio gizaki bat dela. Gizona dela, eta ez fusil bat. Sorlekuaganako harremana segurtasun bilaketa bat dela, goizean kafea lasaiki hartu ahal izatea. Gaur egun neuk egiten dudana ametsa Palestinarako.

H. Y. Berria duzu hori.

M. D. Egia da ordea. Non ikusten duzu zuk gutiesten dudala nik juduak herriarekiko duen harremana? Ez da hori poemaren gai nagusia. Poemaren muinean dagoena da, gizakia dela

soldadua. Zuk ezin duzu neure lekua hartu, eta nire irakurleen kontzientzian soldadu haren iduria nolakoa zen ikusi. Eta ez naiz gauzak apaintzen ari, baina biziki hunkitu ninduen gazte hark, gerraren izugarrikeriak bizi izandakoa zen eta usoen urruma entzutea espero zuen Defentsa Ministerioaren teilatuan. Hala ere ez naiz gezurretan ari, eta ez dizut esanen koleratu eginen nintzatekeenik Israelgo estatua gaitzesten entzunda. Oraino ez dut maite. Eta uste dut entzun egin beharko zenidakeela: ez diozu eskatzen ahal palestinar bati Israelgo estatua maite dezala.

H. Y. Herriaganako harremana aipatu dut. Ez Estatuaganako harremana.

M. D. Palestinarrendako, herri hau ez da Eretz Israel. Gorputz arrotz bat gorputz arrotza da. Egun nekez topatzen ahal da egiatan pentsatzeko duena esanen dizun palestinarrik. Bake prozesu batean gaude, orok aldatu behar dugu gure historiaren geure bertsioa, baina ez zaitzelga gaitzitu palestinar oro Palestina berea dela sinesten baldin badu. Orain ohartua da baduela sozio bat. Sekulako aitzinamendua da. Ez dezazuela arinki har. Eta ez ikara Palestina berea dela uste duela jakinda. Zein da bere herria? Hemen sortua da. Ez du beste herririk ezagutzen. Zuek arrotzak zarete bere begirako. Zenbat urte dira hona heldu zinetela? Zuek hemen egonak zarete, eta berak ezin ditu zenbatu herri honetan emandako urteak. Eta ez daki zuek izan zinetenetz edo ez zinetenetz zuek izan, nehor egon ez balitz bezala eta lurraz zeregin bakarra ukan balu bezala: zuen aiduru egotea. Ez diezadzuela zuen bertsioa inposa eta ez dizuet nire bertsioa inposatuko. Aitortu egin behar zaio besteari bere historia kontatzeko eskubidea. Eta Historiak trufa eginen du gu bioz. Historiak ez dauka astirik juduendako eta arabiarrendako. Anitz herri iragan dira honetarik. Historia zinikoa da, eta hainbat hobe.

H. Y. “Fusila dut nik maitasunerako bidea” dio soldadu horrek.

M. D. Soldaduen lanbidea duzu. Fusila gabe, ez legoke Israelgo Estatutik. Zinez mintzo bagara, esan egin behar da. Baina arabiar baten ahoan, mingarri da.

H. Y. Eta zuk, zein duzu zuk maitasunerako bidea? Zure maitasunean ere bortizkeria anitz dago: “Eta aihotza maite diodan gillotina dut lur hau.” Herrak ez ote zaitu okerrera eraman?

M. D. Ez. Poesia dut nik maitasunerako bidea. Herraren itzala ikusten dudalarik poema batean, aldatu egiten dut. Ez da nehoiz idatzit behar herrazko sentimendu batetik abiatuta. Literaturaren aitzikoa da. Aipatu duzun esaldi hori maitasunaren gailurra da: lur hau gillotina bazait ere, maite dut.

Lirio zuriak amets zituen soldadua [Mahmud Darwish, 1967]

Lirio zuriak zituen amets, olibondo adarra, arratsean loratzen diren maitearen bularrak.

Amets, hala esan zidan, txori bat eta laranja loreak. Ametsa konplikatu gabe, berak aditu... eta sentitu bezala hartzen zituen gauzak.

Aberria, hala esan zidan, amaren kafea dastatzea da ilunabarrean etxeratzea.

Eta lurra? Egin nion galde. Haren erantzuna: Ez nuen ezagutzen.

Ez nuen sentitzen nire azala eta nire bihotza zenik,poemetan esaten den gisan.

Baina halako batez ikusi nuen denda bat... karrika bat... egunkariak ikusten diren moduan.

Nik galde: Maite duzu? Berak: Nire maitasuna osteratxo bat da godalet bat ardo... mentura bat.

— Emanen zenuke bizia lurragatik?

— Ez!

Lur honi ez nau lotzen editorial batek... mintzaldi sutu batek besterik!

Harenganako maitasuna maitatzen irakatsi didate.

Baina ez dut sentitu haren bihotza neurean urtzen.

Ez dut usaindu haren belar, sustrai, adarrik...

— Zeren antza zeukan harenganako maitasunak? Eguzki erregarriarena... nostalgiarena?

Heldu zion: —Fusila dut nik maitasunerako bidea antzinako aztarnetatik jasotako festak noizkoz eta sorburuz datarik gabekoa den estatua zaharraren isiltasuna!

Adioen uneaz aritu zitzaidan amaz malko isiletan han nonbait frontera

igorri zutelarik...

Haren zotin ahotsaz nahikari berri bat grabatzen bere larrupean:

A, usiak ugarituko balira defentsa ministerioan, a, usiak ugarituko balira...!

Zigarreta bat erre zuen, gero odollezko basatza batetik ihes eginen balu bezala: Lirio zuriak ditut amets olibondo hostoa... zitroinondoaren adarrean goiza besarkatzen duen txoria...

— Zer ikusi duzu?

— Neure egitateak,

elorri gorriak harean zapart... bularrak... eta erraiak.

— Zenbat hil dituzu?

— Zaila da zenbatzea...

Baina behin bakarrik kondekoratu naute.

Galde egin nion, neure burua behartuz:

Horrela baldin bada, deskriba iezadazu hildakoren bat.

Jarrera egokitu, egunkari tolestua laztandu eta honela esan zidan errepika bat kantatuko balu bezala:

Haize-denda bat legarren gainean izar apurtuak besarkatzen zituen gizonak.

Odolezko koroa kopeta zabala lotzen eta dominarik gabekoa bularra ez baitzen ongi borrokatu.

Nekazari, langile edo bideko saltzaille itxura zeukan.

Haize-denda legarrean... Erreka lehor bana haren beso jausiak.

Eta izena bilatu niolarik sakeletan bi argazki aurkitu nituen bata... emaztearena bestea... alabarena...

Galdetu nion: Tristatu zinen?

Eten egin zidan: Mahmud, adiskidea,

bataila-lekuan arrotza da tristura hegazti zuri hori.

Eta soldaduek bekatu egiten dute nahigabetzen badira.

Han, ni ez nintzen makina bat besterik

su gorria jaurti eta espazioa hegazti beltza bihurtzen.

Geroago bere lehen amodioaz aritu zitzaidan urruneko karrikez gerraondoko erreakzioez irrati-egunkarietako harrokeriez.

Eta eztula zapian ezkutatu zuelarik, galde egin nion: Ikusiko ote dugu elkar berriz?

Urruneko hiriren batean, haren erantzuna.

Laugarren godaletean nik, zirikan:

Bazoaz beraz... Eta aberria?

Berak orduan: Laga bertan...

Lirio zuriak txintaka egiten duen karrika eta argitan den etxea ditut amets.

Bihotz on bat nahi dut, ez munizioa.

Egun eguzkitsu bat ez garaipen... faxistak ematen digun une bateko zoramena.

Egunari barre egiten dion haur bat nahi dut ez leku bat gerraren makinan.

Egun argitzeak bizitzeko heldu nintzen hona ez iluntzeak.

Adio egin zidan... Lirio zuriak olibondo adarraren gainean egunari diosala egiten dion txoria zituen helburu.

Berak aditu... eta sentitu bezala hartzen zituen gauzak.

Aberria, hala esan zidan, amaren kafea dastatzea da eta ilunabarrean lasai etxeratzea.

The soldier who dreamed of white lillies [Mahmud Darwish, 1967]

He dreams of white lilies, an olive branch, her breasts in evening blossom.

He dreams of a bird, he tells me, of lemon flowers.

He does not intellectualize about his dream. He understands things as he senses and smells them.

Homeland for him, he tells me, is to drink my mother's coffee, to return at nightfall.

And the land? I don't know the land, he said.

I don't feel it in my flesh and blood, as they say in the poems.

Suddenly I saw the land as one sees a grocery store, a street, newspapers.

I asked him, but don't you love the land? My love is a picnic, he said, a glass

of wine, a love affair.

— Would you die for the land?

— No!

All my attachment to the land is no more than a story or a fiery speech!

They taught me to love it, but I never felt it in my heart.

I never knew its roots and branches, or the scent of its grass.

— And what about its love? Did it burn like suns and desire?

He looked straight at me and said: I love it with my gun. And by unearthing feasts in the garbage of the past

and a deaf-mute idol whose age and meaning are unknown.

He told me about the moment of departure, how his mother silently wept when they led him to the front,

how her anguished voice gave birth to a new hope in his flesh that doves might flock through the Ministry of War.

He drew on his cigarette. He said, as if fleeing from a swamp of blood,

I dreamt of white lilies, an olive branch, a bird embracing the dawn in a lemon tree.

— And what did you see?

— I saw what I did:

a blood-red boxthorn.

I blasted them in the sand...in their chests...in their bellies.

— How many did you kill?

— It's impossible to tell. I only got one medal.

Pained, I asked him to tell me about one of the dead.

He shifted in his seat, fiddled with the folded newspaper, then said, as if breaking into song:

He collapsed like a tent on stones, embracing shattered planets.

His high forehead was crowned with blood. His chest was empty of medals.

He was not a well-trained fighter, but seemed instead to be a peasant, a worker or a peddler.

Like a tent he collapsed and died, his arms stretched out like dry creek-beds.

When I searched his pockets for a name, I found two photographs, one of his

wife, the other of his daughter.

Did you feel sad? I asked.

Cutting me off, he said, Mahmoud, my friend, sadness is a white bird that does not come near a battlefield.

Soldiers commit a sin when they feel sad. I was there like a machine spitting hellfire and death,

turning space into a black bird.

He told me about his first love, and later, about distant streets, about reactions to the war in the heroic radio and the press.

As he hid a cough in his handkerchief I asked him: Shall we meet again?

Yes, but in a city far away.

When I filled his fourth glass, I asked jokingly:

Are you off? What about the homeland?

Give me a break, he replied.

I dream of white lilies, streets of song, a house of light.

I need a kind heart, not a bullet.

I need a bright day, not a mad, fascist moment of triumph.

I need a child to cherish a day of laughter, not a weapon of war.

I came to live for rising suns, not to witness their setting.

He said goodbye and went looking for white lilies, a bird welcoming the dawn on an olive branch.

He understands things only as he senses and smells them.

Homeland for him, he said, is to drink my mother's coffee, to return safely, at nightfall.



talking about poetry with the enemy

The Palestinian **Mahmud Darwish** and the Israeli **Helit Yeshurun**, both poets, talked about their lives in 1996, when the peace process of the time had just started. They chatted in Hebrew. Tel-Aviv’s Hadarim magazine published the results in the spring and Paris’es Revue d’études palestiniennes did too in the autumn. Some later conversations were collected in Mahmoud Darwich: la Palestine comme metaphore (Actes Sud, 1997). Here are some passages from those dialectical sessions. As well as Darwish'es thoughts on poetry, they may also help our perception of the intellectual relationship between the Israelis and the Palestinians.

Helit Yeshurun. In your poem “The Soldier who dreamed of White Lilies”, written in 1967, the soldier's asked if he'll go as far a dying for his country. His reply is: “No! [...] They've taught me to love my country. But I haven't felt its heart melting in mine. [...] The rifle's my way towards love [...]” The soldier wants to live in peace for his children's good and for him his country is no more than “tasting Mum's coffee” - it's different for the Arabs, “grass, roots and branches are their breath” Do you despise the Israelis' attachment to this land?

Mahmud Darwish. I can half see what's hidden behind your question. I don't deny the answer, but I would like to remind you that some Arab artists replied violently to me, even though the poem is very different to the stereotype about Israelis. That was a soldier I knew. He told me his life story one afternoon. He hated the State and the Ministry of Defence - that was incredibly normal at that time, after the '67 war. The poem was a response to the stereotype. I should have seen that Israeli soldier in a tank, but I saw hi as a living human being. It was terrible treason. It's a true story. That soldier fled after the war ended. There is a feeling of rootlessness in Israeli society. It's a new society. Not all Israelis were born in Israel. The State was twenty years old in 1967. It's impossible to create roots and cultural references for a society in a generation or two. That's why Israeli education teaches children to love their country. There were no Jewish farmers in Russia. It's a new patriotic way of life created in Israel. That's what the kibbutz were organised for. I don't criticise it. There was no real physical connection between the Jewish spirit and the land of Israel. The Zionist movement tried to connect the Jews to the land, and it's still trying to do that. What is it you want me to say? What I'm saying is that this was the first Arab poem to give an Israeli a platform.

H. Y. And what does that voice say? For that soldier, tasting his mother's coffee is his homeland.

M. D. The voice says he's a person. He's a person, and not a rifle. It's a search for his place of birth, so he can peacefully drink his coffee in the morning. Nowadays it's the dream I have for Palestine.

H. Y. That's new.

M. D. And yet it's true. Where do you see me despising the relationships the Jews have with their country? That isn't the poem's main subject. The central issue of the poem is that society is a soldier. You can't take my place and see the image my readers haveof that

soldier in their consciences. I don't adorn things, but I was especially affected by that young man, he'd gone through war's horrors and he hoped to hear the cooing of doves on the roof of the Ministry of Defence. Even so, I'm not lying and I won't tell you I'll get angry hearing people speaking against the State of Israel. I still don't love it. And I think you should have listened to me: you don't ask a Palestinian to love the State of Israel.

H. Y. You've mentioned the relationship with the country. Not the relationship with the State.

M. D. For Palestinians, this isn't the Land of Israel. A foreign body is a foreign body. Nowadays it's very hard to find a Palestinian who'll tell you his or her thoughts. We're in a peace process, we have to change our version of history completely, but don't be offended if all Palestinians believe that Palestine's theirs. They've just realised that they have a partner. That's incredible progress. Don't take that lightly. And don't be amazed when you find out they think Palestine's theirs. What is their country? It was created here. They know no other. From their point of view, you're foreigners. How many years ago did you come here? You've arrived here, but they can't count the number of years they've been in this country. And they don't know if it was you or not, as if nobody was there and the land had only one thing to do: wait for you to turn up. I don't want you to impose your version on me and I don't want to impose my version on you. We must recognise each other's right to tell our History. And History has mocked both of us. History has no time for either Jews or Arabs. Many peoples have been left in the past because of that. History's cynical, and so much the better.

H. Y. “The rifle's my way towards love” that soldier says.

M. D. It's the soldier's job. Without rifles, their would be no State of Israel. If we're going to be sincere, we must say the truth. Though that hurts coming from an Arab.

H. Y. And what's your way towards love? There's lots of violence in your love too: “And the heart I love, this land, it's a guillotine? Hasn't hate misled you?”

M. D. No. Poetry's my way towards love. When I see the shadow of hate in a poem, I change it. We should never write with hatred as our starting point. It's literature's adversary. The sentence you've quoted is a summit of love: even though this land is a guillotine for me, I love it.

paperpapers



entzun 61
eragin

The baldek eta *Entzunek* lehendabizikoz kaleratzen dugu batera 61. zenbakia. Paperezko edizioa urtekari bihurtu zenetik, Durangoko Azokaren zain egoteko arrazoi nagusietakoa bihurtu da *Entzun* aldizkaria. *Entzun* osatzen duten 144 orrialdeetan barna murgiltzeko eta urteak eman dituen irudien eta pasadizoen errepasoa egiteko aukera izateaz gain, monografiko interesgarri eta sakonez eta elkarrizketa ugariz gozatzeko aukera dugu beste behin.

We're publishing *The balde* and *Entzun* together for the first time in our number 61. As the paper edition has become a yearly number, waiting for Durango Fair has become an important thing for *Entzun* magazine. *Entzun's* 144 pages include images and events from the whole year, interesting, in-depth monographic reports and numerous interviews.



de rerum
natura 4
zaldieroa.
elkar

Xaxari eskaini dio Zaldieroak Berria egunkarian egunero argitaratzen dituen zinten laugarren bilduma. Zaldieroak estilo propioa lortu du, batetik marrazkeran eta eguneroko errealitatea ironiaz eta samurtasunez jorratzeko erakusten duen moldean, bestetik. Eguneroko zintak zukua duenean, eta zinta hori egitea lanik kostatzen ez zaiola dirudienean, ematen du aurrerapausoa sortzaile batek klasikoen Olinpora.

Zaldiero has dedicated this fourth collection of his comic strip from Berria newspaper to Xaxa. Zaldiero has his own style in his drawings, reflecting daily life ironically and, at the same time, showing tenderness. As there is no lack of inspiration in his daily production, and as it looks like that work's no challenge for him, it seems he's on his way to the creators' Olympus.



bombástica
naturalis
iban barrenetxea.
a buen paso

Liburu batekin Euskadi Saria eta Bratislavako biurtekoa irabazten badituzu, ez da kasualitatea. Iban Basterretxeak argitaratu duen *Bombastica Naturalis* altxor bat da. Bombastusen asmakizunen mundu liluragarria eskuratzen digu Barrenetxeak, hain berezkoa duen marrazkera fin, landu eta zainduan. Ilustrazioa, gurean, ahuntzaren gauerdiko eztula izango ez balitz, Barrenetxearen liburua best seller bat izango litzateke.

If one of your books wins the Euskadi Prize and the two-yearly Bratislava Prize, it's no coincidence. Iban Basterretxea's *Bombastica Naturalis* is a treasure. Barrenetxea brings us the fantastic world invented by Bombastus in his excellent, highly-developed, meticulous drawings. If illustration weren't so little appreciated, Barrenetxe's book would be a best-seller in the Basque Country.



etakideen
ametsak
markos zapiain.
elkar

Zerekin amesten dute euskal literaturan azaltzen diren etakideek? Saiakera batentzat abiapuntu originala denik ezin ukatu. Badakigu etakide fikziozkoak eta benetakoak ez direla igualak. Baina berdinak izan ezean, fikziozko etakideen aniztasun eta ezberdintasun maila errealitatean ere gertatzen dela susmatzen dugu. Ametsen mundua, errealitatea edo fikzioa den ere ez dakigun honetan, fikziozko etakideen ametsak benetako etakideen ametsetatik hain urrun ez daudela iruditzen zaigu.

What do the members of ETA who appear in Basque literature dream about? You can't deny it's an orginial starting point for an essay. We know that fictional and real members of ETA aren't the same thing. But even though they aren't the same, our guess is that the real ones are as different and as varied as the fictional ones. In the world of dreams, where we don't know what's fiction and what's reality, it seems to us that the fictional ETA members' dreams aren't all that far from the real ones' dreams.



bodia / body: amaya arzuaga



the 5th element

berokia / coat: cati serra



argazkiak eta estilismoa / photography and stylism: tatiana luna
makillajea eta orrazkera / make-up & hairdressing: jose sande for clarins & silky
modelo / model: animaija raunio

bodia / body: amaya arzuaga



bodia / body: jesus del pozo

design: www.espacegrafic.com



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gozatu euskaraz

beste bat!!

musika euskaraz

Noranahi goazela. Nonahi gaudela.
 Gure jendearekin. Gure iritzia adierazi
 nahi dugunean, geure erara. Euskara
 gure bizimoduaren osagaia da. Berezkoa
 dugu. Lagunen artean, gure giroan,
 gure artean euskaraz.

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 Bizkaiko Foru Aldundia
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basque herrialdean bizitzen?

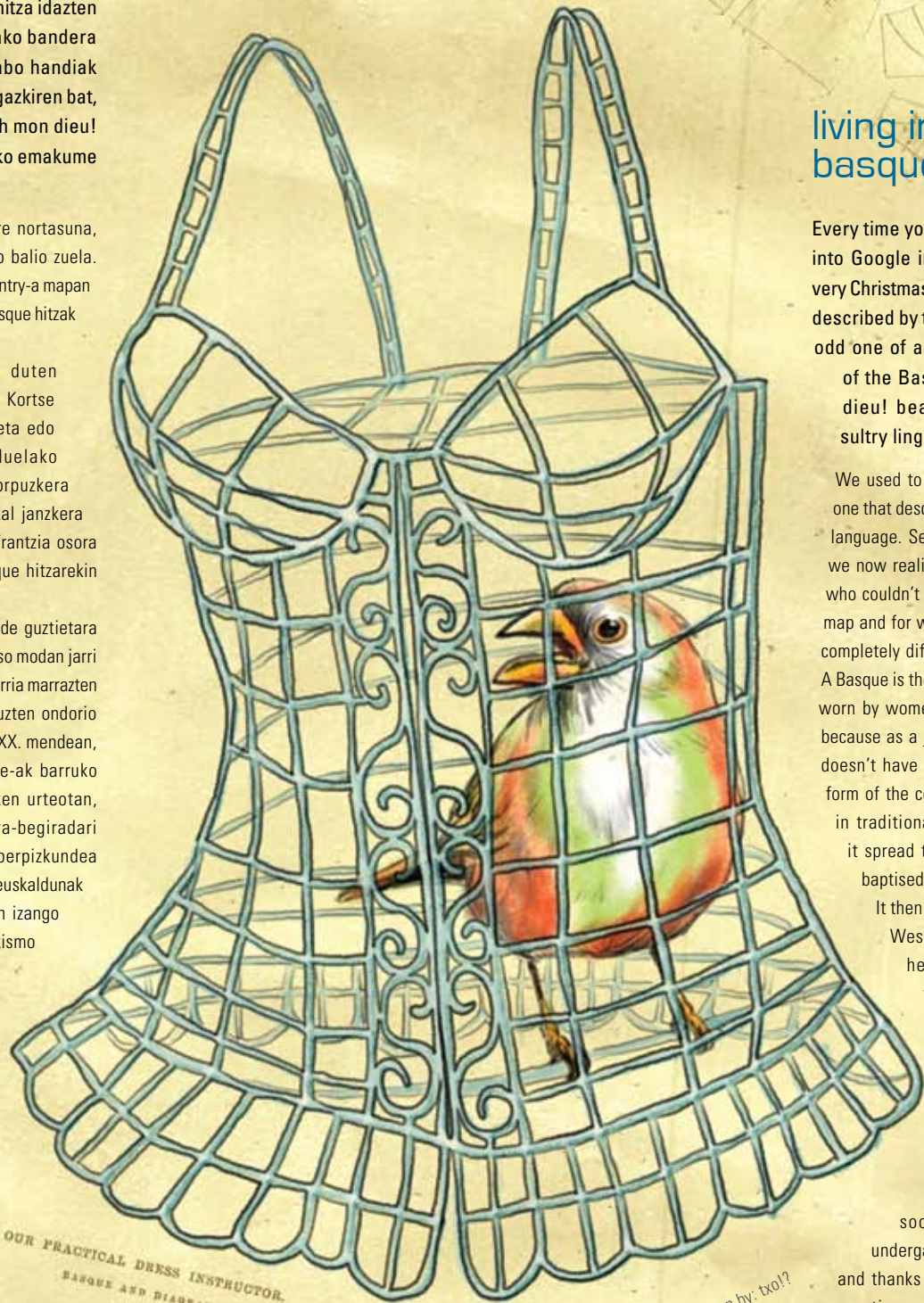
Google images-en “basque” hitza idazten duzun bakoitzean, eguberritako bandera dirudien ikurriña (Alvarez Rabo handiak dixit), AEBko euskaldunen argazkiren bat, Euskal Herriko mapak, eta, oh mon dieu! modu iradokitzailean jantzitako emakume lirainak azaltzen dira.

Uste genuen, basque hitzak gure nortasuna, jatorria eta hizkuntza definitzeko balio zuela. Hori horrela izanik ere, basque country-a mapan kokatzen ez dakien askorentzat, basque hitzak badu beste esanahirik.

Basque, emakumeek jantzen duten kortse moduko bati esaten zaio. Kortse modukoa diogu, basque-a txaketa edo “body” modukoa izanik, ez duelako kortsearen gogortasunik eta gorpuzkera esturik. Jantziaren jatorria euskal janzkera tradizionalen errotzen da eta, Frantzia osora zabaldu zenean, frantsesek basque hitzarekin bataiatu zuten.

Frantziatik mendealdeko herrialde guztietara zabaldu zen. Garai biktoriarrean oso modan jarri zen. Basqueak bularrei eutsi eta gerria marrazten zuen, ohiko kortseek sortzen zituzten ondorio fisiko eta anatomiko latzik gabe. XX. mendean, basquea, kortsea edo torsolette-ak barruko arropa bihurtuz joan ziren. Azken urteotan, modek beti egiten duten atzera-begiradari esker, gisa horretako jantzien berpizkundea bizi dugu. Nork esan behar zigun, euskaldunak eta sexua eskutik helduta modan izango ginela berriro pin-up-ei eta fetitxismo erotikoari esker!

Ez da euskaldunok munduari egin diogun ekarpenik garrantzitsua izango, baina, ziurrenik, bada ezagunena. Hori jakinik, aurrerantzean, “Basque Herrian” bizitzea gozagarriagoa izango delakoan gaude.



ilustrazioa / illustration by: txo!?

living in the basque country?

Every time you write the word “Basque” into Google images, up pop pics of the very Christmassy looking Basque flag (thus described by the great Alvarez Rabo), the odd one of an American Basque, maps of the Basque Country, and, oh mon dieu! beautiful women dressed in sultry lingerie.

We used to think the word “Basque,” was one that described our character, origins and language. Seeing that this is not the case, we now realise that there are many people who couldn’t place the Basque Country on a map and for whom the word “Basque” has a completely different meaning.

A Basque is the name given to a type of corset worn by women. We say “a type of corset” because as a jacket or body type garment, it doesn’t have the stiffness or body-hugging form of the corset. The garment has origins in traditional Basque clothing and when it spread throughout France, the French baptised it with the word “Basque”.

It then spread from France to all other Western countries. It became the height of fashion in Victorian times. The reason for this was that it held up the breasts and marked the waistline without the serious physical and anatomical consequences of the corset. During the 20th Century, the Basque, corset or the torsolette soon began to be used as an undergarment. In the last few years, and thanks to the constant retrospective perspective present in fashion, this type of garment has undergone a certain revival. Who would ever have said, seeing that the words Basque and sex are almost antonymous here, that the Basque would once again become fashionable thanks to pin-ups and erotic fetishism. It will not be the most important contribution the Basques make to the world, but it is probably the most well-known. It seems to us that from now on that living in the “Basque Country” will certainly be more pleasurable.

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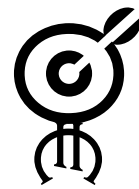
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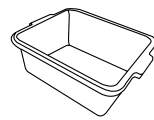




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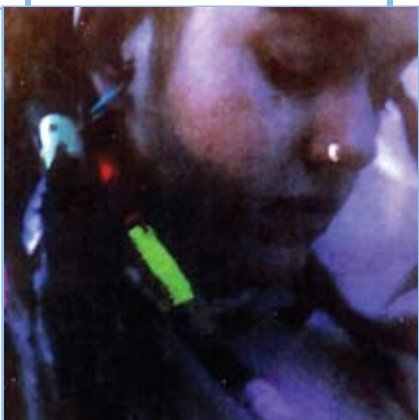
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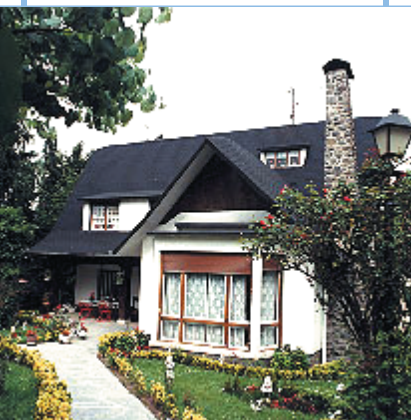
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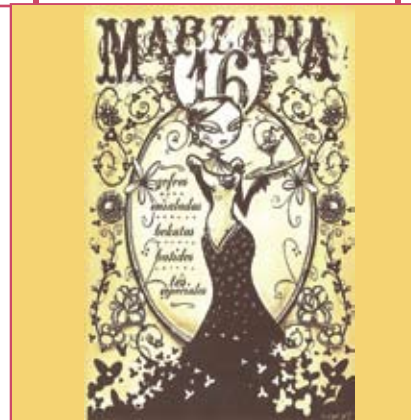
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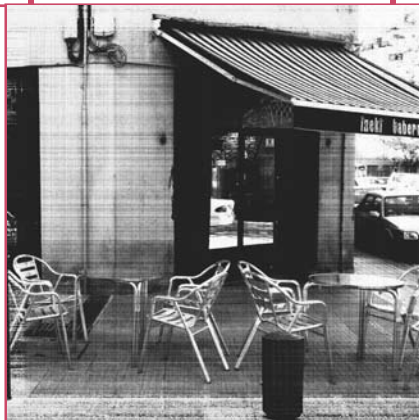
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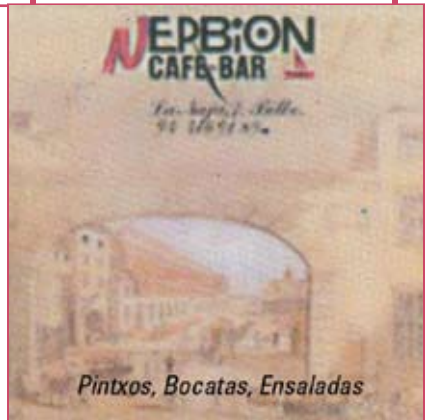
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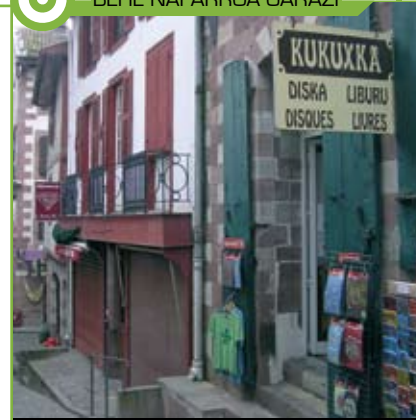
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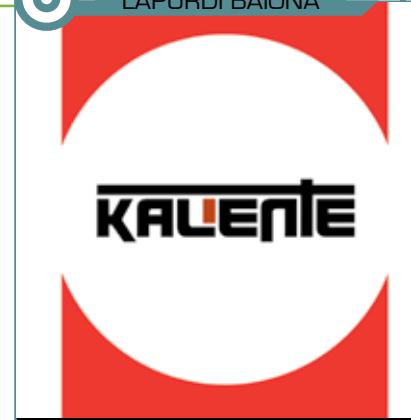
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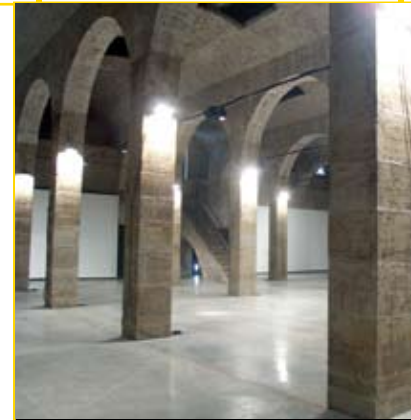
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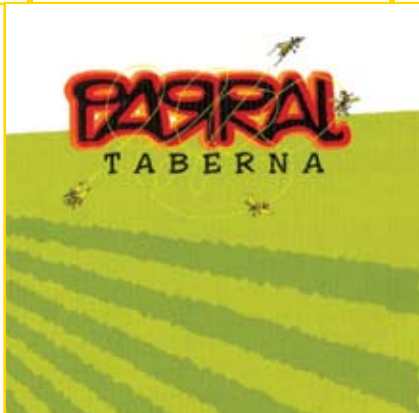
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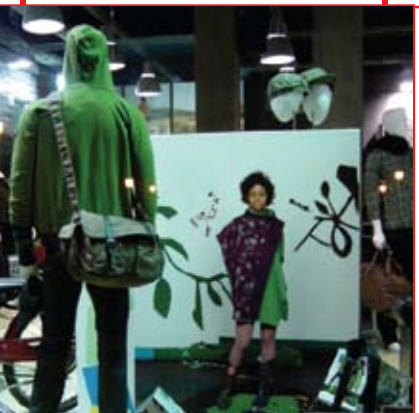
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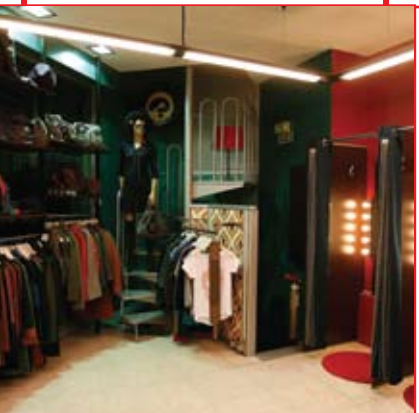
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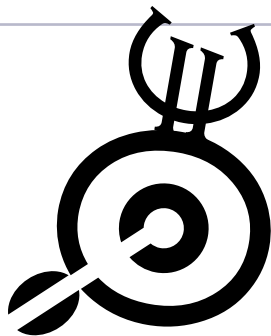
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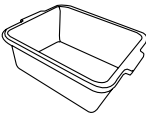


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