

Media Art Festival Arad

2025

MAFA

!1

@2

ParallaxErrors

Media Art Festival Arad

2025

MAFA

!

@

1

2

ParallaxErrors

Media Art Festival Arad

2025

MAFA

1

@  
2

# ParallaxErrors

here today gone tomorrow

{ephemeral-installations}

one infinite loop projection

26.09.25—01.10.25 @ Cinema Arta Arad

un proiect kinema ikon

Centrul Municipal de Cultură Arad



**Media Art Festival Arad 2025**  
**MAFA 12 - ParallaxErrors**

*here today gone tomorrow*

vineri, 26.09.2025, ora 17.00, Cinema Arta Arad

**ephemeral installations:**

soJin Chun: Treasure Hill Camouflage

Radu Pandelescu: Gri

Sorin Neamtu: acum-abat

Alex Halka: JAR

Bogdanator: / -- P[\*]RC > head(er)

Rares Moldovan: PAX

Mihnea Rares Hantiu: synthetic forest

Sergiu Sas / Mimi Ciora: The Alien Alien's Monument (Monumentul Extraterestrului Necunoscut)

Adrian Grecu / Cătălin Hoza: Survol

reVoltaire / gH / Bogdanator: A.I. Paper for Mind, Entropy and ReadyMedia

kinema ikon: kNEM::blob\_LV

**one infinite loop projection:**

Adrian Ganea: Q3D

Adrian Grecu: Pseudo Identities

Dragos Dogioiu: Murmur

Flaviu Rogojan: In Orbit

Gabriela Mateescu: Utilă

Marta Mattioli: The User

gH: Untitled2\_[\_dreaming\_]\_{\_ch\_aoskampf\_}\_1

Irina Bako: The AI Feels

Levente Kozma: Dispelling Illusion

Marina Oprea: Ourcelium

Marton Robinson: Tik Tak Nod

Mihai Zgondoiu: Hum & Smoke / Incertezza / Spontaneous Landscape

Nicoleta Mures: The Eternal Night Shift

Radu Pandelescu: Gri

SoJin Chun: Treasure Hill Camouflage

Sandor Bartha: Beyond the Window and Even Beyond It

Taietzel Ticalos: Marginalia

Thea Lazăr: Isle of Glass

13m10j: Ceci n'est pas une lampe d'Aladdin

**jazz electro crossover impro**

The 2 Knights of the Electric Order & Kaos

**curatori:**

Calin Man, Ileana Selejan

sâmbătă, 27.09.2025, ora 12.00, Cinema Arta Arad

**talk: arhivare.dezarhivare/ dezarhivare.arhivare**

(proiect inițiat de kinema ikon și whosedi productions)

Invitați: George Sabau, Horea Avram

Moderator: Gavril Pop





ParallaxErrors



mafa.ro



Media Art Festival  
Arad revine în spațiul  
Cinematografului Arta  
din Arad cu o serie de  
monumente efemere,  
pseudo-sculpturi media,  
filme experimentale  
juxtapuse unui  
performance sonor.  
MAFA12 :: ParallaxErrors  
explorează noi forme de  
expresie artistică precum  
sculptura algoritmică,  
proiecția augmentată și  
arhivele afective digitale,  
oferind o experiență  
senzorială complexă care  
evidențiază transformarea  
constantă a artei  
contemporane în era  
digitală.

/

Media Art Festival  
Arad returns to the Arta  
Cinema in Arad with  
a series of ephemeral  
monuments, media  
pseudo-sculptures,  
luminous interventions,  
and experimental films  
juxtaposed with a sound  
performance.  
MAFA12 :: ParallaxErrors  
explores new forms of  
artistic expression such  
as algorithmic sculpture,  
augmented projection, and  
digital affective archives,  
offering a complex  
sensory experience that  
highlights the ongoing  
transformation of  
contemporary art in the  
digital age.



# Ileana Selejan

## STORY OF BONE

### I. THE BEGINNING

The family gathers in the living room. It's a warm, sunny afternoon, early fall. The leaves are turning and the light glimmers on their surface, creating abstract patterns on the terrace floor. I look up and notice movement in the distance, back towards the woods. There's a rustle in the bushes, then a thump. Suddenly, something, something big, thrusts forward, breaking through the foliage at great speed. A bear! It looks massive, and it's heading straight towards the house. It's approaching fast. I know I should be running, but my legs won't move. I look behind me and notice a sink hole has opened in the living room. A sink hole?! WTF?! Maybe that's my way out. I turn around and follow everyone else as they jump in.





## II. UNDERTOW

The beach is empty today. It's early in the day on January 1st so I guess most people are still asleep or nursing a hangover. Maybe they're already back at work, who knows. No notifications. I'm lying on the sand, ear to the ground. I can hear clanking, metallic sounds, as if they're setting up scaffolding down there. I press my head harder into the ground. It sounds like heavy machinery, excavators and drills, digging, rolling, vibrating, beep beep beep. Are they building a tunnel down there?

*Unless... there's been a major cataclysm and humanity had to move underground. Up here, we live vicariously although deep down we all know it's just a mirage. I bought my VR headset in some kind of obscure crypto from a work colleague, a bargain. He retired early, said he was done, no more sugar coating. He'd rather experience it all, as is, through the grit. [Parallax error.]*

So that's the armature upon which this entire spectacle of living is built?! Life Is A Dream? Wait... am I dreaming? Anywhooooooo... I would have really liked to sort this out, but it seems like I've run out of time. The sea took advantage of my distraction and has carved its way right up to my feet. By the time I realise, a great wave has crashed into the beach pulling me – with all the umbrellas, beach chairs, towels, coolers with drinks, coconuts, etc. – into the undertow. I let go of my incessant thoughts. What good are they now anyhow?



## III. THE SAGE

Something has happened but I can't recall what. All I see is water, all around, into the horizon. No trace of humans, animals, plants. (NO, this story isn't about the great flood or religion or whatever.) I had forgotten this part, but luckily, I saved an AI generated rendering. I think it knew, or at least it understood better than I could. I'm standing next to an elderly woman. Her presence is calm, reassuring. I have no memories and am struggling to put my thoughts together. The skies open towards the distance. It looks like a strange mix of dusk and dawn. Maybe there's no more time. Did I die? Am I her? She's looking at me, but I can't seem to be able to open my mouth. I feel like I could speak, if I really wanted to, but words wouldn't be coming out. Maybe I could sing. Who knows. Her gaze wanders into the distance, and I notice a shooting star. It's descending, vertiginously, drawing a perfect vertical connecting sky and sea. Will it sink into the abyss? It's magnificent, I don't want it to be burn out.





## IV. CITY OF A THOUSAND DREAMS

Once upon a time, it was decided that the city would be divided along professions. Accountants would only be living in proximity with other accountants, doctors with other doctors, bakers with bakers, dog walkers, etc. You get the gist. A referendum was held, and the decree passed with close to no objections. An exception was made for academics who applied for an exemption and were granted permission to remain in their ivory tower. The anarchists went to live in the cloud. All human activity was streamlined with an aim to maximise efficiency. Universal wages and sustainable ecological policies guaranteed all inhabitants rather high standards of living, and an enviable work-life balance. All this, in the absence of war that is. Nobody could tell, no oracle, human or machine, how long this PAX MUNDI would hold. The city would go through cycles of harmonious co-existence and utter chaos. In the end, there was no way to determine whether this had been a great or terrible idea.



## V. MIDNIGHT ARCHAEOLOGY

I completely lost track of time. Have no idea where I am, utterly disoriented. I feel intoxicated. I stumble in the dark onto a hard rock surface and suddenly notice a glimmer of light not far away. I measure my steps but am dying to get there. Maybe there's a way out, unsure where to but I'm sick of this suffocating place. As I approach the light becomes more defined – a proper beam – cruising through the thick air from somewhere up high. On the ground, a circle of light encloses a patch of red dust. Not much to it, at first. But then I peek closely and notice small shiny mineral fragments. Maybe I shouldn't but I reach my hand out until it's right under the light. I can see my veins and tendons, blood rushing through in anxious excitement. I push the dust away gently with my fingers, and I feel a smooth surface underneath. What is this? I keep going until I reach what seems like an ending, rounding up into a spherical shape. A bone. Right next to it a small metallic plaque reads: Ursus arctos, 2026 CE.





Media Art Festival Arad

2025

MAFA

!

@

2

ParallaxErrors

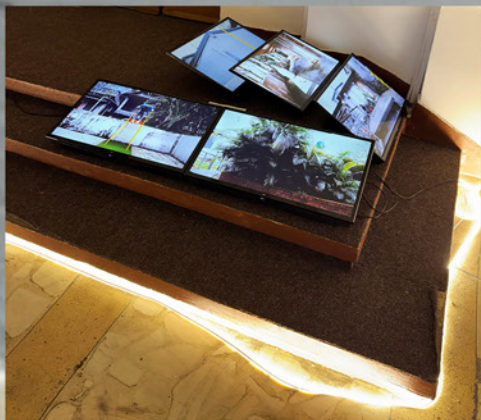
**E**P**H**E**M**E**R**Δ**L**

**I**NS**T**Δ**L**LΔ**T****I**ONS



soJin Chun

TREASURE HILL  
CAMOUFLAGE





Radu Pandeale



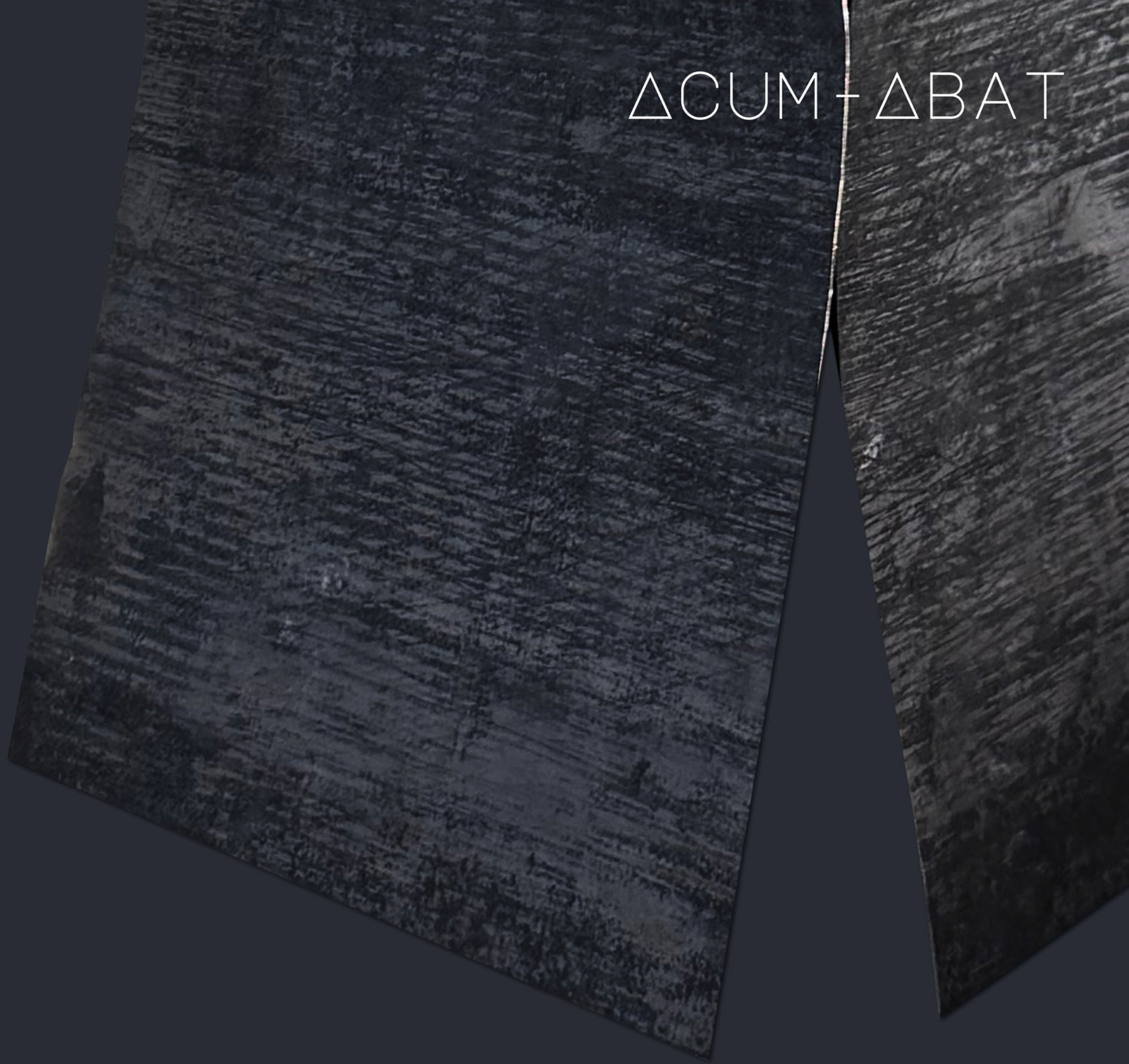
GRI





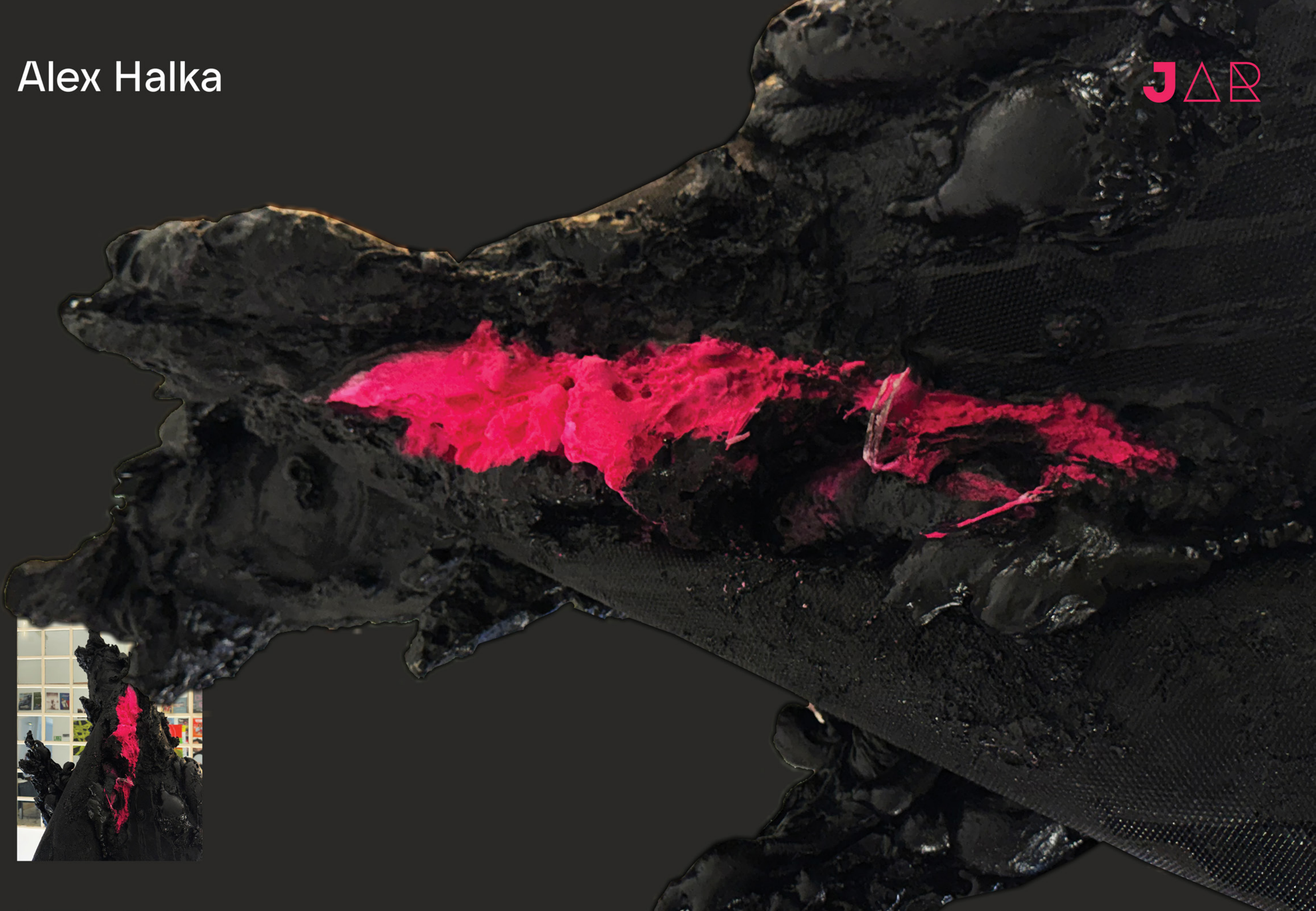
Sorin Neamțu

ΔCUM+ΔBAT





Alex Halka





Bogdanator

/ -- P[\*]RC >  
HEAD(ER)





# Rareș Moldovan





Mihnea Rareș Hanțiu

SYNTHETIC  
FOREST



CROMATIC :





Sergiu Sas  
Mimi Ciora



# THE ΔLIEN ΔLIEN'S MONUMENT

(MONUMENTUL  
EXTRATERESTRULUI  
NECUNOSCUT)



Adrian Grecu / Cătălin Hoza

**S**URVOL





reVoltaire / geosab /  
gH / Bogdanator



Δ . I . PAPER  
FOR MIND ,  
ENTROPY AND  
READYMEDIA





# kinema ikon

Bogdanator / gH. [ d y s l x ] / reVoltaire

KNEM : : BLOB\_LV





Media Art Festival Arad

2025

MAFA

!

@

2

ParallaxErrors

ONE INFINITE

LOOP  
PROJECTION

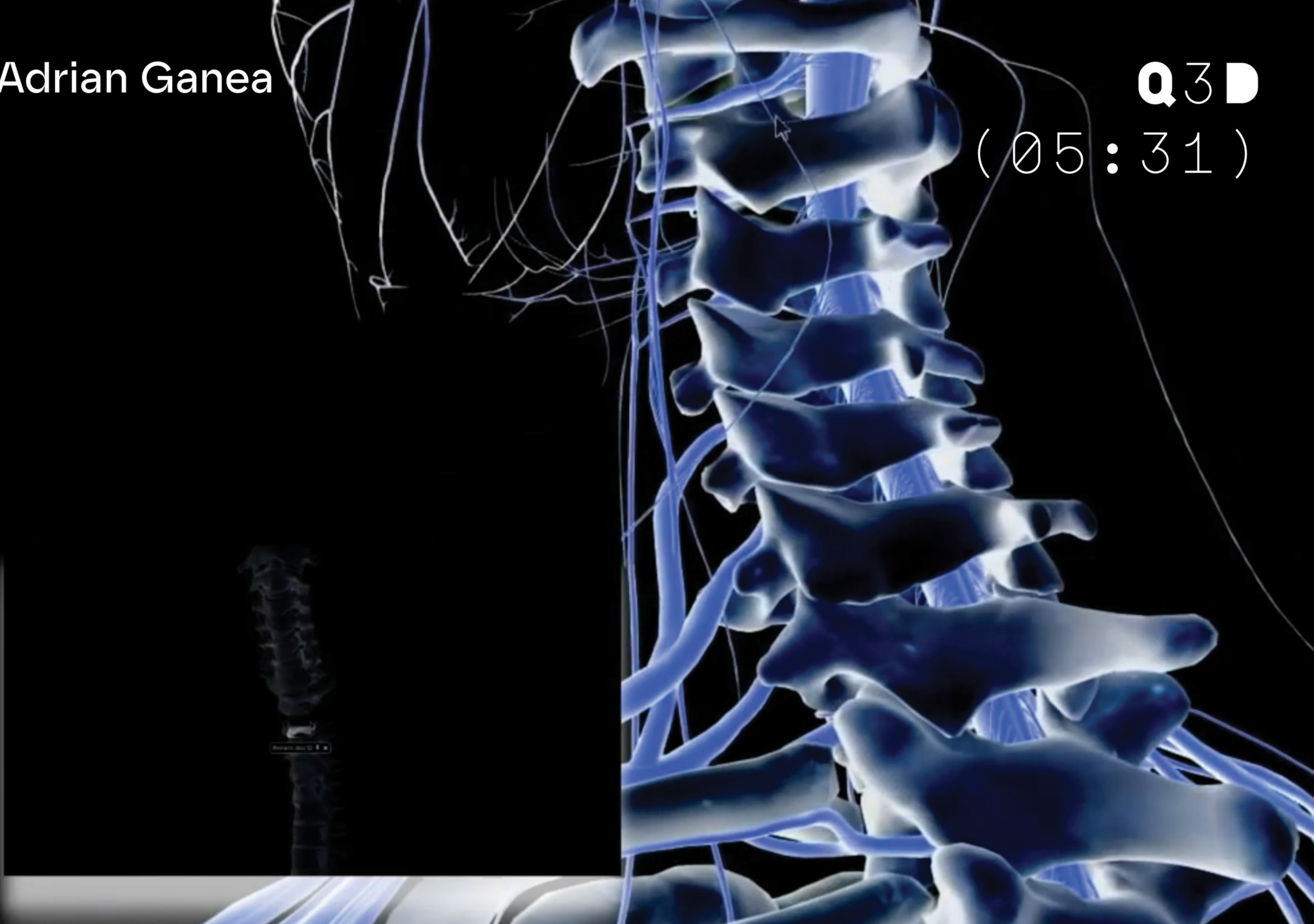
MAFA.R0/12/LOOP



Adrian Ganea

Q3

(05:31)





Adrian Grecu

**P**SEUDO  
**I**DENTITIES  
( 0 1 : 4 7 )







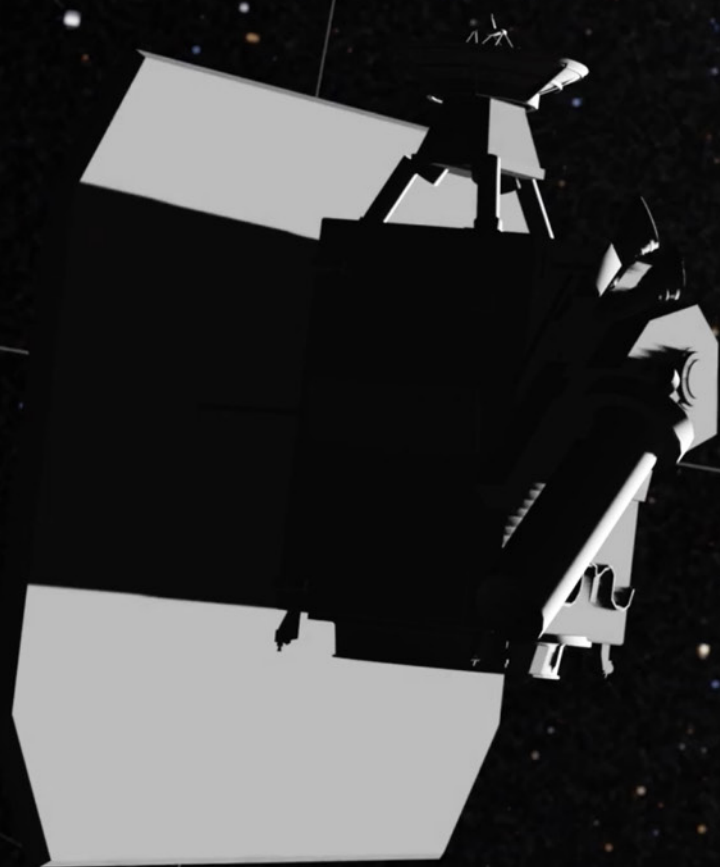
Dragoș Dogioiu

MURMUR  
(01:55)



Flaviu Rogoian

IN ORBIT  
(04:48)





Gabriela Mateescu

UTILĂ  
(04:33)





Marta Mattioli

THE USER  
( 01 : 24 )





gH

■ UNTITLED2\_ [ \_  
DREΔMING\_ ] \_  
                  { \_CH\_  
ΔO SKAMPF \_ } \_1  
                  ( 02 : 15 )



Irina Bako

THE ΔI FEELS  
(03:50)





Levente Kozma

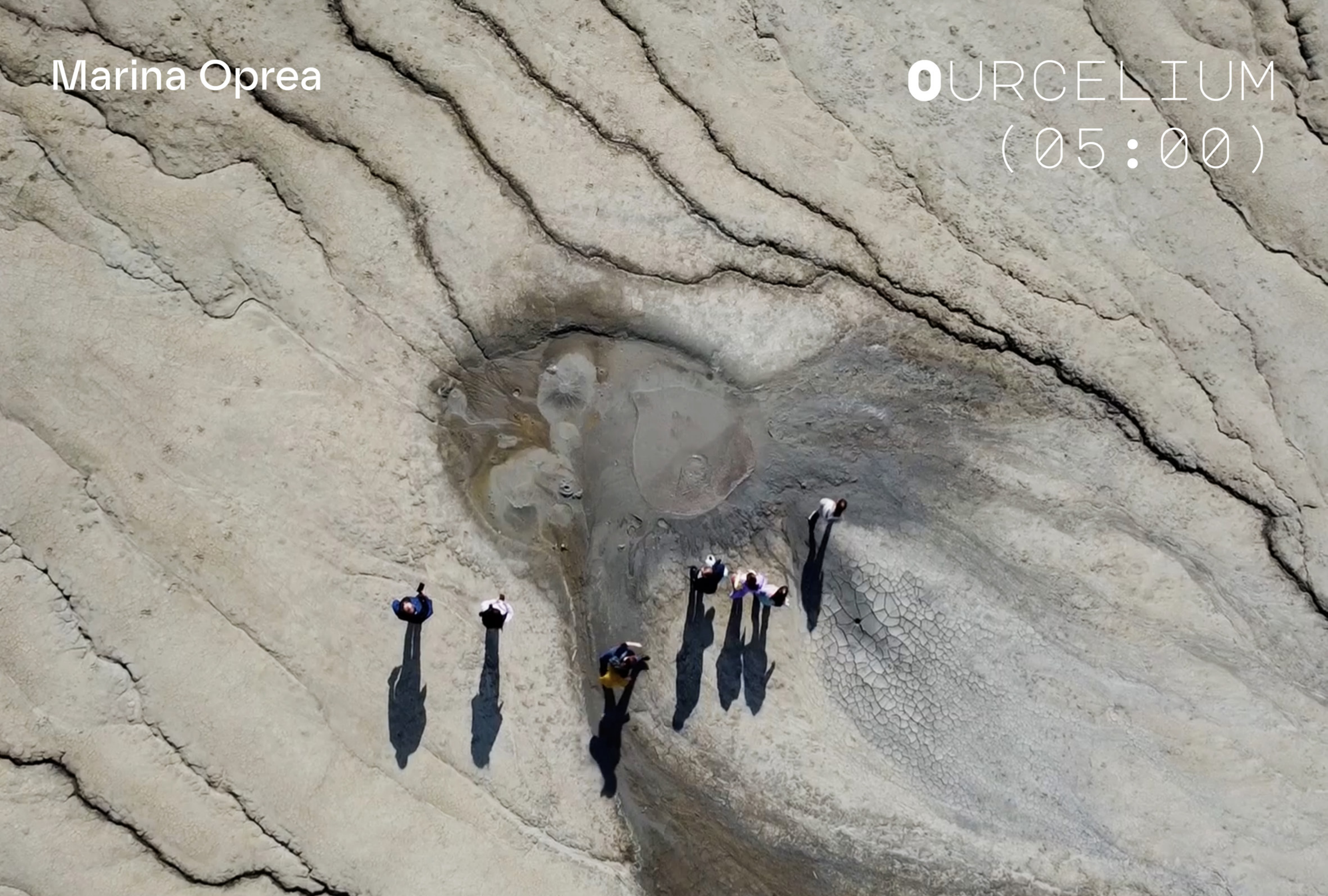
DISPELLING  
ILLUSION  
( 06 : 24 )





Marina Oprea

OURCELIUM  
(05:00)





Marton Robinson

TIK TAK NOD  
( 04 : 20 )





Mihai Zgondoiu

HUM & **S**MOKE /  
**I**NCERTEZZA /  
**S**PONTANEOUS  
LANDSCAPE  
( 04 : 04 )





Nicoleta Mureș

THE **E**TERNAL  
NIGHT **S**HIFT  
(04:56)



Sandor Bartha

BEYOND THE  
WINDOW AND  
EVEN BEYOND  
IT  
(04:18)





Taietzel Ticalos

MARGINALIA  
(05:33)





Thea Lazăr

ISLE OF GLASS  
(04:54)





13m10j

CECI N'EST  
PAS UNE LAMPE  
D'ALADDIN  
(02:51)





Media Art Festival Arad

2025

MAFA

!1

@2

ParallaxErrors

JAZZ

ELECTRO  
CROSSOVER  
IMPRO



# The 2 Knights of the Electric Order & Kaos



JAZZ ELECTRO  
CROSSOVER  
IMPRO





Media Art Festival Arad

2025

MAFA

! 1

@ 2

ParallaxErrors

TALK

ΔRHIVΔRE.

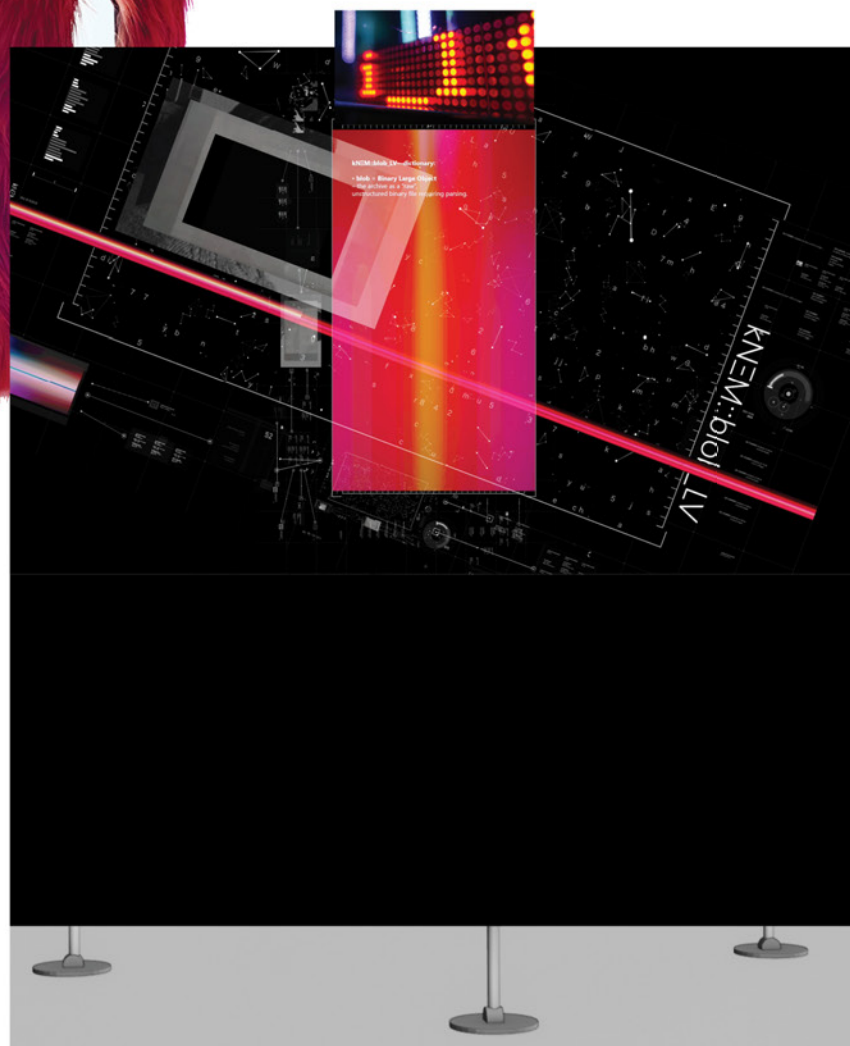
DEZΔRHIVΔRE

/

DEZΔRHIVΔRE.

ΔRHIVΔRE





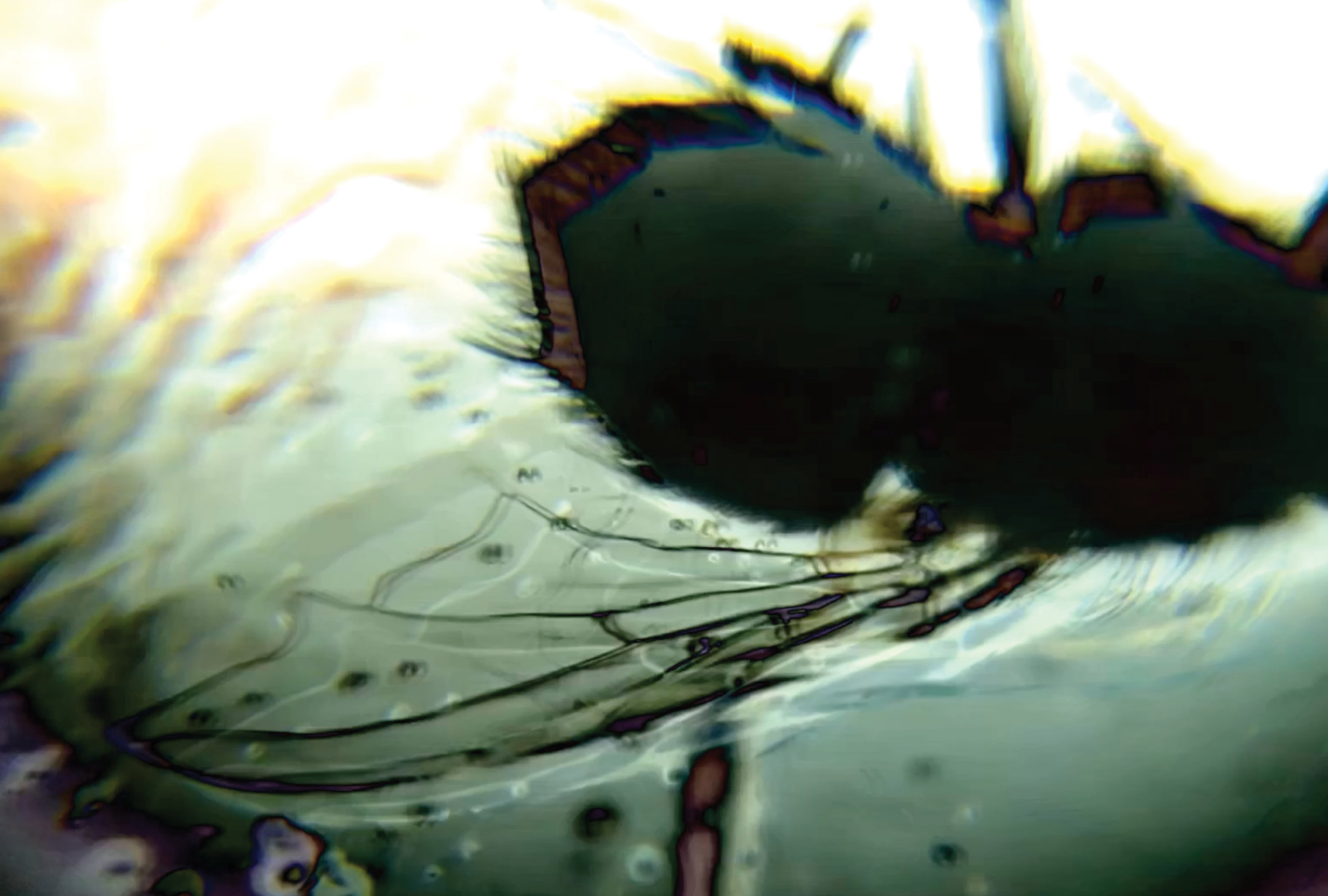
invitați:  
**George Sabau,**  
**Horea Avram**

moderator:  
**Gavril Pop**

inițiatoarea proiectului arhivare.dezarhivare/ dezarhivare.arhivare:  
**Igrid Ene**









Media Art Festival Arad

## MAFA12 :: ParallaxErrors

a kinema ikon project

•  
organized by: Centrul Municipal de Cultură Arad

•  
curators: Calin Man, Ileana Selejan

•  
catalog:

editor: kinema ikon

concept, design: reVoltaire

foto credits: MAFA / kinema ikon

•  
© authors & editor, 2025\_ all rights reserved

•  
print: Radu Cosma

MAFA.RO



