

RAINSTORM

12

BS Mag 2005-2011 | Issue 12 | Summer 2011 | Independent-arts E-magazine from IRAN | Free

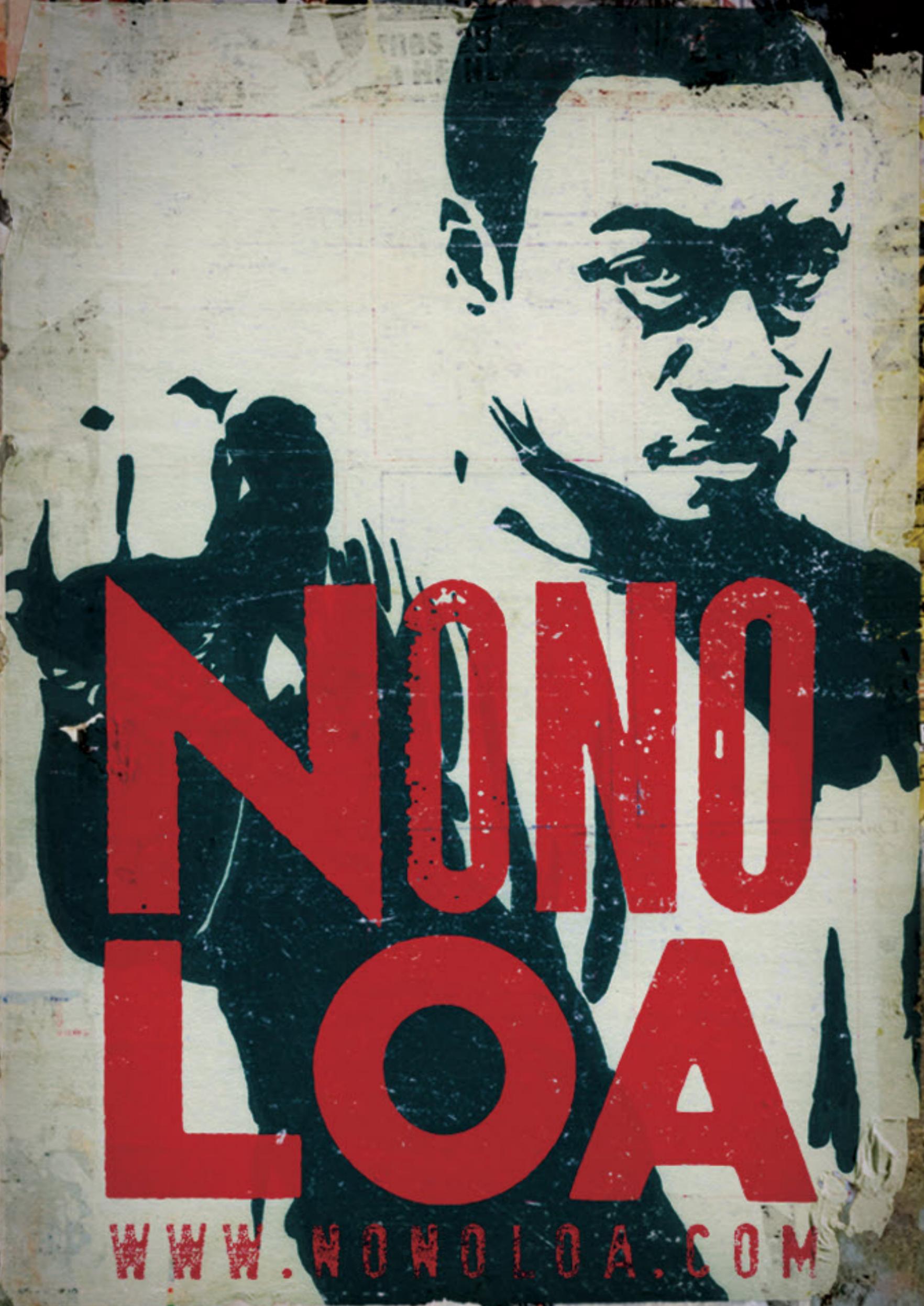
Special issue
» Street Life - Street Art

"MEETING OF STYLES"
2011

MEETING
OF STYLES
2011
PHOTO
REPORT

aser 3.14
Featured Artist

Interview
TR853ONE



**NONO
LOA**

WWW.NONOLOA.COM

URBAN ART READY TO WEAR

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A collection of Arts gathered around the theme
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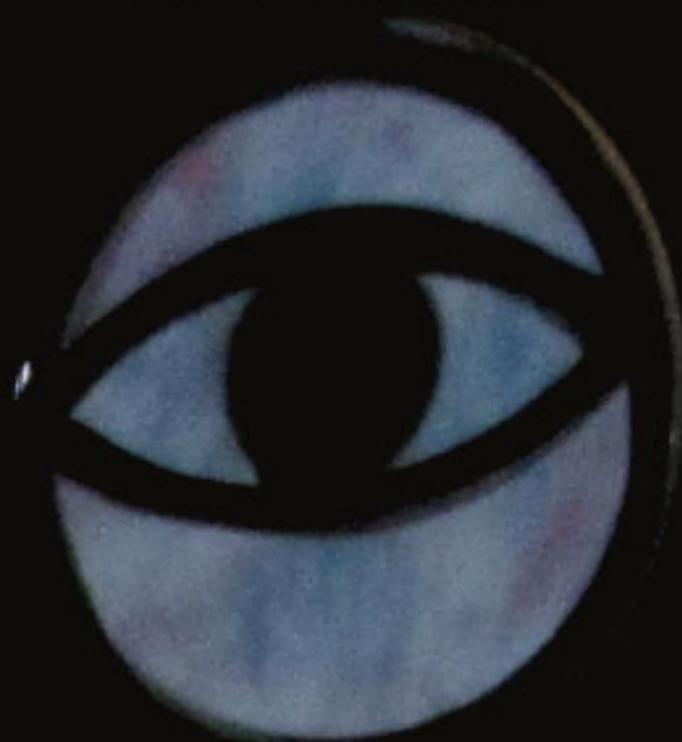
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Street Life Street ART

Living in Tehran one of the largest and most populated capitals of the world since 1788 is like living in the New York city of the Middle East. A crowded city with ups and downs with an emerging graffiti scene & urban -arts/sports From skateboarding ,parkour to graffiti , hiphop culture etc. since we are so interested in the youth culture and how it is changing vigorously with urban changes we noticed the new blooms of the hip hop culture being more and more popular ... street fashion ,one man street wear companies which like to hold up their design



Street Life Street ART

attitudes and make some noise ,lots of new kinds of galleries, festivals and gatherings to bring some color to the grey urban atmosphere around the city skin.

All these issues brought us to the idea of Street life - street art , which of course is not a New idea but needs to be thought for some hours , minutes ,seconds or a mili second.

We published a call for artists and invited some artists to take part. so we got some cool feedback and here you see some arts around the idea. the city ... the art in the city, the art about the city ...

Artist Name : FLX

URL: www.flickr.com/dondeestamimente





FIX
RAINSTORM 06



FLX



FLX



RAINSTORM 08

www.kolahstudio.com

PARTITION

PARTITION

bedspace
location
between
al ghurair
roof ma
050 272574

Artist Name : Deform Industry
URL: deformindustry.blogspot.com

09 RAINSTORM



RAIN TORM 10



www.kolahstudio.com

Artist: Jon Bollo URL: www.JonBollo.com

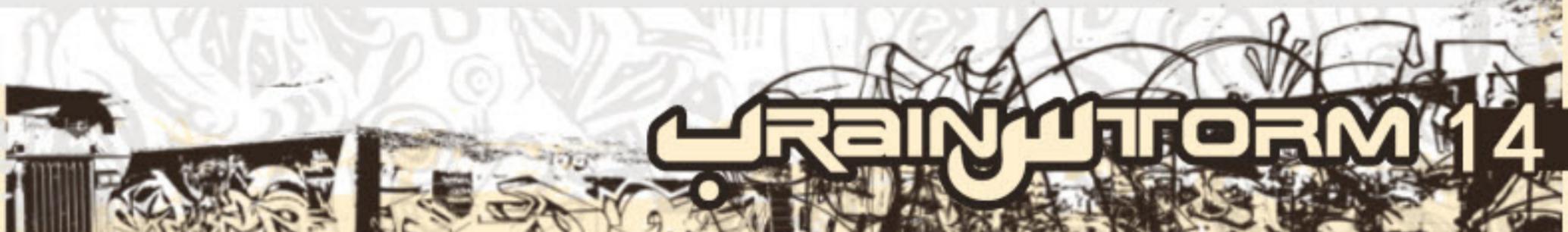
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Description of the building:

a still from a short soundless video I shot of the last days of the last housing project tower, Cabrini Green, Chicago. A notorious bastion of racism, mistrust, crime and misunderstanding, where people also lived out amazing, albeit disadvantaged lives. There was a sound and light installation there at the time, as the building was being torn down. I decided to document it.



METER
REMAINS AS A
COURTESY TO CYCLISTS
PLEASE PAY AT PAY BOX



COURTESY

METER
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URAINSTORM 16

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Artist: Svenja Bary URL: ...

17 RAINSTORM

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**LA RETRAITE,
C'EST 60 ANS!**”
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Parti de
Gauche

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EN PARTENARIAT AVEC
BAR DU MARCHÉ - BRASSERIE LE PE
SOUND SYTEM - LIVE - STAND ITAL
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Z'Anim'H

VEND 19 M
VENDREDI 26 NOV
LE LOU
42 RUE DES 3 MOIS 13
"Dirty South Reggae"
LE LOU
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19:00 GRANDE
20:30 WOND
54 COURS
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ADHESION ORIG
www.equipe
18:00
19:00

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The Pimple

A young woman gazes at the mirror glued to the wall, contemplates her hand, frozen rigid in a posture implying limpness. With her hand held so she hides the reflection of the pimple on her cheek from view, looks unmarred by imperfection. But the position is unnatural. Like a contradiction, lifeless. At the same time two men run for their lives in one of the 180 war trenches scattered around the globe. They have learnt to recognize the dead when they see them and no longer feel any guilt to tread on them as they flee from the bullets. Gun fire splits the air around them to shreds. Their hearts thunder louder in their ears than the screams of the wounded lying around them on the alien, foreign soil, so much like their own. Somewhere else a cat goes begging for attention from one back door to the other in a run-down area. The animal wants to be fed and find a warm place for the night. Darkness is nearing and nobody even thinks twice to let her in.

The cat is simply following its survival instincts, like everybody else.

The young woman almost looks beautiful again if she blends out the sight of her present imperfection. Soon the man, who owns her, will make his appearance and use her like he always does. Hopefully he will not pay attention to the ghastly pimple brewing beneath the first layer of epidermis, ready to burst and

spill its ugly fluid. The air in her room is stale because the window is tightly locked in much the same way as the door is always heavily bolted. Outside, in the nameless city, it is terribly cold in the winter months and boiling hot in summer time. But the seasons have long ago ceased to play a role in life of the young woman, who looks older than she is. She only knows solitude. Sometimes the people living in the flat across from her will turn to stare when she is violated in the confinement of the narrow four walls. She is a welcome alternative to the images that flood their world from the TV screen where today the soldiers may be seen as they scurry across corpses and dive into an adobe hut to evade death. Sweat normally stinks but the woman has learnt to like her smell because it belongs to her alone; she created it, it is real and it constitutes a barrier between her and the man who visit her regularly. She does not want to be touched, troubled, tormented but it is her own fault that it happens, she has concluded. Again and again she tells herself this. Over the years time has lost its meaning but the growth of the pimple has marked the last days, giving them a strange substance, setting them apart. Her reality is that she is held prisoner by a sardonical man. The cat, on the other hand, has been locked out. It seeks shelter, howls lamely and winds its tail around the legs of a broken chair standing

in the shadows of a derelict porch. The young woman holds her breath, tries to block out any sensation as she studies her reflection in the mirror. But she cannot remain insensitive to her situation and the pimple growing heavy with puss in her face. The poison under her skin has accumulated and wants to break free, as though it had a life of its own.

It is driving her toward rebellion.

The two soldier boys are sweating heavily as well. Their uniforms are cumbersome, rather than convert them into invincible human weapons they manage to restrict their mobility. As soldiers their mission is to kill others or dodge something they have no time or nor sufficient training to analyze. The air is laden with dust particles and the smell of excrements fills their nostrils. Their eyes dart wildly to every side while artillery wizzes past their heads. Their movements are erratic. They are an automatic reaction to their surroundings: they cannot control them. Exhausted they lean against a wall for a second and their knees tremble so violently that they instantly have the urge to continue running. To run is a synonym for life, to rest means to die. This is all what they have been taught during the months of military drilling. Every action has been reduced to these two states; there are no intermediate tones. They are numbed by

endorphins and their scene of orientation is dashed but they do not need to worry: GPS, embedded in their shoes, will enable the regiment to find them easily once they are dead. Then they will be wrapped up in flags and look handsome for the final return to the lap of their respective families.

Like trophies that will ultimately fire on the war.

"Never squeeze a fat pimple. It will ruin your skin for weeks, girl. Better wait for it to disappear by itself". These curt words of maternal wisdom suddenly sprang to the young woman's mind when she saw the pimple, pushing through to disfigure her face, for the first time. They constituted the kindest piece of advice that person, who had given birth to her, had ever offered. The woman shudders slightly as the image of her mother builds up in front of her. She hates it when memories of her childhood resurface. But it is getting more and more difficult to block them out, numb the pain they still cause. She can see every line and wrinkle on her body in the mirror for she has no clothes and is always held naked. The mirror on the wall of the studio apartment is there for her to apply her make-up and for the man to watch her in when she moves back and forth on top of his loins. She, and everything else in the room, is his property. Her parents had sold her to him when she became

too expensive to feed and nobody wept when she was led away. Where she comes from this is almost common practice. Children are given names solely for the purpose of telling them apart and parents feel proud to get a good prize for them, like one does with one's domestic animals at the beauty contest.

"Meow" . The cat paws at a door, brushes her whiskers against the boards. No one opens, only a loud bang resounds from the cheap wooden boards as somebody slams against them from the inside, and the animal scurries away, hairs on end. In the next back yard nobody lets the cat enter either. Sharp arrows of hunger fork at the creature's stomach, turning her cries pathetic, almost intolerable. The more they pierce the night the more her chances to be let in somewhere dwindled.

The pimple on the woman's face wants to erupt. It has developed a life of its own, like a volcano cooking under the earth's surface it demands to set its repugnant fluid free. The woman's skin itches, feels inflamed. Her hand constantly moves toward it in an involuntarily gesture, irritating it still more, making it uglier and sorer by the second. Her fingers itch to tear it open, and let the yellowish puss free.

"I will squeeze it for you." The man stands over her, contemplating her face at leisure. He never looks into her eyes but he knows her body well already—almost too

well by now. Soon he will grow bored of it but, at the moment, he takes pleasure in sounding generous, expansive. Next he will demand gratitude on her behalf. The young woman twitches.

"Hold still." He lifts her face to the bare light bulb hanging over the bed in the center of the room and peers intently at the ripe pimple. His fingers are stout and coarse; his nails manicured and sharp. They pinch her skin and he chuckles with glee.

One of the soldiers is hit by a bullet and the other one pulls him into a hollow in the earth behind a tree stump. They only have each other, here, on alien soil, amongst the wolves. Each one is the reflection of the other. The neighbors, across from the room in which the girl is held, drink coffee and booze, and are barely able to follow the TV screen that runs all day and night in the far corner of their tiny flat. They have watched so many soap operas staged to appear real that they have difficulties differentiating between what is real and what has been devised. There are too many levels of reality, revealed simultaneously, turning all to pulp. One of the soldiers is turning dead pale and a red fluid trickles forth from beneath his helmet. The other one is shouting into his mouth piece.

"Help."

He sounds hysterical. The dark outline of a child crawls toward

him from beyond the trenches holding a machine gun in its hands. The camera attached to his helmet captures the image but the soldier does not seem to have seen the danger coming toward him. The daughter of the neighbors points excitedly at the TV.

Look, she cries out. But her parents sip their drinks and refuse pay any attention to her.

Suddenly the young woman has had enough degradation. She knocks her head against the nose bone of the man leaning over her with all her might. The reins that have been holding her back have been broken. She never planned her rebellion. It just happened, catching her as unprepared as her oppressor. She wastes no time to look twice at the man now kneeling on the carpet, moaning in pain. Blood sprouts in all directions from his mashed-up face. His eyes are blank and stunned as they stare at the ceiling. This is her one and only chance to escape. She grabs the fur coat that the man has flung over the back of the chair and runs for the door. Taking the key from the pocket she struggles with the lock and stumbles onto the corridor. At the same moment that the young woman steps outside the homeless cat is let in somewhere and the wounded soldier loses consciousness forever.

The other soldier clutches his mate and shakes him from side to side in desperation.

"Speak to me. Don't die on me.

Don't leave me he begs, while tears stream down his face. As in reply the loud explosion of a bomb resounds close at hand and the transmission is interrupted. The TV image goes fuzzy and then the screen is black for a moment. The neighbors react shocked and stare at the set thus missing the moment when the girl manages to escape.

"What a scandal."

But they are quickly appeased when a gambling show picks up the lost tread and a talkative sales person, wearing a short skirt, babbles into the camera.

Somewhere on the other side of the globe the homeless cat has finally come to a door that swings open. She peaks around the corner tentatively, a purr on her jaws.

"Meooooow."

But suddenly she is roughly caught by the nave and thrust against the wall inside. A bunch of crack kids, high on drugs, live inside. They shout and thump the floor with clubs - happy to have found a new toy to torture - then they move in on the kill. The brains of the homeless cat slowly slide down the sides of the room covering the tattered wallpaper with a new layer of color.

The young woman has finally escaped from the room she was locked in for so long. She runs

down the stair case, covering her nakedness with the fur coat with one hand and groping for the railing, to steady her steps, with the other. The body guard of the man, who owns her, has not yet realized what has happened and stands, exhaling vast clouds of smoke by the elevators. Somehow she has managed to pass him unobserved. The snowy streets of the town are deserted at this time. The light is fading here and nobody walks them if they do not have to. A harsh wind sweeps the pavements that all look alike. The woman has not set foot

on them in such a long time that bewilderment quickly replaces the initial excitement that fired her flight. If the body guard fails to return his boss's property in the next couple of hours he will be a dead man.

This much she knows.

The homeless cat, whose brains slowly slide down the sides of the room covering the tattered wallpaper with a new layer of color, feels no pain any longer. She never had a chance.



ai toujours rêvé d'être actrice.



 **AIDES**

DROPS

1 séro



positif sur 2 souffre de devoir cacher sa

WIKI TWB / SB

REST IN PEACE

Rest in Peace



Name: m.aasi

URL: www.theseelfdestructor.com

مرگِ مولف، پیش از کشیدنِ اثر.

ردِ سرخ روی دیوار:
نه خون،
که رژ
لبی
که خونی شد.

«کسی - روزی - این جا زنده گی کرده.»
آخر فلشی که ابتدای اش سرخ بود.
«کسی - روزی - از این جا مردن آغاز کرده.»
آخر فلش بعدی.
«این گرافیتی از روز اول عزادار مرگی بوده»
بالای گادر سیاه،
دور تا دور نوشته‌ها

به برادر رُفتگر، که وظیفه شناس نبود

وارونگی هوا پدیده‌ی غالب آن روزها بود.

آن روزها که ...

بارانی که نمی‌بارید، انقدر اسیدی شده بود
که چشم‌ها رو بسوزاند.

آن روزها که ...

توده‌ی غباری که از سمت غرب کشور را فراگرفته بود،
فقط مانده بود با هواپیما بمباران آبی شود.

آن روزها که ...

اخبار تلویزیون انقدر هواشناسی شده بود،
که حتا ننجون هم بفهمد
یک جای کار ایراد دارد،
وقتی سطل‌های آشغال، چاله‌هایی می‌شوند در آسفالت
که خون درشان دلمه نمی‌بندد.

Artist: The Polygonist URL: www.polygonismus.de

About The Artist

Thomas Demuth is a 3d artist from Germany. He uses 3d rendering software to create photo-abstract images based on polygon mesh structures. He calls his style Polygonismus, and the concept behind this style The Economy of Polygons. It is a dramatic and profound style that gives the artist's work psychological depth and photo-abstract intensity at the same time.

In a world of a constantly increasing resolution, he is taking polygons back to their own beginning. This is the world where mathematics and algebra meet the sense of creativity.



THE MANIFESTO OF POLYGONISM

The polygon is the smallest visible part in the three-dimensional world of cybernetic art. Three points in space are enough to draw a polygon. Today, at the beginning of the 21st Century, we must recognize that the polygon will die out. It will not disappear by its lack of presence from view, but only by its wealth and ever-increasing number of points and surfaces. In the field of computer art the polygon will sink in nameless representable of nature.

The polygon is set to the unnatural. Its hard, sharp edge is the bulwark against nature and wants to put all things in the right light of its physics.. But the abstract form of the polygon world obeys its own physics. It is the physics of our own inner eye that stands up to its battle against the all-seeing eye of the binary code.

In the field of game design, we still are accustomed to the strange, seemingly able to admire edged, and abstract figures. But with increasing computer power polygons are now in the final state and will soon disappear.

Until a few years ago, the polygon was a necessary evil for the game industry, specifically. It was rather an unavoidable, aesthetic artifact, since the processing capacity decided on what one might see to the degree of complexity. Lara Croft began over ten years ago with about 500 polygons to conquer. Today, surfaces have increased by more than tenfold. The so-called low-poly modeling is the art of constructing a virtual computer character. The economic handling of points and surfaces guarantees the future perfect embedding and playability of the character in its virtual environment.

But why is the polygon and its associated possibilities of abstraction so important for art and for the viewing habits of the people? The polygon is still the last barrier between the abstract world of imagination and the world of the dictates of realism.

This peculiar binary world is built on the polygon but denies this. But at the same time, it will not continue to bother with him.

The mad race for the rounding, the immediacy and perfection of nature, includes also the unnaturalness of the edges and corners; the denial of his and of our own origin.



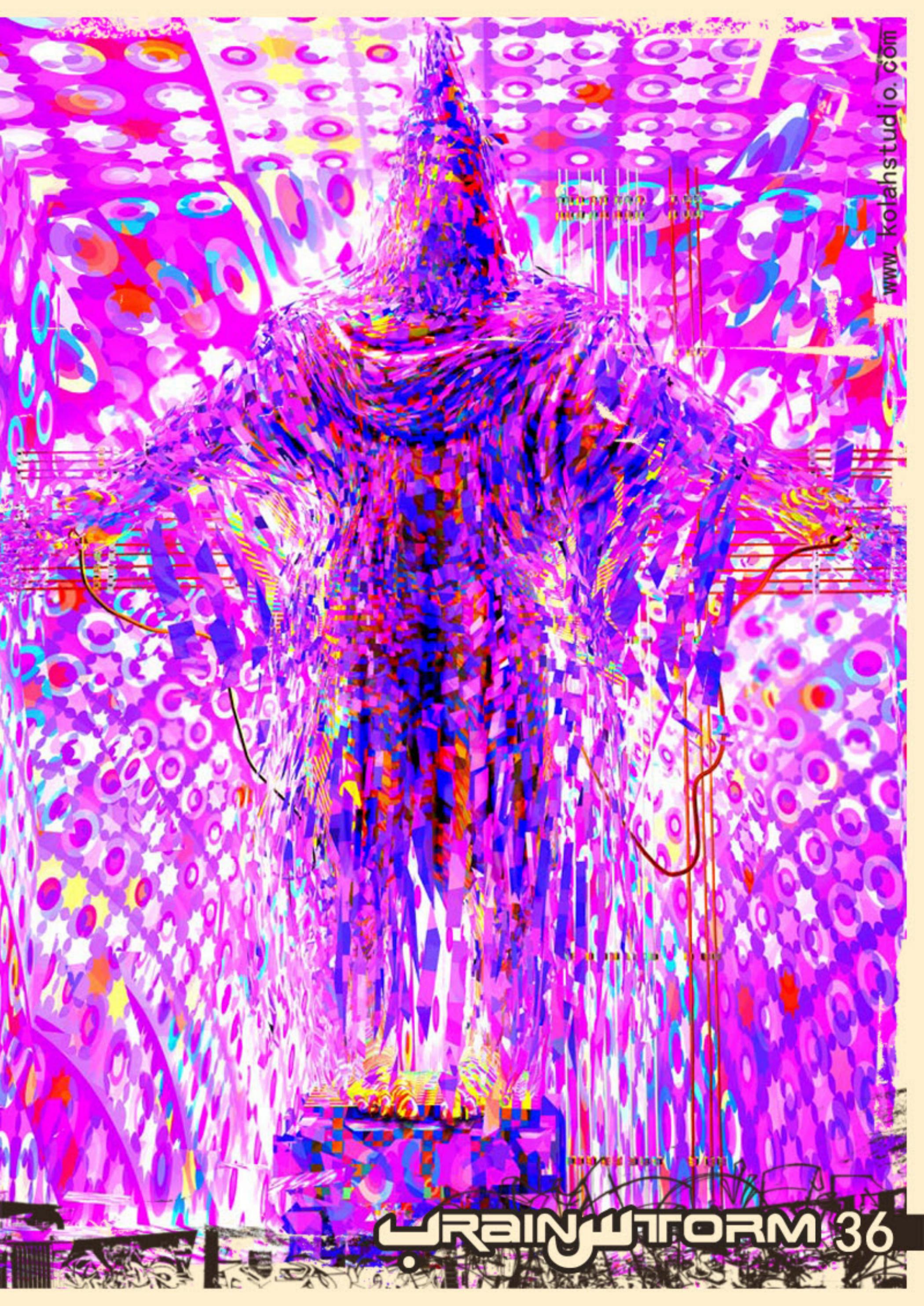


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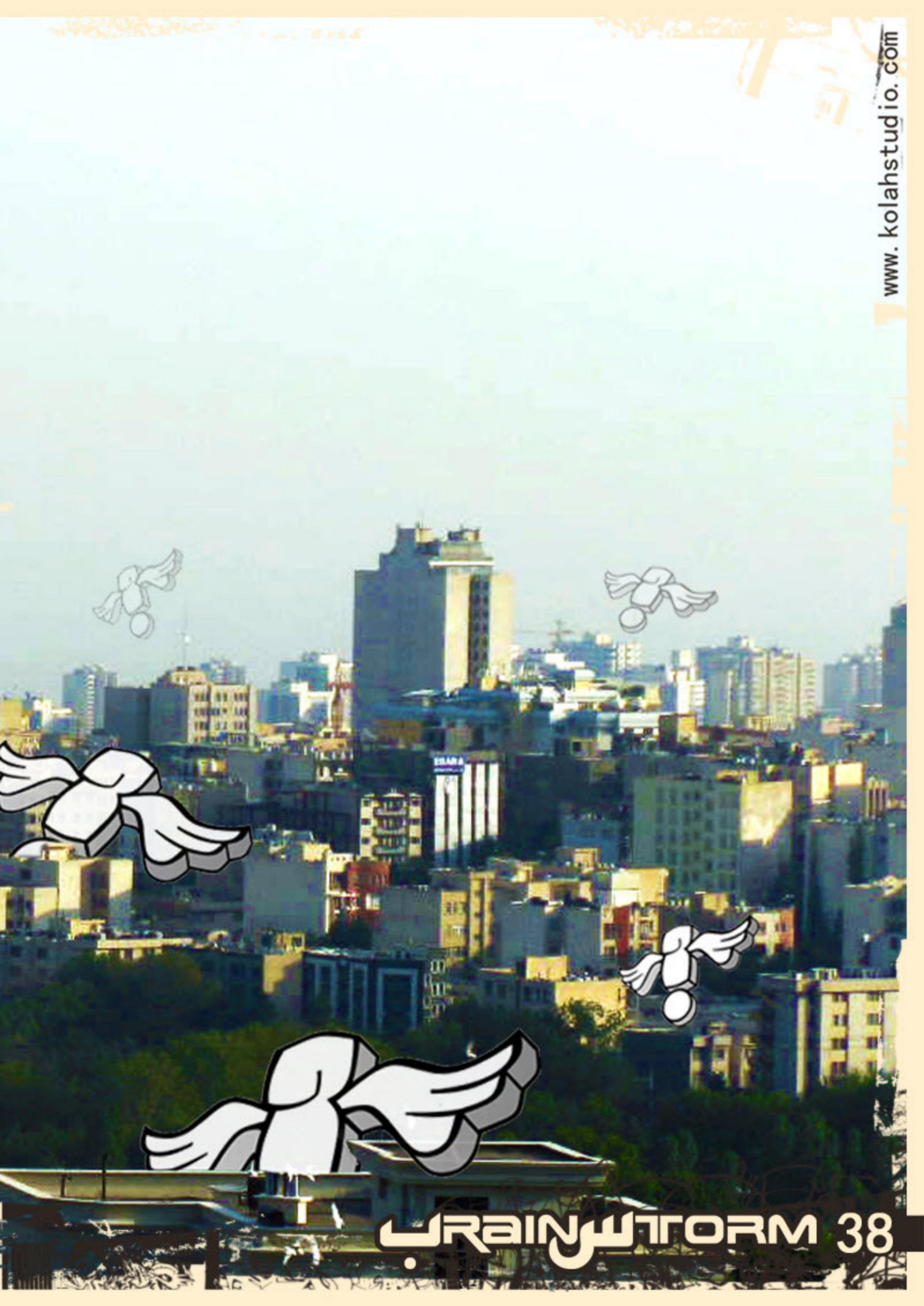


RAINSTORM 36

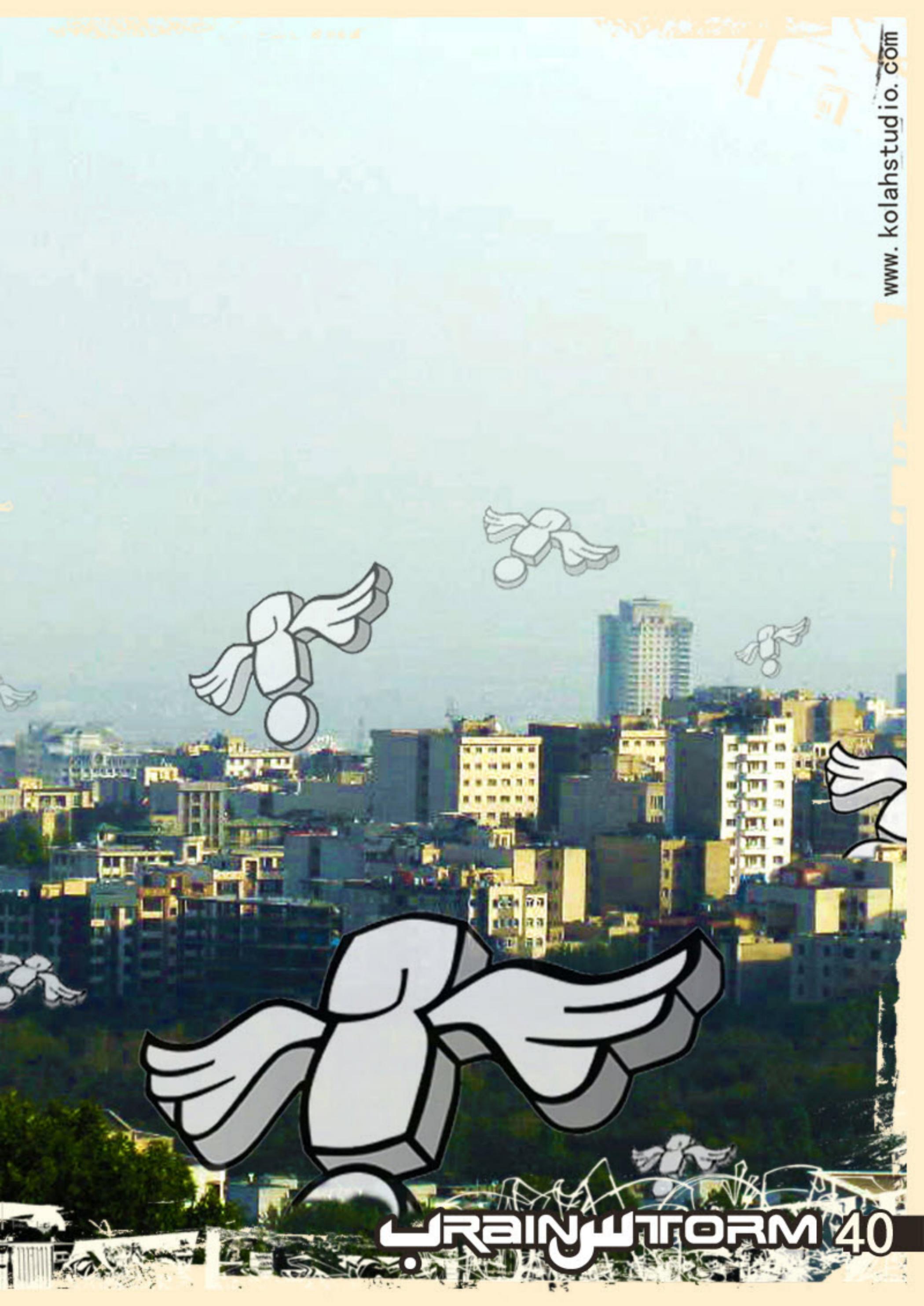


Artist: Khamoosh URL:...









RAIN SUIT FORM 40

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Artist: Lunar75 www.lunar75.com

41 RAINSTORM



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RAINSTORM 42





RAIN TORM 44





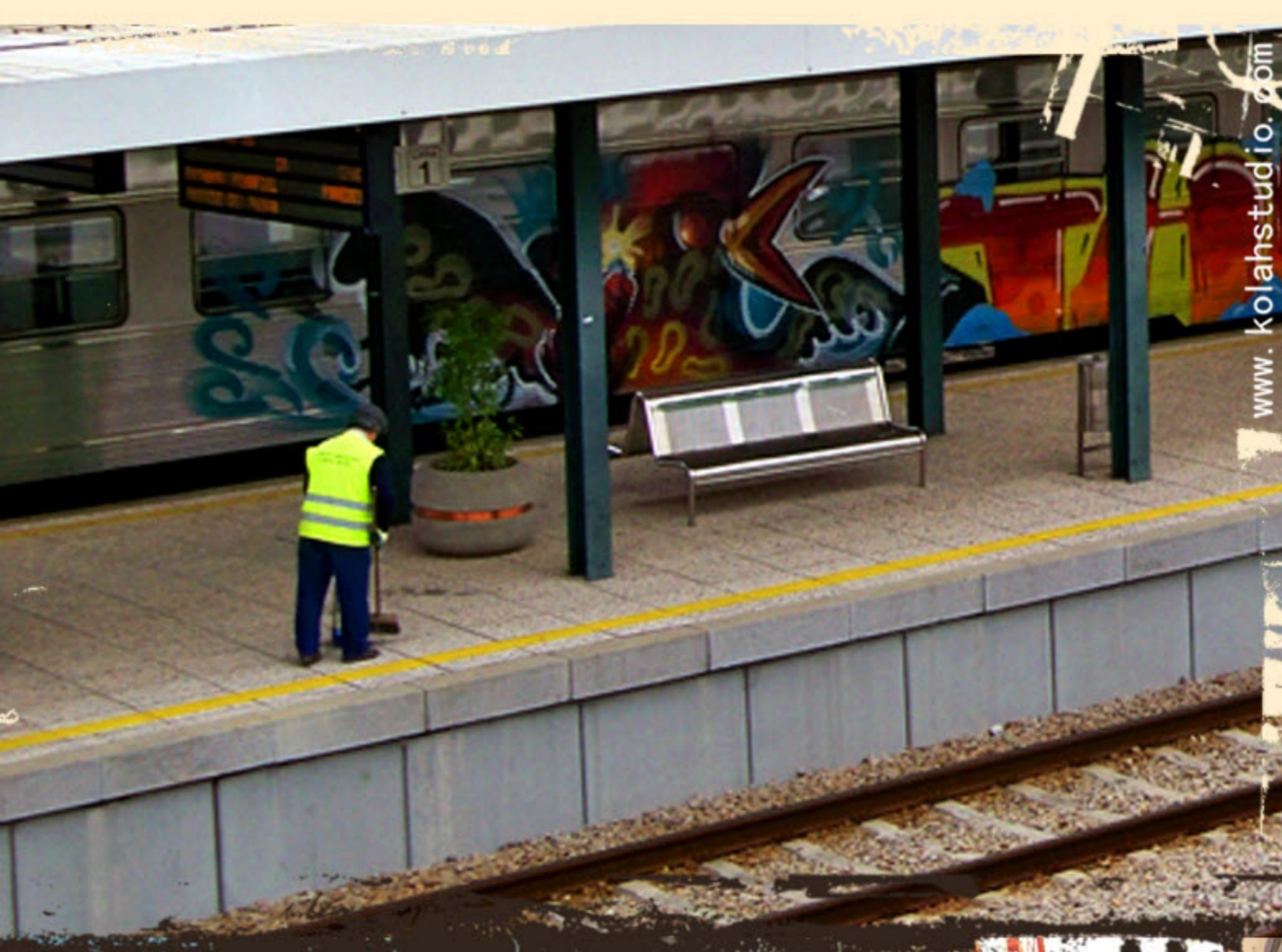
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RAINFORM 46

Artist: BreakOne URL: www.flickr.com/breakone

47 رينس تروم RAINSTORM



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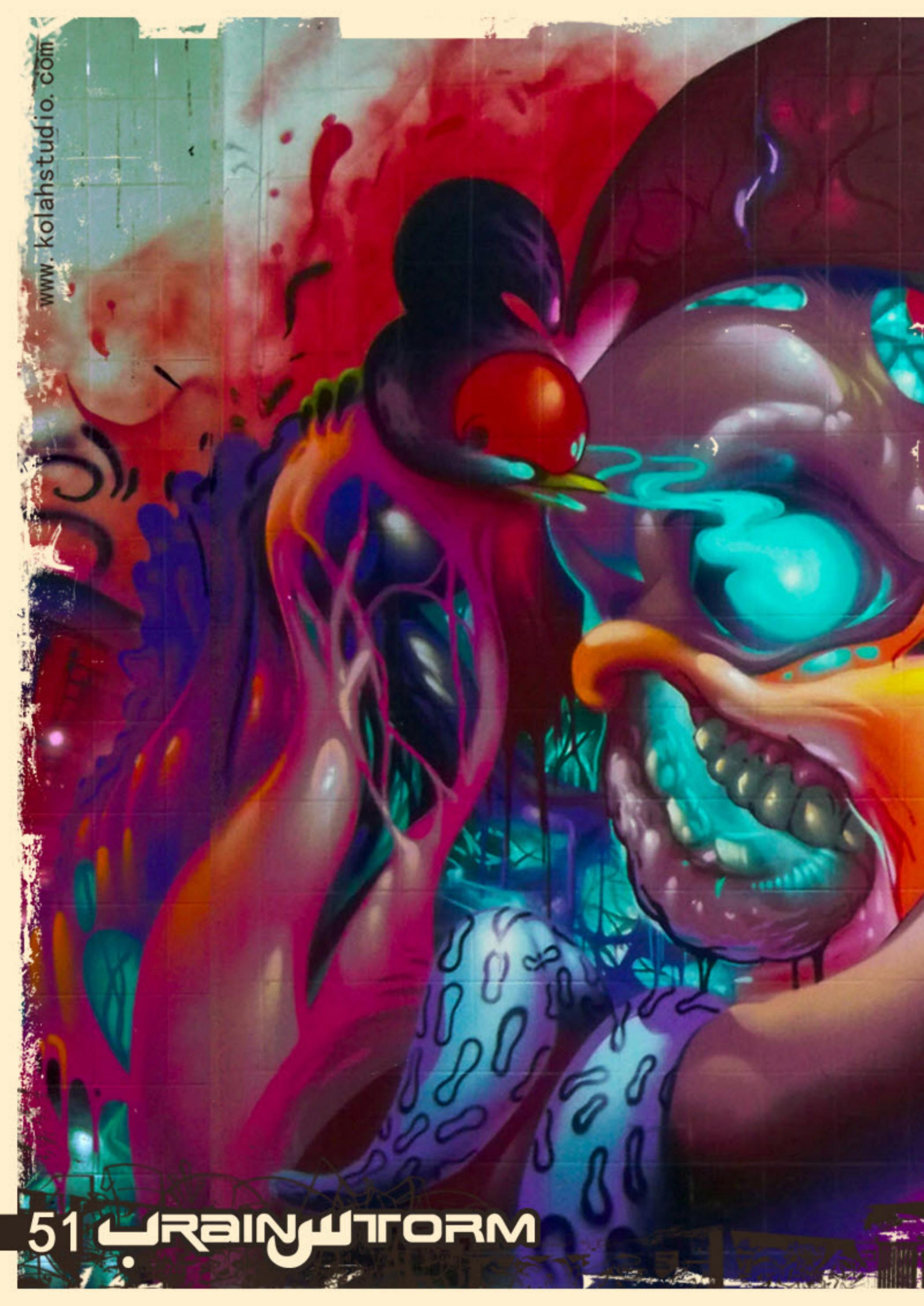


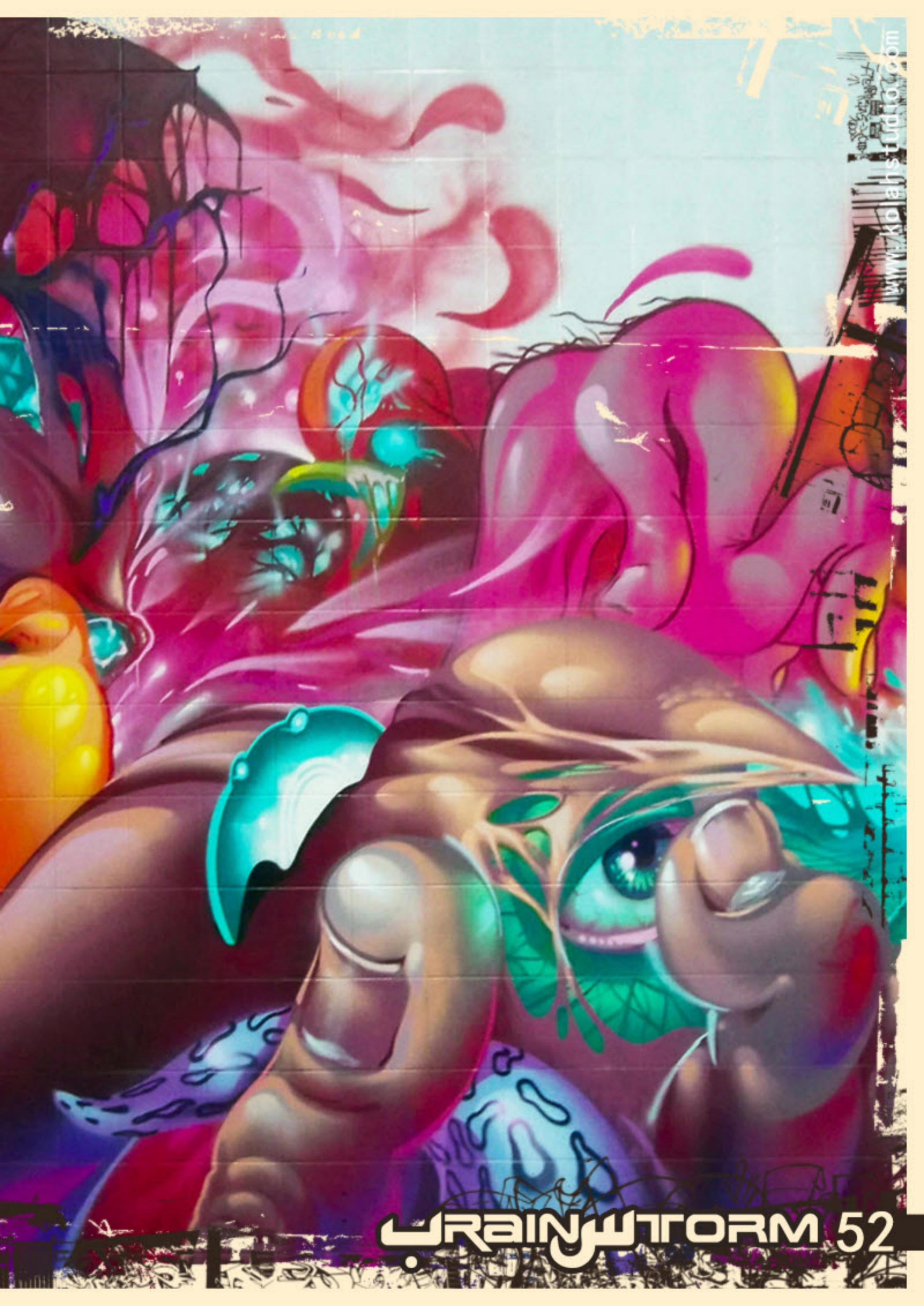
RAIN TORM 48





RAINSTORM 50





www.koalaartist.com

RAINSTORM 52





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URAINJUTORM 54



55 رين فورم RAINY FORM



URAINSTORM 56

EASTPAK







Artist: Bow Url: steffi-bow.tumblr.com



95
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Bow

Bow

T H O U
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HA BOW

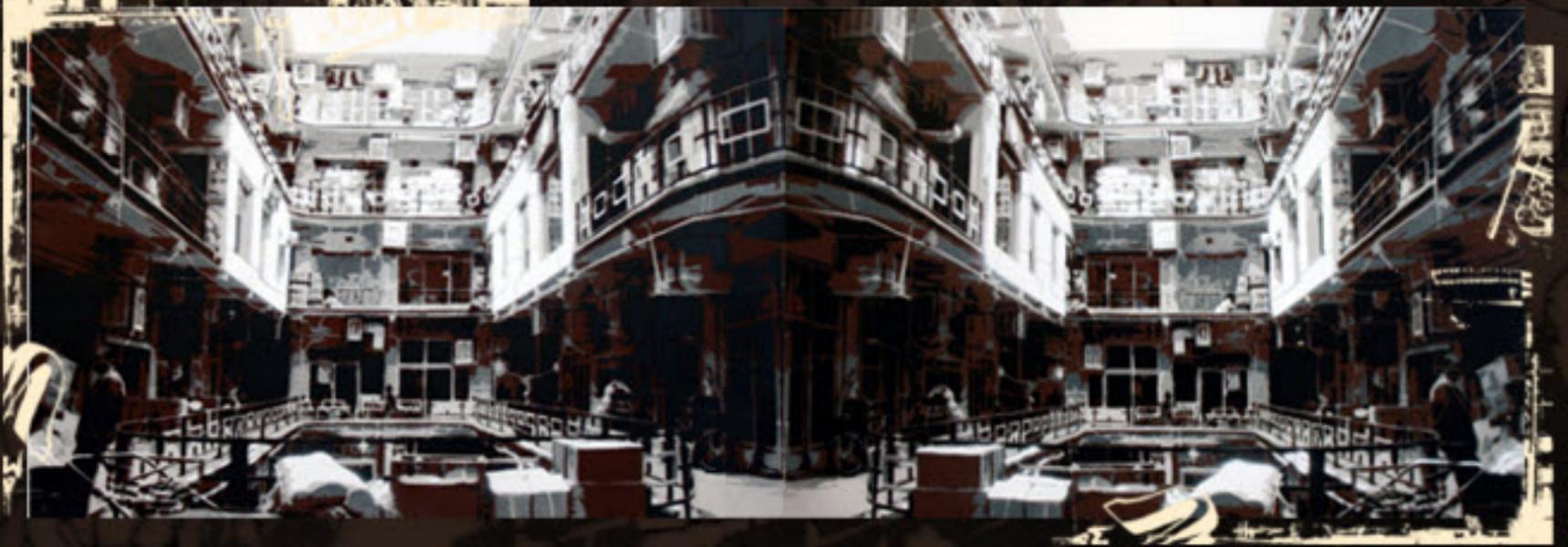
FOR JONNY

BOW

61 RAINSTORM



RAINSTORM 62



Artist: R4sh URL: www.kolahstudio.com/r-ash



www.kolahstudio.com

RAINSTORM 64



65 رین سٹورم



رین فورم 66



67 رین فرم Rain Form



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RAIN TORM 68





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URAINJUTORM 70



71 رAIN و TORM



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RAIN TORM 72

Artist: Xam URL: www.xambuilt.com

CSD-S DWELLING UNIT 1.0 is one of many different bird-related architectural pieces that I hang from city signage.

All the units pack flat, assemble like a 3-D puzzle, use only tight joinery (w/ glue) and hang from city signage. All dwelling units are equipped with passive ventilation, sloped for drainage, solar panels, a rechargeable battery and a LED porch light that only illuminates at night to attract insects. Some of the dwellings even have internal food storage and a green roof. All of my feeding units are designed to be refilled while hanging from the signs.



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Artist: Taha URL: ...

75 رين سٽورم RAINSTORM



RAINFORM 76

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"MARTIN"
OF
STREET

"The world is my country,
all mankind are my brethren,
and to do good is my religion."
- Thomas Paine

WWW.MEETINGOFSTYLES.COM

www.kolahstudio.com

RAINSTORM 80





TRADING
KOTAH
STUD

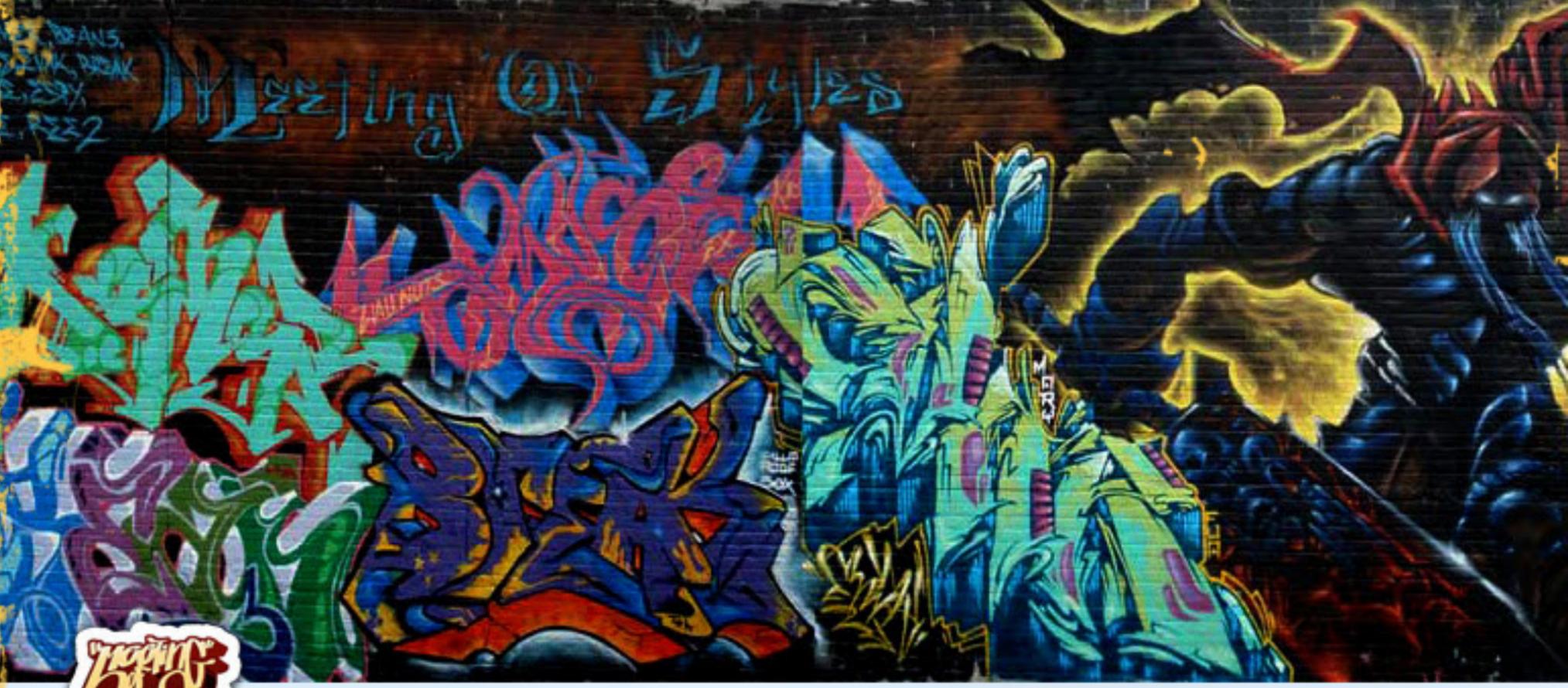




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RAINFORM 84







Artwork by Ogre & Gris

MEETING OF STYLES 2011

21 - 22 May 11 Changsha City (China) / 20- 22 May 11 - Budapest (Hungary) / 03 - 05 June 11 - Zurich (Switzerland)
 17 - 19 June 11 - Wiesbaden (Germany) / 24 - 26 June 11 - Perpignan (France) / 29 - 31 July 11 - Belfast (Ireland)
 01 - 05 August 11 - Lublin (Poland) / 13 - 14 August 11 - London (England) / 26 - 28 August 11 - Belgrade (Serbia)
 02 - 04 September 11 - Venice (Italy) / 09 - 11 September 11 - East Coast (USA) / 16 - 18 September 11 - Chicago (USA)
 22 - 25 September 11 - West Coast (USA) / 01 - 03 October 11 - Mexico DF (Mexico) / 07 - 10 October 11 - Caracas (Venezuela)
 14 - 16 October 11 - Lima (Peru) / 29 - 30 October 11 - Buenos Aires (Argentina)

www.MeetingOfStyles.com

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Int. MEETING OF STYLES 2011
ONE WORLD, ONE PEOPLE

Int. Meeting Of Styles 2011 – “One World, One People!”

**“The world is my country, all mankind are my brethren,
and to do good is my religion.” - Thomas Paine**

**Have you ever wondered what the world could be like
if everything was ‘Open Source’? Can you imagine how the world could come together
as one, if we all played on the same team? Our current monetary/market system
makes us fight with each other because we have no other choice.**

**We are one planet, but even in 2011 humanity is
still divided. Citizens of the industrialized nations are benefitting from the exploitation
of the world’s majority of people without even noticing it. Everything has its price:
Our materialistic way of life, our planet’s health and – ultimately – our children’s future.
We have to change. We must declare all the Earth’s resources as common heritage
of all the world’s people and apply the scientific method to social concern –regardless
of our beliefs, culture or flag. The Venus Project has the true potential to save Earth
and bring the human family together. We are the people of this world...
and it is time we take it back. Educate yourself and elevate your mind!**

Int. Meeting Of Styles 2011

**01 – 02 May 11 Changsha City (China) / 20- 22 May 11 – Budapest (Hungary)
03 – 05 June 11 – Zurich (Switzerland) / 17 – 19 June 11 – Wiesbaden (Germany)
24 – 26 June 11 Perpignan (France) / 29 – 31 July 11 – Belfast (Ireland)
01 – 05 August 11 – Lublin (Poland) / 13 – 14 August 11 – London (England)
26 – 28 August 11 – Belgrade (Serbia) / 02 – 04 September 11 – Venice (Italy)
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07 – 10 October 11 – Caracas (Venezuela) / 14 – 16 October 11 – Lima (Peru)
29 – 30 October 11 - Buenos Aires (Argentina)**

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RAIN TORM 88

Jay "J.SON" Edlin

BIG GRAFFITI

365

Jay "J.SON" Edlin

Foreword by Andrew "Zephyr" Witten

ABRAMS

365





“For someone who was in the trenches, J.SON has a keen memory for pivotal occurrences and moments throughout this movement.” —LEE QUINONES, artist and actor

“The good news is that *Graffiti 365* is on its way. We’ve had plenty of graffiti books by enthusiastic fans [Subway Art, for example] but not so many from actual graffiti writers, those who have braved the gritty tunnels, run from crazy cops, and endured or handed out beat-downs to put their art on the trains. *Graffiti 365*, by the notorious J.SON, also known as Terror 161, artist, poet, graffiti bomber, is bound to be a winner.”

—HENRY CHALFANT, photographer and filmmaker

A wide-ranging survey of the international graffiti movement, *Graffiti 365* uses more than 600 rare, previously unpublished, or legendary images to introduce and describe important artists—from Blade to Banksy—and styles—from bubble to wild. Along the way, *Graffiti 365* covers different eras, cities, legendary walls and crews, police and public responses to graffiti, and more.

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IS THIS HOME, TRULY?
A SCANDALOUS DISCOVERY OF 'GRAFFITI ART' IN SINGAPORE

TR853-1 Interview

Artist: TR853-1 WWW.TR853-1.COM



www.kolahstudio.com

Kolahstudio: Would you please let us know how you started to do street art? when and where was your first action?

Traseone: I started off drawing on paper for a few years just to get my style right somewhere in '99. A couple of years later I met a crew whom I learnt a lot from and was lucky enough to debut in a hiphop event painting legally. I screwed up pretty bad though.

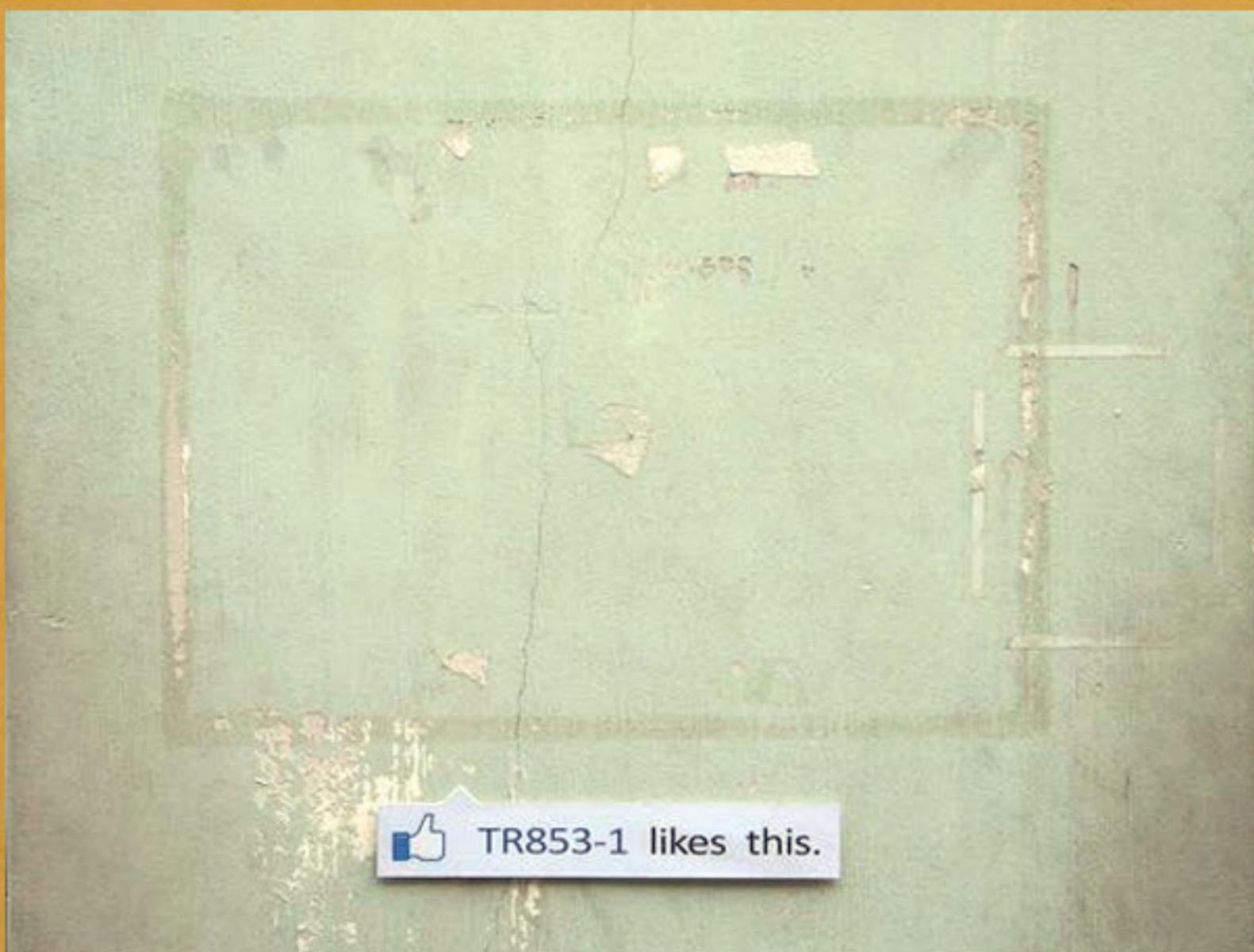
Kolahstudio: What does it mean to You? and do feel it should be illegal?

Traseone: To me doing street art is merely presenting a different voice to a different audience. There is no denying that there is a sense of elitism in fine art. Street art exposes the work to a bigger audience because it is out in the streets and will be seen by many compared to a painting sitting in a gallery.

It depends on the message that the artist is trying to send across. An illegal piece will definitely attract more attention but if it has no meaning then I guess it treads on the line of vandalism.

Kolahstudio: We like to know what does it mean to People in your city? do you see more Positive reactions or negative?

Traseone: Mostly negative. When I show my street art work the question that I often get in return are Is it legal? , and if they're not, then comes the talk about laws and consequences. The positive comments do not come from locals. For them, It should either be legit and go by the books, other than that it'll usually be frowned upon. That is how myopic my people are, sadly.



Kolahstudio: How is the street art scene in your country according to you? how can you describe it for us?

Traseone: Seriously boring. Probably due to influences like what I mentioned above, not many dare to make bold works out on the streets. To make legal work means to have your proposals vetted and censored taking the essence of the work away most of the time. So works end up not as impactful as initially thought out to be.



RAIN SUIT FORM 94



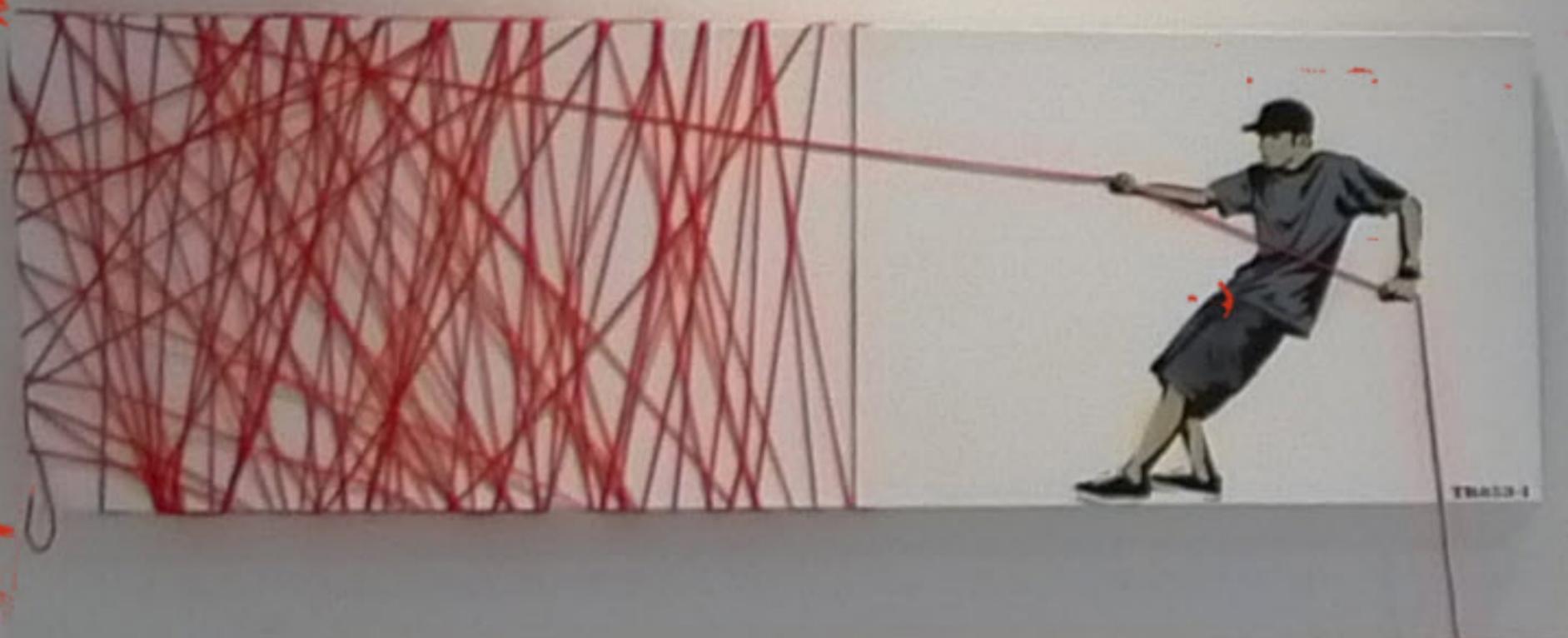
Kolahstudio: Your works seem to have nothing with your own local culture but with international theme of street art/skateboard scene? is it true and what do you think about it?

Traseone: In a way it is a throwback to my own culture. The concept of the shadow skaters started because I wanted to do something to pay tribute to one of the things that influenced me to do street art; the local skateboarding culture. The reason why the paintings work at night is also a reflection on how the local guys usually come out and play at night because it's naturally cooler than the blazing day. And I've seen and known of great local talents in the skateboarding scene yet they're not as celebrated as those in the international arena. That's one of the reasons why they're painted in small scale as well, to signify that the scene is barely big enough to be noticed, just like how the shadow skaters are found in obscure corners of the urban landscape.



Kolahstudio: what do you think about Graffiti/street art in the world? Your inspirations? who are those you like or admire their works?

Traseone: It is very vast and inspiring to see artists who have incorporated lots of other mediums into their work apart from the usual materials like cans and markers. There are people from Graffiti Research Lab (GRL) who use technology into their work, Mark Jenkins who makes tape sculptures, The ever innovative Banksy, and many more. These artists have gone beyond using the conventional tools and techniques to make more powerful works out on the streets.



Kolahstudio: Your works are playful about using their containers (canvas/ Wall and situation around it like in your shadow skateboarders)?

Traseone: Yes, I try to incorporate the surface into the work to give it more meaning and value to the surface. To me, the canvas is more than just a surface to paint on. Same goes for the walls I paint on the streets. To label something street art, the work needs to have a purpose for being where it is, only then can it be categorized as street art.. it has to be site specific.



Kolahstudio: (we ask this from most of artists we have interview with...)Do you know anything about IRAN at all? . what do you think and what is your image about IRAN?

Traseone: I've come across street art in Iran one time when I was looking at graffiti and street art around the world, and I must say most of the works are powerful in a sense that they are politically driven. Even the style of works, the letter styles in most of the graffiti art works for example have a strong resemblance to the Islamic state. So I can really connect the works with where you are from, even culturally. Where I'm from, our culture is adapted from all over the world, thus it is easily reflected upon to have an international theme. I'd love to take a trip down and check out the country and culture for myself, if given the chance :)

❖ ترجمه فارسی این مطلب را در سایت کلاه استودیو بخوانید ❖

www.kolahstudio.com/underground

98 RAINSTORM



“JOYOUS!
One of the most inspired,
adroit, hilarious
debut features ever!”
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A Banksy film

Exit Through the Gift Shop

The world's first Street Art disaster movie...

Featured artist
laser 3.14

www.kolahstudio.com

WE ARE ALL PINK
IN THE PINK

IF MY FEELINGS
ARE TRUE
WHERE ARE THEY
ARE YOU?

laser 3.14
THE MOONLIGHT
BETRAYED YOUR COMING

laser 3.14
CUT MY HAND
ON THE THORNS
OF YOUR ROSES
THAT NEVER BLOOM

Featured Artist

Name: Lasrer 3.14 URL: www.laser314.com

101 RAINWORM

LASRER 3.14 BIOGRAPHY

Inspired by early Amsterdam writers like Ego, Dragon, Collodi and Tarantula , LASER3.14 started to love and enjoy the graffiti since early 1980s.

In 1984 He met the Brother Harakiri ar Graphic school of Amsterdam and learnt alot about the ins and outs of tagging and Street Art.



Soon after, in the early 1990's, he began sketching and producing comics, illustrating, and writing poetry. Towards the end of the 90's Laser3.14 ran into an artistic impasse and felt the need to re-ignite a creative spark he felt he had lost. As a result, he went back again to graffiti writing. It was at that point he began to utilize the city surfaces as a canvas, and turned his poetry into street art.

"My artwork combines a great variety of different styles, techniques and materials. Graffiti-based paintings, graphic styled drawings, collages and 3D artwork." Says Laser 3.14

Featured artist
Asen 3.14

www.kolahstudio.com

Asen 3.14
I LOVE YOU
DIAMOND EYES

DAMRAI
CENTRIJN

asien 3.14
HIM?
HE'S JUST WAITING FOR
THE COSMOS TO FALL

GVB

RAINUITFORM 104



asen 3.14
IF MY FEELINGS
ARE TRUE, THEN
WHERE THE HELL
ARE YOU?

asen 3.14
ALL ANGEL WINGS
COLOURED WHITE

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asien 3.14
YOU BROKE MY WINGS
SO I CAN'T FLY AFTER YOU

asien 3.14
CATCH A DREAM
AND NURTURE IT

RAIN JUTFORM 106

Azer 3.14
SHADOWS FORM
FROM OBSTRUCTED
LIGHT

CATCH A DREAM AND NURTURE IT

I take refuge on your inked skin
I know about trials
I know about sins
I know that a smile can turn into a grin

I see perpetually beckoning
I know we belong to the ancient stars
There's no need for vanity
Let's get rid these ancient scars

We kiss the ground we walk on
And taste glory the great gift
On our precious lips

Why can't we phantom the easy answer
to the most asked question?
Only heaven knows why
There seems to be
No key for glory's house

Featured artist
Asen 3.14

www.kolahstudio.com

24G

Asen 3.14
COULD THE KEY
BE A TRANSPARENT
SKIN?



Asen 3.14
THE STREETS
HAVE MERIT



109 RAIN TORM



Featured artist
asen 3.14

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asen 3.14
BURN MY LIPS
DEAR PHOENIX

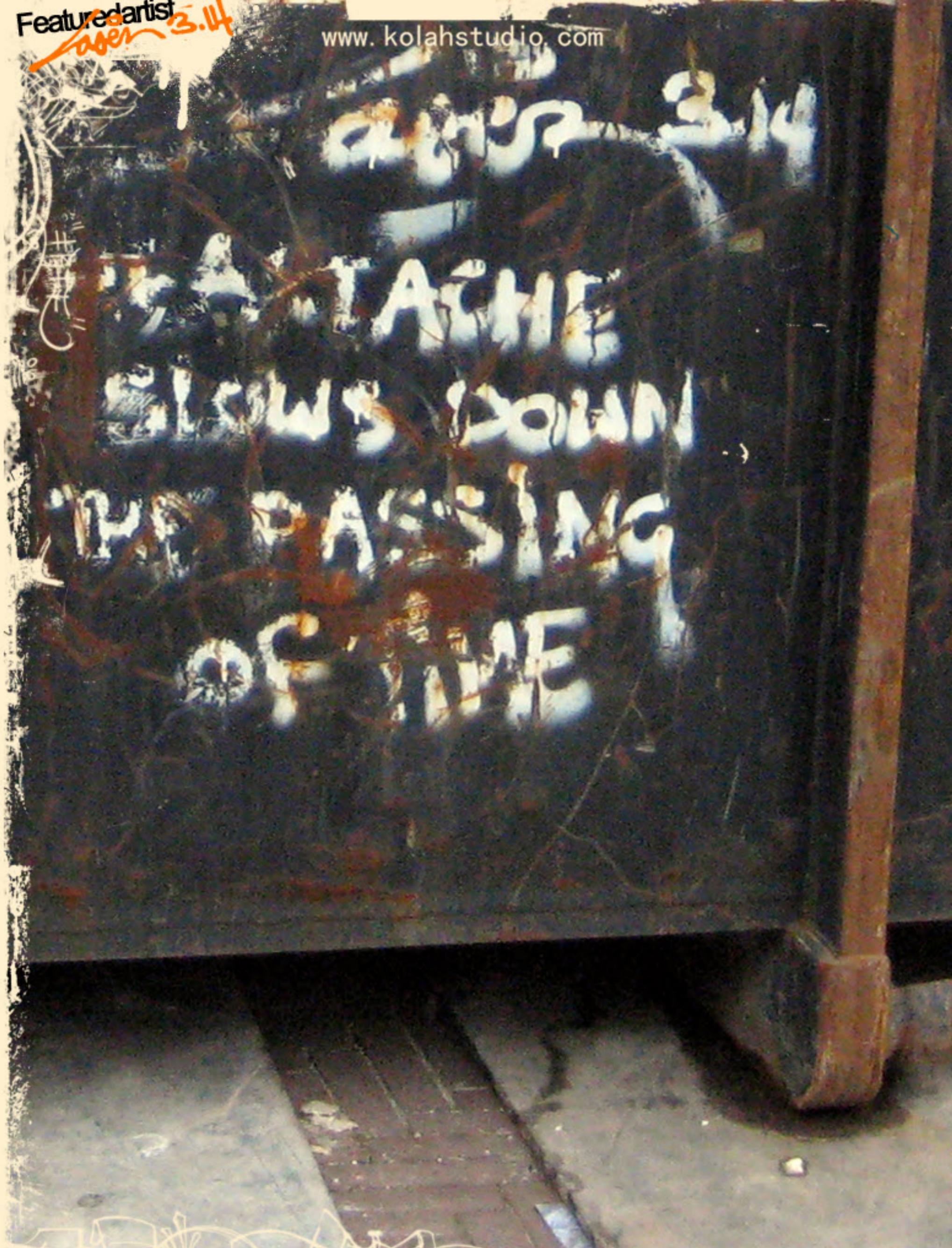
111 RAINWATERFORM



RAINUTORM 112

Featured artist
over 3.14

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113 RAINY FORM



Featured artist
aseer 3.14

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aseer



aseer 3.14

PAPER WINGS
PAPER WINGS
ALL HE WANTS TO
DO IS FLY



RAIN TORM 116

Featured artist
Lasen 3.14

DeltaForte olahstudio.com

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898

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STENFARCKE

STENFARCKE
ENGELS OEFFELT

Lasen 3.14

SOMETIMES
THERE'S SPACE BETWEEN
THE GROUND AND THE KITE



12

10

~~over~~ 3.14
PLEASE LEAVE
PLEASE STAY
PLEASE LEAVE
PLEASE STAY
PLEASE LEAVE
PLEASE STAY
PLEASE LEAVE
PLEASE STAY
PLEASE LEAVE

Featured artist
over 3.14

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over 3.14

SHE CRASHED HER CAR
TO BUY A LIMOUSINE

119 **RAIN** **UTORM**

667

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XODO
Laser 3.14
THE MIRROR
SAW ME SAD

RAINUTFORM 120

aber 3.14
JUST ONE KISS
AND WE'LL
DRIFT IN FOREVER

۱۳۸۳.۱۴
I WANT TO TASTE
THE ESSENCE OF YOU

BrainStorm Magazine is an Independent-arts E-magazine showcasing parts of KolahStudio's Way of communicate with Arts and the Art mob inside and outside IRAN.

We try to bring a new tune in the house. each issue has its own character and bring a new subjects into our content and fields of interest.

Thanks to many of our Friends and supporters.

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Summer 2011

www.issuu.com/kolahstudio

ب RAINSTORM 124



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Iranian Underground Art Media and Studio