

# საქართველო

Vol. 8

განუყოფელი





Samezoblo closes and opens the year with a collaborative edition. We move away from the monographies and dive ourselves into the scenographic shared by new and old friends.

Although the photographic themes of this volume appear to be loosely connected, each one encloses essential elements towards the construction of a project that aims at mapping and narrates the influences that an urban space has on our perceptions has and our own story telling.

Tbilisi as the pivot of every possible interaction that can be asbatracted - sometimes - to almost microscopic levels of its components following a process of continuous desintegration and reintegration into something: a thought, a song, a verse, a picture, a reproduction, a memory, any form of expression that can give coherence to our relations with the city and its inhabitants.

Each photography is a variant, a disonance, an excuse to explain imaginative things while being rooted to the reality.

The influence of the rivers, street details that become more and more lucid, hallucinogen textures, the evolving relation between lights and objects, the repetition of a physical manifesto which is both fragmented and in competition with its own terms.

Each page have received a title by its contributor: each title is in reality a verse that connects to the previous one: composing a communal poem at the end, a dialogue, a multiscenography of sorts.

HIDDEN:

drink deep, and be filled  
with power -  
it flows under our feet  
carrying all it collects  
dropping from the sky,  
oozing out of the earth  
downwards, downwards  
catching all it touches  
your sewage  
your plastic  
your sympathy  
your fury and your  
stillness  
while crammed in a pipe  
while cased in concrete  
it bears all it is given  
sometimes still free:  
a tree drinks it  
a bird thinks in it  
carving its valley  
year after year  
the world flows through it  
and it will not be stopped

UNBIDDEN:

look, it is calling to you  
and it will not be stopped  
the world flows through it  
year after year  
carving its valley  
a bird thinks in it  
a tree drinks it  
sometimes still free:  
it bears all it is given  
while cased in concrete  
while crammed in a pipe  
your fury and your stillness  
your sympathy  
your plastic  
your sewage  
catching all it touches  
downwards, downwards  
oozing out of the earth  
dropping from the sky  
carrying all it has collected  
it flows under our feet



of electricity @Sanrina\_Bellenzier Static waterfalls of electricity







Au travers des feuilles mortes  
Dorian ton portrait me revient  
Souvenir frappant la porte  
Innocent est ce visage fin  
Cachée sous le flou de tes joues  
Délicate commissure  
Piège tendu ne sera point absous  
Punition de ta désinvolture  
Eliott Lantier



melt in spring @Alinahoven Metal won't melt in spring @A



# Alinahoven Metal won't

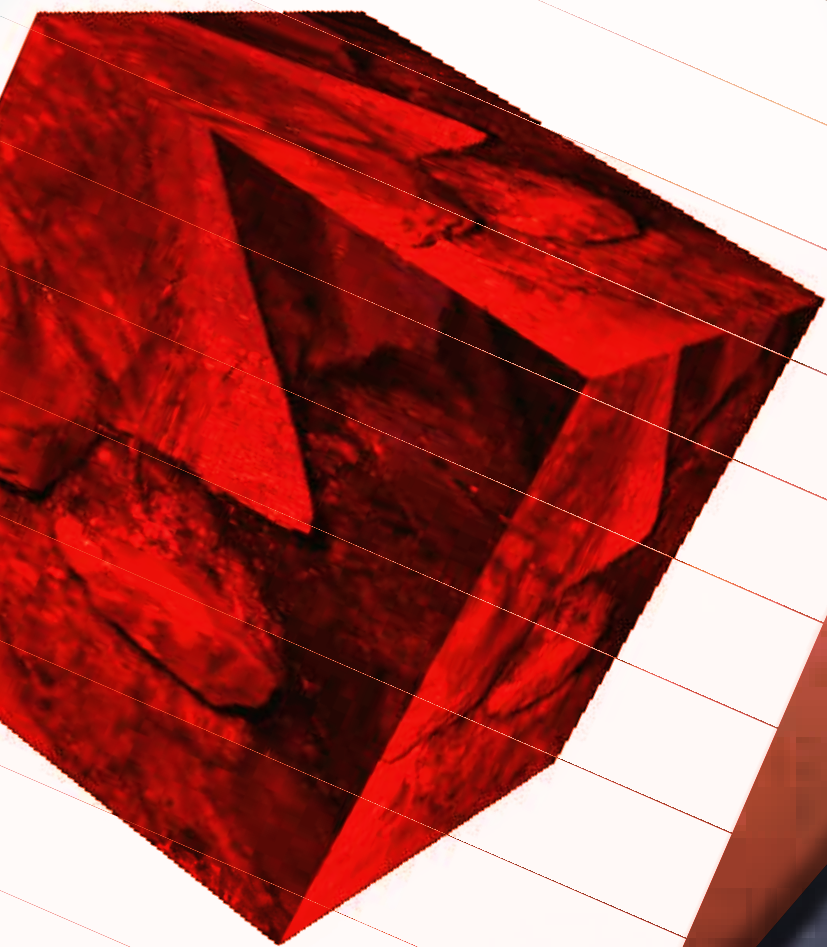


it will rust @Gkikoria But it will rust @Gkikoria But it will rust

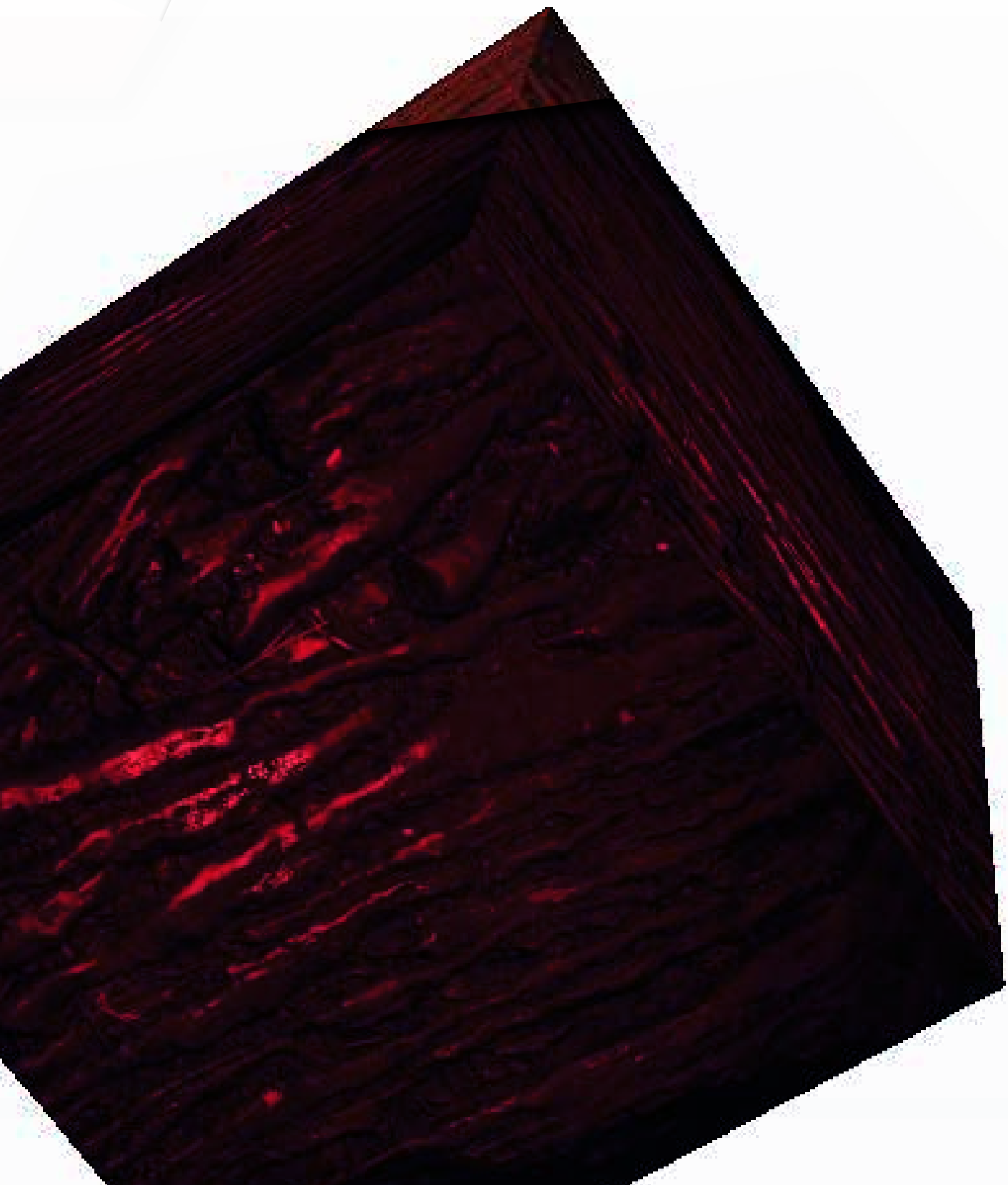
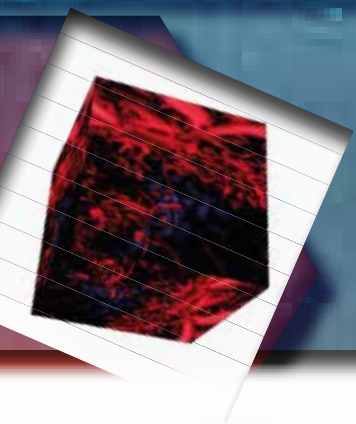




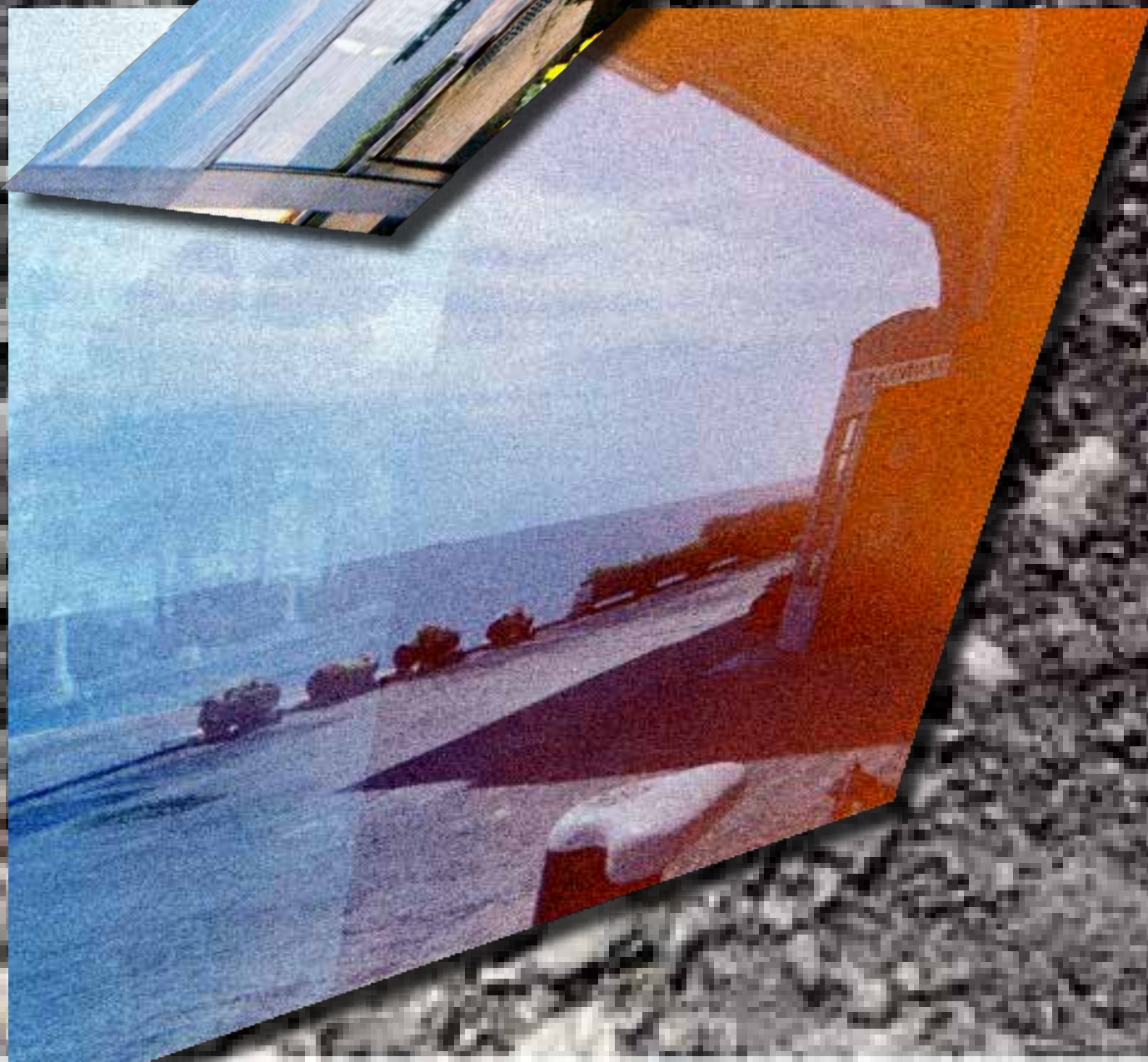
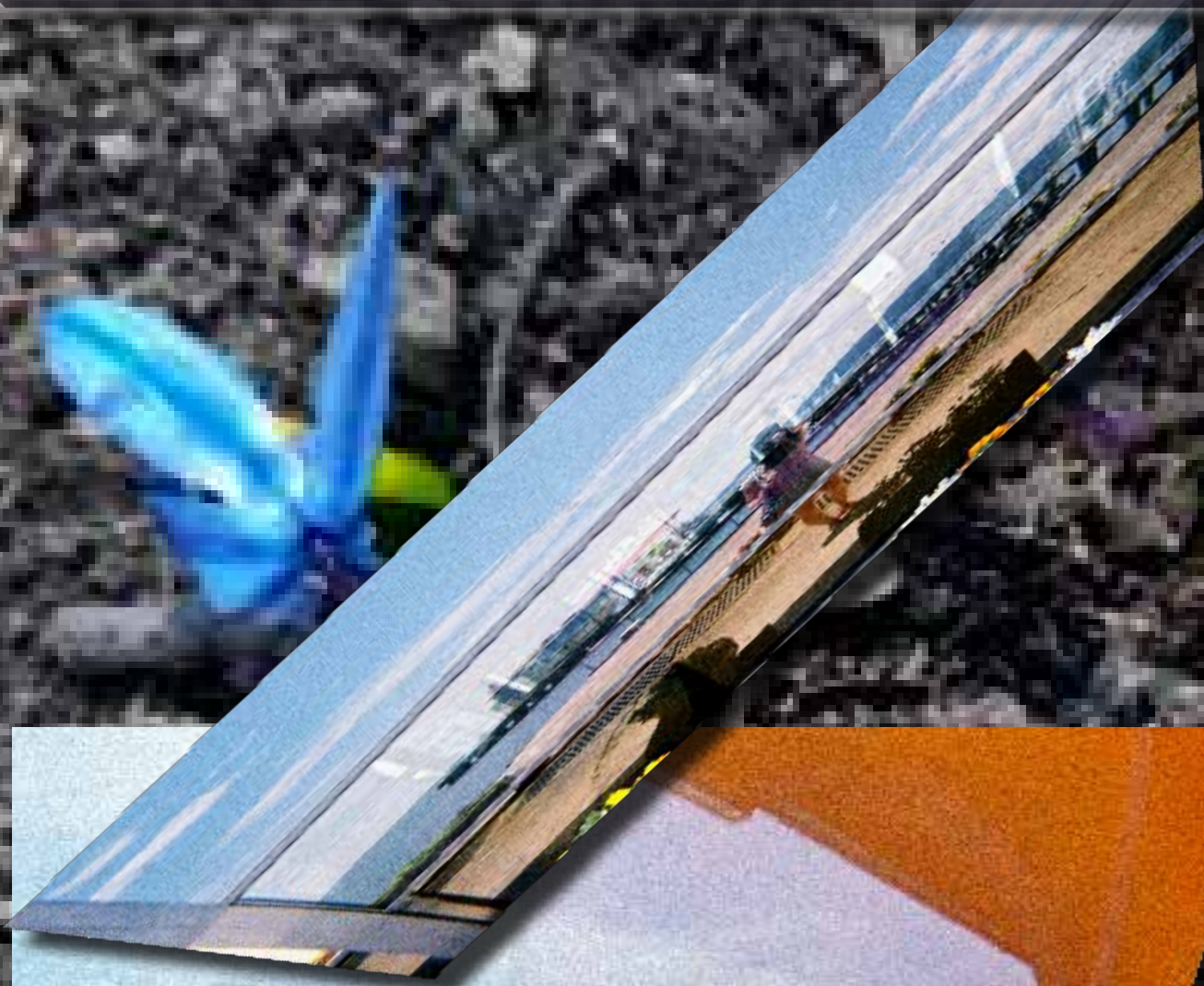
can burn it @nestan\_abd And no fire can burn it @nestan



\_abd And no fire



as difficult @kartoshkalover As shorter as difficult @kartosh



nkalover As shorter



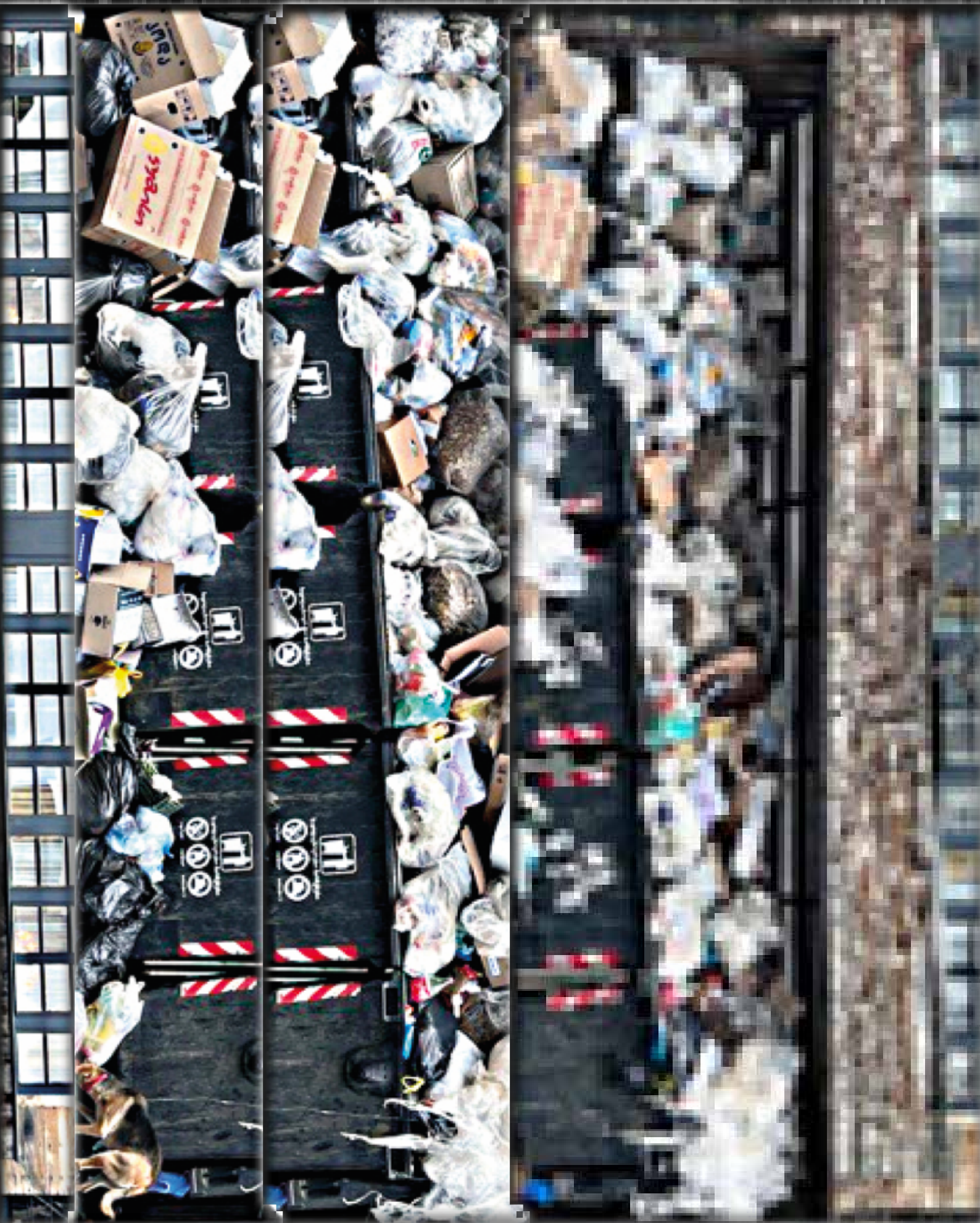
expensive trash

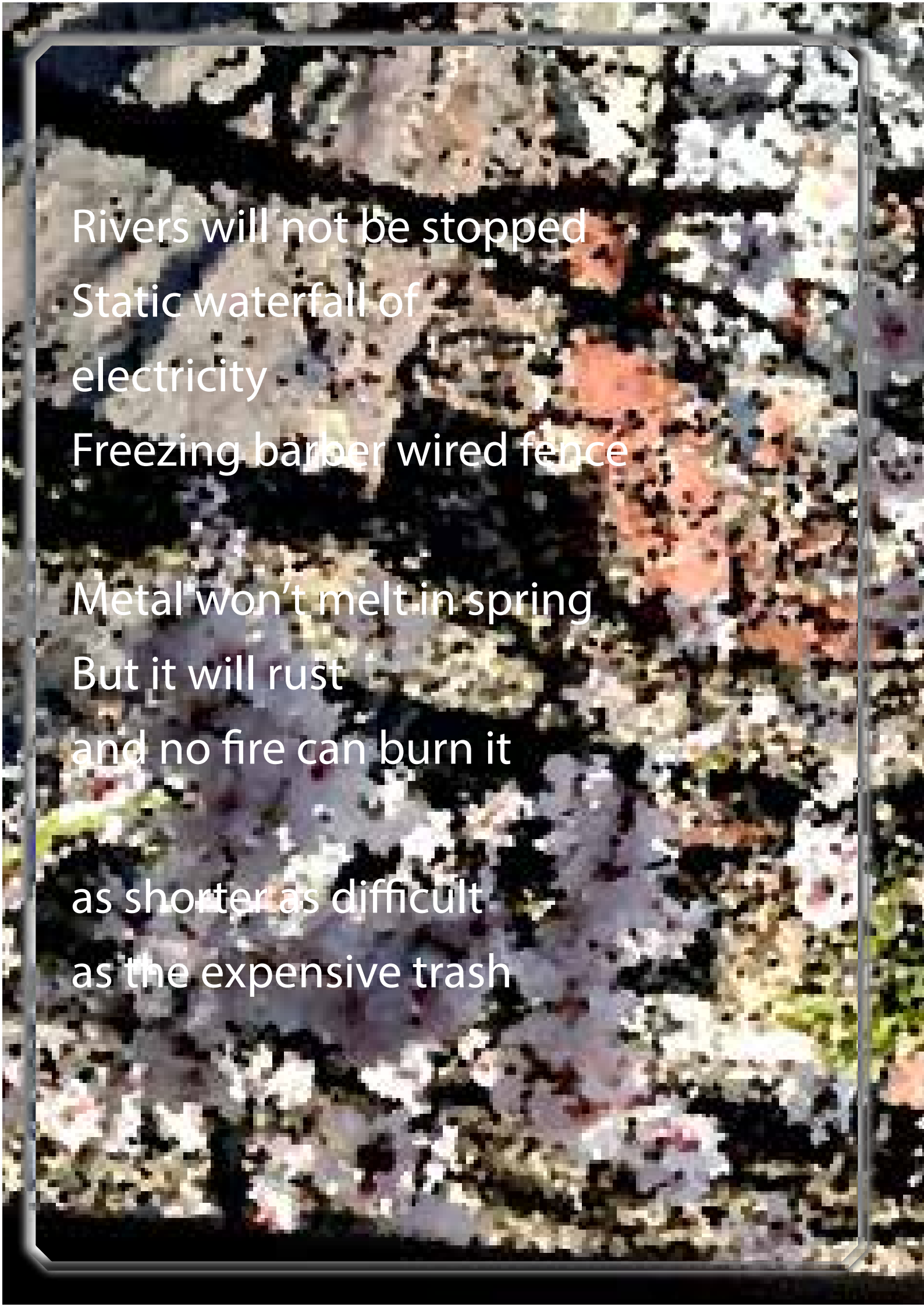
@annsvanidze

Expensive trash

@annsvan

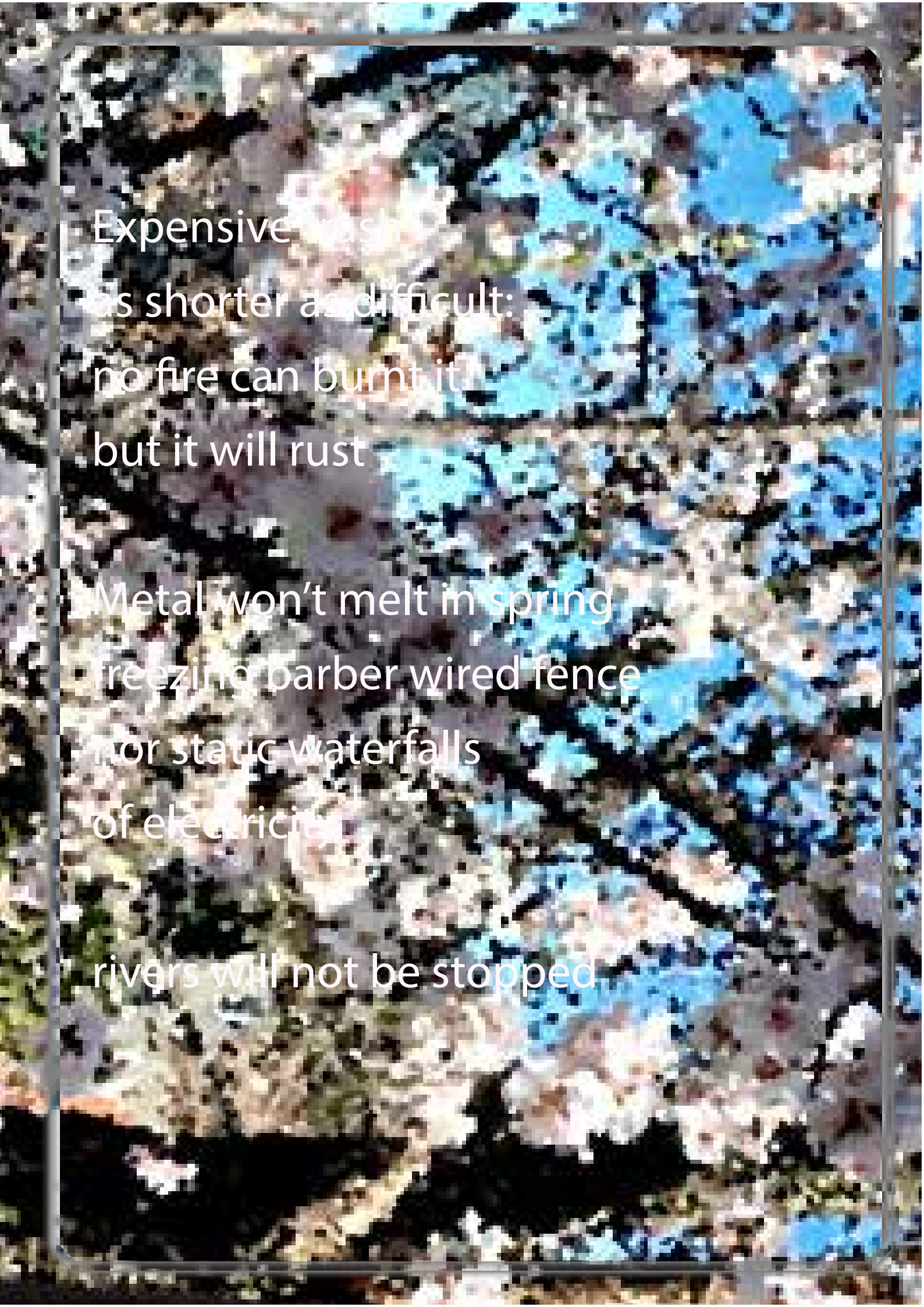






Rivers will not be stopped  
Static waterfall of  
electricity  
Freezing barbed wired fence

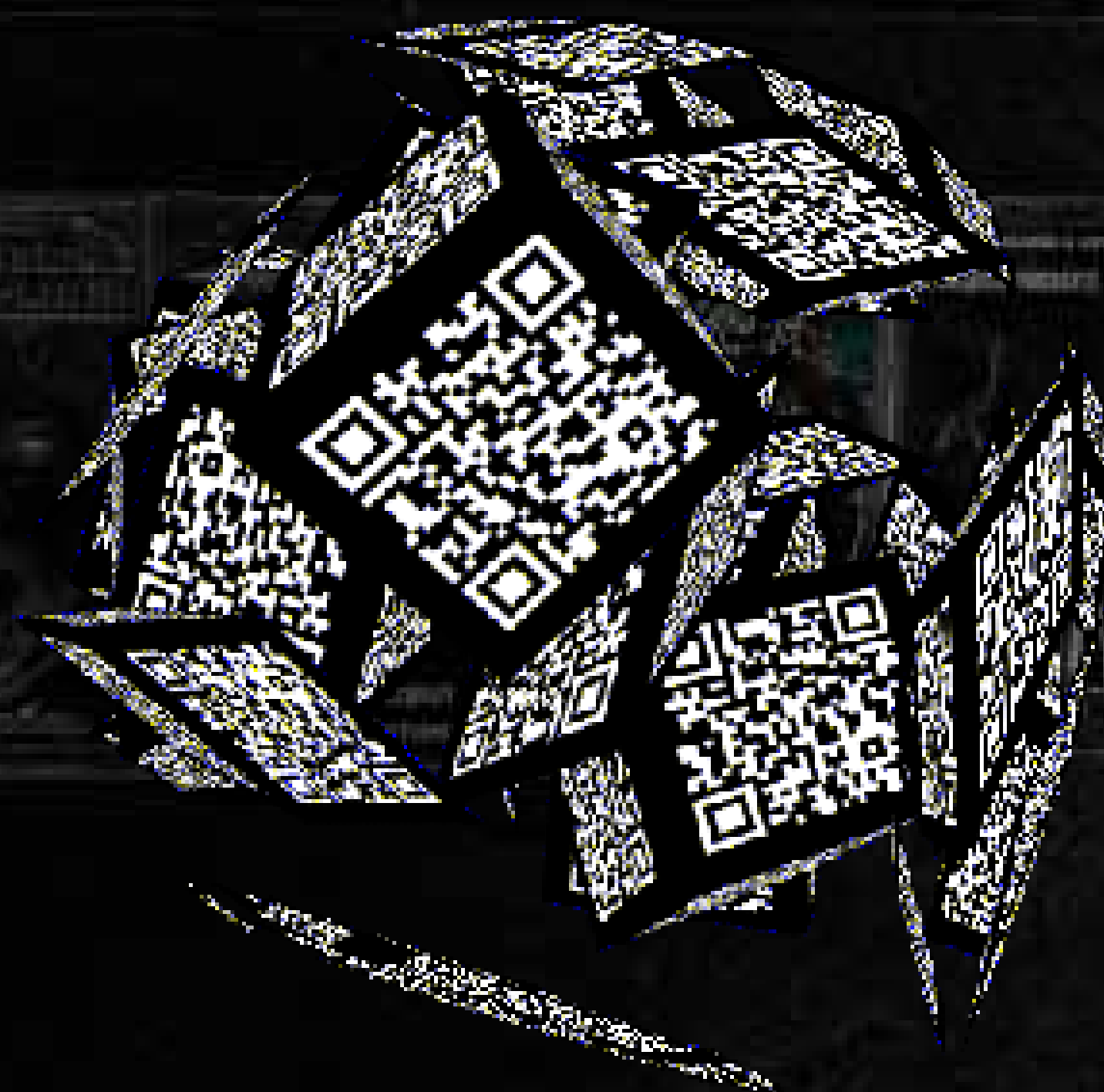
Metal won't melt in spring  
But it will rust  
and no fire can burn it  
as shorter as difficult  
as the expensive trash



Expensive wash  
is shorter and difficult:  
no fire can burn it  
but it will rust

Metal won't melt in spring  
freezing barber wired fence  
nor static waterfalls  
of electricity

rivers will not be stopped



Samezoblo super primitive mixtapes now available  
on soundcloud and soulseek.



(◡‿◡)\*\*°. \*♡ᄇᄇ\*:·Happy Wᄇdding·:\* ᄇᄇ♡\*



Mariam Khammash  
got married  
and lost her job.

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Like the tracks you will listen to alone and urgently need to share, so there are wines that hit differently when shared with certain people. Sometimes the wine and music will go together. This is essentially the observation that some pleasures are heightened by mutual – but differing – appreciation. No two people have the same taste. When they complement each other, the pleasure can be exceptional.

This is because wine is emotional and responsive, like music.

This will not be a revelation because of course we already know it to be true, and nowhere more so than in Tbilisi, where wines can be a sour lottery or true elevating experiences laced with insidious release or bright and soft evocations of future pleasures.

Some of my richest discoveries are Gurian.

It is tempting to lace those wines with the rich, stultified sensuality of those humid summers. In the winter the dark reds (Jano-Skihatubani) are like ink and the lighter reds (Aladasturi) spiced like incense.

In arid Kartli, those crumbling streaks of coloured stone, which stretch southwards to Gareji and the desert, also reach northwards towards Ateni. Those northern Kartli wines, the ones I love, are bright and golden and sing with the pure clarity of those barren landscapes.

There are great wines, there are great tracks. But what perfects them is the brief elevated moment in which they are consumed.

@cosimastw

Tracklisted:

FJAAK - All My Friends Are In The Bathroom (Feat. Fadi Mohem, J.Manuel)

Tranceporter - Open Up Your Mind (1992)

Acrid Abeyance - Exposure Track (Pascal F.E.O.S. Remix)

Zero Gravity - Terminal Search (1997)

I Hate Models - It Will Last Forever [K010]

Psy-Kick - Lonely Nights (1996)



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Contact & Collaborations:  
@expressoyeah  
www.samezoblo.com



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Mariam Aduashvili  
Cosima Stewart  
Zoe Popp

Edited by  
D.M  
Backcover by  
@zoe.popp

