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MUSIC FOR A NEW NIGHT LIFE

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Фотокнига от Никола Стоянов
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Музика за нов нощен живот



Посветена на
помогналите
с уроците по
световъртеж

These shots, taken by the Varna Occultural Observatory, a research institutional who we only know of through the work of Dr. Nilmerg on hyperstitional phenomenon will aim to show that not only our past but more so our future, as Derrida used to say, belongs to ghosts¹. The positioning systems kick in, localising the target somewhere over the Black Sea. Satellites translate meters into pico-second long clicks of silicone crystals², the connection to neo-Shenzen has been established, the air trembles with a 4x4 drum pattern, abstract sound engineering take hold painting a boromean soundscape where cultural code used to operate.....



I Ching Hexagram 49
Ko (Molting / Revolution)
Action: Transform

Hu Gua (hidden influence) 44 Coming to Meet: Encounter
Zong Gua (underlying cause) 4 Youthful Folly: Try Again

The Joyful Lake has a fire burning beneath it bringing it to a boiling point, fluid violently get vaporised. Modernism crashes into a swamp, where heat, as DeLilo writes:

is what cities mean to (us). You get off the train and walk out of the station and you are hit with the full blast. The heat of air, traffic and people. The heat of food and sex. The heat of tall buildings. The heat that flows out of the subways and tunnels. It's always fifteen degrees hotter in the cities. Heat rises from the sidewalks and falls from the poisoned sky. The buses breathe heat. Heat emanates from crowds of shoppers and office workers, the entire infrastructure is based on heat, desperately uses up heat, breeds more heat. The eventual heat death of the universe that scientists love to talk about is already well underway and you can feel it happening all around you in any large or medium-sized city. Heat and wetness.³

The tidal feeling of turbulence wroth by the ancient currents of the Black Sea returns us to a state of Freudian unconsciousness, a downcast euphoria, somatically revealing the subject to the base nostalgia of Oedipal separation. Betrayed promises of youth culture open up the scene to snapshots of melancholic ravers in the throw of middle-life crises. Beyond the death-drive, what was mechanical becomes organic⁴. Heat facilitates cymatic scribbles on a canvas of brutalist grey skies, the subject in drowned in a semiotic fog, hyperkinesis wakes stray desire, the cities dancing to its own rhythm.

In conditions of digital recall, loss itself becomes lost⁵. Intoxication evolves from a mere cure for, to dethroning depression altogether, and where the former stood as the ontology of the post-war mentality the latter returns as a hauntological backdrop to the 21rst century, leaving one feeling drunk and lost in the eastern-block of the mind. Intoxication taking the place of depression leads to a dissatisfaction from the world, from politics, from government and war into a drugged-up resentment of the technological fiasco man has embarked on, a neoliberal hell of micro-control, a swamp of regurgitated pop-culture rising from the grave to haunt us. To quote the late Fisher:

Depression is, after all and above all, a theory about the world, about life. The stupidity and venality of politicians ('Leaders of Men')⁶, the idiocy and cruelty of war ('Walked in Line')⁷ are pointed to as exhibits in a case against the world, against life, that is so overwhelming, so general, that to appeal to any particular instance seems superfluous.⁸

The technologies of image, so prevalent in the societies of the spectacle⁹ have not left behind the ghosts in the ages of feudalism, but more so opened us up to their demonic possessions¹⁰. In this sense one can take this little piece of work as an exorcism of the phantomatic figures of strays that haunt us today namely, the ghosts of rave, the ghost of Marx¹¹, but most importantly the ghosts of our youth.

This little booklet constitutes a series of work done over the time frame of 2017's winter, a winter reminiscent by way of its melancholy of other winters, turbulent chaotic but altogether welcoming in a dark manner. What is to be seen does not carry a message, contrary to what this text might lead one to believe, but more so a lurid feeling, those of us who have spent time brooding in the urban darkness know all too well. At the same time it speaks in its own dialect of abstract shapes, ones that being so deliberate among the utter chaos of the shots, show a world that is and has been to most artists an illusive one to convey.

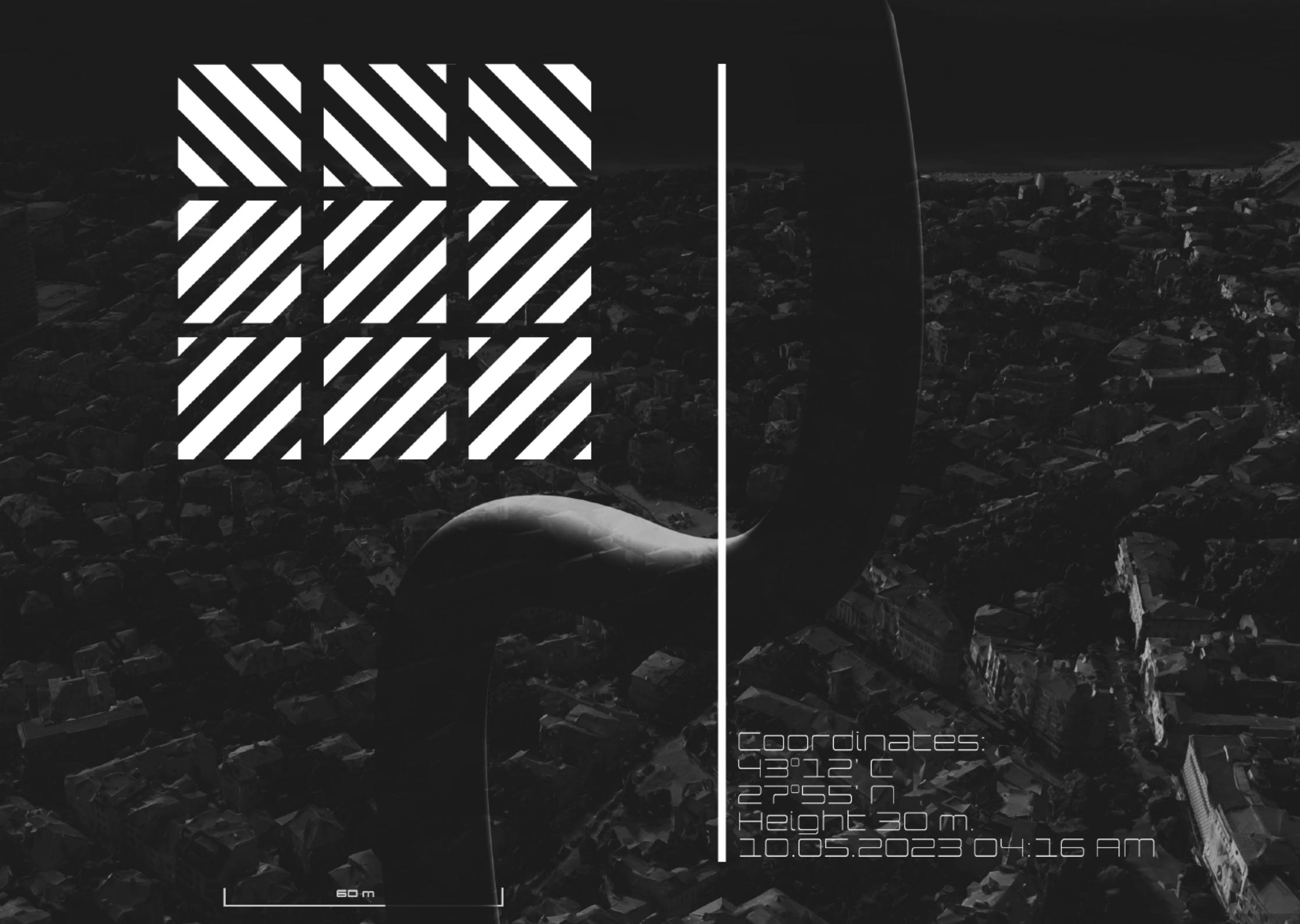
This format is something that I will aim to pursue, so don't be a stranger and keep in touch for future art-zines, occultural imprints and other shenanigans and adventures in the world of underground art. Future work and announcements can be found at : **newdegeneration.netlify.app**

Night is my nudity
the stars my teeth
I hurl myself among the dead
dressed in white sun¹²









Coordinates:
43°12' C
27°55' N
Height 30 m.
10.05.2023 04:16 AM

60 m

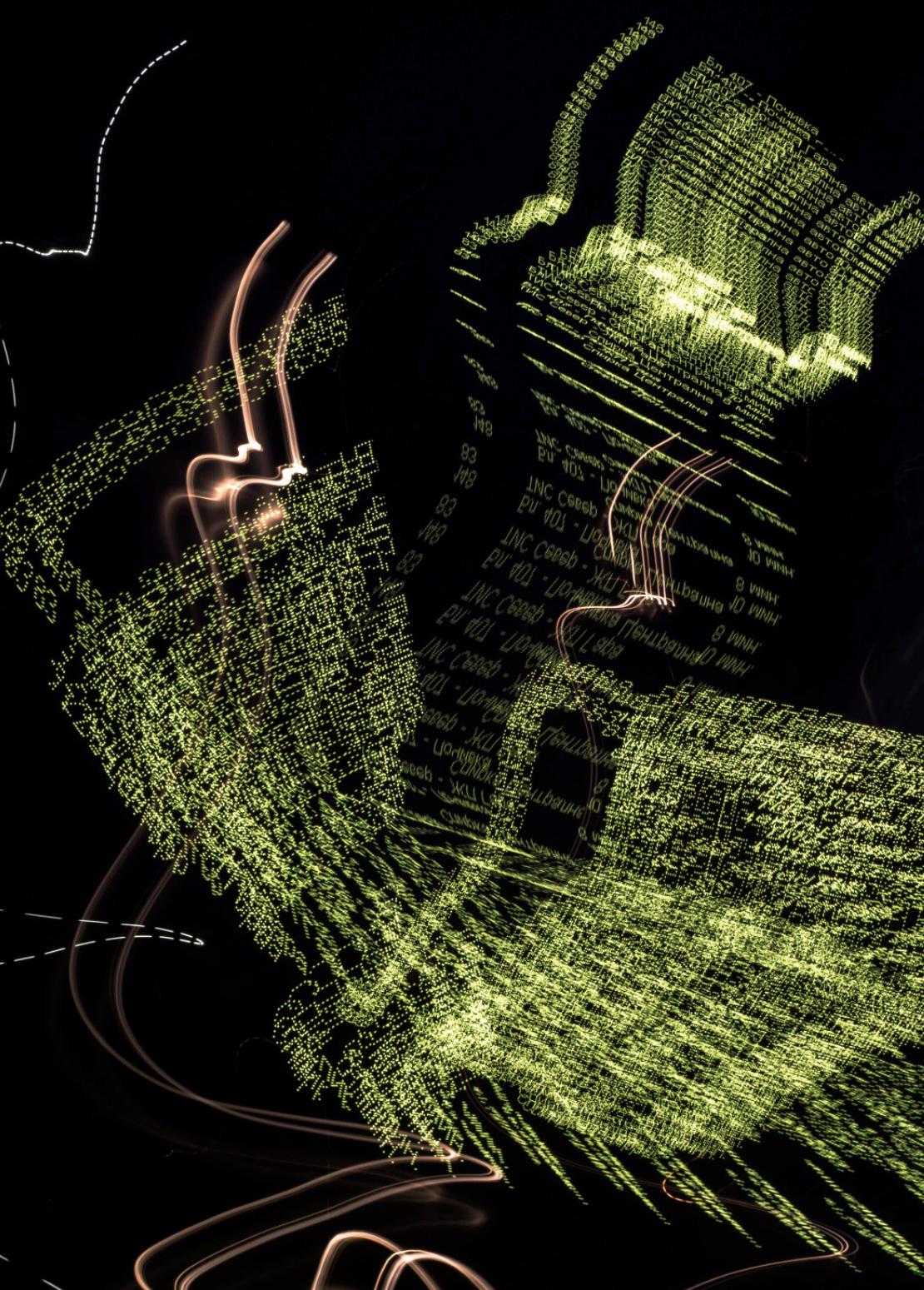








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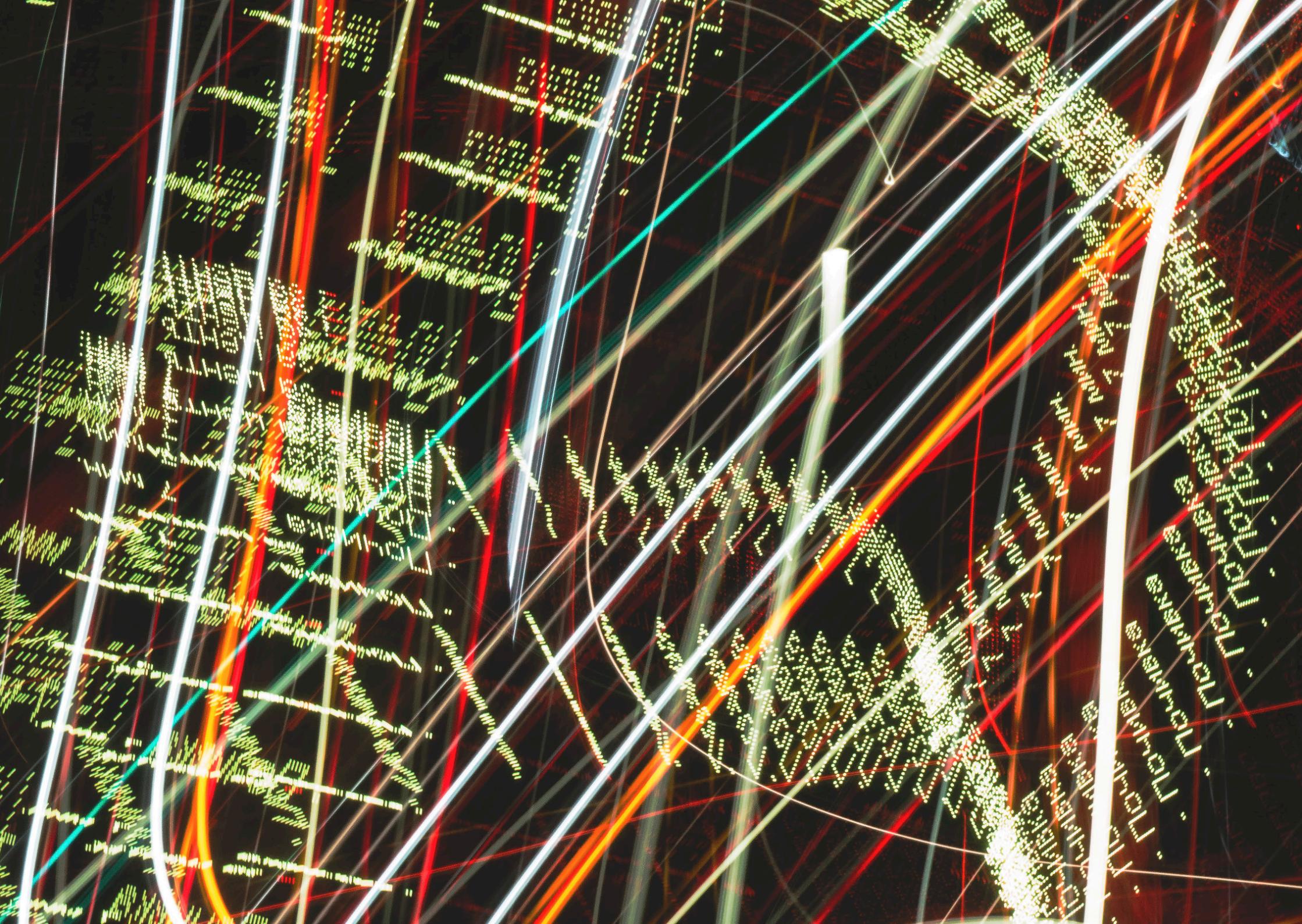
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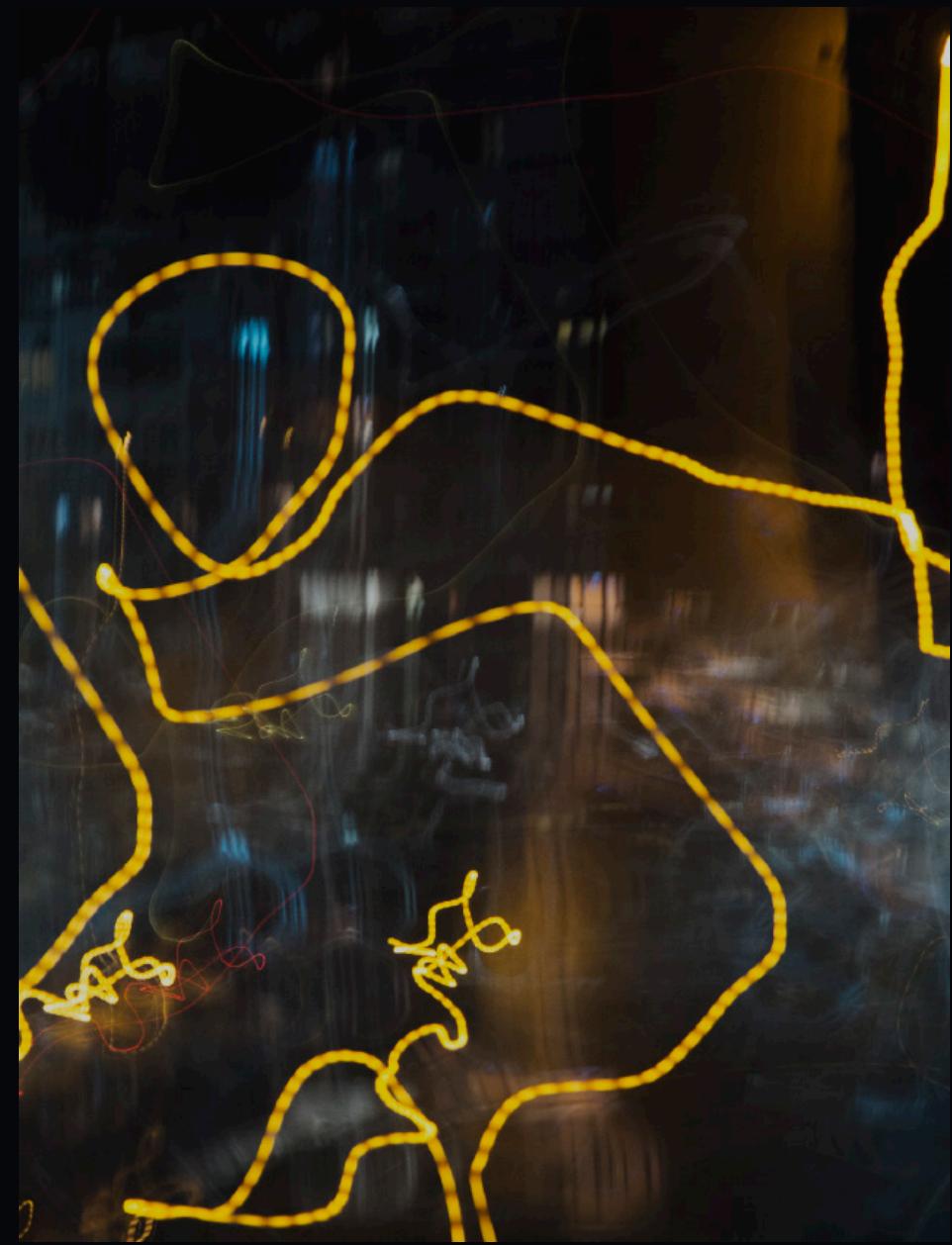


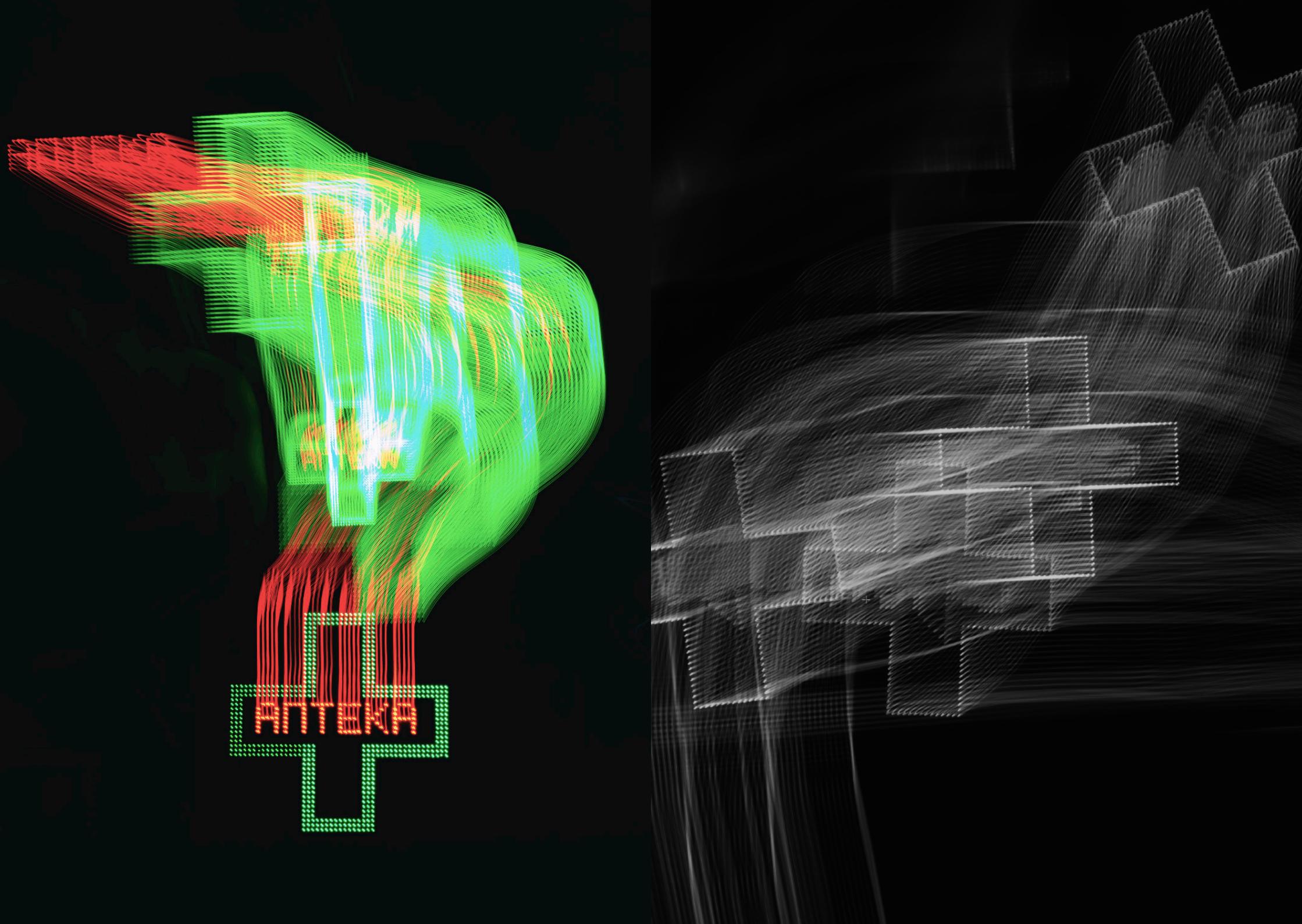


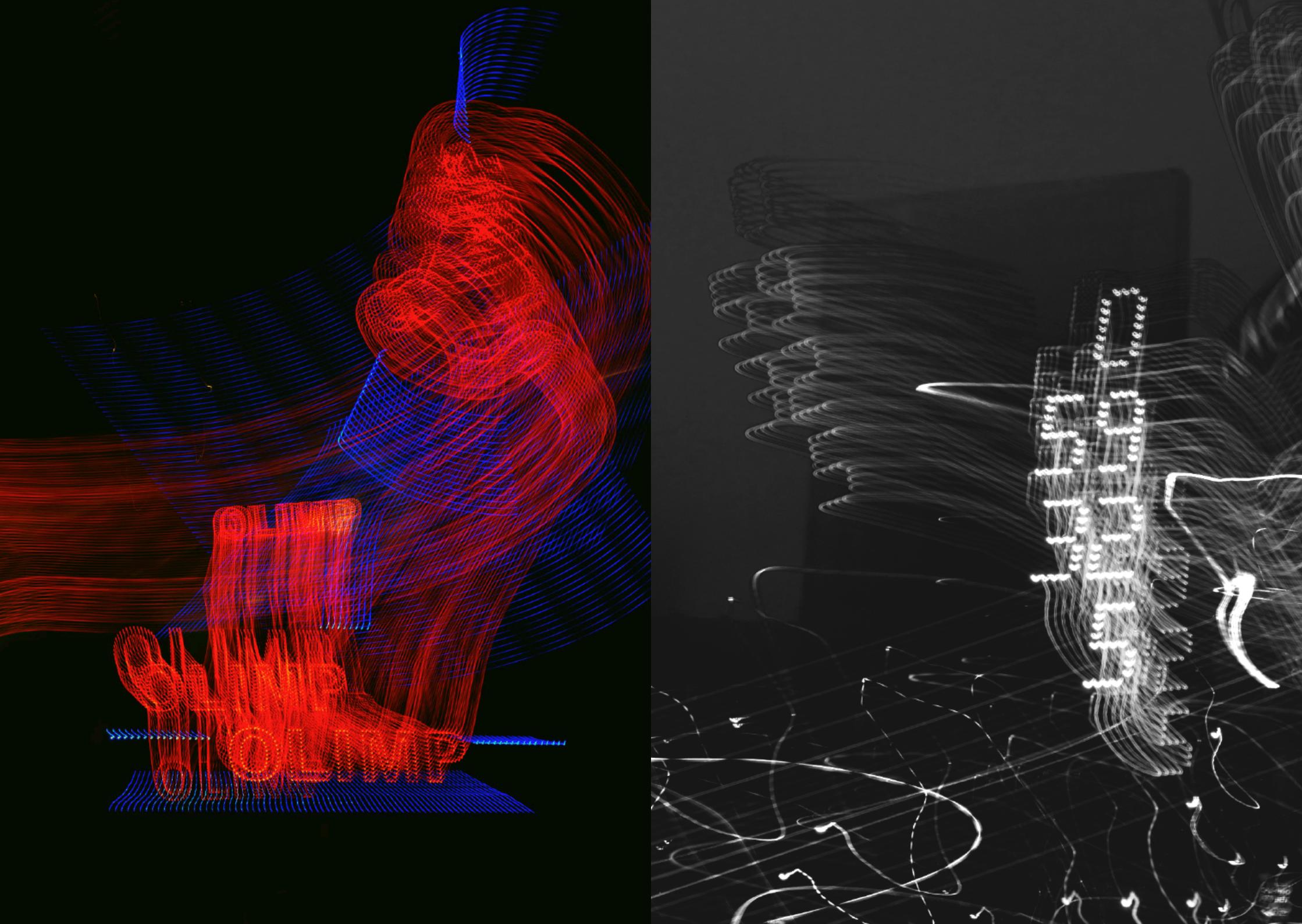


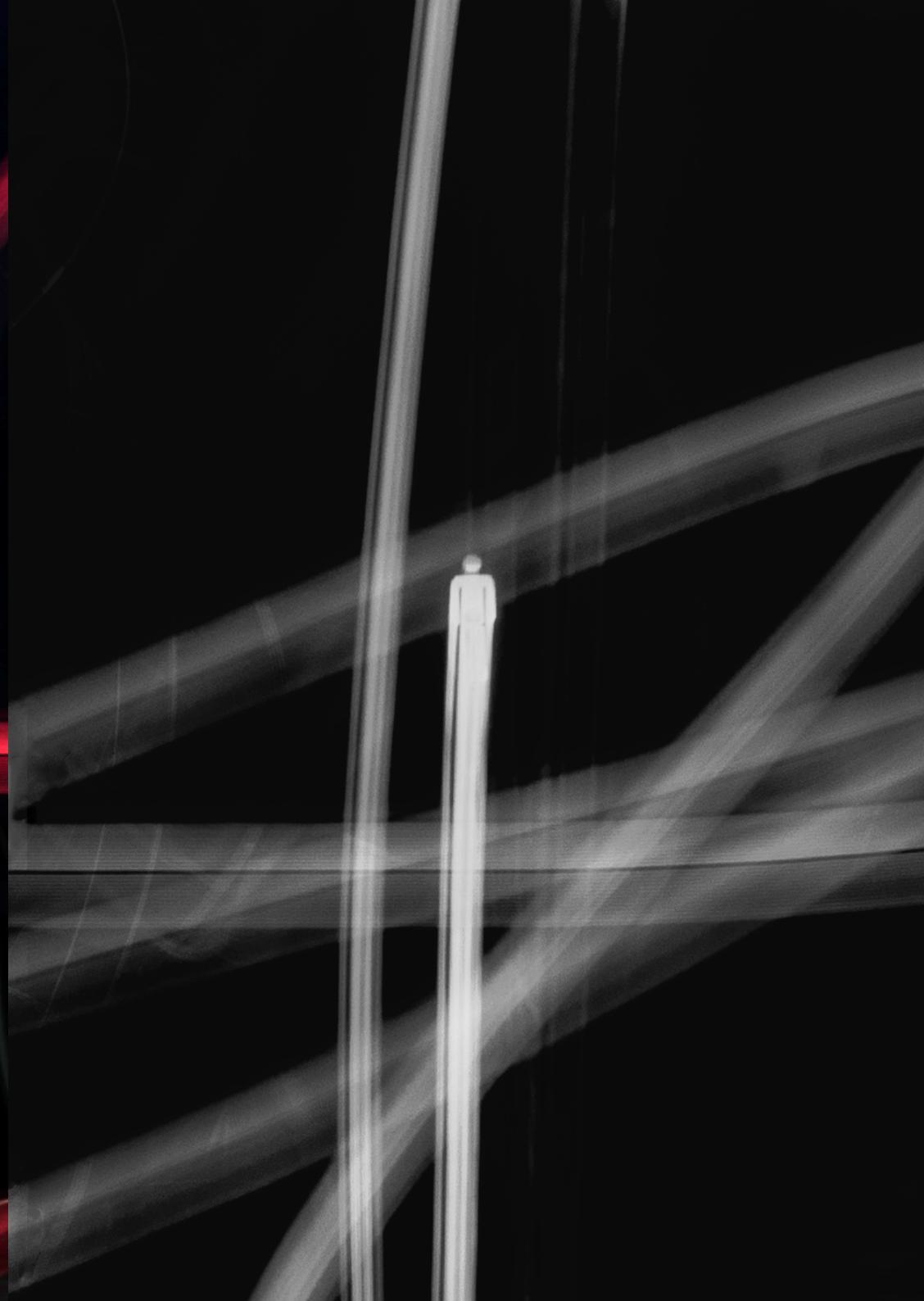












Bibliography

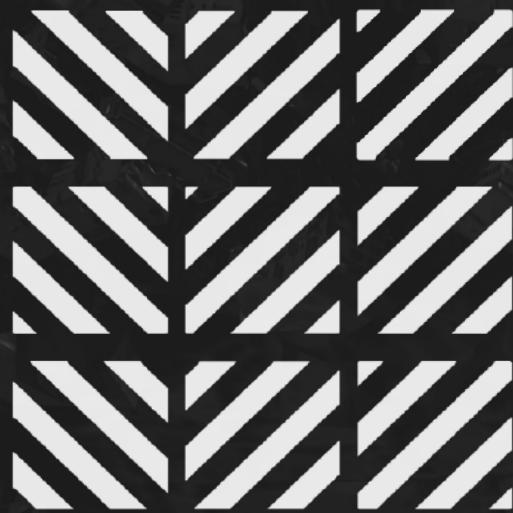
1. Jacques Derrida and Bernard Stiegler, Echographies of Television
2. DJ Spooky / Paul D. Miller. Mixing, Mashup, Remix Culture
3. Don Delillo, White Noise p. 10
4. Mark Fisher, Ghosts of My Life, Chapter 3
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7. Joy Division - They Walked in Line
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11. Specters of Marx, Jacques Derrida
12. Georges Bataille, La Nuit est ma nudité

Soundtrack

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|------|------------------------|----------------------------|
| p.4 | Underground Resistance | Install "Ho Chi Minh" Chip |
| p.6 | Clock DVA | NYC Overload |
| p.10 | Abdy Stott | Violence |
| p.16 | Nocow | Samaya Dolgaya Noch |
| p.18 | Burial | Kindered |
| p.20 | Lotic | Hunted |
| p.23 | Gesaffelstein | Destinations |
| p.28 | Voke Starman | Sweet Dreams r Made of U |
| p.34 | Refidge Cru | Darkrider |
| p.36 | Burial | Temple Sleeper |
| p.43 | Coucou Chloe | Gecko |
| p.44 | Burial | Archangel |
| p.46 | Christopher De Babalon | What You Call A Life |
| p.50 | Nasekomix | Греє Ноща |

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