

# **BRUCE** **histories**

**Vol 2**



# Preface

This is a glimpse of the stories our members are compiling and publishing since 2015 for our collective!

Full stories at **BULBphotos.eu**

In this second volume the following photographers are appearing:

**Raluca Furtuna, Dana Borcea, Niki Gleoudi, Yota Tsokou, Szilvia Illes, Stela Patrulescu, Glna Maragkoudaki, Andreas Neophytou, Pavel Vesnakov, Alphan Yilmazmaden, Panagiotis Kalkavouras, Thanasis Karatzas, Liubomir Skumov, Kostas Kroustallis, Catalin Strugaru, Dimitris Mytas, Husein Djulovic, Mihai Ciama, Svilen Nachev, Ploutarcos Haloftis, Bogdan Comisel, Alexandros Tsiolis, Geore Dobre, Alexander Stanishev, Nikos Fysilanis, Corneliu Sarion, Raul Timis, Ioannis Stamatogiannis, Marius Petrescu.**

***Michail, January 2020***





# In Utero



# by Andreas Neophytou



'in Utero' is:

- a Latin term literally meaning 'in the womb'. In biology, the phrase describes the state of an embryo or fetus. In legal contexts, the phrase is used to refer to unborn children

- the effort to imprint the status in which the born living being, partially pauses its biological activities for milliseconds, unconsciously or otherwise. While there, the 'return in the womb' is unavoidable.

- part of a wider on-going project.







# Disregarded





by Pavel G. Vesnakov



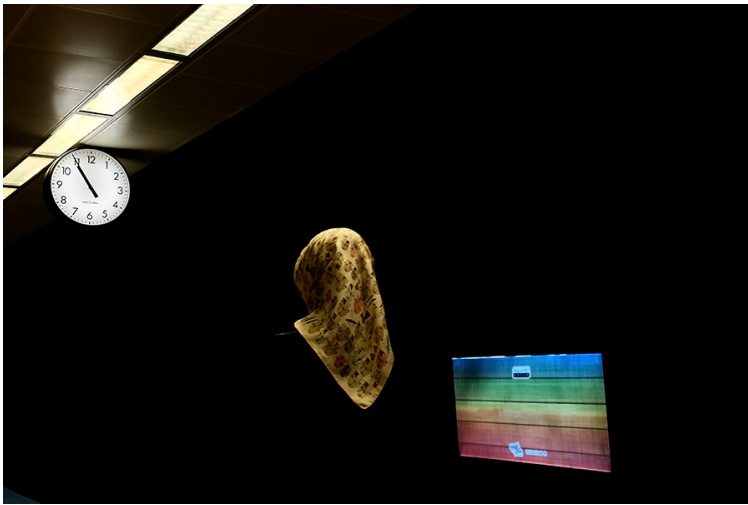
... in fact this ground  
is steeped in history  
they find corpses  
every time they dig.

***W.G. Sebald***

# Resistance



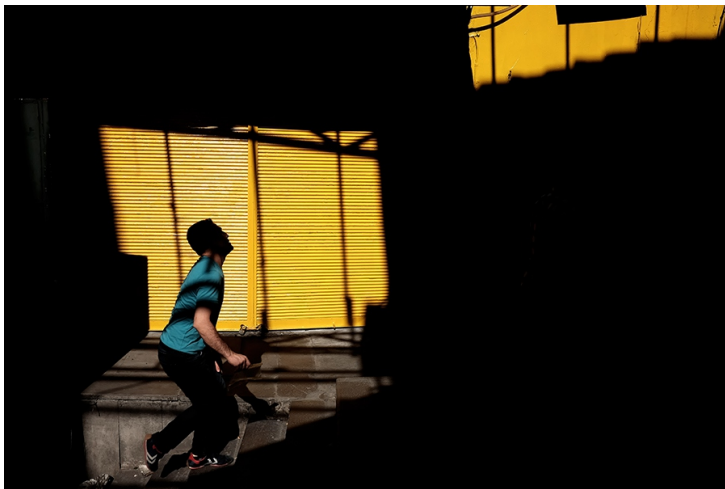
# by Alphan Yilmazmaden



Some years ago (by premonition maybe) we were writing about Alphan's Istanbul that it was the same of Guler's, both capturing the city's "huzun".

Then the events, whatever we call them ("coup, coup attempt, failed coup attempt, or theater, the Truman show or merely a passing bad dream" as James Tressler, a writer and teacher is saying) have changed a lot down the road.

Suddenly optimism faded to a familiar melancholy (huzun). And the people tried to show some resistance while swallowed by the city darkness.









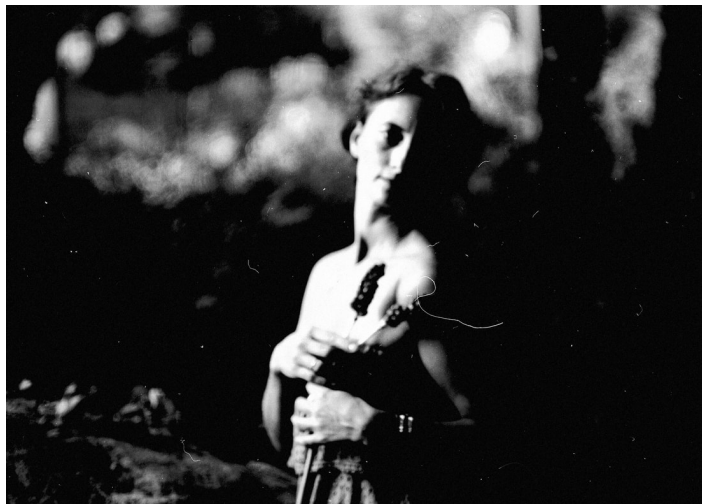
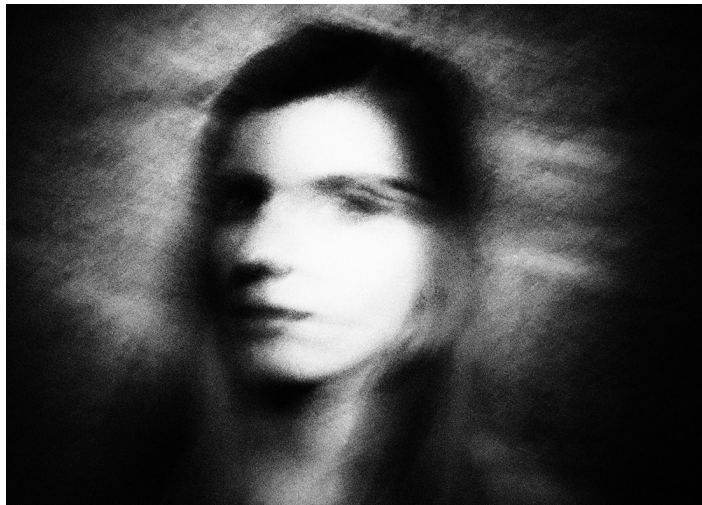


# The distance





by Yota Tsokou



***I don't need you – please stay.***

I keep at arm's length, as though I were a ghost stuck between two worlds. I linger in this moment and time is frozen. I have overanalyzed reality – cut it into little pieces – and now everything lies shattered; deformed.

The Distance story deals with that very state; how one's experience of the human condition leaves its mark. It is a story which explores both closeness and togetherness, leaving plenty of room for definitions..



# Queer Superhero





Smoke, lights, music. I hit the stage and next thing I can remember is the applause. I take a bow and quickly head backstage and change to my second outfit. Same thing happens with my second number. All I can remember is suddenly watching 350 people on their feet applauding and shouting my name. It took all the strength in my tiny body not to break down on stage. Eventually I do break down a few hours later. Imposter syndrome.



Tomorrow morning I have another shift at the call center. Tomorrow night another show.

I'm Marianah Grindr, a drag artist and a modern day Queer Superhero..



by Panagiotis Kalkavouras



# Bătrânul



by Szilvia Illes



I have a weakness for the elderly in general! When I get into talking with them I really like to listen to their stories of life .... it touches me enormously and whenever they open their homes for me, I start imagining the so many years spent in that house where every object somehow participates in forging the identity of the inhabitants and it is closely linked to the nature of that human being!



# The secret of a secret



All we know about her is that she can be (or inspire) multiple sights (vision objects).

Stela is collecting those appearances which go beyond a simple female portrait. The space, the light and the colours of the frames go hand by hand with the many different aspects of the protagonist, keeping hermetically sealed her secret.

If we would expect normally a series of photographs to enlighten us on a specific record of a reality, this present series does exactly the opposite ... the more we look the less we know.





by Stela Patrulescu



# The passengers









# by Gina Maragkoudaki



What is so appealing about people travelling, commuting or even waiting for a trip that never comes?

Are they really human like us? Or are they mythological creatures, Laistrygonians, Cyclops,?

In the photographer's eye the passengers are not simply changing places, they are trespassing the limits of their lives. And there, under bridges, in the sea, behind windows they are alone, they are left alone, they are what always wanted to be. Outsiders, strangers, aliens, but favorites, loved and popular at the same time.



Truth is, our alien life in an alien world can be much more fulfilling and mutely passionate than the daily conundrum trying to figure out "what these Ithakas mean."

"Laistrygonians, Cyclops, wild Poseidon—you won't encounter them unless you bring them along inside your soul, unless your soul sets them up in front of you." Ithaka by C. P. Cavafy, 1863-1933



# Eyes wide open



Night shots, gigs, gals and lads staring at a stage, staging and performing on their own stage. Faces looking amused, lost, high and then low again.

I have never been able to make contact. Fortunately, some others can and excel in it! I was better in watching and observing ... and taking the last bus back home!

Thanasis is recording and demystifying this world for me (us), a world with no geolocation, with all the wrong 24 hours, with the right vibes, without colours, mute ...

... aphonic, like the screams in our dreams!



by Thanasis Karatzas



Au vrut să fie pietre



# by Raluca Furtuna



The field that stretched beyond the basalt stone houses attracted the strangers from the first glance and, on their way to the tidy rows of corn, the strangers managed to lure the kids. Behind them, like a bride's train, followed the dogs. They all moved along the tall, yellow-tipped corn, with eyes dim from the dusklight and ears tuned to high pitched sounds.



For a while, the strangers set the pace and asked the questions. First, they uncovered the secrets of the village, then the secrets of the kids. They played in the green grass, caught imaginary flying balls, laughed at the kids' tricks and led them onward by the hand.





At the last crossroad before the cliff, the kids broke free from the strangers' grip and forced the pace. They walked faster, and they talked faster. The bits of stories they chanted between giggles and cries spoke of a parentless world, of an endless road and a sunset as long as a lifetime. All around them, the dogs drew wide circles in their mad chase. The strangers exchanged quick smiles and, every now and then, checked their wristwatches.



The maze of children's voices and dogs' barks slowly covered their races, leaving behind a clear path. On top of the hill, between two pine trees and without notice, the strangers turned into two heavy basalt stones. The kids began to carefully roll them back to the valley. Down in the village, the parents and the police were checking every alleyway in alarm!

# South Beach, Miami



by Niki Gleoudi





I began this photo essay of people in South Beach, Miami.

I see all kinds of people, locals and tourists, each carrying their own strengths and weaknesses, their own burdens.

As individuals and as a whole they either tell their own story or compose a visual choreography in my eyes.



# Distant World









# by Liubomir Skumov

The world you can see, but you can't reach or touch. The world through the glass, behind the fence or just a reflection of reality.



See me, touch me





by Kostas Kroustallis



I see you every day from my window. You don't talk to me anymore, neither can I recall if you ever did. They say I don't see the colors, but on tv, I learned that I can see perfectly the blue tones. As if it matters.

I look from the window but even today I won't see you. I remember you little girl and I think that only anger remains with my memories. What is your new face like I wonder? You were always growing but lately even more.



# Morocco in extenso



by Catalin Strugaru













# Alice in the cities



by Dimitris Mytas



This portfolio pays tribute to the homonymous film of the “old master” Wim Wenders. It is mainly inspired by a still frame of the film subtitled “That’s a lovely picture. It’s so empty.”

My photographic approach attempts to appropriate the vision that pervades in the unadulterated look of the small child, as she wanders the contemporary cities of Europe and is confronted with the unfamiliar urban landscape.



Though I am fully aware that my roaming is affected by my being a reflective adult, the original idea proves to be a catalyst and defines the development of the whole project: constructed thought is infused in the automatic depiction of scenes from everyday life.

I am thus in quest of the fundamental core of the facts by removing the veil of familiarity imposed by the idleness of adult vision.



The black and white photographic result places emphasis on the masses of total black, the brilliance of pure white and gives prominence to the grey variations of human presence, wherever it is apparent or even underlying in the surrounding space..





# Poland - Lonesome Traveller



# by Husein Djulovic



After spending half a year with a camera around my neck I wandered around streets of Poland, visiting big towns and small cities. Watching the shore line and country sides. My ritual fulfillment urged me to take pictures of scenes, portraits and landscapes around this vast country.



And as I have photographed I saw those scenes and people in my photographs bleak and lost in thoughts. Lonesome. Thinking . Forgetting the present. And these pictures present just that. It is a series of everyday life peculiarities and unusual moments. Candid pictures about a particular society living their most ordinary lives.











# Albania













I tried as much as possible to blend in with the Albanians. For most of the time I avoided the popular touristic attractions, choosing instead to walk the narrower streets and the smaller neighbourhoods, where I met the curious eyes of the locals.

Because of the language barrier we could barely understand each other, but this made things easier for me, as my most common mode of conversation was resorting to a smile, even when they invited me into their homes.



There are no staged photos whatsoever. These pictures do not show an objective image of Albania, but rather they are a subjective collection of moments, of fractured stories of everyday life, a record of purely unplanned intersections. Being in Albania gave me a strange, déjà-vu feeling. With all the marks of the former communist regime surrounding me, I was often reminded of the post-revolution Romania in the nineties.

They say you can't get lost as long as you don't care where you are. Photographing in Albania was for me a spontaneous, continuous joy, a wonderful game played with light and shadows, with colour, with form, in a visual journey above anything else.





# Ordinary life





# by Svilen Nachev

"...the one who seeks,  
finds..." Mt 7:8

My hometown is my  
biggest challenge!

Exploring the streets for  
something hidden in the  
everyday life! The small  
bulgarian town of Svishtov  
located on Danube river in  
black and white.













# A day at the races



# by Ploutarcos Haloftis

A day at the races consists of photos taken in Faliron's hippodrome, during the mid nineties.









# To Nowhere



We are born and give birth in  
our turn.

Mostly frustrated we walk  
around, more or less useful.

We also build and demolish.

We kill and we die in the end.





by Marius Petrescu





# Ariadne





by Bogdan Comisel

"this maze inside my mind ... it's so damn dark, I think I'm going blind"





# Like the Alchemist





by Alexandros Tsiolis

My journey is not finished yet. I am still catching my personal myths.









# Balkan Bucolic



# by George Dobre



The Balkanic pastoral imagery pushes you to serene contemplation but in the same time it gives you an unsettling feeling of out-of-time strangeness .

What you see here is part of an undergoing photographic project, which aims to give a taste of this surreal feel of the rural space in the Balkans .



For the moment the areas that I have explored are remote areas in Romania - mostly along the Danube river. The photos that you see are from : Zimnicea, Oltenita, Insula Mare a Brailei and Dobrogea.







# My father Valeri





by Alexander Stanishev

This is my dad Valeri ,,, He loves home-brew brandy and smokes a lot. He says that he is photogenic. I agree.









# Vermilion





A few hours in the city are enough to sense the presence of a strange feeling. Time freezes and you are suddenly aligned between the inner and outer worlds of people.

On one hand, human courtesy, warm pure look, humbleness. On the other hand, struggle of everyday life, heavy atmosphere, discipline.

Between them, a fine red line; sometimes evident, sometimes hidden.

\* Vermilion: Chinese Red



by Nikos Fysilanis



# A trip to Dobrogea

The initial plan was to gather our pictures, us the BULB photographers, for paying tribute to the 30 years of the fall of the Wall. Then this Wall-frenzy just washed away from the big picture. To the question why this happened, the answer has come up too easily, unforced, naturally. There is nothing left, those memories are dead, unable to be recalled or rewritten. There is nothing left than pieces of cold concrete, no matter how much we try to complete the missing parts and bring together the scars of suffering and the feelings of guilt. We have decided instead to join hands with those who still live behind walls, invisible ones. Dobrogea, the Turkish villages ... Tatar populations are inhabiting valleys and hills in perfect fusion with the land.

Earth and dust colour their days, mist and grass blur their glances. In perfect fusion, in perfect harmony, as long as they keep hopes, dreams and expectations inside the walls. It's a mystery to me how these images are coming out from nothing and they capture the photographers (it's not the other way round). Time is not a commodity around here, daydreaming is compulsory, while back in the Metropolis half the dreamers have become corporate workers and the other half is hiding underground to avoid hedonism charges. Faces are appearing and smiling for free around here, while back in the Metropolis equality has become exchange currency, and emancipation, a financial product.

Next time that you will be travelling to the Black Sea, leave the highway, follow the damaged roads and you may be touched by Gods!

***Dobrogea December 2019, the BULB photographers:***

Marius Petrescu, Bogdan Comisel, Dana Borcea, Corneliu Sarion, Raul Timis, Catalin Strugaru, Ioannis Stamatogiannis















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