

rule **histories**

Vol 4

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 fourth volume the following photographers are appearing:

lászló-Tibor Olah. Mihai Ciama. Radu Mihai Iani. George Tsilis. Ploutarcos Haloftis. Andreas Neophytou. Gina Maragoudaki. Louloudia Gredi.

Michail, February 2020

by László-Tibor Olah

Delivering happiness

This series is trying to overturn discreetly and emotionally the percept what we have about the funny universe of the nomad circuses. This is the absurd place where the Lion King lives in one messy rusty cage, the strongest man of the world sleeps in the smallest bed of one oldtimer motorhome, the queen of the show hang clothes between the cords of the circus tent.

"The clown laughs - the world laughs, the clown cries - the world laughs, The clown dies - the world laughs " says a cliché, breaking into a few words the whole life of these characters from this colorful crazy community."





















by Mihai Ciama

Fez, Morocco

“It is the mood of the beholder which gives the city of Zemrude its form. If you go by whistling, your nose atilt behind the whistle, you will know it from below: window sills, flapping curtains, fountains. If you walk along hanging your head, your nails dug into the palms of your hands, your gaze will be held on the ground, in the gutters, the manhole covers, the fish scales, wastepaper. You cannot say that one aspect of the city is truer than the other ...” - Cities & Eyes 2, Invisible cities, Italo Calvino

Photos selected by Nikos Economopoulos



























by Radu Mihai Iani

How I see the world

10 years and tens of thousands of kilometers later, always along with my camera, here are some pictures of how I see the world. I am a self taught photographer, I hate clichés, so I never wanted to be someone else, to follow paths. Those who know me and happened to be near me when I see a "capture" coming to me they are telling me that I become someone else, I become a hunter who just saw its prey. I am Radu Mihai Iani and I invite you to take a look into my world.

A word from the curator:

Bird's eye images were and are always a pleasure for the viewer. Andre Kertesz did them (Rainy day, Tokyo, 1968), Robert Doisneau did them (Saint Germain des Prés - Carrefour Saint Germain, Paris 1945), Cartier-Bresson did them (cyclist, HYÈRES, FRANCE, 1932), all masters tried, not all succeeded. Radu Mihai Iani's drone shots are going a step further and combine the photographic talent (intuitive composition and selection), with technology.

As a proof for the above, some of his "down-to-earth" images are also presented here so that the purists can find the elements that make a great image to stay with us long after viewing it.





































by George Trilis

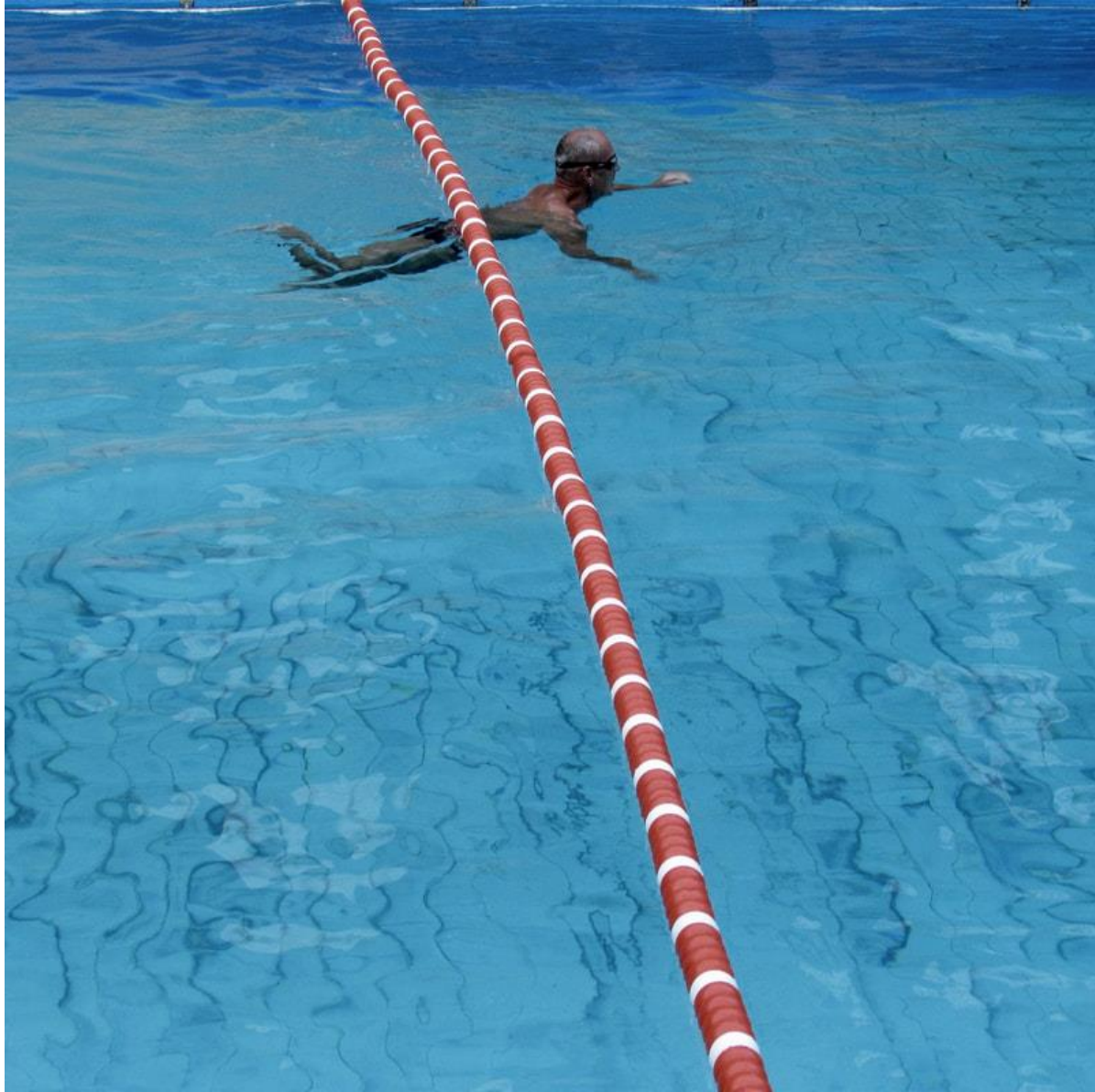
In the water

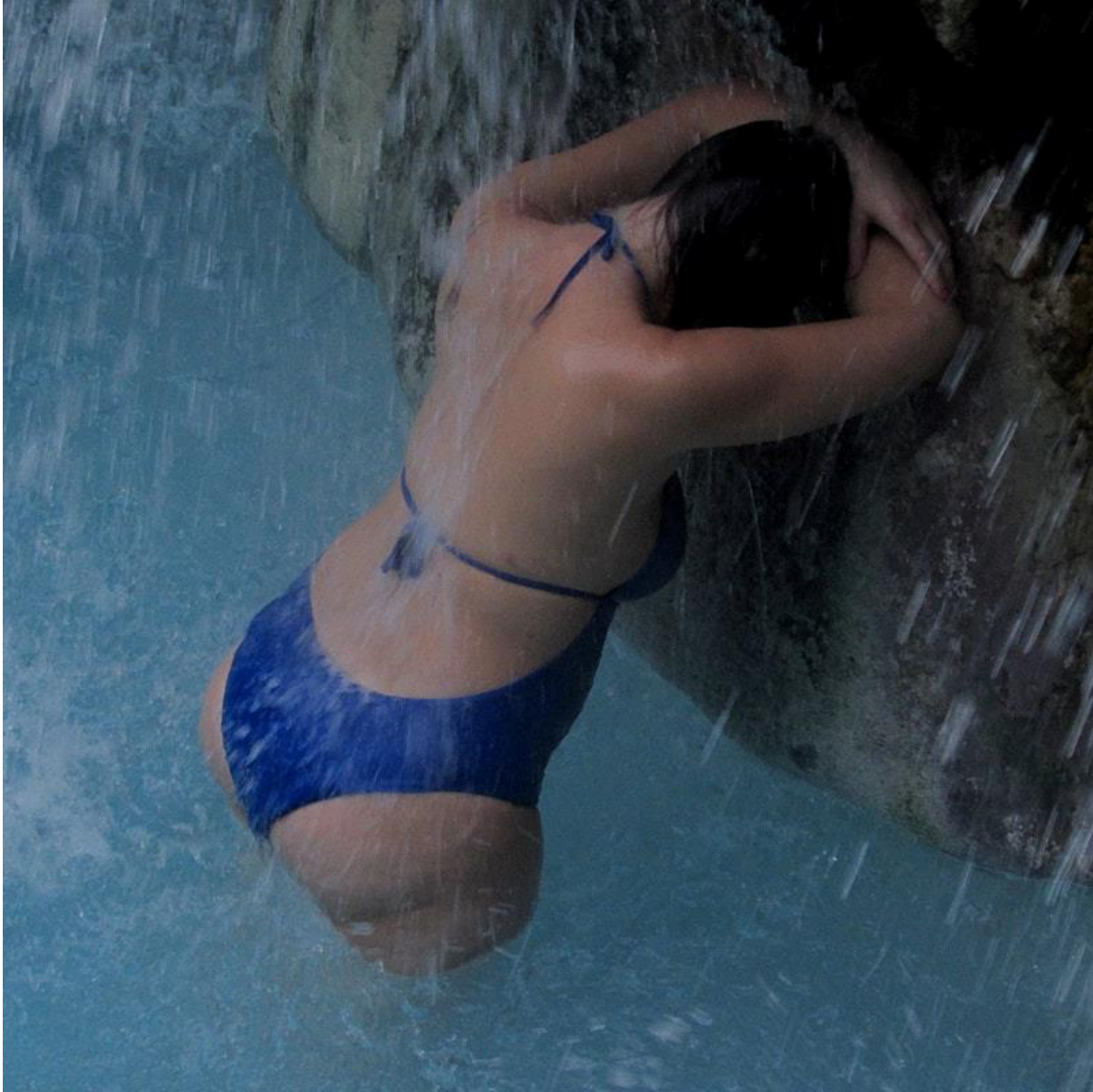
Water has a dreamlike force beyond the objective experiences it offers to us.

Our experiences, our dreams and our imagination are the ones that explain the way in which the initiation of the water experience develops.

I tried with a brief (photographic) description to capture how water is involved in human life.



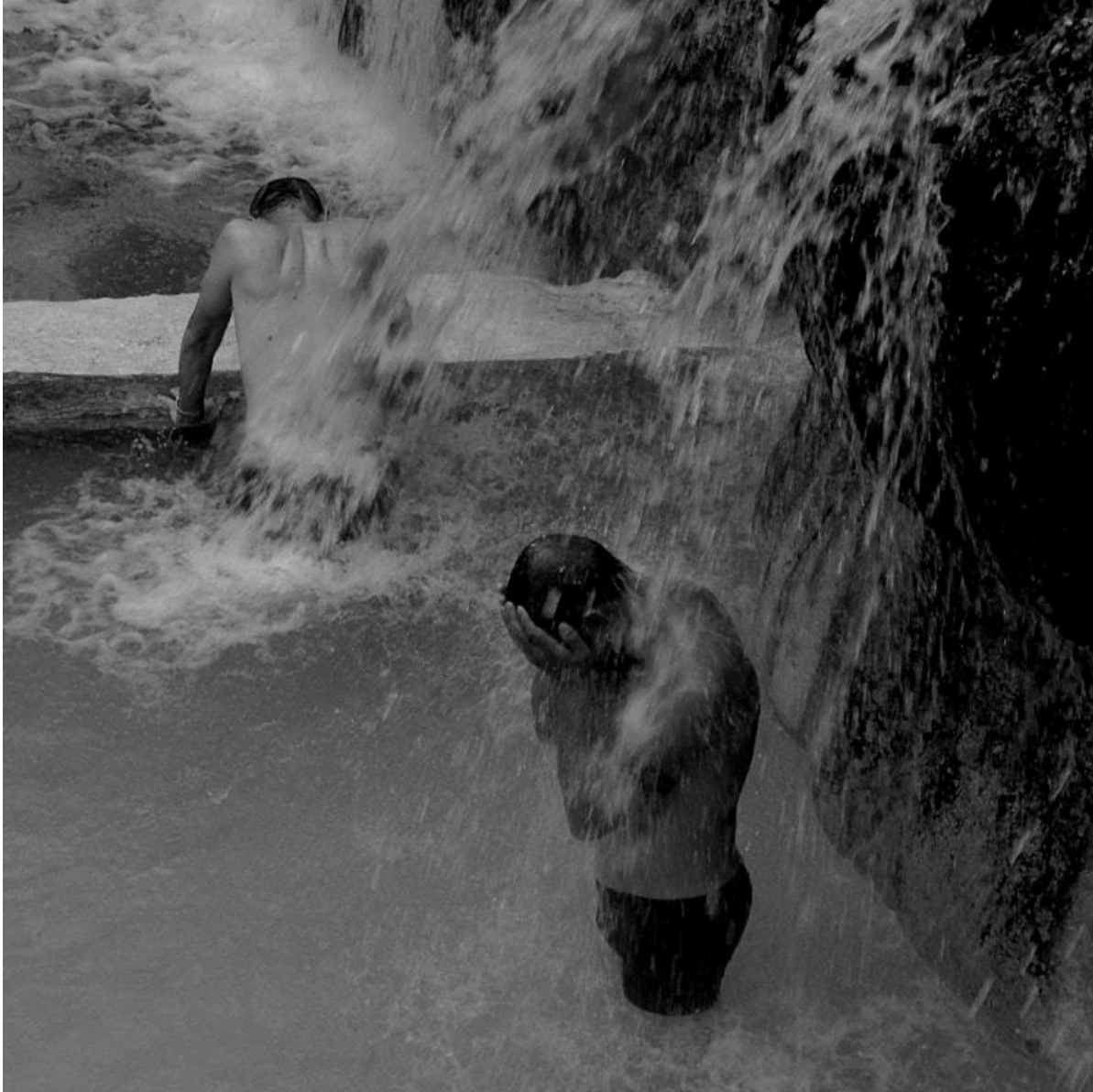














by Ploutarcos Haloftis

Station to station

Every day in Athens, Greece, thousands of people use the metropolitan railway in order to go somewhere. I am fascinated by the way the combination of darkness and light in the metro stations gives a theatrical stage impression, transforming for some moments the commuters to actors.

















by Andreas Neophytou

The Greek dystopia II

"Faces came out of the confusion to him as he stood there, eyes met his and passed and vanished. Men gesticulated to him, shouted inaudible personal things. Most of the faces were flushed, but many were ghastly white. And disease was there, and many a hand that waved to him was gaunt and lean. Men and women of the new age! Strange and incredible meeting! As the broad stream passed before him to the right, tributary gangways from the remote uplands of the hall thrust downward in an incessant replacement of people; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The unison of the song was enriched and complicated by the massive echoes of arches and passages. Men and women mingled in the ranks; tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The whole world seemed marching. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp; his brain was tramping. The garments waved onward, the faces poured by more abundantly."

From the (1910) dystopian science fiction novel "When the sleeper wakes" by H. G. Wells - Chapter IX.-The people march. Quoted by Andreas Neophytou



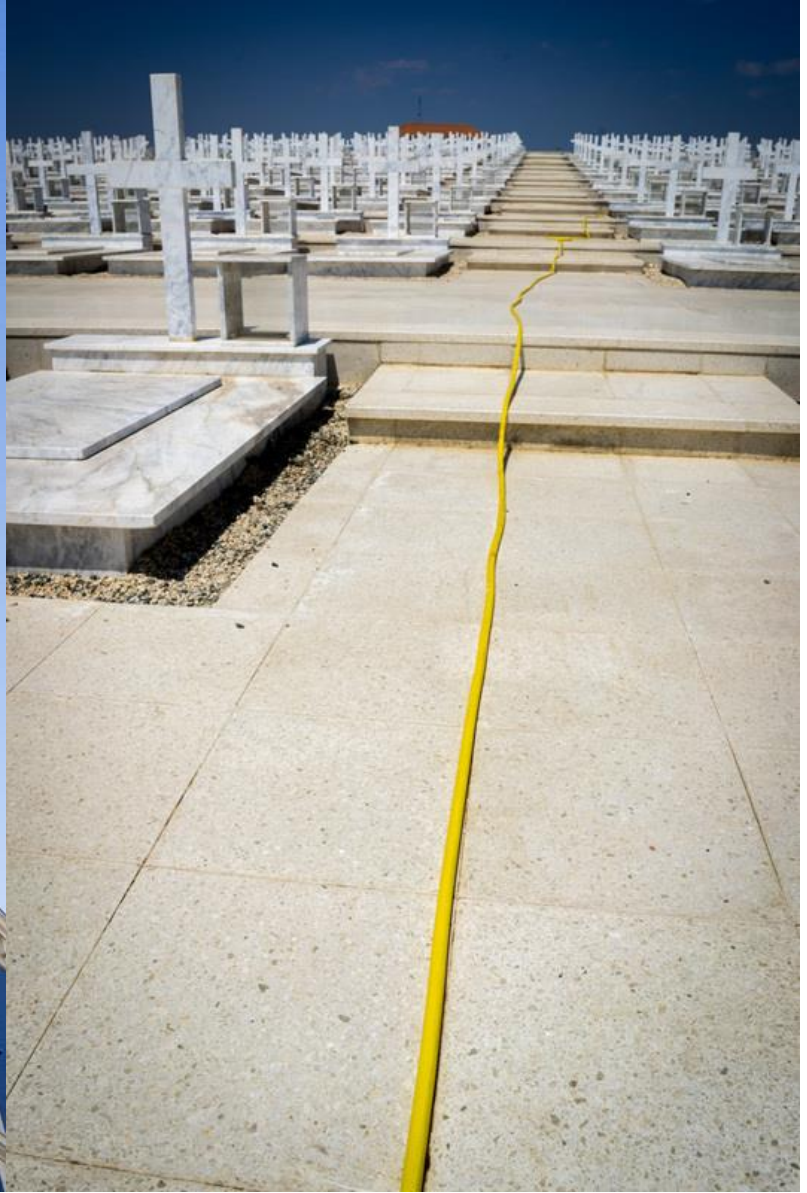






















by Gina Maragoudaki

The Greek dystopia III

The main instrument which we take a photograph with, is our being, our state of mind, our memories, our culture and last but not least, our mental reaction to the world surrounding us.

And the world around us is changing fast and, unfortunately, instead of rising to higher spheres of compassion and solidarity, it is eating its children and ultimately itself.

And whether we want it or not, every photograph is a political statement made by the "political animal/ζῷον πολιτικόν" which the photographer is by excellence (in doubting, but at the same time cementing, the society).

These extremely powerful images are not seeking pity or anger, they are just melancholic, sad, then full of hope, then sad again, then sad again in their joy, then restless in their capitulation, surrendering their souls only to the worthy and the brave, and never to the loathsome









































by Louloudia Gredi

The return of Iphigenia

With the memory still fluid in her dreams she leaves behind the bitter times embracing affectionately the dark moments that she was born to live. She remembers herself being in a quandary and bewildered, in wild places, having empty promises into her hands, trying to beautify her Sadness. She loved this Sadness. "In the village of her tongue, Sadness is called Brightness", says the poet.

But what really happened and what were just figments of mind? All remain indecipherable at the skein of myth.



















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