

IN-SPHERE

a world behind curtains | november 2011

FEATURING



TIMOTHY A. WILSON



VIKTOR VASNETSOV



SEDMIKRÁSKY



SYLVESTRE ANASSE



IN SLAUGHTER NATIVES



OCCULTA PHILOSOPHIA



DEATH IN JUNE



PETER MALA



ISSN 2068-620X



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N-SPHERE

NOVEMBER 2011

EDITORIAL

TRANQUILIZERS

Cognition, by its defining features, is the comprehension of reality into processed knowledge. The mutual deliberation of apprehended truths turning into imperceivable combinatorial machinations turning into streams of consciousness turning into actions lays at the roots of future civilisations. The predicament globalization has thrown evolution into has a chance of being broken through, a light at the end of a very dark, very sticky, very slow crawl through gut-wrenching, cold, miserable sewer of mass induced behaviours.

Dare to grasp the consequence of truth. Sometime far ahead, at the dusk of civilisations, art will be majestic. There will be mental progress, there will be soft, malleable recognition of value in veracity. As eyes peak clearly into the path ahead, stepping stones slope out from the effusive interrogations of *Timothy Andrew Wilson*, the elusive shapes of *Sylvestre Anasse* and the intrusive realities of *Peter Mal'a*.

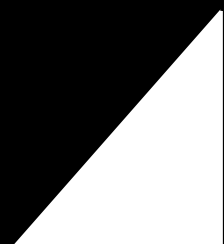
Dare to grasp the consequence of freedom. Daedalus actually fell. He fell, as he was never free, forever bounded in the weakness of wax. What would happen, though, if humanity's choices, permissions and boundaries stretched out to unfore-

seeable horizons? Either destiny would lash out into the inevitability of outcomes, or the frailty of mind would go down on its knees in the face of reason, assuring more intrinsically lucid choices. In *Vera Chytilová's Sedmikrásky* the shape of the world dictates the choice of actions, bitterly marking the struggle for freedom, and therefore a fake-fatidic lack of it.

Dare to grasp the consequence of thought. The portal into the origins of truths opened in *Iván Elvira's De Occulta Philosophia* stretches out into imminent infinities, accompanied by the low frequency hum of *In Slaughter Natives'* collected visions. Thought, processing perception, cognition, generating behaviours, judgement, understanding, comprehension merge towards the slick-slithery-slimy neural pathways that shape the form of the human mind. Jumping ahead, inference might not be just reflection, reasoning might not be just induction, speculation might not be just deduction and the strive for perfection of thought would be fruitful and sublime.

Dare to think. Dare to live. »The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.«

Quote | *Lao Tzu*



VEL THORA

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ANDR

GLASS
SHOWCASE
**TIMOTHY
EW WILSON**

PROCESS BOUND, INTERROGATING EFFUSIVELY.

Name:

Timothy Andrew Wilson

Location:

Dallas, Texas, U.S.A.

Occupation:

Artist, Game Developer

Definition of personal sphere:

It's a restless place, uncommitted to any particular medium and defined by a broad set of ideas that win now, mugging and petting, jostling about, until one generative nub remains as a fulcrum upon which I teeter like a goon.

Increasingly, making art seems like a kind of head-sickness in the psychological sense, in that I am compelled to do it, obsessively, often to the detriment of other things more dearly held – and this not to be melodramatic, merely an observation of myself and others of a similar bent. Matters of etiology, you could say. I should be thankful this odd compulsion enjoys a cultural heritage of Function, however suspect.

Because I have rarely shows my work

or attempt to reach a public, the art can afford to be the result of mad work and the process can ride first and foremost, unconcerned with observer or audience, like Chango riding a dancer's head. This can lead to shite of course, and often does. But if the generative impulse lends sufficient energy and direction, the process invariably arrives at a surprising, revelatory place.

It's like being shot from a circus cannon. In whimsically festooned costume and silver safety-helmet, I'm never quite sure if this generative impulse will land in a seven-stage photo-print, a painting or doodle, a comic, a film, a computer game scenario or a massive skin-collage, whatever, as it goes...

. But the idea will eventually demand a form – and from there it's all about just lighting the fuse. Sometimes you land in the crowd and sometimes you shoot through the tent flaps, into the manure.

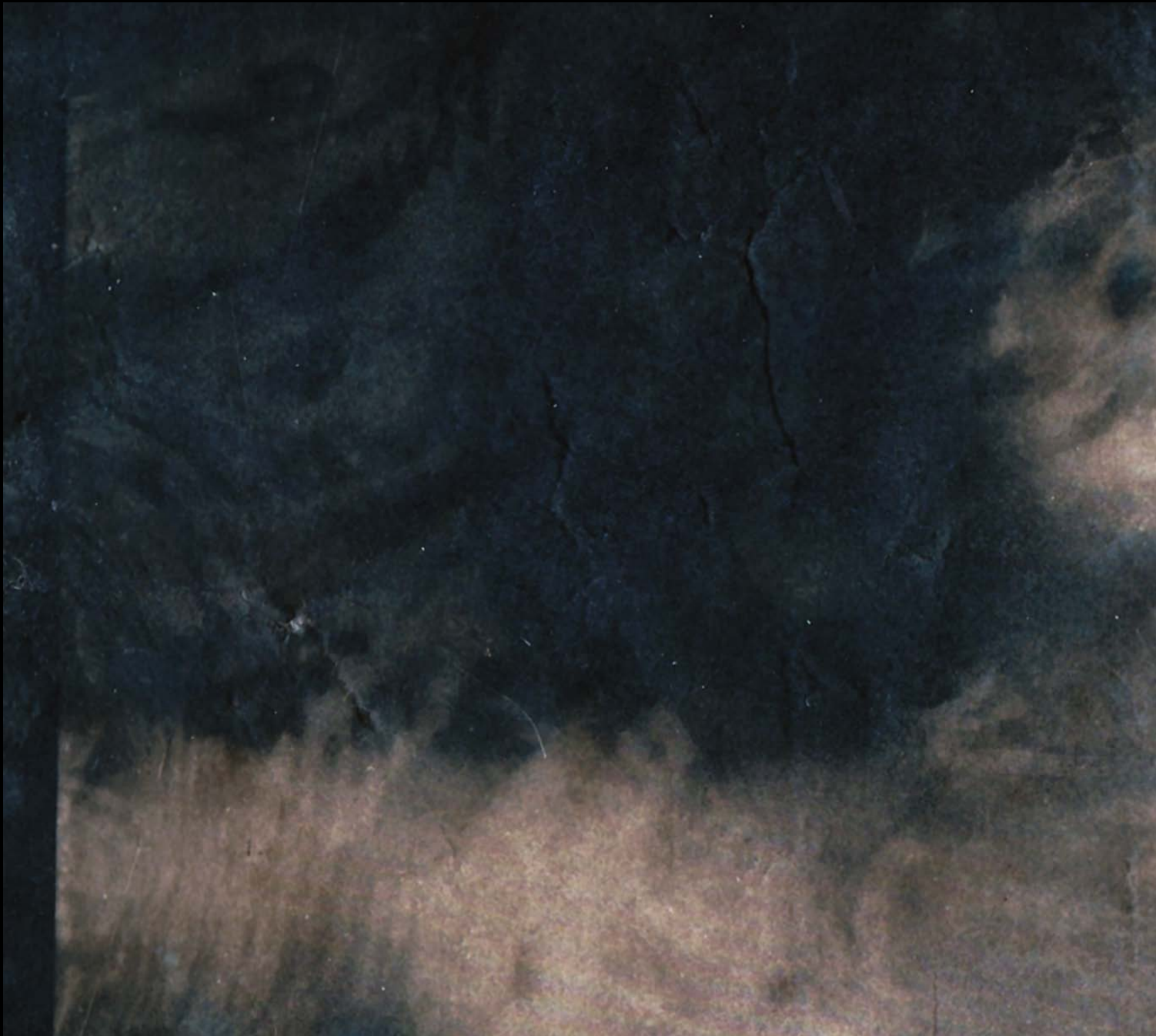
Artwork in 4 words:

Process bound, interrogating effusively.



photo | *Timothy Andrew Wilson. Analogotrophie No. 12. 2010.*
Toned cyanotype with gelatin on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.

photo pages 8-9 | *Timothy Andrew Wilson. Ophelia Max, No.2. 2011.*
Toned cyanotype with gelatin on paper. Courtesy of the artist.

**What is inspirational for you:**

A few things: any form of mark-making on paper, scribbles, jots, scumbles, ink spills, desiccation, mold contamination, stains, and any form of paper ephemera featuring the unmitigated presence of an artist's hand. Robots making out and canoodling, so passionately that sparks fly from their commingling jowls. And, in no particular order: Gnostic and Hermetic cosmogeny, golden age comics and popular illustration, human coexistence with specially distinct hominids, Neanderthal culture, ancient religiosity associated with the precession of equinoxes, Nazi Survival My-

thology with its attendant Ariosophical claptrap, Indian Miniature and European Narrative painting, German Romanticism, graphical evidence of Chance, Tielhard de Chardin, medieval woodcuts, Catholic book illumination and, lastly, context-reduced science photography -- particularly of the electro-generated, utilitarian variety.

Currently favourite artists:

Max Ernst, Sid Couchey, Warren Kramer, Robert Fludd, Dan Estabrook, David Lynch, Duchamp and, more importantly, many »lesser known« artists, fellow travellers discovered on street corners, bar-stools and the internet

and who are always a source of inspiration - Sylvestre Anasse, for example, or Farel Dalrymple. All told, I'm attracted to artists who display grace and who prove nimble in the face of change, who build on top of themselves in clumsy aggregates, or sometimes graceful like feeding coral.

Tools of trade:

Canon T1i -- lately with Pentax K-mount lenses, iron salts, inkjet and »pigment« prints, digitally produced negatives/transparencies, wax medium, acrylic paint and gel dispersants, gouache, Prismacolor pencils, tapes and adhesives of all variety, oil-sticks, chalk pas-



tels, soft graphite pencils, Modo, After Effects, Photoshop, tiny medical grade scissors - the best for cutting! and X-Acto knives.

Current obsessions:

Cyanotypes, obviously, I can't get enough of this process. It's rare to find a medium so malleable, so full of surprise, excitement and sullen hi-jinks. But it always maintains a cold distance that lets you eat your own ass, dot your own eye. And this is good. Unforgiving, but forgetful - beautiful, but a little shallow in the cheek.

Another recent obsession has been encaustic medium, the wax of bees

mixed with ship-sealing sap; burying my work under this mix is compelling, it seems to struggle at trapping light. A noble endeavor! The encaustic, occurring as it has been during a work's final stages, takes on a funereal air similar to a sympathetic ritual, dimly understood. And though I've always been fascinated by occult experience, lately this has turned on so-called »threshold« areas found on the borders of the quotidian, at the edge of deep trance, meditation, hypnagogic states or near-death experience. The phenomena of this space - the dwellers therein, the manifestations - are remarkably consistent

across culture and time - a fruitful, if reticent, subject for investigation.

Personal temptation:

Frankly, I'm tempted toward turning my back on contemporary Western Civilization and moving to a Shack In The Woods. Much as Rimbaud abruptly shed a life of poetry for the trading of slaves, I could spend the latter half of my life trading in beaver pelts, doe skin fanny-packs, and crudely painted river stones. Maybe I could find the time to pen a few convoluted pronunciamentos, arriving by rocket mail. I'd also love to slice off a year to make a feature film or a fat graphic novel - Either would be fine.



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson. *Stage Two Pleasure Disorder*, from *Cosmonautical Autoportraiture*. 2011. Toned cyanotype with gelatin on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.**



photo | *Timothy Andrew Wilson. Analogotrophie No. 2. 2010. Toned cyanotype with gelatin on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.*



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson. *Bicameral Loserism*, from *Cosmonautical Autoportraiture*. 2011. Toned cyanotype with gelatin on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.**



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson**. *Our Collective Regard Excludes You*, from *Cosmonautical Appurtenance*. 2011. Toned cyanotype with gelatin on paper. Courtesy of the artist.



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson. Analogotrophie No. 13. 2010.**
Toned cyanotype with gelatin on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson. Sucedaneum No. 12. 2010.**
Inkjet with gel dispersant, encaustic medium, gelatin. Courtesy of the artist.



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson. *Featureless Sex Robot*. 2011. Toned cyanotype on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.**



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson**. *Form Five Ataxic Removalism*, from *Cosmonautical Appurtenance*. 2011. Toned cyanotype on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.



photo | *Timothy Andrew Wilson. Dolarosa in a Jar.*
2010. Toned cyanotype on vellum. Courtesy of the artist.



photo | **Timothy Andrew Wilson**. *Etheric Portrait of a Drooling Woman*.
2010. Inkjet print with mixed media, encaustic. Courtesy of the artist.

VIKTOR

STONE
SHOWCASE
VASNETSOV

CROWDS OF OTHERS, LOST OF PAST, ENTIRE.

Name:

Viktor Mikhaylovich Vasnetsov

Lived:

May 15, 1848 - July 23, 1926

Location:

Moscow, Russia

Occupation:

Painter, Architect & Interior Designer

Influences:

Christian Orthodox Iconography,
Rural life in Russia, Pavel Fedotov,
Vasily Perov

Influenced:

Lyudmila Zhuravlyova, Mikhail Vrubel

Associated with:

Folkloric Modernism in Russian
Painting, Peredvizhniki Art Movement
in Russia, the creation of the 1918 Red

Army Uniform and Budenovka, the
creation of the 1914 revenue stamp of
Russia for victims of World War I

Connections:

Vladimir Stasov, Michał Elwiro Andriolli,
Ivan Kramskoi, Ilya Yefimovich Repin,
Mikhail Vrubel, Nikolai Andreyevich
Rimsky-Korsakov, Vasily Polenov

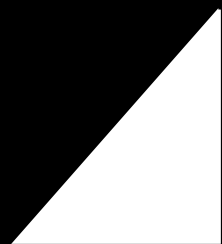
Style:

Oil Painting, Etching & Engraving,
Frescos

Obsessions:

Sirin & Alkonost, Russian Folklore, the
woods, Astronomy, Ivan Tsarevich,
Bylina, Fairytale Buildings

Quote | Aleksandr Blok. 1900.
All perished, All!...



DIANA DAIA



photo | Viktor Vasnetsov. *The Last Judgement*.
1904. Oil on canvas. Courtesy of the artist



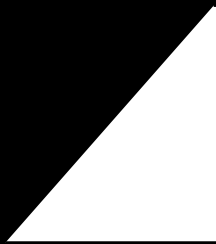


photo | **Viktor Vasnetsov. 1896.**
Sirin and Alkonost. Courtesy of the artist

SE

MOVING
SHOWCASE
DMIKRÁSKY

»NOW I
KNOW WHAT
LOVE IS:
ANOTHER
PIECE OF
MEAT«



SHADE

Daisies (*Sedmikrásky*, directed by Vera Chytilová) works like a childish and, at the same time, an ambiguous riddle. Since the film is part of the *New Wave of Czech Cinema*, this shouldn't come as a surprise (remember *Valerie and her week of wonders?*). However, unlike *Valerie...*, which played more like a fairy-tale, holding a frail, but existent nonetheless, resemblance of a familiar structure, *Sedmikrásky* com-

pletely undermines it. There is a hint of a plot, but if you were told about it during or after the film ended it would not be much help. Nor would it be to try and follow the dialogues in a standard fashion. So, yes, if you like a film that has a clear structure, a discernible plot, read no more, 'cause this movie is not the right turn. This is not to say that *Sedmikrásky* is without interest. Not at all. Nor is it to say that it



lacks energy, quite on the contrary, it has plenty of it and if you have a crush on the *Dadaist movement*, this film is a delicious treat.

I don't usually do this, because in most of the cases I find expressing my primary reactions to a particular film to be boring and pointless, but in this case I shall follow the movie's vibe. The first time I saw the film, a couple of months ago, I did not give it too much thought. I was aware of its energy, of its odd humour and its playfulness, but, at some point, it became - for me, at least - painfully exhausting. However, as it happened with some other films I have seen these years, I involuntarily came back to it and started recommending it... the more I thought of it, the more I got drawn into it.

This film is like the weird kid on the block, at first you may find him interesting, but then the more he talks or acts, the more you grow exhausted, until you decide to lose his trail. After a while, though, you'll start thinking about him again and the more you do, the more you find the things he said or done to make some sense. Weird kid or weird record you listened back when you were a kid, take your pick (mine was *Bjork's Debut*).

Since I mentioned *Sedmikrásky's* dialogue, there in a strong reference to *Eugen Ionesco's* plays to be found here. In both cases we have an absurd dialogue, but wherein *Ionesco's* case this absurdity underlines the growing impossibility of communication in modern society, here it highlights something primal. It plays more like a series of hints, like a coded language of a child.

There is another interesting link to the subsequent *Drowning By Numbers* (*Peter Greenaway*) and it is not the idea of games, but of names. In both





cases, the respective protagonists have the same name: the two Maries of *Sedmikrásky* and the three Cissy Colprits of *Drowning By Numbers*.

Speaking of links, the film's opening reminded me of another Czech filmmaker, *Jan Švankmajer*. In that first sequence, the film's protagonists seem to be more like puppets (*Jan Švankmajer* was known for his blend between film and animation) and there is a specific sound to be heard throughout that particular scene. Of course, there is another footnote that can be attached to that, involving the path taken by someone who starts constrained by rules and ends by - sweet irony - forcibly defying them. This can also explain the evolution of the dialogue in this particular sequence. In the very beginning, the output suggest rigidity, formalism, being like a puppet. After a few seconds we see the image of a wall falling and then the dialogue gets more and more free-wheeling up until the point the two protagonists decide that if everything is going bad in the world, then they can be bad as well. After that line, everything changes.

The formality is also hinted by the sepia colour. It is used in the opening and also in a restaurant scene, which plays very well as a satire against the bourgeois mannerisms, the act of eating playing an important role there as the equivalent of seeing: seeing in an indoctrinated yet elegant manner and seeing in a more barbaric and honest one. I am pointing this out because it fits, it makes sense for one to have thought these things back then, makes sense for one to think these things now. In the present, however, the barbaric honesty is more of an accessory. Back then, it was something some people were fighting for.

Speaking of bourgeoisie, there is another link to *Le charme discret de la bourgeoisie* (*Luis Buñuel*). In both

cases, what is subtracted is the context. We have a hint here, but it is too vague and works more like a slogan.

All in all, those who want something playful and free-wheeling, especially those who have a more organic contact with their *Anima* and the *Dadaist movement*, may be very excited about *Sedmikrásky*, while the rest are warmly recommended to see it (to end this review in the film's fashion - more or less...).

Further viewing:

Fando Y Lis (1967, Alejandro Jodorowsky)

Food (1992, Jan Švankmajer)

Even Dwarves Started Small (1970, Werner Herzog)

Le charme discret de la bourgeoisie (1972, Luis Buñuel)

Sweet Movie (1970, Dusan Makavejev)

photos | *Sedmikrásky*, 1966. Screenshots

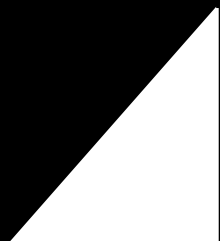




IN S

ABUSE
HOWCASE!
**SLAUGHTER
NATIVES**

IN SLAUGHTER NATIVES



J I M
BREEDVELD

:: In Slaughter Natives is the brainchild of Jouni Havukainen. Active since 1985 In Slaughter Natives paved the way for future generations of dark industrial acts together with such acts as Brighter Death Now, Maschinenzimmer 412 and Ordo Equilibrio on the legendary Cold Meat Industry label. Over the years In Slaughter Natives used many different approaches, from Industrial stompage to complicated dark ambient pieces but always attained that special touch which many artists could only strive for.

:: When did you decide to release music under the monicker of In Slaughter Natives?

At the end of 1987, Roger at CMI asked me if I could release something with them. I had some material laying around that I had made after quitting playing in some bands. Was not enough for a release, but an OK start; after a couple of months it started to be enough for a release, but no name for the project. How cool would it be to release under your own name? Not 'specially much!



photo | *In Slaughter Natives*. By Tomas Pettersson
(www.ordo-rosarius-equilibrio.net)
Courtesy of the artist.

Not back in those days. I did know I wanted »In« and »Slaughter« in the name, I have no idea where/when »Natives« appeared, but it ended up in the name after all. Not grammatically correct, but who cares...

:: *Throughout the years you have used many different approaches, are you satisfied with the way In Slaughter Natives evolved?*

Yes, I think I'm pretty satisfied. Maybe I miss a bit the harsher side or tendencies, but it's never too late for bring in an harsher direction in the future.

:: *Any regrets regarding past releases?*

No regrets so far. Maybe just some few minor doubts, doubts that hopefully can be corrected with reworks. Some new versions already have and others will see the light in the future. Going to be interesting to see what sort of new attributes the newer technology could fertilise from some of the past releases.

:: *Your last album Resurrection - The Return of a King got released in 2004. You deployed a much darker and almost soundtrack like sound compared to the guitar driven madness on Sacrosanct's Bleed. What inspired you to take this direction?*

I guess maybe just by chance, reflecting thoughts and feelings I had for the moment. Usually, I have no real plan about the outcome of an album; it usually speaks by itself in the process. The creation of *Resurrection* and also the other releases are mainly coincidences collected together, collected from ideas and improvisations slowly merged together, moments of collected visions made out of many small fragments of chaos, some fragments of self birth, some fragments of just emotions, one leading to the other, guiding and hinting me on the straw to the goal.

As long as I think it feels OK, I have to trust my intuition, nothing else. To which direction it's leading, is not important any more.

»HUMANS ARE THE ONLY ANIMALS THAT CARRY OUT THEIR THOUGHTS IN PURE ACT«

:: *Resurrection - The Return of a King was your first album since the much acclaimed release of Purgate My Stain in 1996. Did you work on any other projects during the 8 years between these releases?*

I made only some tracks for compilations. I was working on a new album

that I lost due to a hardware crash. It was not totally ready material, but it had something special. I said fuck it, defeated 'cause of the technology, so after that I spend some years doing other stuff instead, 'till the need to create a new album grew up big enough and I, once again, found and had the right moments of insanity.

:: *You seem to have a deep interest in the unexplainable and obscure aspects of life, how do these aspects appeal to you personally?*

Many times the obscure, unexplainable, weird and insane aspects make it worthwhile to wake up and climb out of the bed.

:: *I also sense a certain nihilistic and misanthropic sentiment when listening to your music, the aesthetics and terminology used throughout your albums reinforce these sentiments. How did religion affect you and your music?*

Everyone should follow their belief and should have the right to express themselves openly in whichever way they want, need or feel, but of course, it might have a price. I am and *ISN* is non-political. I usually don't care about the political situation in Sweden or in the world, but for sure it reflects me, especially these days more than earlier years. My view of politics: the container of money and/or religion walking hand in hand with humanity's need for dominion and power. This stupidity will probably, given enough time, create a natural response to the way we evolve, with everything ending up in total war. It can also end up in another way: humans are the only animals that carry out their thoughts in pure act. Can it be that humanity's damnation is the thought, the knowledge and the greed?

About religious aspects: the symbolism or possible ideology that might



photo | *In Slaughter Natives*. By Tomas Pettersson
(www.ordo-rosarius-equilibrio.net)
Courtesy of the artist.

be reflected in ISN are more an intent to offend the Judeo-Christian standards/values and their split morality. We are surrounded by hypocrisy, it seems to have become a part of humanity, so why not give these standards a kick? I have no problem with spiting on all that religion is about. Never subordinate yourself through others' religious or political ideologies or views.

:: *You are the sole member of In Slaughter Natives, you do however deploy other musicians when playing live. Which musicians make up the current live line-up of In Slaughter Natives?*

The current live line-up is: Kathleen Binder (*Polarlicht/Transistor*) & Nicolas Van Meirhaeghe (*Empusae*). Former or for the moment resting live members are Peter Andersson (*Deutsch Nepal*), Tomas Pettersson (*O.R.E*) & Peter Bjärgö (*Sophia/Arcaña*).

:: *Many artists inspire each other through their art. Which artists inspired you during the creation process of your own music?*

Sorry, but there are no other inspiring artists during the creating process, only the state of mind for the moment or the material itself, that can inspire, depending of the progress it makes, what emotions it gives and what direction it takes, to something bad or something good.

:: *You collaborated with Tomas Pettersson (Ordo Rosarius Equilibrio) on more than one occasion, how did you meet Tomas and can we expect more collaborations in the future?*

I have known Tomas, one of my best friends, since the beginning of '90s. We grew up in the same small wasteland city Linköping. There was no way we could have avoided each other. The same goes for many of the other original CMI bands, many of

us are from or have a connection to Linköping.

»NEVER SUBORDINATE YOURSELF THROUGH OTHERS' RELIGIOUS OR POLITICAL IDEOLOGIES OR VIEWS«

:: *Are there any other artists with whom you would like to collaborate with?*

Maybe with other projects, but not for real with ISN. ISN is a content of my ego and moments of collected visions, it's a birth of my need to create something I myself want to listen to, without others to be involved in it.

:: *Most of your works have been released under the wing of Roger Karmanik's legendary Cold Meat Industry, how do you look back at this fruitful cooperation?*

The early years were something special, CMI was as a big family, but things can change by time, due to reasons out of control.

:: *It's no secret that Cold Meat Industry went through some rough times the last couple of years resulting in many artists, including In Slaughter Natives, to leave this fine label. Can you shed some light on what happened?*

Hmmm... the past is the past, it's better to look forward. I wish CMI all the best, but for me it became a matter of moving forward.

:: *The music industry is changing rapidly, many record-labels and artists are forced to dissolve due to downloading and the economic crisis, should record-labels and artists rethink their strategy when it comes to marketing? And what are your own experiences in these troubled times?*

Of course ISN feels about these changes and movements. But my belief is that if a product is unique enough, then there are always some prepared to pay the price. Nothing would stop me from creating music, released or not. But, of course, the income from music helps enormously with giving the time to create, instead of trying to survive with spending all time hunting an income by other means.

:: *Recently you have worked on the score of a documentary called Psicofonías - Las Voces Desconocidas, can you give the readers some information about this project?*

I got an offer with free hands, to create the score to this Spanish production. The subject interested me a lot, so it wasn't difficult to say yes. I don't





have more information for the moment. Let's hope it works well with broadcasting. It's supposed to come out as a DVD release in the future.

:: *Can we hear your music in other video productions?*

In some parts of a short film, *Estigmas*, in the MTV produced *Dirty Sanchez* and three *ISN* tracks in an upcoming US produced movie with the working title *The Lot* with a release date in 2012.

:: *What can we expect from In Slaughter Natives in the future?*

The new album is taking form, it's progressing in the right direction, but it needs about two more months for finalizing details, some arrangement and voice recordings. Beside the 3CD *Digibook Live/Mort aux Vaches* release, the new album will get released at the same time with a secret content release.

questions | **Jim Breedveld**

answers | **Jouni Havukainen**

(www.inslaughternatives.com)

photo left | **In Slaughter Natives. Live**



photo | *In Slaughter Natives*. By Tomas Pettersson
(www.ordo-rosarius-equilibrio.net)
Courtesy of the artist.

S

SYLVEST

NOX

HOWCASE!

RE ANASSE

NAME:

SYLVESTRE ANASSE

LOCATION:

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

OCCUPATION:

PHOTOGRAPHER, PAINTER

WEBSITE:

WWW.SYLVESTRE-ANASSE.COM



photo | **Sylvestre Anasse. Sans titre**
N°600/10. Courtesy of the artist



photo | *Sylvestre Anasse. ZooZoom.*
1999 / 2008. *Courtesy of the artist*

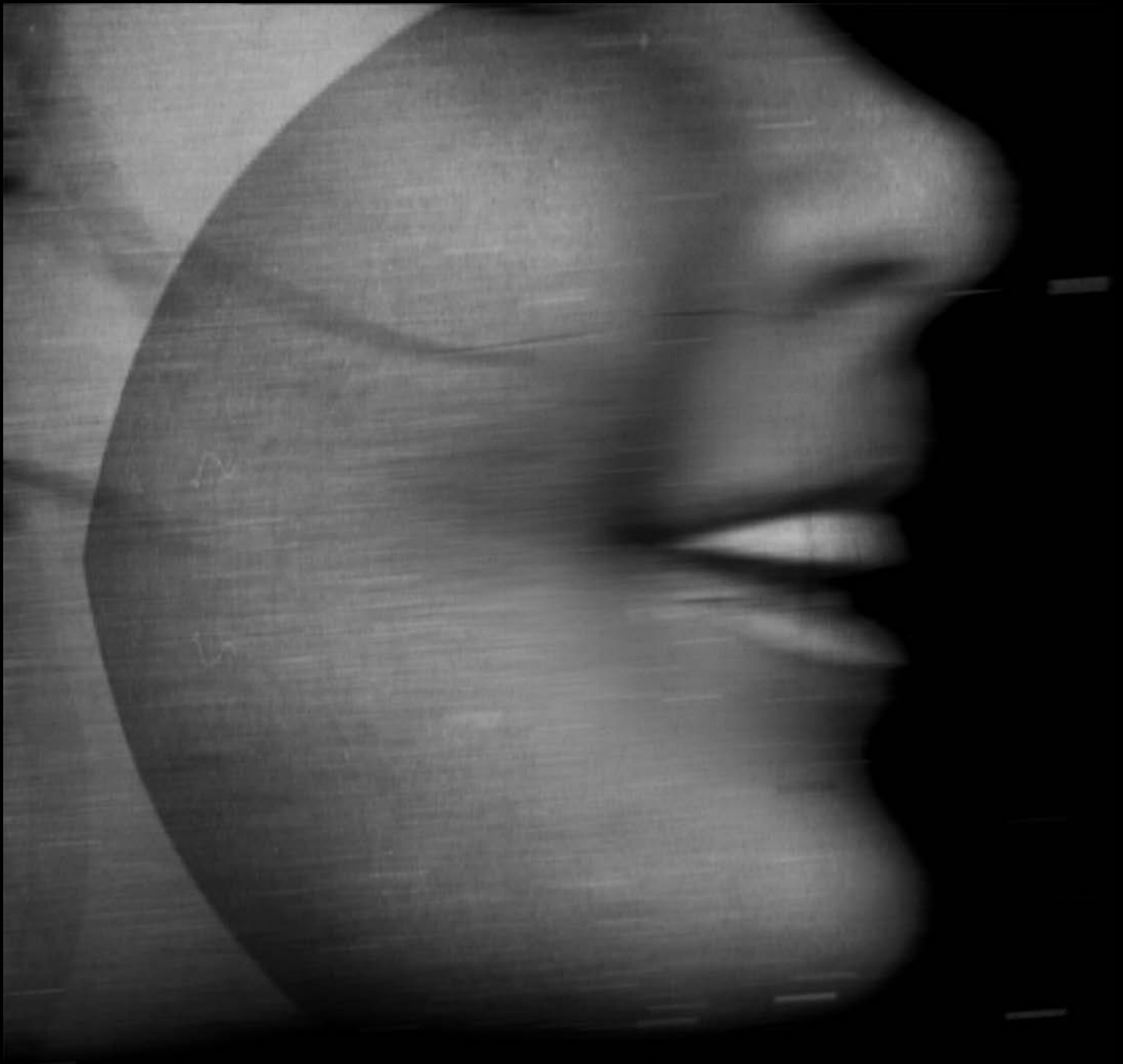


photo | **Sylvestre Anasse. Mlle Belledent**
Courtesy of the artist



photo | *Sylvestre Anasse.*
G. 1980. *Courtesy of the artist*

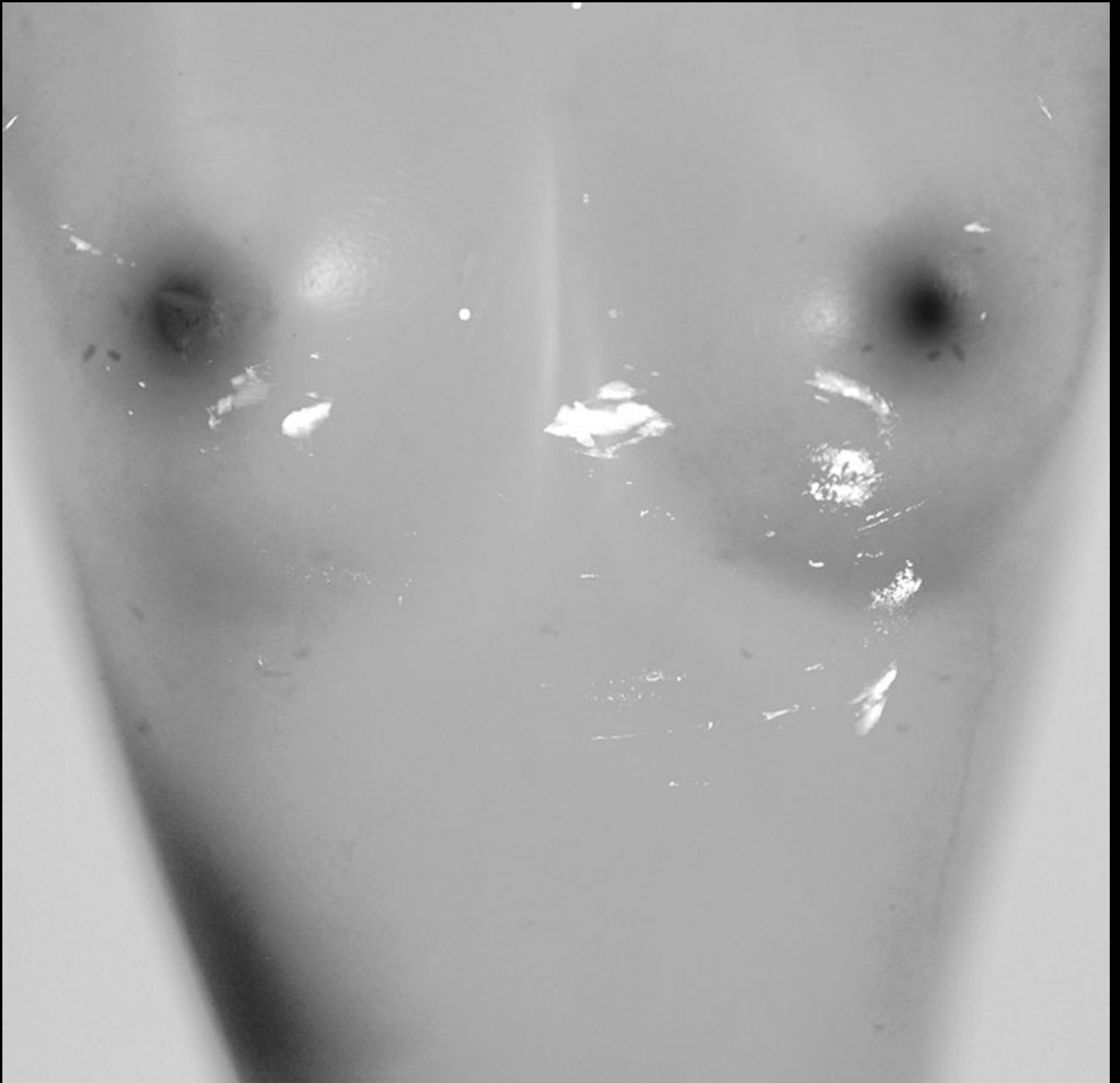


photo | **Sylvestre Anasse.**
First Time. Courtesy of the artist



photo | *Sylvestre Anasse. Miroir.*
1986. Courtesy of the artist

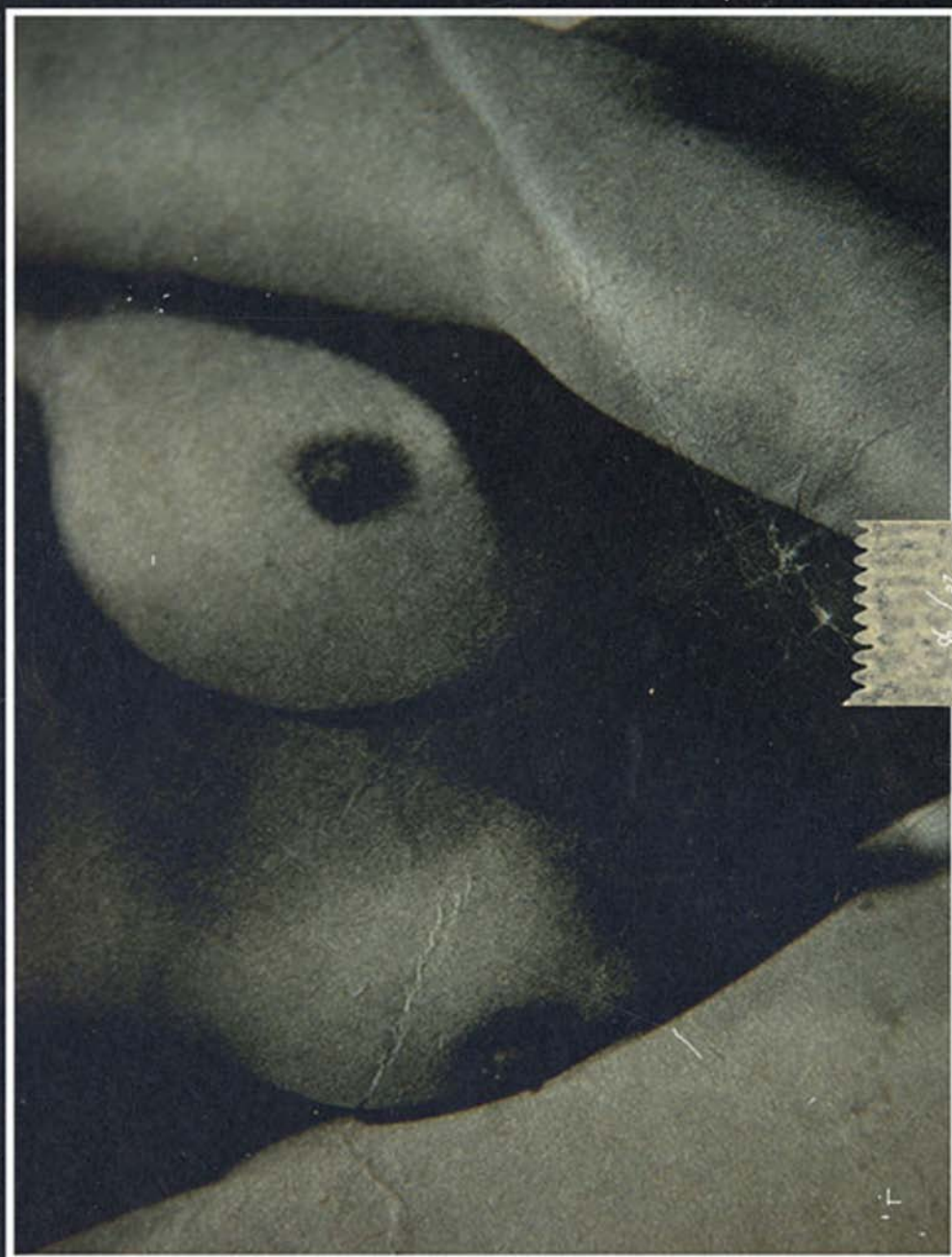


photo | **Sylvestre Anasse. Little Box.**
1986/2008. Courtesy of the artist



photo | *Sylvestre Anasse.*
Nonos Man. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Sylvestre Anasse.**
Diapason. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Sylvestre Anasse. Miroir.**
2008. *Courtesy of the artist*



photo | **Sylvestre Anasse.**
On lui dira. Courtesy of the artist

C

D

PHILOSOPHY

LOCKWORK

SHOWCASE

E OCCULTA

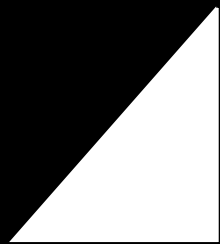
PHIA PART II

LITERATURE AND OCCULTISM IN THE VICTORIAN ERA

Editor's Note. The following is a two-part feature, spanning over the October 2011 and November 2011 Clockwork Showcases.

The passionate portrait of a living nature organically linked between all of its elements and the *anatomia essentialis* defended by *Paracelsus*, seduced our wretched *Mary Shelley's* child, in the same way of many other real scientists during the century. And we already shall know the mainstream idea which lies underneath: the restless quest of the *ens spirituale* within living matter, or more precisely, a sort of medicine science entirely based in van *Helmont's* concept of *archeus*

influus, the unifying principle latent in all organic form of life. In short, the triumph of *Prometheus'* search in the pursuit of the divine fire; the principle which rule the creation of life in base of dead matter, using in that difficult chore the procedures of the alchemists, as *Paracelsus* did in regards to the perturbing figure of the *homunculus*. Briefly, doctor *Frankenstein* tried »to read in the book of Nature with the eyes of the spirit«, following his master's maxim.



I V Á N
E L V I R A



photo | Ramiro Tapia. *Cúpula Negra II*. 1996. Courtesy of the artist

And naturally we have arrived in this flowing argumentation to the Alchemy. Obviously this is not the adequate place to undertake any rigorous approach to the historical background of this phenomenon, but it's an unavoidable task to make a halt and explain slightly its relation with very well-known writers of the period like Goethe (*Faust I* and *Faust II* 1808-1832), M. R. James (*Casting the runes*, 1911), Gustav Meyrink (*Der Golem*, 1915), E. G. Bulwer-Lytton (*Zanoni*, 1842), or even H. P. Lovecraft (with the short tale *The Alchemist*, 1908). Certainly, in many ways the Goethe's approach to the alchemy was merely a poetic attempt to introduce his passionate readings of Paracelsus, Basilius Valentinus, Georg von Welling and Anton Joseph Kirchweger in his writings; but probably we ought to focus our attention on his most renowned character *Faust*, in order to explain his philosophical obsessions and literary intentions. Undoubtedly, his unfortunate character yearns for a divine and hidden science; he got to meet all human knowledge and now is craving to go beyond. The scholastic measures seem short for our hero, but the magic and alchemical rituals fit perfectly for his very new purpose. Certainly the same hope and desire identified in regards to the ancient practitioners of magical mysticism or late antiquity's alchemists, both representative of the spirit of those wisemen who yearn for a new «science of occult virtues», useful to unveil the secrets of Nature, as Festugière noticed in his *Révélation* [v]. Unequivocally, the main difference stems from the mephistophelian nature of the pact between the evil forces and our unruly character, either *Faust* or *Melmoth*.

Regarding to the alchemical and magical topics dealt in this and other nineteenth and early twentieth opuses (the *panacea* and the elixir of eternal life, the *homunculus* and the golem,

»OR LET MY
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BE SEEN IN
SOME HIGH
LONELY
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WHERE
I MAY OFT
OUTWATCH
THE BEAR
WITH THRICE
GREAT
HERMES«

John Milton. Il Penseroso

the *rebis*, and finally the *lapis philosophorum*), is notorious for a historian their ignorance and their marvelous poetic license. Anyway, we should take account of the theosophical, pietist and spiritual influences of such alchemical conceptions, in the new theoretical sense given by celebrated opuses like the *Amphiteatrum sapientiae aeternae solius verae* (1595) of Heinrich Khunrath (1560-1605), or in the *Opus mago-cabbalisticum et theosophicum* (1735), by Welling (1655-1727), cited above as a great inspiration for Goethe's *Faust*. Overall, those new spiritual or theosophical alchemists gave more importance to the salvation in Christian terms, rather than any sort of greasy alchemical task, and this new «alchemy» suits perfectly with their literary purposes and religious anxiety, as well as for the intentions of French occultists like Gerard Encausse (*Papus*), Eliphas Lévi or Stanislas de Guaita, who widely comment the *Amphiteatrum*. It's beyond doubt that this murky and metaphysical concept of the occult sciences was a strong literary inspiration for many writers and artists during the analyzed period, and such insane lucubrations became an excellent argument at the time to recreate many unforgettable horrified and oppressive atmospheres.

And continuing with the relationship between the nineteenth literature and modern science, inevitable we have flowed into those wide-spread incipient pseudo-scientific currents like the Mesmerism and the Spiritualism, which had a tremendous influence in the literary panorama of the period. Anyhow, once again we should not forget that the problem of death, the spiritual world, the apparitions, specters and ghosts, have leaded a great part of the spilt ink and not necessarily regarding the occultist literature, despite of the disdain of many renowned occultists to-



photo | William Blake. 1794. Book of Urizen. Ancient of Days. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Rebis. Aurora Consurgens 15th century manuscript**

wards the Spiritualism movement. In any case, the ghost topic was widely treated by many writers and occultists during that period, occasionally as a mere diversion but sometimes as a meditative way of expressing a firm belief in a transcendent reality.

For instance, we discover in the sarcastic genius of *Guy de Maupassant*, a great interest in the animal magnetism and in the hidden and invisible creatures who prowling out of sight (*Le Horla*, 1887), as well as physiological conceptions defended by pseudo-

scientists like *Johann Kaspar Lavater* (1741-1801) and *Franz Joseph Gall* (1758-1828), the introducers of a suggestive way to describe the human nature through the face's features, extensively used by writers like *Charlotte Brontë* (*The Professor*, 1857), or *Balzac* again in his *Physiologie du mariage* (1829). It's also remarkable the influence of mysterious phenomena like the magnetism and the hypnotism again in the case of *Balzac* and his novel *Ursule Miroüet* (1841), or *Maurice Maeterlinck* and his *Le Grand Secret* (1927). And finally it was a physician, *James Braid* (1795-1860), who following the *Mesmer's* teachings introduced the concept of hypnosis in the equation, giving to *Poe* the chance of write one of the most frightening horror tales ever: *The facts in the case of M. Valdemar* (1845).

Yet it was by the hand of the occultist writer *Edward George Bulwer-Lytton* (1803-1873), when in our opinion the nineteenth occultism got its zenith. And probably his novel *Zanoni* is the most comprehensive masterpiece conceived by the occultists during that period, and there are many reasons to support this assert. Firstly because of the close relationship of his author with other renowned occultists, his membership in the *Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia* (SRIA), and the evident encyclopedic knowledge demonstrated in this and other occult tales like *The Haunted and the Haunters* (1857), *A Strange Story* (1862) or *Vril, the Power of the Coming Race* (1871). The author of those passionate tales reveals a thorough interest in the so called hermetic sciences, beside the influence of an animal magnetism assimilated to the ancient astromagical *energeia*. Particularly in *Zanoni* [u], we assist in the fourth book, signified called *The Dweller of the Threshold*, to an initiation path in the extraordinary secrets of the *Rosicrucians*, the oldest and most powerful hermetic order:



photo | William Blake. 1794. *Book of Urizen*. Courtesy of the artist

»that there were no mystic and solemn unions of men seeking the same end through the same means before the Arabians of Damus, in 1378, taught to a wandering German the secrets which founded the Institution of the Rosicrucians? I allow, however, that the Rosicrucians formed a sect descended from the greater and earlier school. They were wiser than the Alchemists,—their masters are wiser than they« (Book IV, chapter II).

Zanoni and *Mejnour*, both extraordinary characters adorned with the aureole of the occult sanctity, defenders of the eternal secrets of Nature; the first one entirely devoted to the beauty and brightness of the »sublunar world«, and the second to the melancholy of the heavens above. Undoubtedly, *Zanoni* is one of the best exponents of the occult conception within the esoteric currents of thought. And for our purposes, it's important to remark -and relatively unknown- the fact that apparently *Lévi* traveled to England in order to perform a theurgic ritual through the mediation of *Lord Lytton*, a ritual in which *Apollonius of Tyana* - the ancient wise registered by the Greek historian *Philostratus* -, appeared and revealed some cabbalistic truths to our French occultist, or at least that's what he affirmed in his *Dogma et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, and *Butler* reflected such amusing and novelistic episode in his famous *Ritual Magic* under the title: *Apollonius of Tyana in London*.

As a conclusion, we would like to call your attention on the fact that many of the protagonists of those literary works, either heroes or antiheroes, and counterpart or not of their gloomy creators, have showed a wild tendency to go beyond human possibilities, directly through the inner places of matter, spirit and *au-delà* worlds. In short, this inclination for the irrational and obscure side of human

and divine essences that we effortlessly find in those occult writers, is the scion of a contradictory epoch full of splendid *décadence* and rage. A bastard child inclined to kill his holy fathers and the deformed and malevolent image reflected in the mirror of *Léon Spilliaert* and *Dr. Jekyll's* failed experiment. An insane introspective eager to dismantle the very hidden nature of things, and a disorganized attack against the orthodoxy. It was the *Nietzsche* and *Schiele's* defense of the all-mighty matter against the frayed consciousness, and the piteous journey of the doomed across the forgotten rivers of the *Hades*.

Further reading:

[v] FESTUGIÈRE, A.-J., *La révélation d'Hermès Trismégiste*, Paris: Les Belles Lettres. Vol. I. L'astrologie et les sciences occultes, Paris : Les Belles Lettres, 1986, p. 41.

[u] Azogue Journal

Resources at www.revistaazogue.com





photo | William Blake. 1794. Book of Urizen. Courtesy of the artist

DE
FIRE + IC

ABUSE
SHOWCASE"
ATH IN JUNE
E. VURGART

WHO:

DEATH IN JUNE
FIRE + ICE
VURGART

WHERE:

WIEN, AUSTRIA

WHEN:

27TH OF OCTOBER 2011

LINE-UP:

DOUGLAS P.
JOHN MURPHY
IAN READ
MATTHIAS KRAUSE



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By Diana Daia. Courtesy of the artist.





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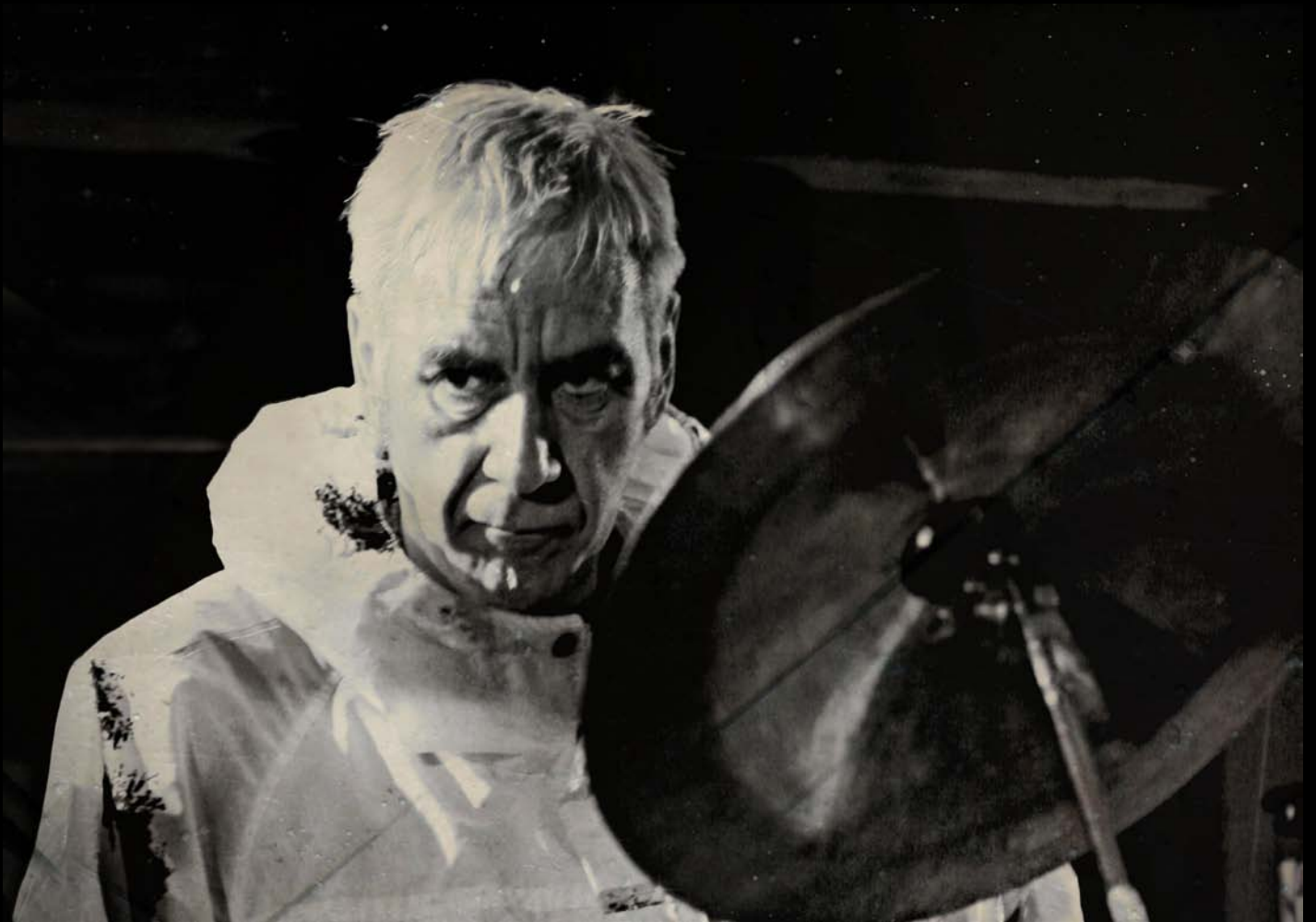


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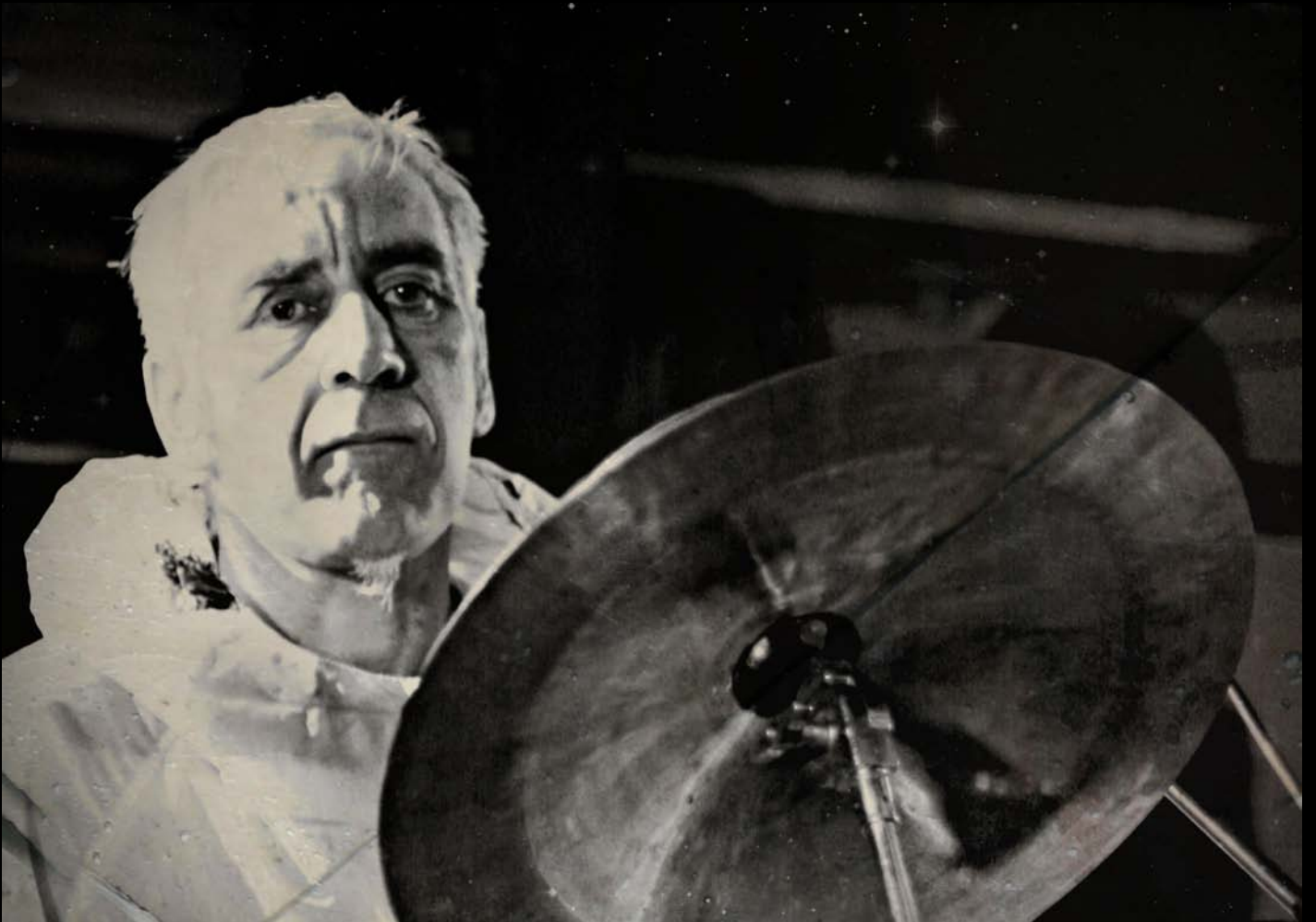


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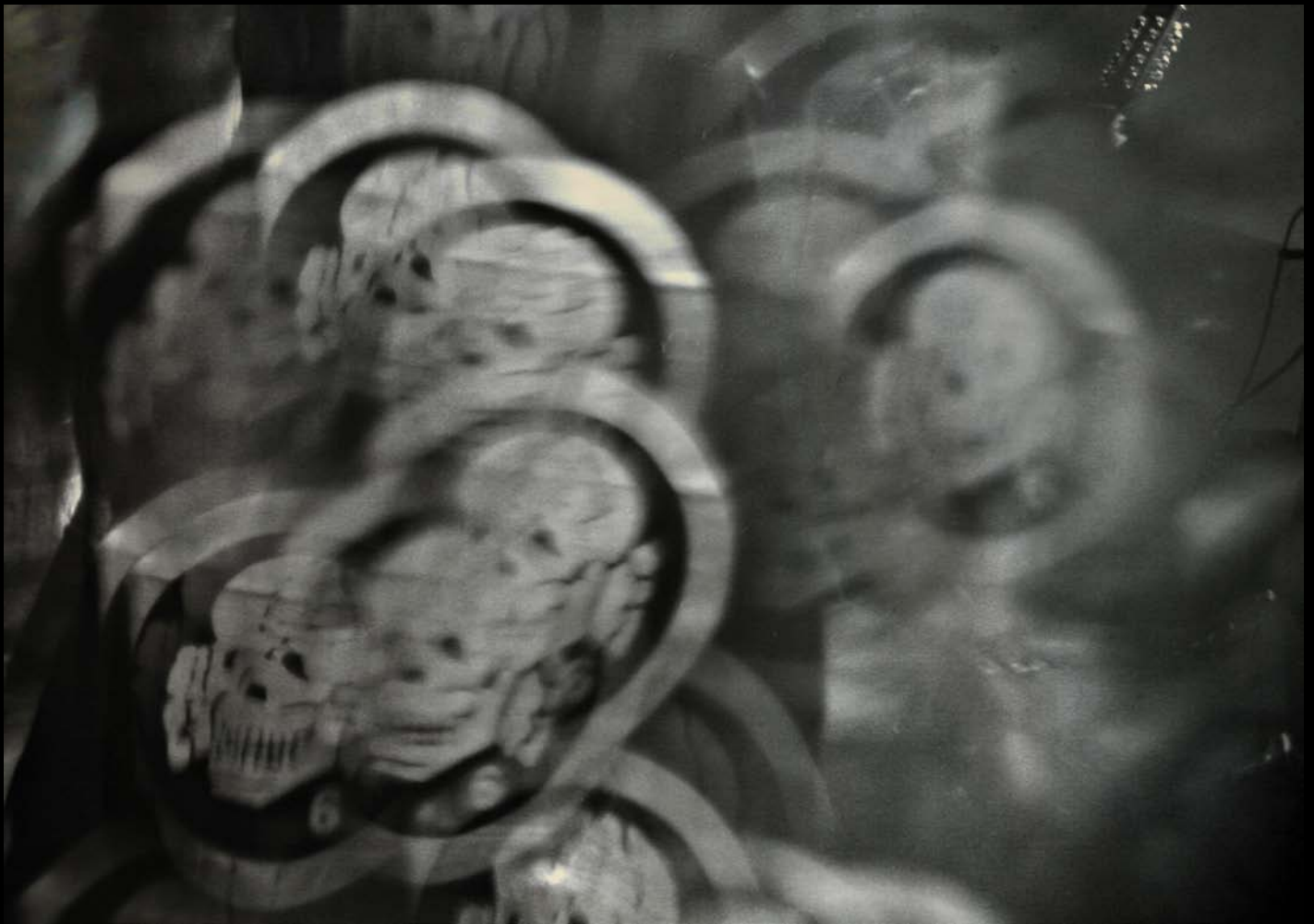


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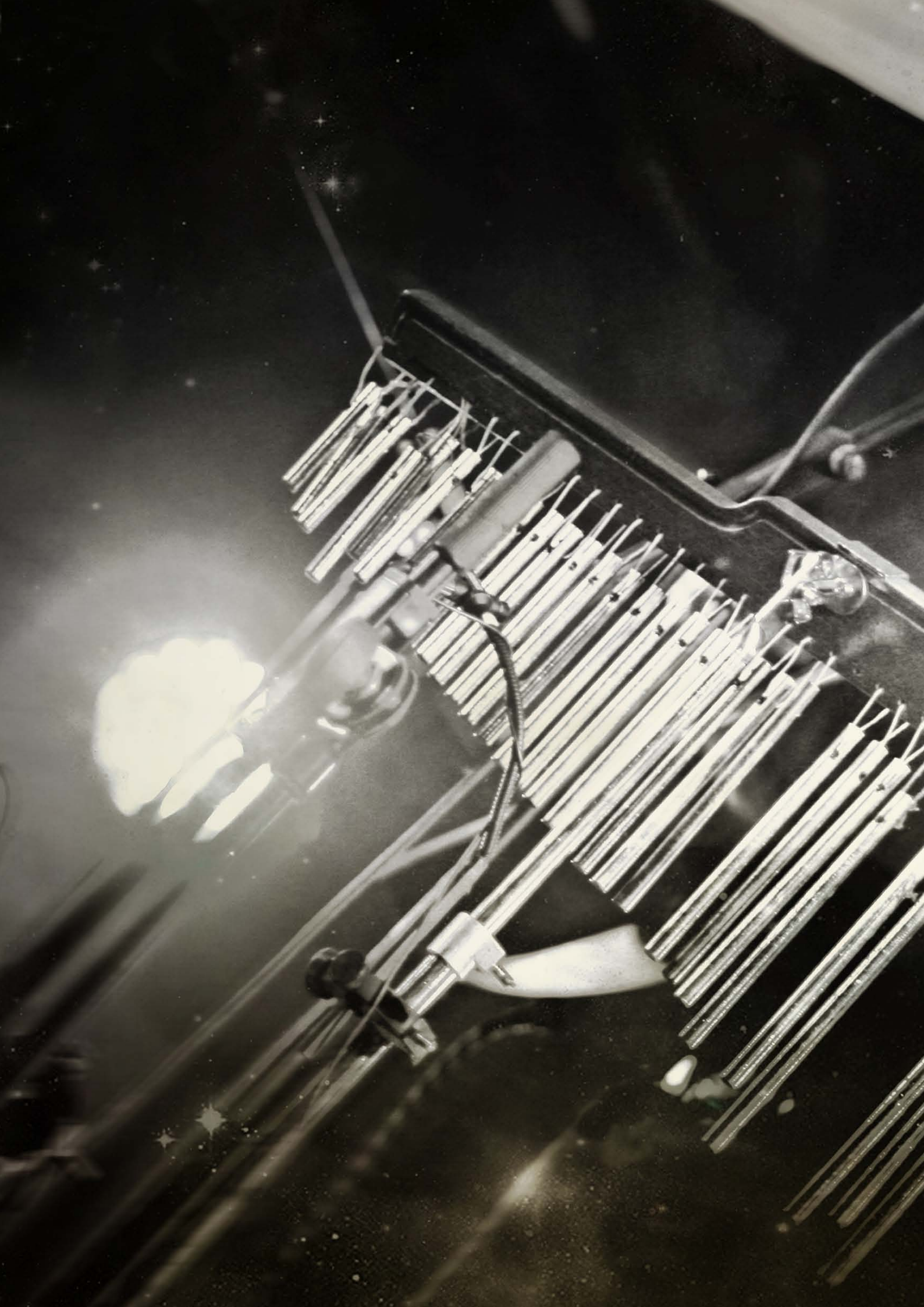




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photo | *Vurgart. Live in Wien, Austria.*
By *Diana Daia.* Courtesy of the artist.



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T

HANGING

CAGES

EPISODE

WENTY SIX

MOCKING THE VOID I CARRY DEEP INSIDE

There's a light outside my window; it tells me stories in the darkened breeze. Stories of leaves going far away, entwined with soft words of comfort. It has been a while since we looked at each other under the watchful eyes of our patrons, the sighs of the storm. It has been a while since we exchanged true smiles and sincere greetings and searched together some sort of answers, if there are any to be found.

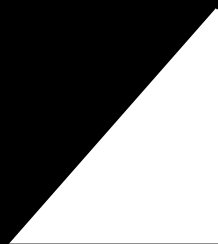
I would often ask and be asked why the stars are so quiet, or why don't I speak in their tongue anymore. Why do they just look at me cold, monstrous and transfixed, mocking the void I carry deep inside. The tears of the lonely shiver down my spine and clench my throat, plunging me into a tiresome state of mind.

I will leave the light to concern itself with them, because I know it will be

there for a long time, patiently waiting with open arms, ready to embrace whomever seeks peace of mind and guidance. And I have learned as well to accept its judgment, although reluctantly, yet I fear others may not indulge in feeling the warmth of its waves.

And yet, no rhymes of victory are to be sung or heard, no end can be felt, no fracture of this tiny box can be seen, only solid walls of darkness still call for me to portray on them the meanders of my character's layers, in blood, in still waters, in unspoken fire, or whatever element required by the shadows still holding me in their frozen grasp.

There's a light outside my window; it reminds me I have been absent for too long.



BAHAK B



photo | **Bahak B.** *Courtesy of the artist*

S
P

NOX
HOWCASE II
ETER MAL'A

NAME:

PETER MAĽA

LOCATION:

BANSKÁ BYSTRICA, SLOVAKIA

OCCUPATION:

THERAPIST

WEBSITE:

[FLICKR.COM/PHOTOS/8238881@NO5](https://www.flickr.com/photos/8238881@NO5)



photo | **Peter Mal'a.**
That Night. Courtesy of the artist



photo | **Peter Mal'a. BH05.**
Detail. Courtesy of the artist

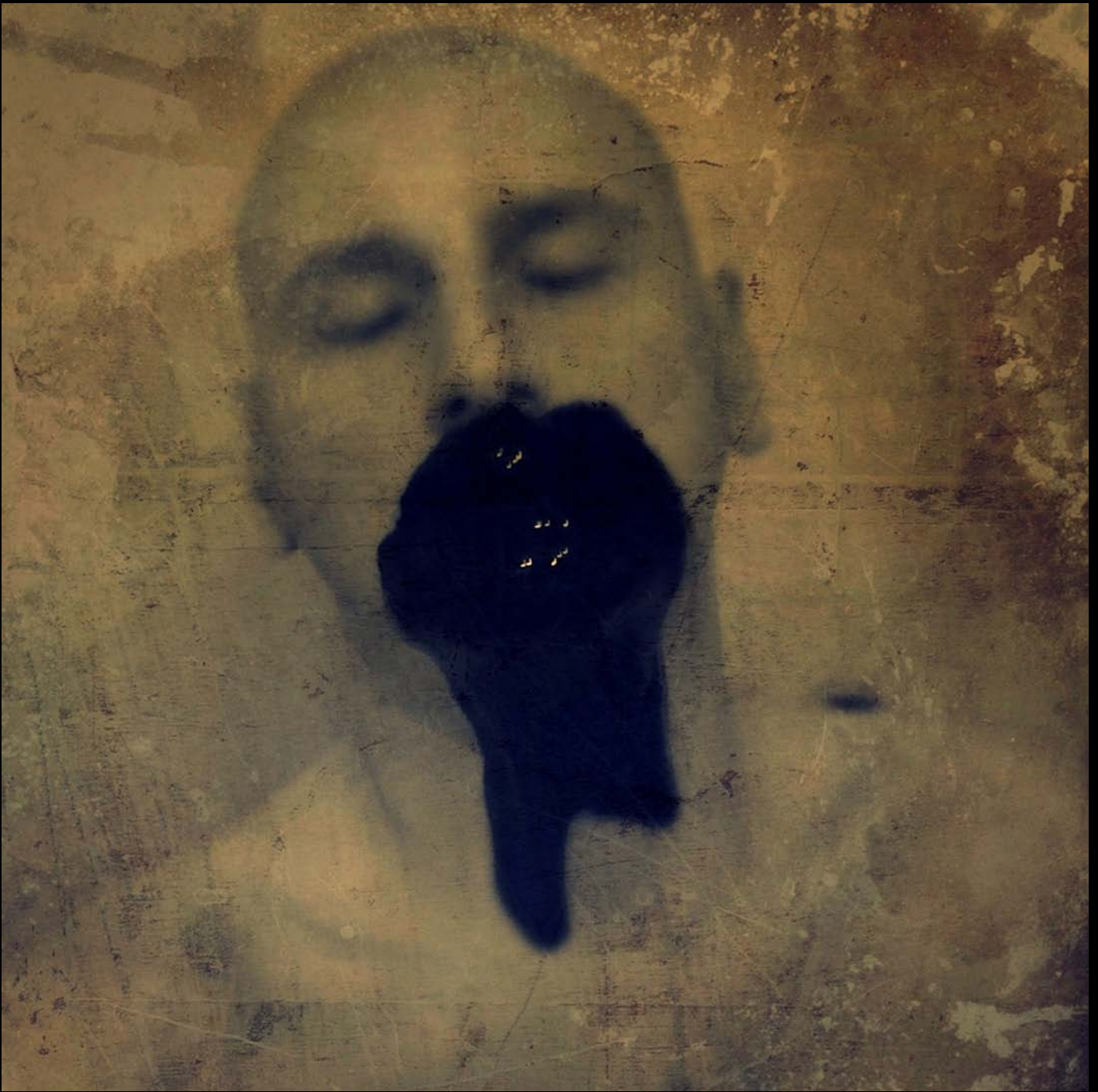


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Untitled. Courtesy of the artist



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Red Goldmine. *Courtesy of the artist*



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Unfaithful. Courtesy of the artist



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Bloodrhood. Courtesy of the artist



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!!!. Courtesy of the artist

EYE TEASER

SETH SIRO ANTON

GREECE



N-SPHERE MAGAZINE | ISSN 2068 - 620X

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