

HINTOLOGY

I S S U E # 1


A U T U M N 2 0 2 3



HINTOLOGY

ISSUE 1 / AUTUMN 2023

First published in North America
in October 2023 by LKVM Studio:

 4319 Drolet Street
Montreal, QC, H2W 2L7
www.lkvm.studio

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ISSN 2817-5875 (*Print*)
ISSN 2817-5883 (*Online*)

Editing
VINCENT MARSOLAIS
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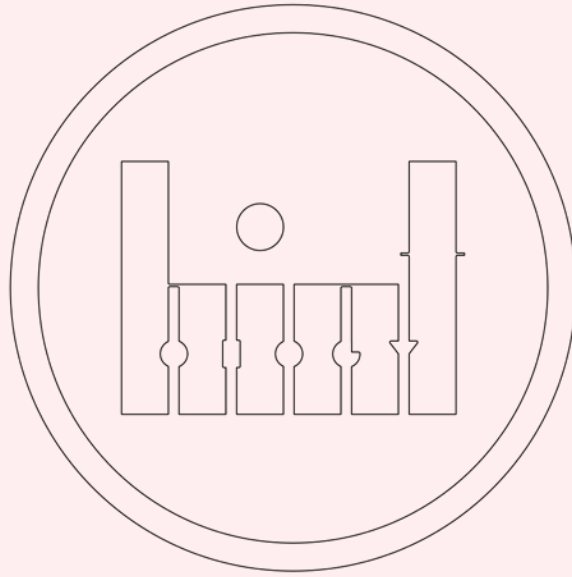
Revision
JAY BURTON
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Printing
PRECIGRAFIK
precigrafik.com

Publishing
LKVM STUDIO
lkvm.studio

Cover	QIYAO LIN	<i>Untitled</i> (2022)
Back cover	ALINA AMINOVA	<i>Swirl</i> (2022)
	HARTMUT RIEG	<i>Windowpane Colors 5359</i> (2022)
	JOSHUA FELDMAN	<i>Topology</i> (2022)
	CAM CROSLAND	<i>Fishing with Dynamite Abstracts</i> (2018)
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	BARB KREUTTER	<i>Towards Growth</i> (2023)
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	ASTRID PREISZ	<i>Don't you touch me</i> (2023)
	MARYNA KOSTIUKEVYCH	<i>Feather</i> (2023)
Fonts	COVER	<i>Fine Sans</i>
	METADATA	<i>NotCourierSans</i>
	SECTIONS	<i>Overpass Mono</i>
	ARTWORKS	<i>Alegreya Sans SC</i>
	TITLES	<i>Jost</i>
	ESSAYS	<i>Dosis</i>
	POEMS	<i>Cormorant Garamond</i>
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CITY HYDROCARBON HALLUCINATION HYDROCEPHALUS HERMENEUTICAL HOMOGENATE
ICASE HEMOPOIESIS HAPLODIPLOIDY HELIOCENTRICITY HERITAGE
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NEHYPERCOMPLEXITY HOLOGRAPHY HIBERNACULUM HELLENISM
HEXAGRAM HYPOTENUSE HEMIPLEGIC HYPOCENTER HETEROTROPH
EN HYPERPOLARIZATION HARMONICS HEMLOCK HOLOENZYME HYSTERICIS HOMILETICS
RIC HYPERMARKET HEMORRHAGE HELIOTROPISM HEXAGONAL HYGROSCOPY HAGIOCRACY
LIOSEISMOLOGY HELIOTROPE HALFTONE HYPERTHERMIA HEMOSTASIS HYDROPHILICITY
RGY HETEROSPECIFICITY HYDROGENATION HYDRODYNAMICS HEMIPLEGIA HOMOZYGOTE
SIS HYPALLAGE HALOCARBON HETEROTROPHIC HYDROXYLATION HYDROPHILIC HELIOPHYTE
HYDROTHERMAL HYGROMETER HALOBACTERIUM HYPERBARIC HOMOPLASTICITY HEMODYNAMICS

1 / **HOMOGENEITY**









COSMOGONY

According to the theory of Infinite Hierarchical Nesting of Matter, cosmological levels are strictly self-similar, so that for each class of objects or phenomena at a given scale level, there is a similar class of objects or phenomena at any other scale level. This gives us reason to suppose that the order inherent in the universe may also be inherent in the smallest elements.

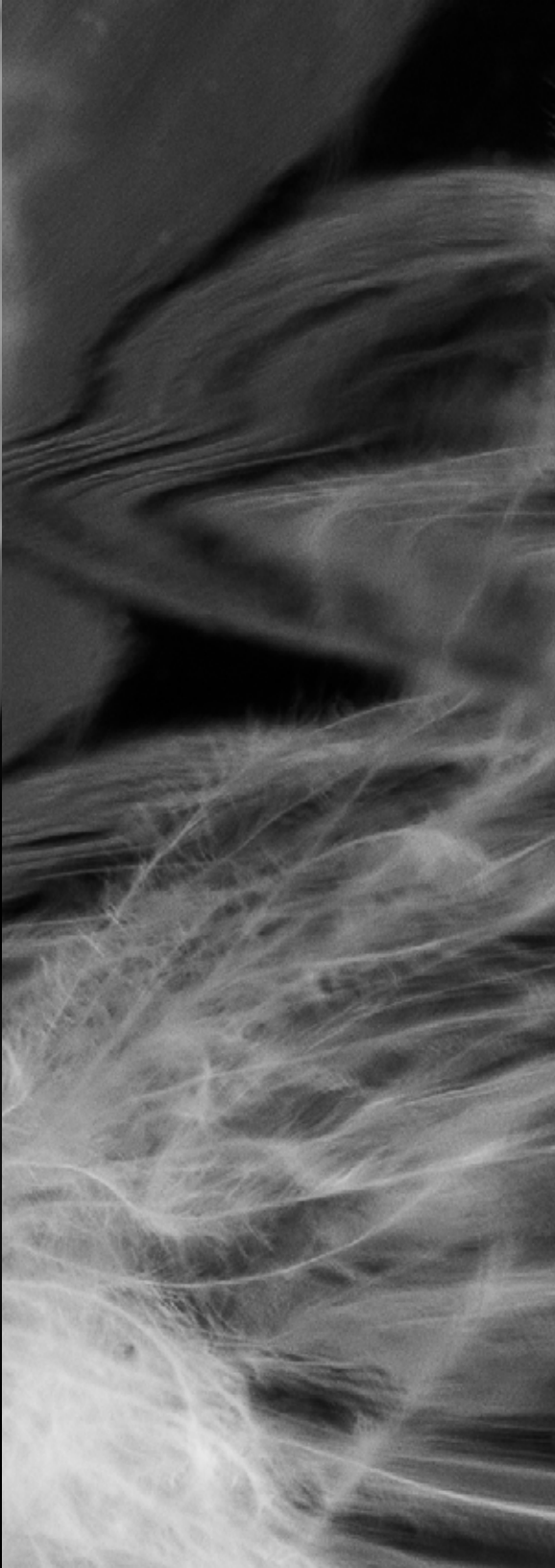
OLEG BUYANOV

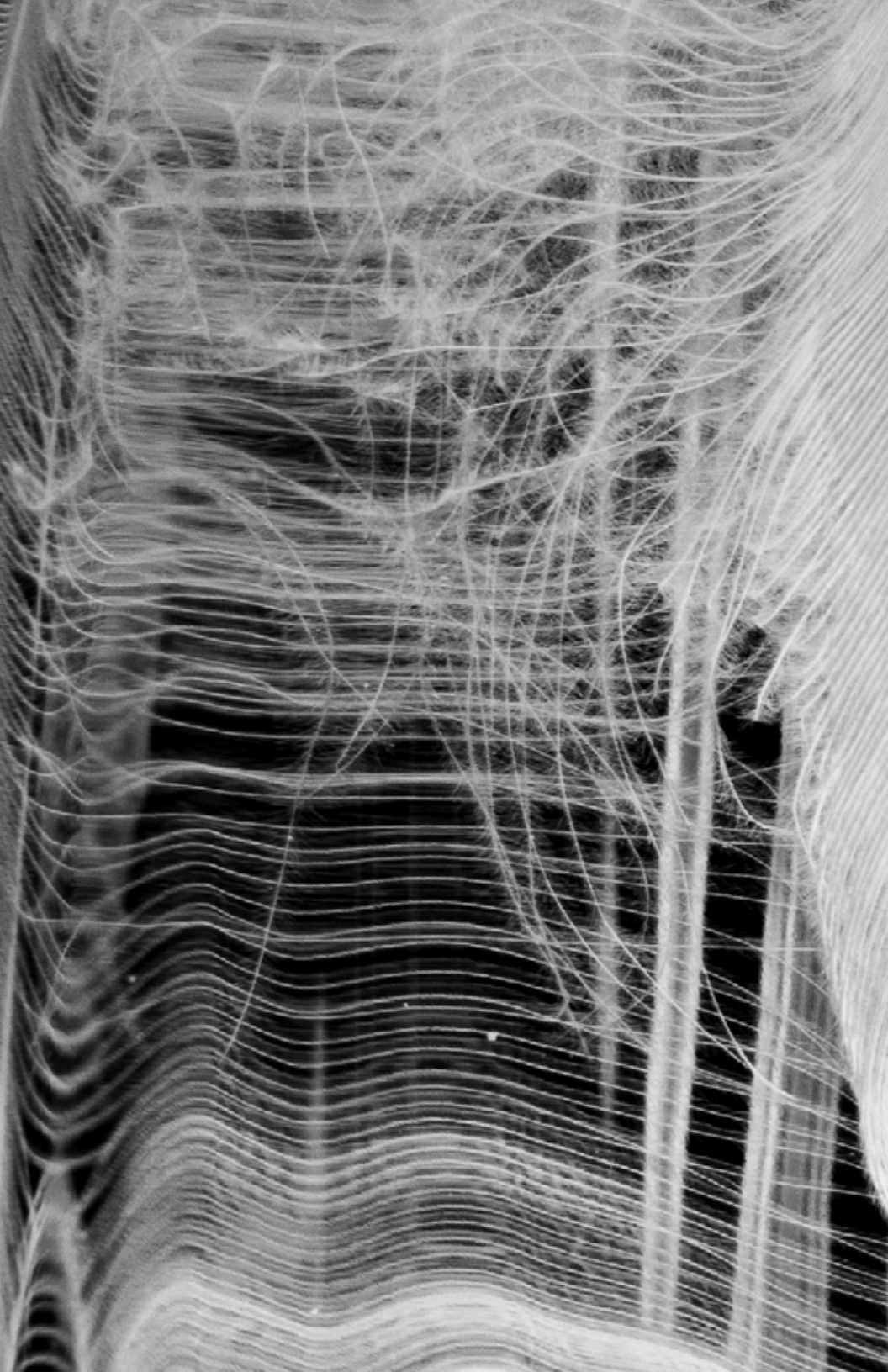
"The Cosmogony project was created as part of my work at Treedeo studio."

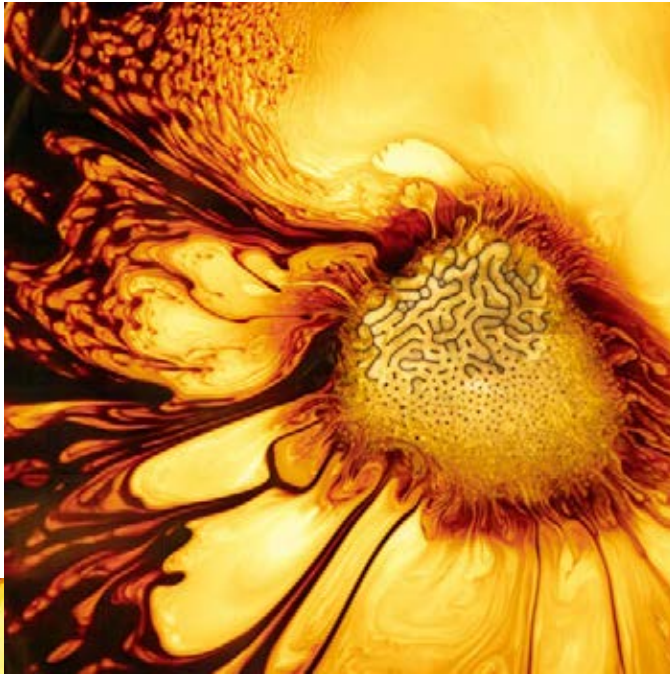




DARIAN PANICHAS: FEAST FOR A MONARCH (2022)







QIYAO LIN: UNTITLED (2023)



1 NEW VOICEMAIL

A POEM BY APOLLO SPENCER

There is a place,
between the mind and the soul
a chasmic hole where I reside.
Something between myth and miracle,
a master blacksmith in the art of crafting you.
I am not a god,
but I am as close as it gets
my brow sweats from the effort
of holding your world aloft.
I am made of something soft,
and everything holy.

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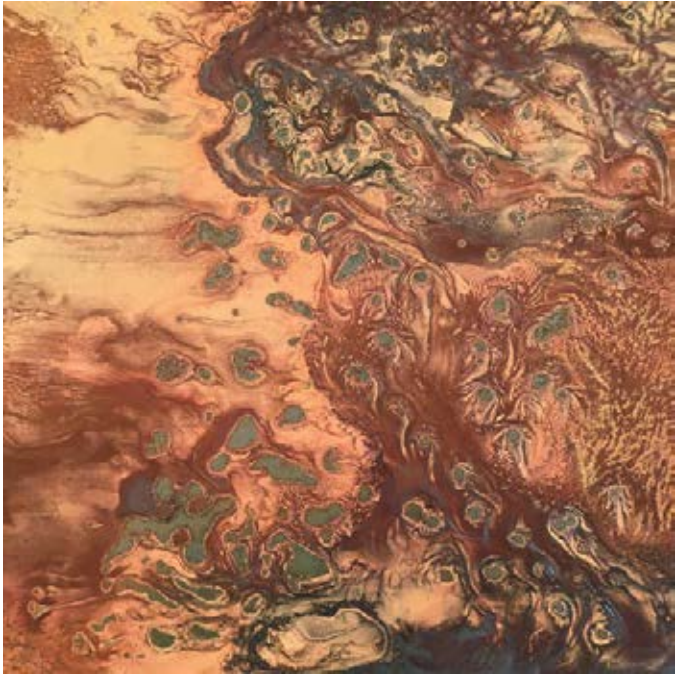
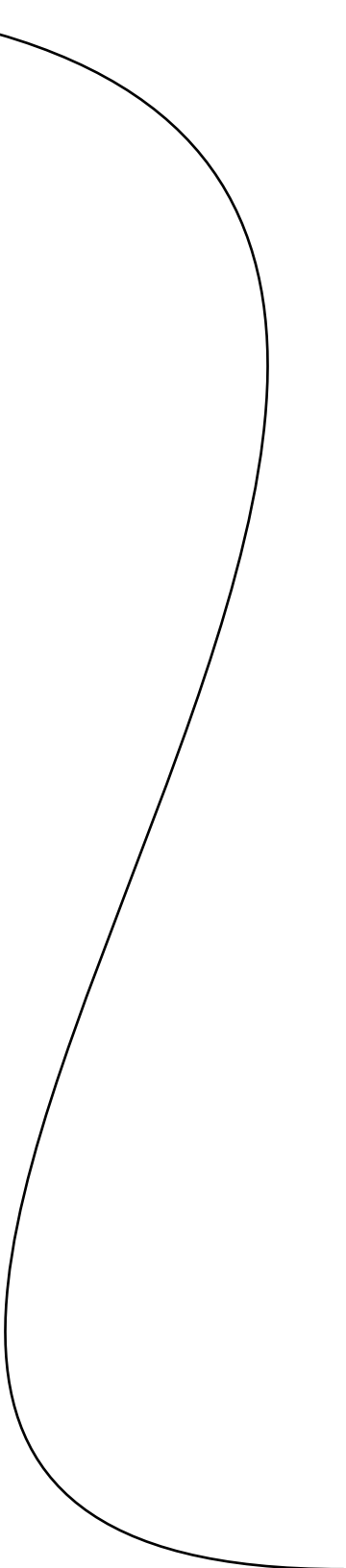
I pray you never meet me.
May death keep her wicked distance
and leave you to be as you are.
Did you know, I made you from stars?
Crafted your spine from the same kind
of matter as the skies you pray to.
I hear your cries to save you,
I am trying my best
I do not mean to test your resilience
it is just that this world is so fraught with pain,
and your heart is the same
I do not know which tragedy to tend to first.

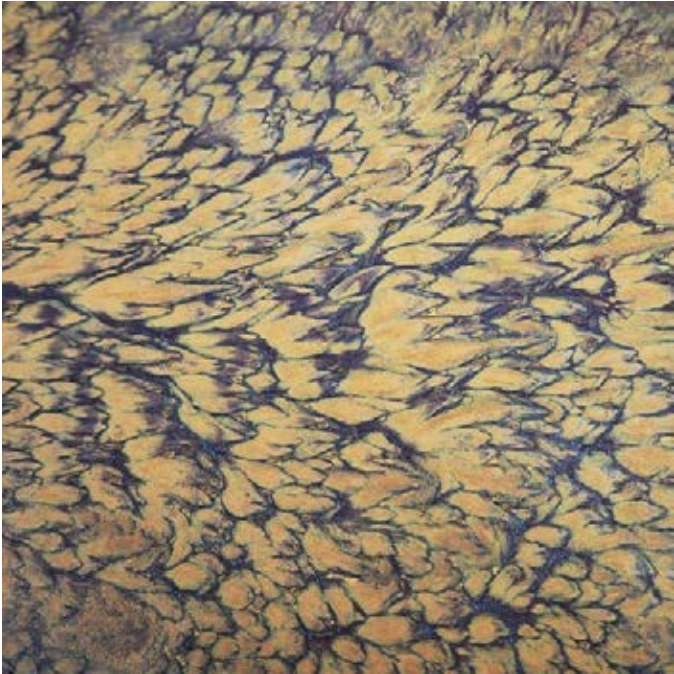
.....
.
.
If I am to say something to you, it is this:
pay no mind to the abyss, it beckons to everyone.
Instead, listen closely for the rhythm I have drummed
into your bones, those are not stones on your shoulders
they are the weight of what you just might become.
Listen to the hum of greatness that beats within,
that isn't me. It is the marriage of you and I, it is we.
It is freedom, it is peace, it is as you were promised.

.....
.
.
When you are ready,
when your wandering feet grow weary of the road underfoot
and that same spine that I have intertwined in starlight
crumbles under back into dust,
and the monuments to your ego
rust under the salt in your tears,
I will be here to comfort you
and quiet your fears.















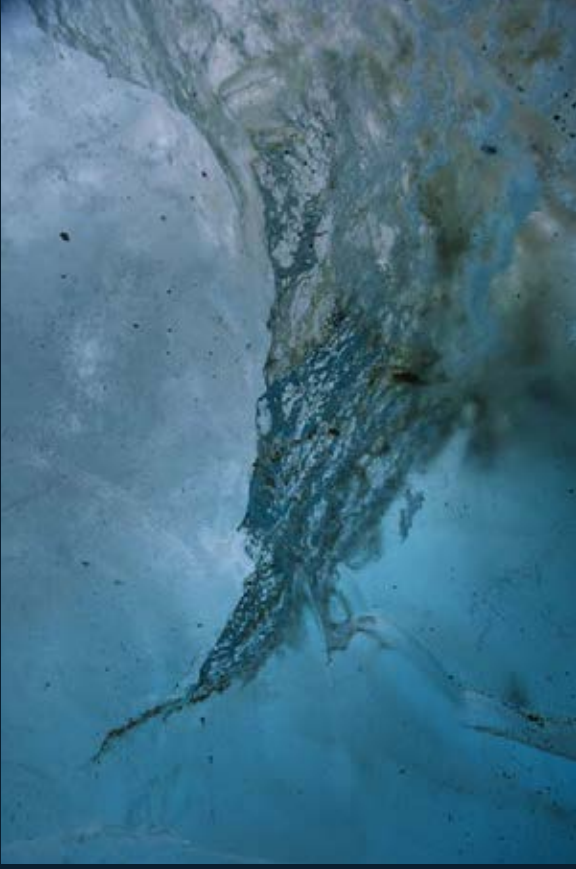
JEAN PAUL SOUJOL BENEDETTI
GLACIATION (2018)
BLACK MATTER (2021)

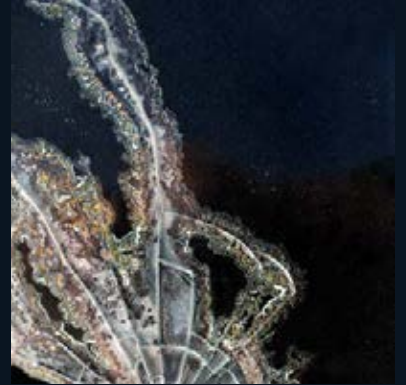


Ascend *and descend* on the path to Unknown
Newness *dawns at every climb or a* stumble.
Crossing *a stream or losing the way for a* moment.
Walking *on, is the joy of transformation... to the* known.

Hidden *worlds in the obscure depths of the* mind.
Floating *deep, icebergs of* memories.
Brought *to the light, as the mountain to be* crossed.
Fret not, *you held it all within from time* immemorial.

Crossing *the mountain, joyful as the path through* Unknown.
Ascending *light, you leave the burdensome* behind.
Like *a feather on the crest, you* breathe.
What *was hidden in Unknown, is now* vanquished.





JASON DEAN: SNOW LIKE STARS FALL (2023)



JUSTIN PUMFREY: STORM SOMERSET (2020)



*“Snowflakes like stars fall
Gently through the sweet night sky
Softly drifting by”*

TOSH

A POEM BY JUSTIN PUMFREY

Visiting at the gates of yore
You came knocking with your
Shot gun, eyeing me up for tosh.
Until. Finger still on trigger, stalking,
We remember why in one instant-
Dreadful clarity descends like December
Nights, black and loaded with rain.
He died, you let him, the tosh killed him.

Dead.

A vast many acre field opens up
May green, feeding on our tears.
Until. After so many years you
Finally lie down, and your shadow
Bleeds into the lush grasses of
Lost summers — now you may rest
At last, and I step on a little lighter.



JUSTIN PUMFREY : WATER (2023)



ALINA AMINOVA: LIQUID (2020)



JASON DEAN: CEILING (2021)

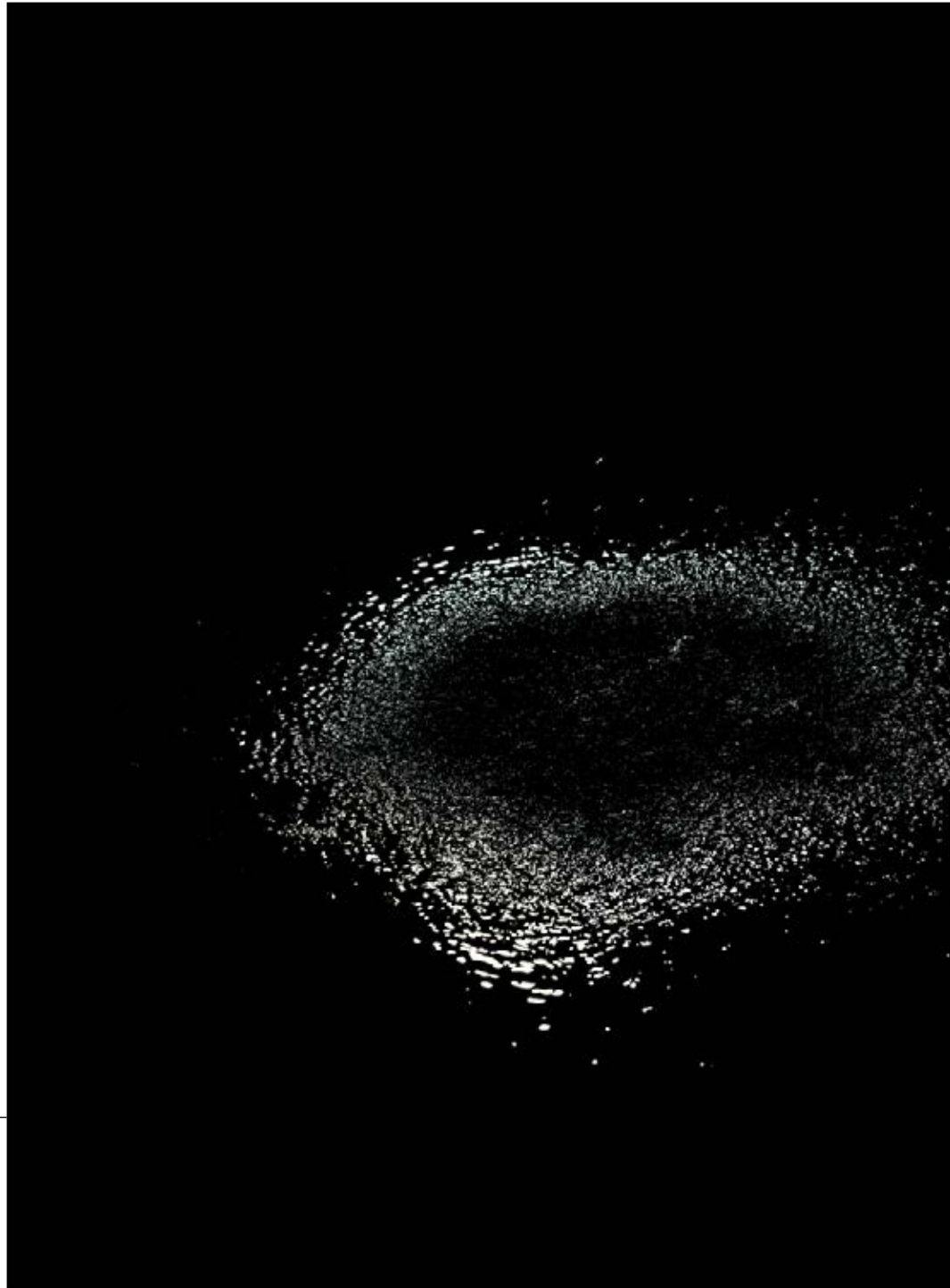
THE NAMELESS

AN ESSAY BY JUSTIN PUMFREY

For more than thirty years, I have been working with spiritual masters from various traditions. The Nameless appears in all the different perspectives I have come across. For me, Its meaning refers to the space, spirit, or soul that is the background, or the awareness in which everything emerges; we may experience it as innocence, love, peace, and joy, realized in both its relationship to the world and, especially, in its non-dual knowing of itself. It is often hard for people to approach a deeper sense of self, as it is ultimately free of the things we have taken ourselves to be. This is where gradual efforts at spiritual work come in, thinning out the veils that we inherited from our families, our culture, our personality structure, and our animal instincts. Undertaking this work is not always easy, and it requires great dedication and the desire to be very truthful and open to the pain that the veils hide, disguise, and produce, largely for the protection of the hurt, disempowered, and traumatized inner child that still lives within us. It is my experience that, as these veils begin to thin, we come more in touch with our essential nature, which has the true qualities that our personality tries very hard and unsuccessfully to imitate: strength, power, love, will, and more.



As this is revealed and digested, we can more easily move into our real flow. This is guided not by our small, narcissistic minds but rather by our soul and the intuition that makes it known to us. This is the action of what I have called "the nameless". The art of accessing it is for us to get out of the way! This open and free perspective is, of course, with us when we are born, before the objects of the manifest world are named and reduced to objectifications. Seeing through these veils is the journey into the mystery, and it reveals both our individual personal nature and the universal truth of our specific soul in the particular locus of our particular life. Artists are fortunate beings because they have not entirely lost this connection. The muse still speaks to them—at least sometimes! Actually, I believe that the reason artists often suffer greatly is because their wounds are the windows to this light, and the light, while it is with us, is completely seductive because it is who we really are.



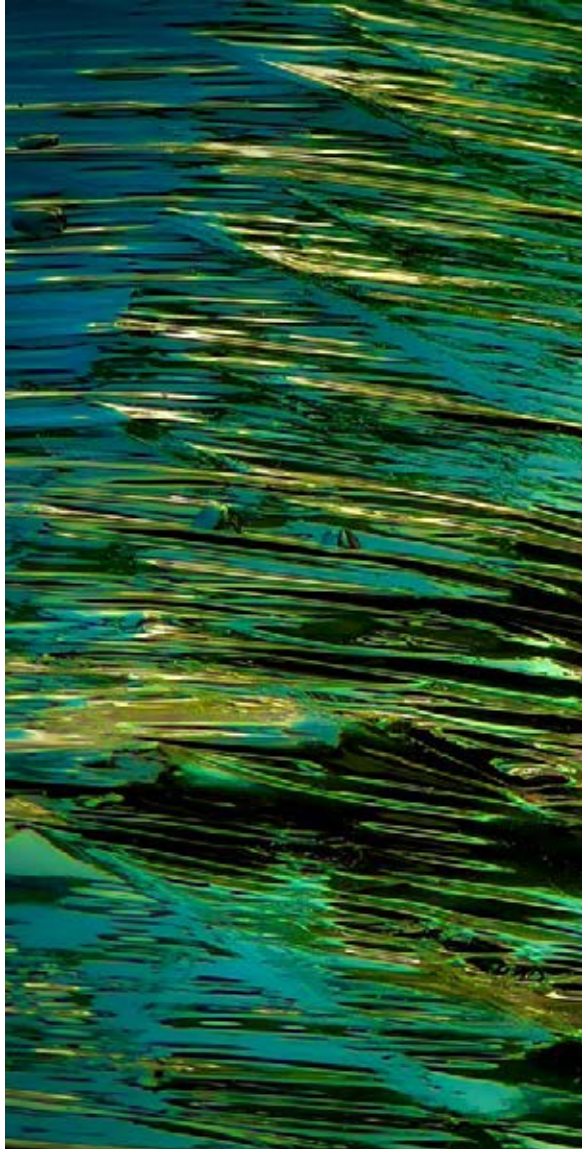
Unfortunately, the power of the many veils that hide it quickly closes us down and throws us back into our personal hell. In the end, at least for me, the light is the target; what it produces is its gift. However, continually relying upon our minds as arbiters of truth, truth which is learned rather than Known, we quickly dress these expressions up with concepts and place them in historical contexts so that we can speak about them and appreciate them, and so that they can be filed in the approved section of our beliefs as either yeses or noes.

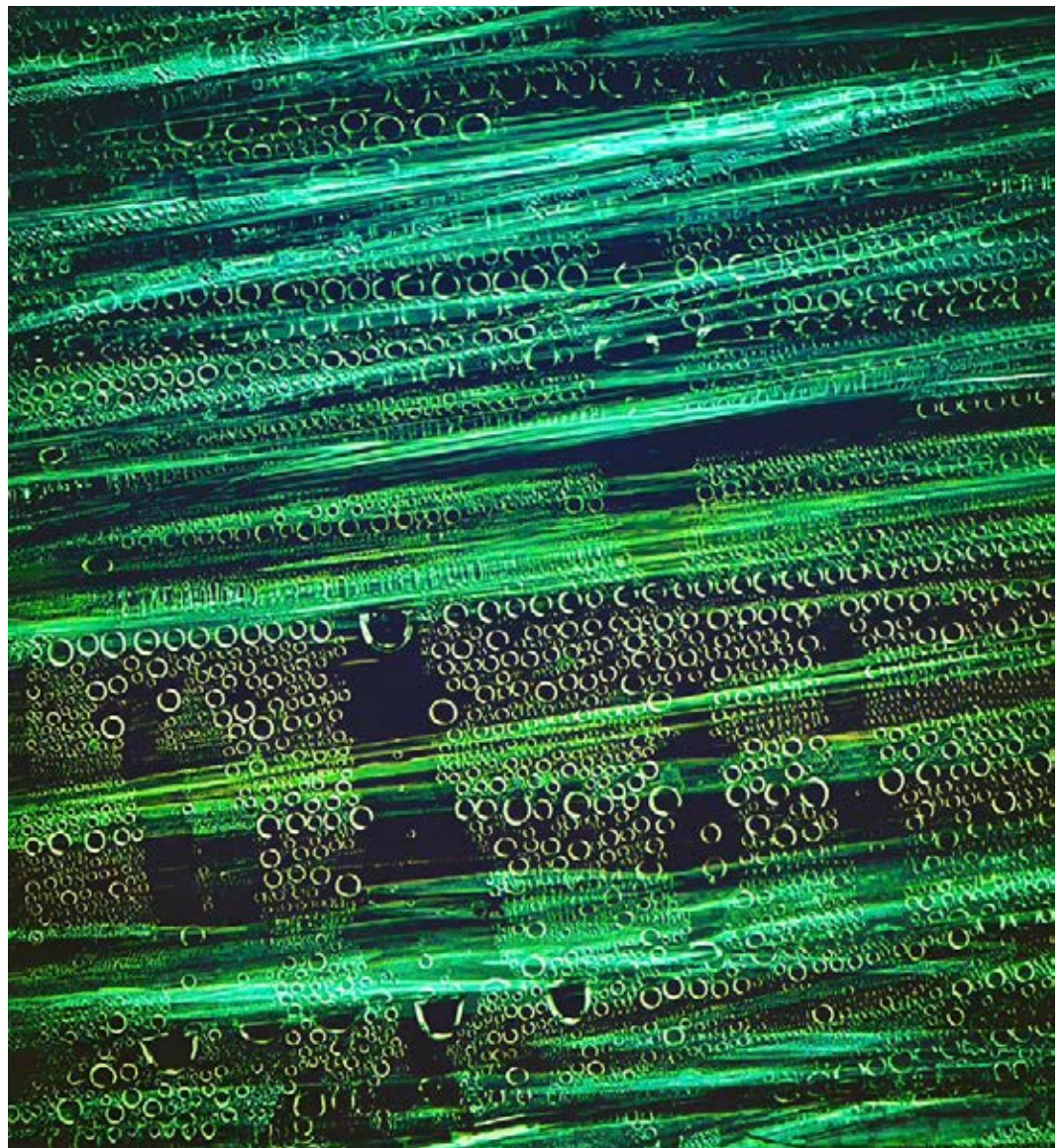
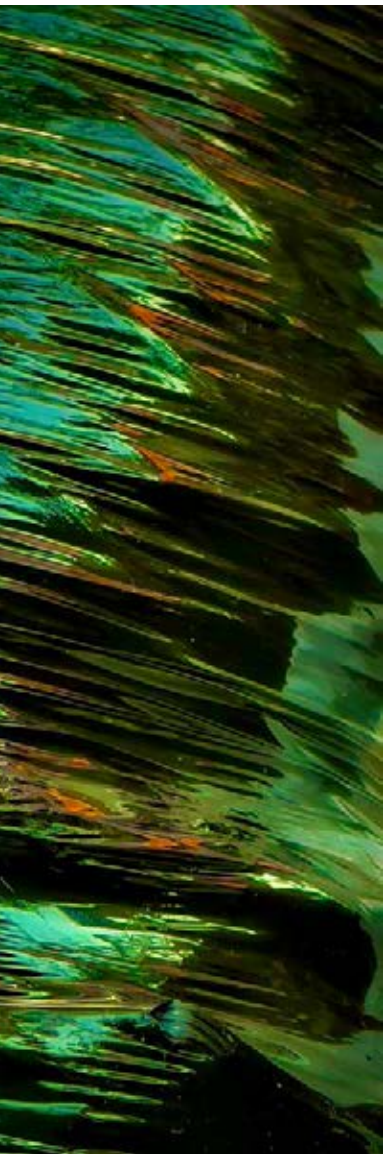
When seen from a deeper level, our endeavors are really expressions of love and the magnetism of the soul to the Beloved within, which is unknowable to the mind but resonant in the heart and which is always beyond words and explanations and can only be known by being it. As we go along the path, we may begin to know and live this truth and express it in what we do.





So, a camera is a good tool for accessing flow: it can highlight our love of beauty and the truth in it, or simply remind us to be where we are and see what emerges. And in our editing process, the same is true: where does our heart alight? What themes does it want to highlight? What does it want us to be more aware of, and why? This is a living enquiry facilitated by eye, camera, and soul.





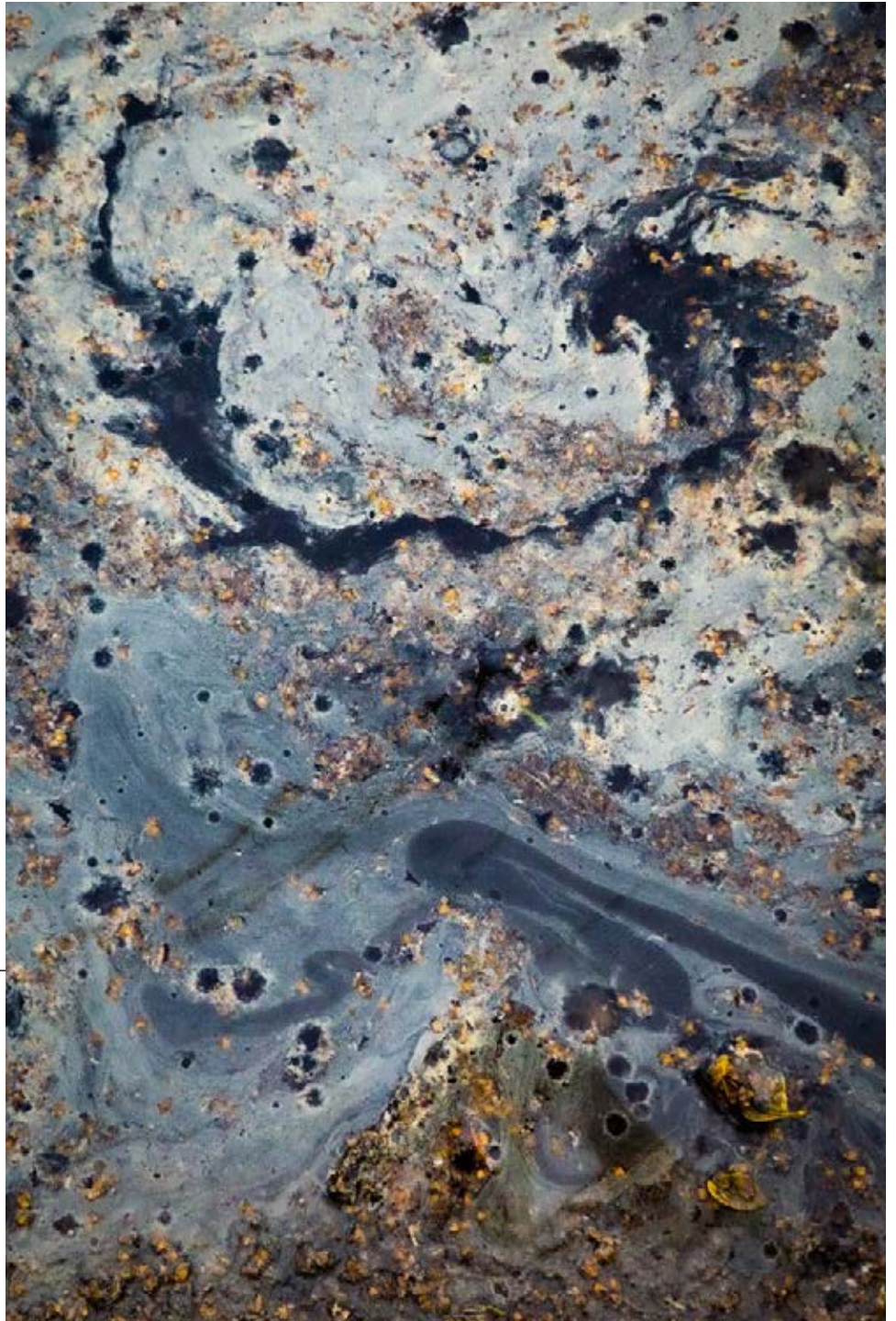
"Industrial material, stretch wrap, clings and distorts the very shapes it defines, once familiar, now a swelling ocean, a depth of seaweed, an elongation of color, an unexpected revelation."



*“The brain
on its little trunk
with birds in its hair
and roots
in finger and toe*

*becomes mind when
from every tributary
it enters itself and
takes joy in its own
shimmer and flow."*

RANDALL VANDERMEY





"These reflections are my photographic portrayal of the metaphorical road we must all traverse. The first image depicts our birth, marked by a calm straight line that serves as the starting point. The second image illustrates the bridges that must be crossed at each stage; as we then journey through rugged mountain paths, gradually exploring our true selves and overcoming life's peaks and valleys, we evolve from incompleteness to fullness, only to ultimately transition towards serene emptiness again."

LE KUI





PORTENTS OF CHANGE

AN ESSAY BY JOSHUA FELDMAN

What makes a compelling abstract image? What is the nature of that stillness and mystery one sometimes feels in a non-representational composition? Where does that sensation of meaning come from? There is a word in the English language for that sense of being in the presence of something powerful and mysterious: “numinous”. It generally refers to the religious mystery of revelation—of being in the presence of the divine. How can it be conjured into being through abstraction?

Humans are rational creatures. Our brains have evolved over eons to take the chaotic riot of our senses and instantly snap them into a context. If we catch even a whiff of recognition of the pattern as part of a recognizable thing, we collapse our vision into that comprehensible reality as quickly as we can. We are canny reductionists, and we attach meanings and identities—like pareidolias—to any old thing in order to move us out of that momentary disorientation of being lost in pure form. We rush to do so because disorientation is inherently uncomfortable, and for good reason. Being visually lost in many environments—like the upper canopy of a forest where our ancestors evolved for eons or the grass and thicket of the savannah where our ancestors lived for eons more—can be lethal. We feel a need to sort the incomprehensible into something we can understand. It’s urgent, and we’re good at it. We manufacture meaning on demand. Consider the type of pareidolias where any two dots become eyes, and we make faces and human forms everywhere. We lock on to context on a reptile-brain level. And once we crack that reductionist nut, we’re bored, so we move on. This is by design. It’s wired deeply into how our species survived and evolved over millions of years.

Yet there is a place in our minds for the need to surrender to the uncanny of the unknown. You know at once that primal place when you meet it. It feels like a triple point where danger, mystery, and something akin to tranquility, peace, or balance coexist in a kind of impossible equilibrium. That bit of wall over there is normal, but the abstract artist zooms in and notices that the surface is a miniature model of the universe, with the same fractal emergent structures we find in superclusters of galaxies and in dendritic networks in the brain. Having a little piece of something contain the whole universe is an apparent paradox straight out of the mathematics of set theory. Why are we wired for wonder when faced with paradox?

Logic and comprehension, like the laws of physics, enable and create. Mastery of them is what we strive for and what eons of evolutionary shaping have arrived at. But laws and rules can be limiting, and there is a place for being vigilant for places where they break down. Insight grows out of that moment when you find yourself emerging from being lost. Paradoxes in mathematics destroy limiting rules, like black holes destroy physical rules. We've all experienced enough visual illusions to know in our bones that logically apparent reality, as we see it, is sometimes empirically wrong. In those instances, grasping reality sometimes requires letting go of our urge to comprehend. We need the ability to surrender our apprehensions to contrary or contradictory evidence—the paradox—in order to distrust our eyes when evidence demands it. So that when we find ourselves face to face with the ineffable, we can have a response akin to a thrill ride as some part of us willfully leaps into the void.

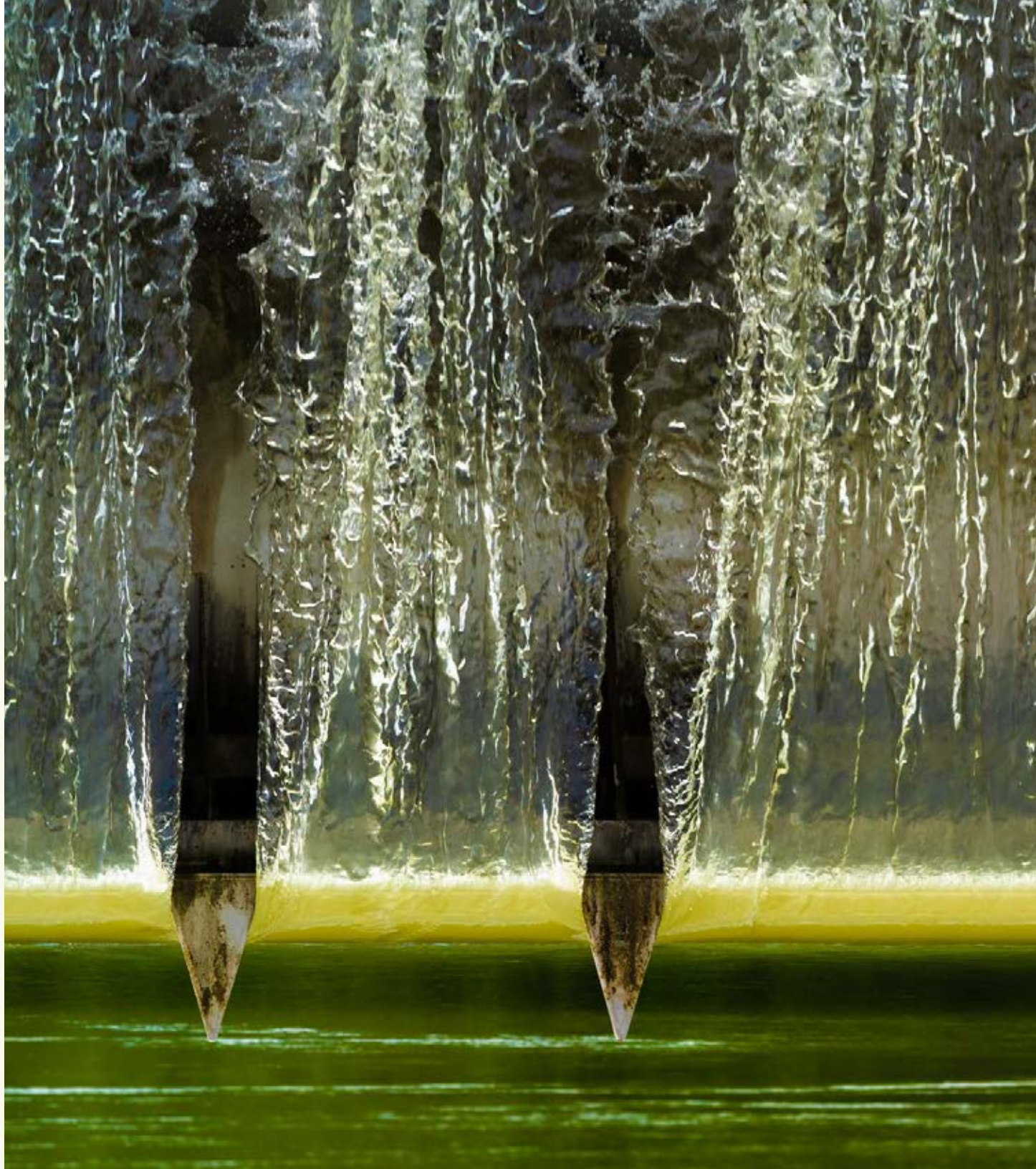
The liminal space between comprehension and uncanny incomprehension has a role to play in perception and cognition. It's a signal to let go of a failed paradigm and to tolerate an instant of chaos before something new and possibly unexpected is learned. Evoking that liminal disorientation is what makes great abstract art feel meaningful.





CHRIS WENGER: THE DIVERSION (2022)







Thinking is a trick
done while watching the
legion of upper ones
lick thin teeth and size up your
three minutes of usefulness because
the rest of you,
those nine organs and countless cells,
is desperate to forget it's
babbling into the maledicent
mouth of nothing, nothing—
nothing but a recurring dream
where we are unborn,
the animal cells conspiring
to hoist secondhand sentience from prelife
and grant it the prize of self,
only to forever withhold its meaning, meaning—

SLEEPSHOT

A POEM BY SHANE COPPAGE

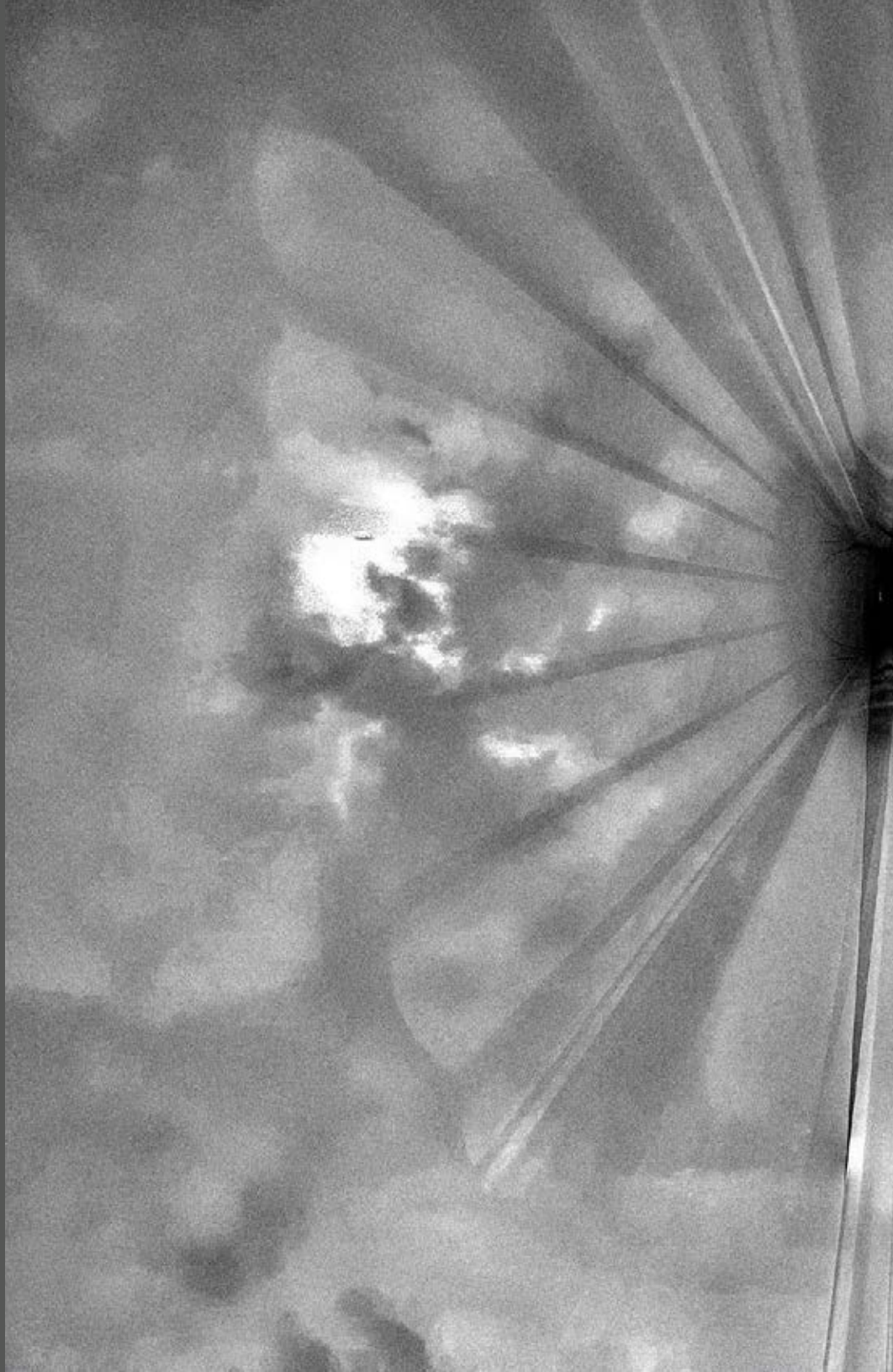
meaning the truth is I wanted to die,
even though our lust had become
the spirit of a bear sleeping among mushrooms,
holding their tender offspring between thorns;
even though our voices had become
the trumpeting of conch shells
over a field frozen on the tip of a spear;
even though our teacher said this practice
is tantamount to handling a snake, and indeed I grabbed
it by the tail and its bite feed the choice,
for after the disease, the surgeries,
the ganglia of cancer cut right out from the
center of a gut emptied and healed twain,
what became the rub is how best to survive surviving.



QIYAO LIN: UNTITLED (2022)



N HACIENDA HIKER HYPERBOLE HEXAGRAM
OMB HETEROCLITE HETERODOXY HYPERMARKET
RALOPIA HOLOGRAM HYMNBOOK HYPHENATION
STORM HOMESTEAD HOLOGENY HYDROELECTRIC
CONE HINTERSTREET HERBARIUM HEARTH
ANT HANDCARTAGE HYGROSCOPE
NATION HURDLE **2 / HARDSCAPES**
HELIOCYCLE HARBORAGE
A HELIOMANCY HOMOGRAFT
HEXAGRAMMATIC HABITUDE
BINGER HOLOGYN HEXAPOD
TERLAND HARMONIUM HELIX HALLMARK
APHY HELIACAL HALOLIKE HYDRANGEA HIGH-
EMIOLE HELIOBIOLOGY HELIOGENY HIDEOUT
ELIODROMY HANDSHAKE HELIOPELIOTROPIC
NCY HIGHBALL HELIOGRAFTORIUM HERBICIDE







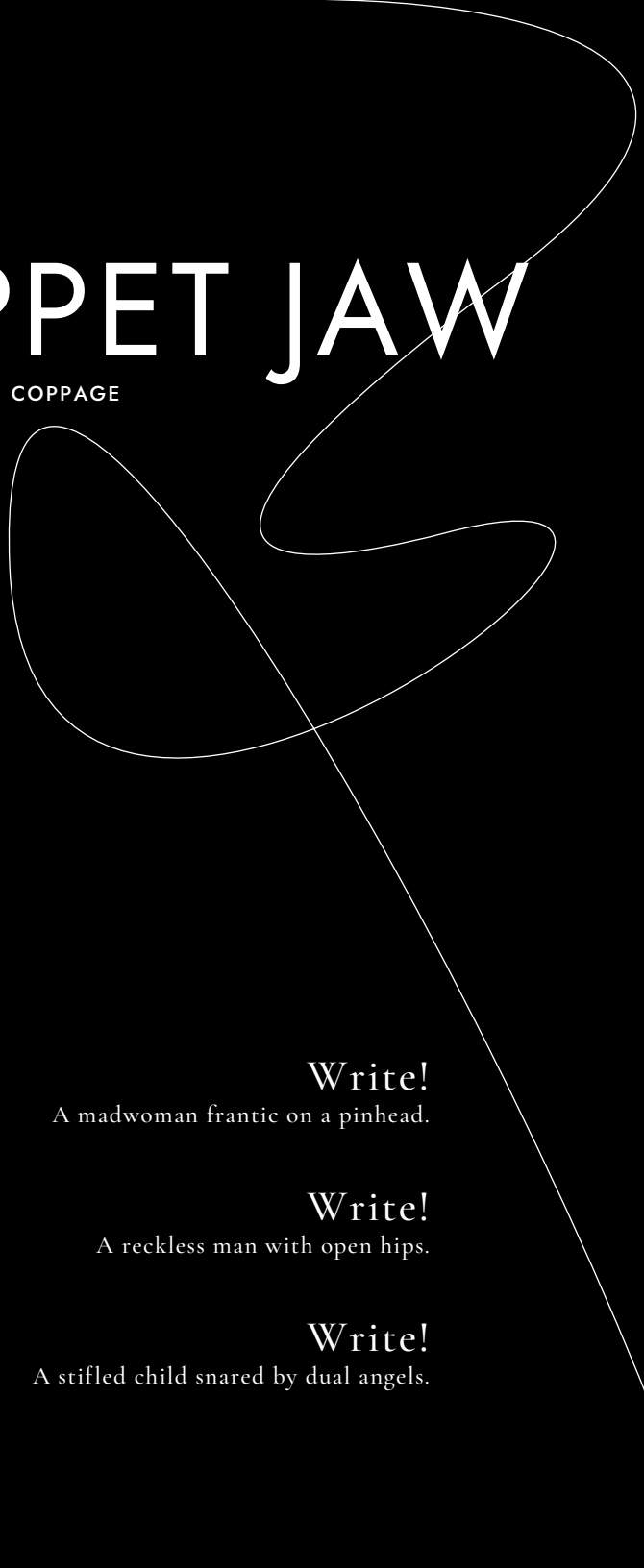
JEREMY WESTGATE: RYE HARBOUR / HIGH WEALD (2021)





PUPPET JAW

A POEM BY SHANE COPPAGE



Write!

A madwoman frantic on a pinhead.

Write!

A reckless man with open hips.

Write!

A stifled child snared by dual angels.

SUZANNE LIVINGSTONE: BRIDGE OF ASPIRATION (2015) / THE TOP / THE WHEEL (2012)






Flung to the light and brought back again.
Be still—they say, afterward.
If speak they would.
For heaven and hell travail. Here.
In tandem.

As with this persistent thinking.
This perspicacious eye. This puppet jaw.
Farse. Silly, stupid, base illusions—
simulacrum of cells erecting reality.



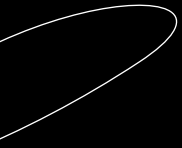


So go. We all must.
To touch earth. Eat light.
Sling wind and its fire.
Cry full this empty house.

Begone! we rejoin, if rejoin we could.
For you, foul and cherub-eyed instigators,
disappear onward the fall.

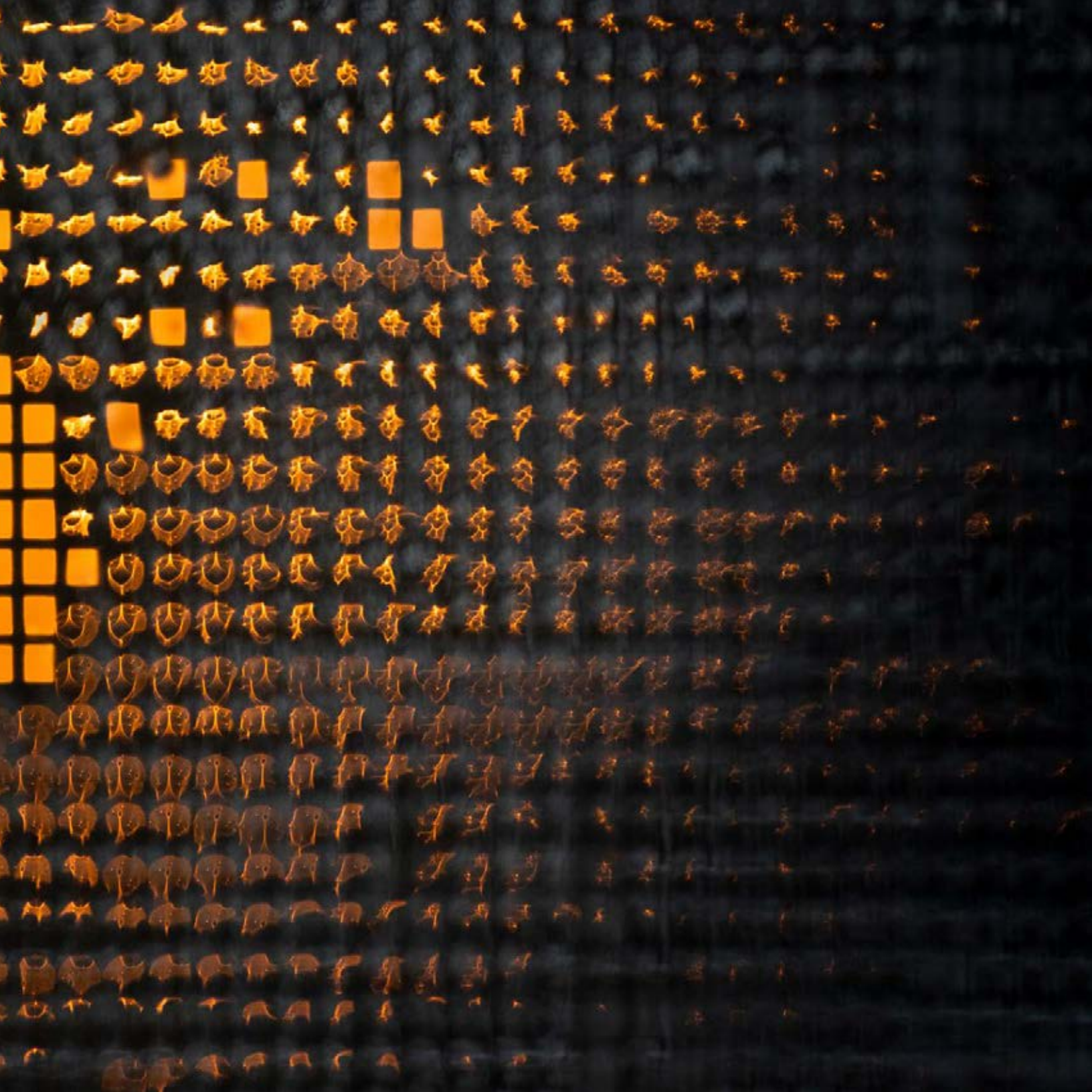
Better to let it be. To be in it.
With them. For years animated by stop-motion epiphenomena.
Here. In a now something near eternal.

As we **write—write—write** it all away!





AMY AIKEN
PIXELATED (2021)







FOREIGN LAND

A POEM BY PAUL ROWLAND

Can you walk the same path
for the first time each day?

Can you walk the same path
so that it's never the same?

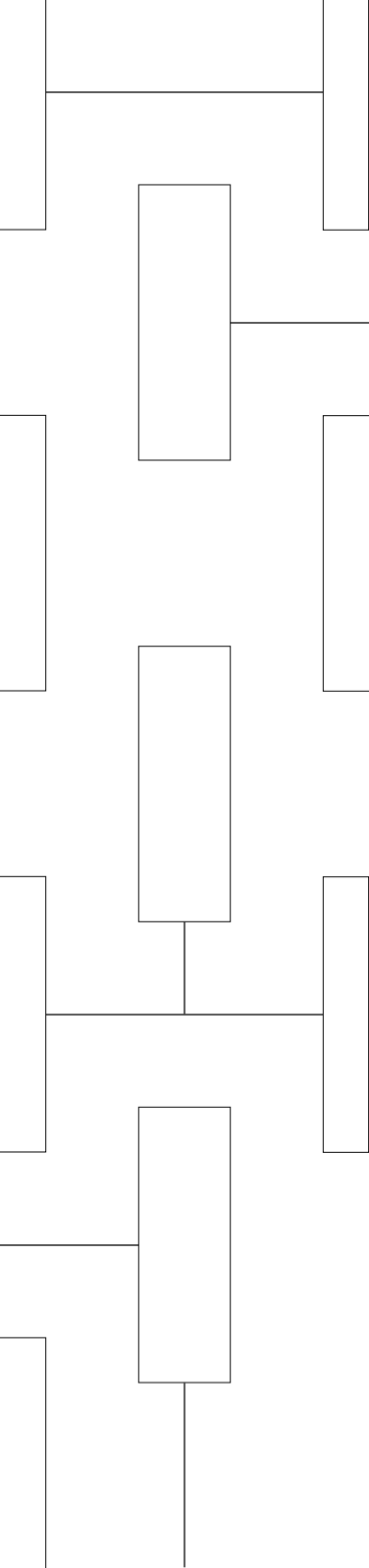
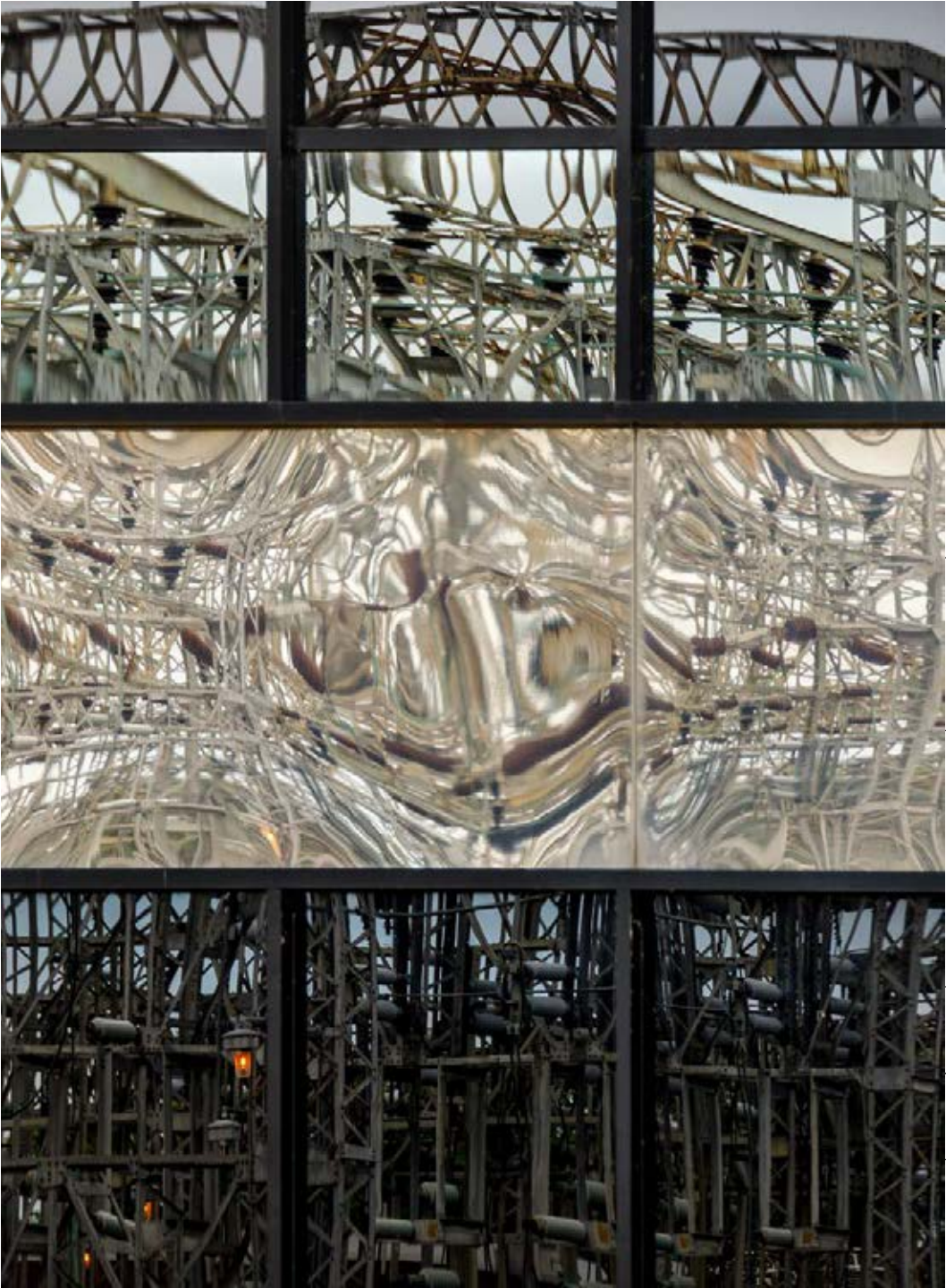
Can you walk the same path
as if you discovered it today?

Can you walk the same path
but see it with different eyes?

Can you walk the same path
and find something new?

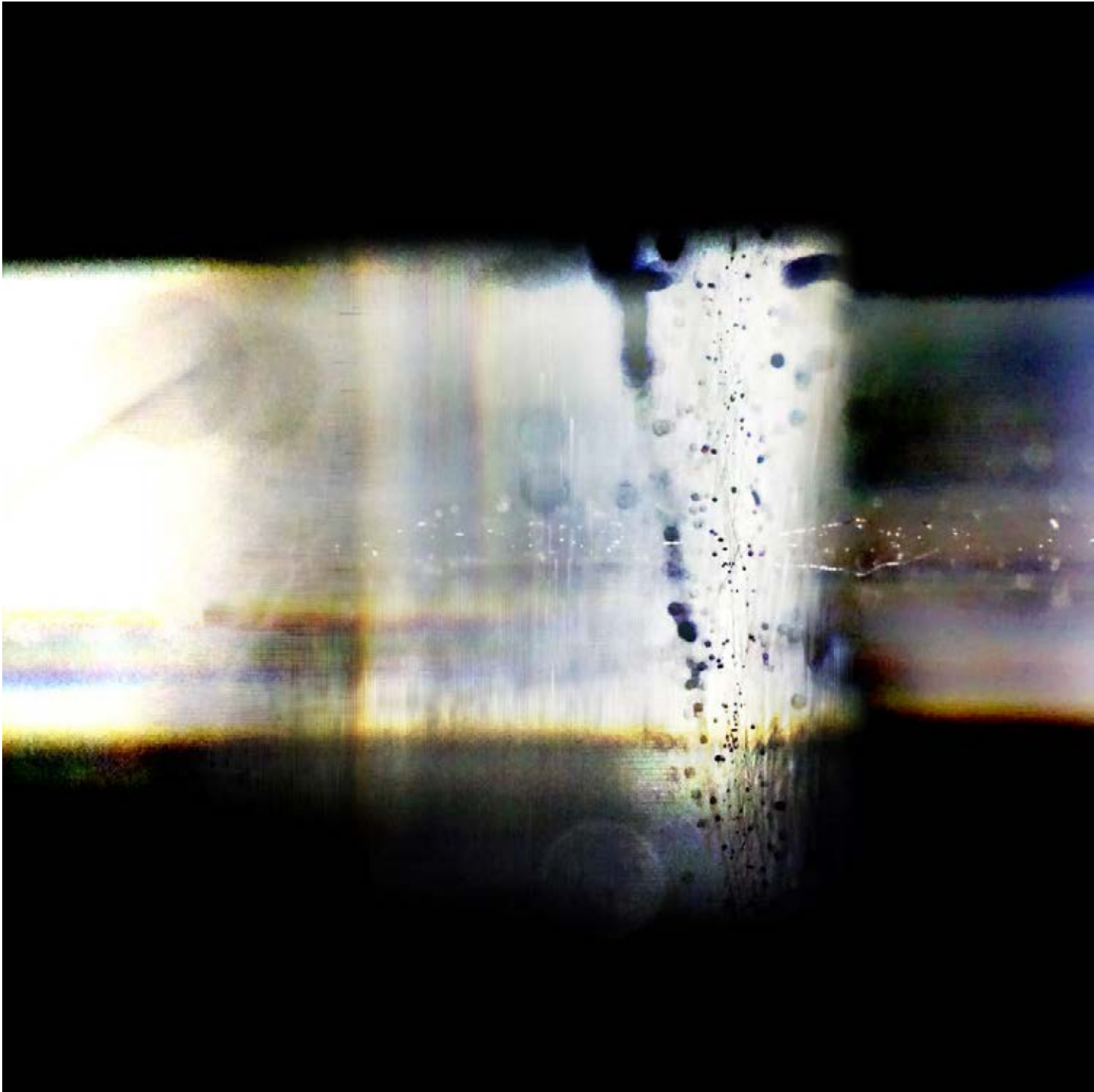
Can you walk the same path
as if it isn't a path?

Can you walk the same path
yet still get hopelessly lost?





HARTMUT RIEG. WINDOWPANE COLORS 5120 / 5359 / 5526 / 5129 (2022)



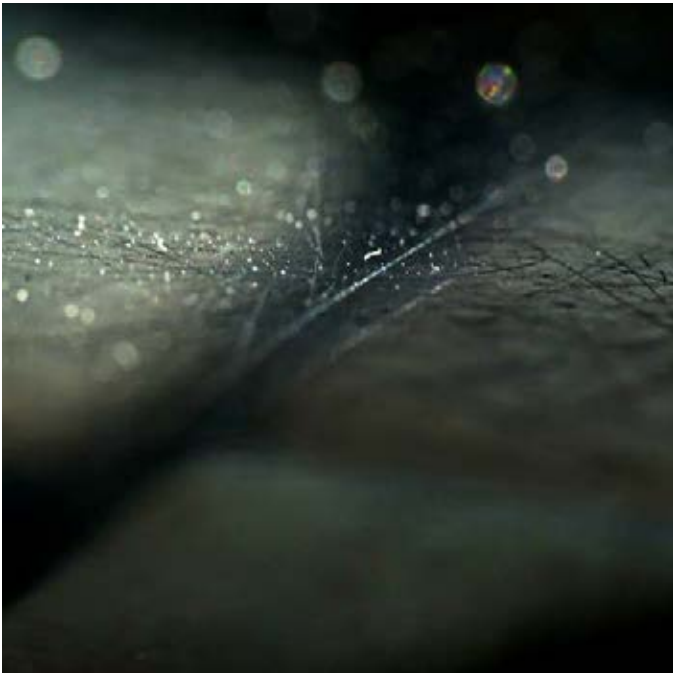


A thousand guests at my gate
Yearning to be heard
Carrying an invitation they wait.

Every friendly face looks like mine
What's drawn to the fire, what to the sky?
A thousand faces wishful to be seen.
Through the playful songs
Of sunrise and melancholy.

I befriended a face of the unknown.
Yet dearest to the heart of the Known.
Guests depart as the show concludes
Once the heart settles on the face of our very own.

POEM BY **ARNAB**







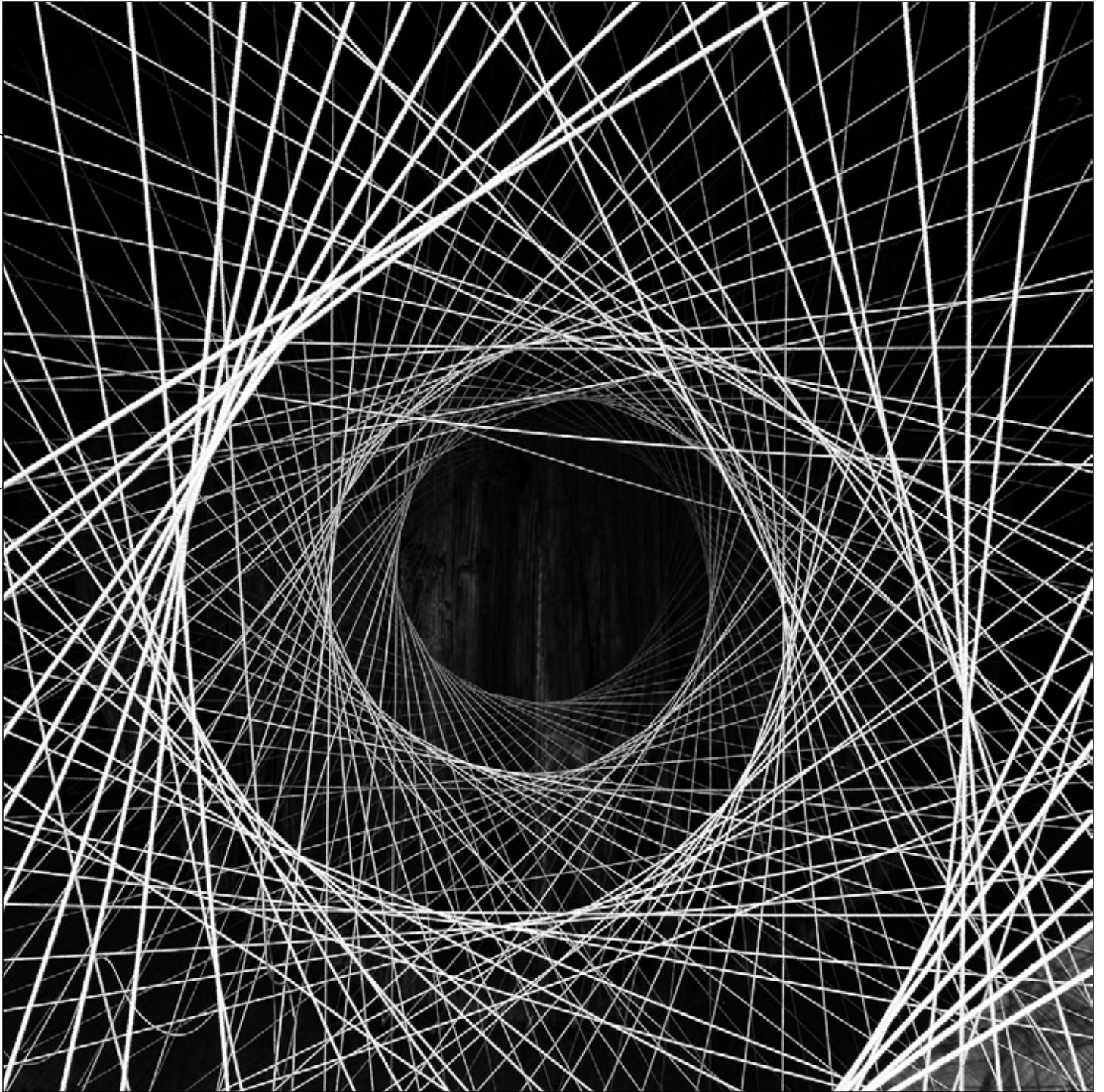
LOOK LONG

A POEM BY PAUL ROWLAND

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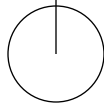
Look. Look more. Look
and see. Look for
a long time. Look
until you're bored. Look
as long as you can. Look
until your eyes water. Look
until you have to blink. Look
and do not be distracted. Look
until you become

...



...

the looking. Look
until you can not look
any longer. Look
until you become
what you're looking at. Look
for so long that you forget
that you're looking. Look
until what you're looking at
starts looking back
at you.







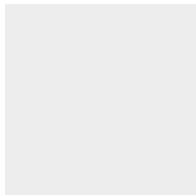
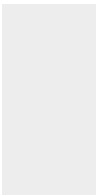
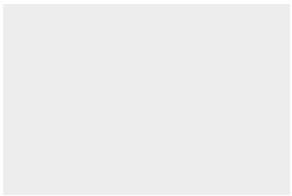
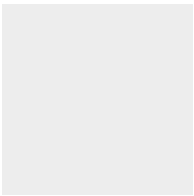
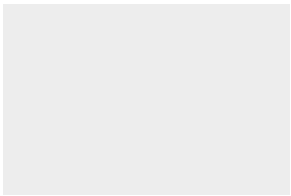
KOEN VANACKER: BARCODE / REPETITIONS OF GRAY (2023)







JAMES BROUWER: PARKING LOT WITH WINDOWS (2023) / CONSTRUCTION BARRIER (2022) / TRACK AND FIELD (2021)





What I discover (or find) in this series are human forms and traces of nature bombarded by fragments of memory that I collect to create this new passage, which may be a new isolation or a way out. At the same time, I am attempting to remain consciously present and aware, always in the way that every new answer leads to a new question, starting a new circle while ending the previous one.

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DD/MM/YYYY is a series of personal photographic explorations of place and presence. It explores time and what remains of it as it flows between us. In a way, it is an isolation in a small universe that I am trying to create and within which I am trying to exist comfortably.





DD/MM/YYYY

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As I look back on this project's moments of creation, I observe that there is always something more to unfold: a reminder of what is actually important without seeming important; a fleeting glimpse of the everyday, magical, yet trivial events that life provides.

KOSTIS ARGYRIADIS





LOVE STREET

POEM BY **STEVE NIMMONS**

I see you from the promenade and begin to follow.
At first we mingle with roller-skaters with street performers
with bikini girls in bikini lines with poets
with occasional dogs with preachers delivering sermons.
Then with market stalls and taverns with painted gables
with raised cobbles, street signs and hoardings
as we travel deep into the heart of the ancient quarter.

A few streets beyond nuns and relics
we pass through an archway of velvet garlands
you are ten paces ahead, unaware of my presence
as we first stand together on Love Street.

Dusk, in her charcoal shroud follows us through.
She reveals the conical blooms of the streetlamps
as they emanate their soothing orange wash
and chimes the hour of fading light
in a rippling applause of Indian bells.
She leads you across a wooden convex bridge
onto the far banks of an ornamental lake.
I follow quickly, in the remaining chinks of light
trying to embrace you, elusive as a mirage.

But too soon night arrives, impenetrable
to tightly seal the envelope of a day passed.

I lose you, as I first should, on Love Street
I fall to the earth where you last appeared.





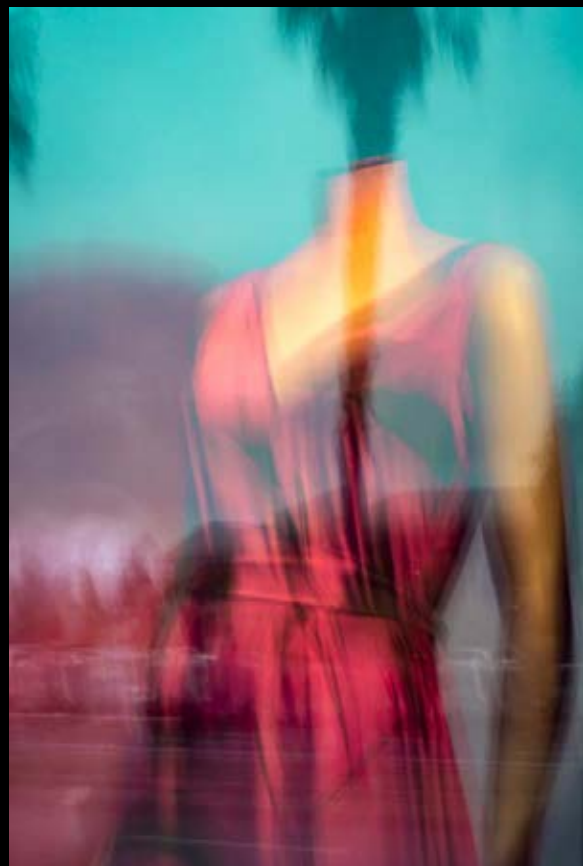
THE SECRET LIVES OF MANNEQUINS

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY STEVE HARRIS

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SWEET DREAMS (2023)



CALIFORNIA DREAMING (2023)

How often do we pass mannequins and really SEE them, not just the clothing they wear? Their humanoid forms can feel disturbing, but perhaps there is another side we don't see—a secret life of vibrancy, grace, allure, and mystery.

This project aims to reveal these secrets by visualizing mannequins in a way that the human eye alone cannot.



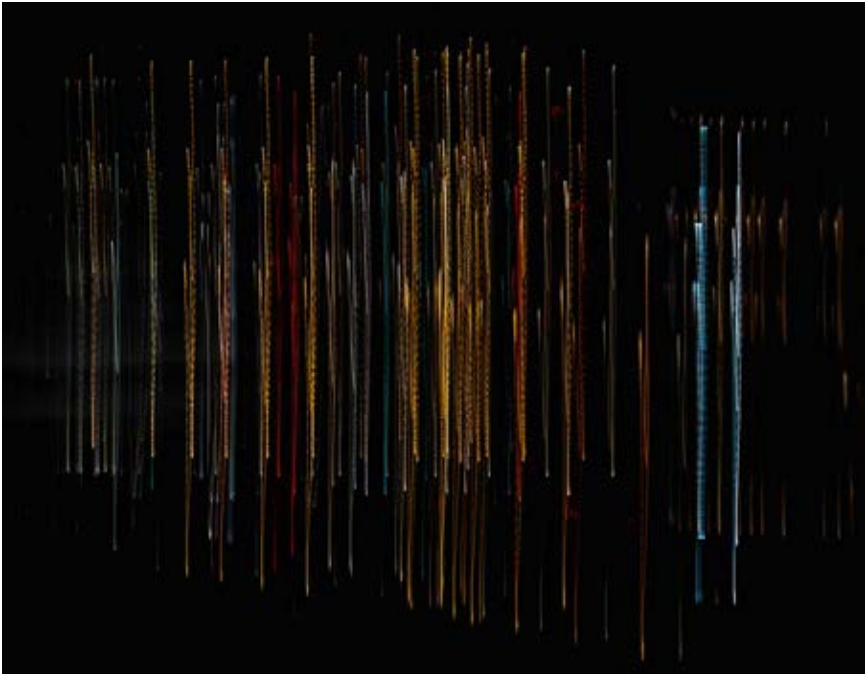
RAZZLE DAZZLE (2022)



RED WHITE AND BLUR (2022)







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ASTRID PREISZ: FAREWELL DANCE WITH THE SAXOPHONE PLAYER (2023)



I want to immerse myself
in the breath of the city.

I want to experience its
atmosphere with all my senses.

I want to feel the art,
the architecture, the
joie de vivre.

I want to experience the
rich and complicated
history of the area and the
culture of its people.

I want to experience the contradictions between the city
that attracts tourists from all over the world and the city
where people have always struggled for their independence,
threatened by difficult economic circumstances.



I sit on the floor of the
museum for hours,
inspired and in awe. I walk
the streets of the city,
aware of the many faces
it has. The images I make
come from an intense
emotional response and
a deep immersion in the
freedom of the mind and
the endless inspiration of a
city that breathes art.

I go there with my camera,
but even more with an open
heart, ready to soak up
everything the city has to
offer. The gifts are manifold.

I want to experience the
city that thrives on art
and music and dance
and food and openness.

And then

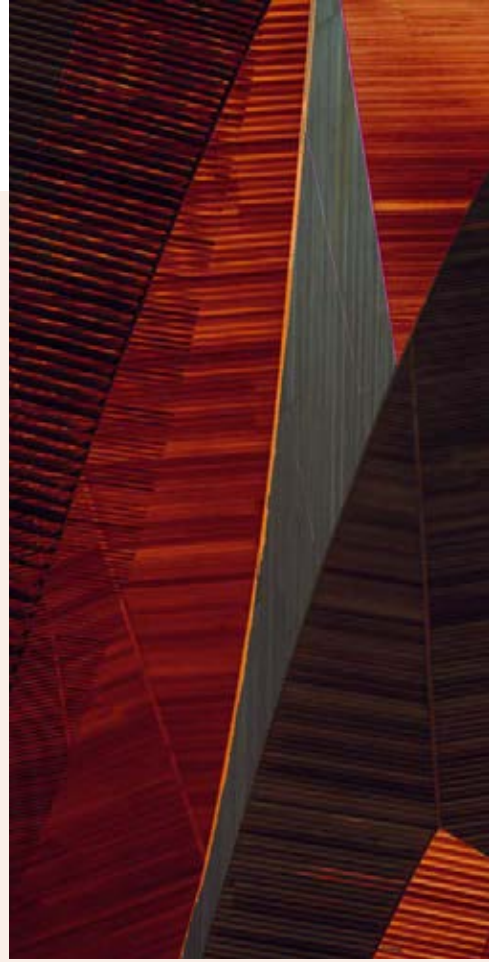
**My last evening
I get the news
A friend has died
I want to
Crawl into my bed
And hide
But
I go out into
The night
With my
Camera
And dance
A farewell dance
With the
Saxophone player**

LOENZYME HEURISTIC HIBERNACULUM HETEROTROPHIC
LYPHICS HYDROPHILOUS HETEROCLITE HELIOSEISMOLOGY
HELIOMARATHON HEARTACHE HETEROCHRONY HORTATIVE
RIDIIUM HEIR HELIOLATRY HYPODORIAN HEMATOGENOUS
IDEAWAY HEXADECENNIAL HOWL HYPERACUSIS HAPTICITY
HYDROBIOLOGICAL HELLENARCHY HOROMETRY HOAX
ROSERE HYPERPYREXIA HYPERPHAGIC HYPEREXOPHORIA
IZYGOUS HYGROGRAPH HEMEROCALLIDACEAE HYETOLOGY
ACHORD HAIKU HALOPHILE HETEROCARPOUS
TERLANDS HOLOPHYTIC HEXAGRAM

3 / HOROLOGY

HYPOGEAL HALOCLINE
DRAL HAPAXANTHOS
MONYMY HIEROGRAM
HELIOGONY HURDLE
ODOEPORICON HAIL
TERODYNE HATCH
ERYTHRIN HYPERNYM
TION HAGIOGRAPHY
HEISM HELIOLATER
DOGYNIC HIEROGLYPH
A HYPERNYMY HUMIDITY HUSK HOMEOSTASIS
LBERGENIC HEMOCYTOLYSIS HEXAPODOUS HALLUCINATION
HOROGRAPHY HALORAGACEAE HERD HYPOCHLOROUS HYMN
HELIX HOMAGE HALCYON HEMIMETABOLOUS HELLENISTIC
C HYLOPHAGOUS HOVEL HORIZON HOSTILITY HYENA
D HYMNOLOGY HEMEROBIUS HYPNOPOMPIC HYPNAGOGIA
OGY HYPOGYNOUS HYPERBARIC HELIOZOAN HOMOLOGUE
TEROPHANT HELIOPHYTE HABITAT HELIOGRAM HELLENIZE
AN HECATOMB HYPNOTHERAPY HYMNOGRAPHER HELIOTROPISM

BARB KREUTER : GROWTH / BETWEEN TWO WORLDS (2023)



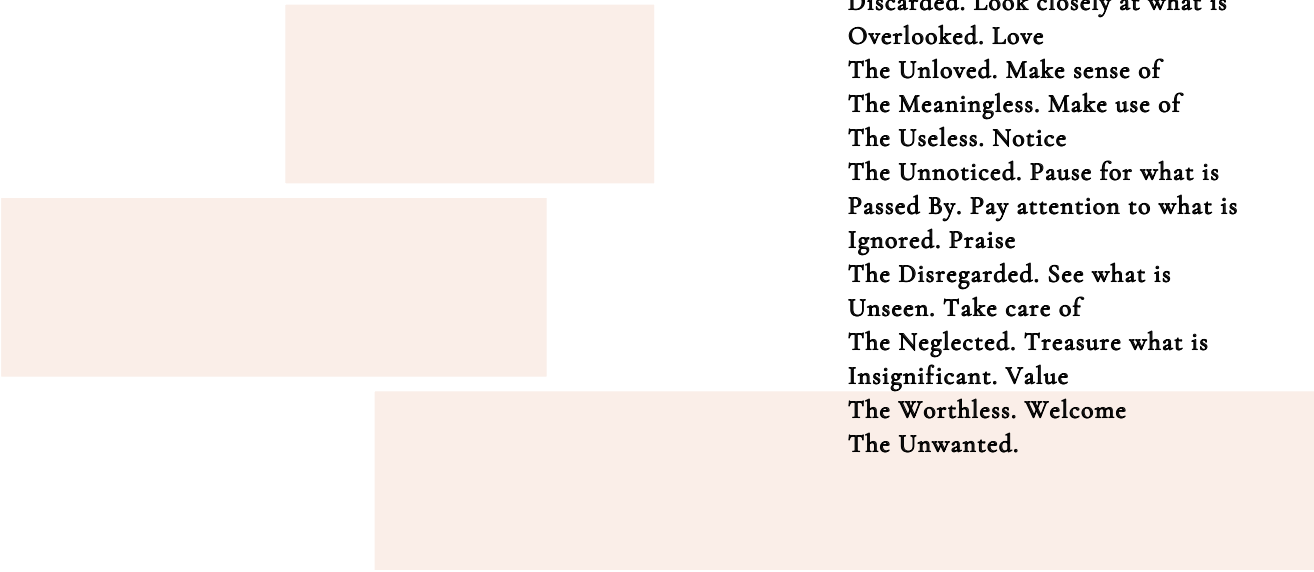


MURIEL GANI: TWIRL AFTER ME (2022)

ABANDON NOTHING

A POEM BY PAUL ROWLAND (2022)

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Care for what is
Unimportant. Cherish
The Abandoned. Do not turn your back on
Anything. Embrace
The Rejected. Identify
The Nameless. Keep what is
Discarded. Look closely at what is
Overlooked. Love
The Unloved. Make sense of
The Meaningless. Make use of
The Useless. Notice
The Unnoticed. Pause for what is
Passed By. Pay attention to what is
Ignored. Praise
The Disregarded. See what is
Unseen. Take care of
The Neglected. Treasure what is
Insignificant. Value
The Worthless. Welcome
The Unwanted.





PAUL ROWLAND: GAME OVER (2022)





SUSAN BOWEN: PEAS AND LINES (2022) / METAL SALVAGE (2016)

SUSAN BOWEN: SPILLS DIPTYCH 03 (2018)



SUSAN BOWEN: SPILLS DIPTYCH 06 (2020)



LIFE OF CREATION

A POEM BY SHANE COPPAGE

Five times we look each other over.
The paper. Unfolding infinitude.
I, erect. Balanced on splayed toes.
Dollar brush hooked by red-dashed knuckles.
Two right fingers perched on tottering bowl

Square, ■ Something of a cell. The studio is small.
As is our time. Space redolent with the mirth of sumi.
There, I imagine an audience. A dozen sets of eyes
breathing judgment.
Taken by hubris, there is also awe.

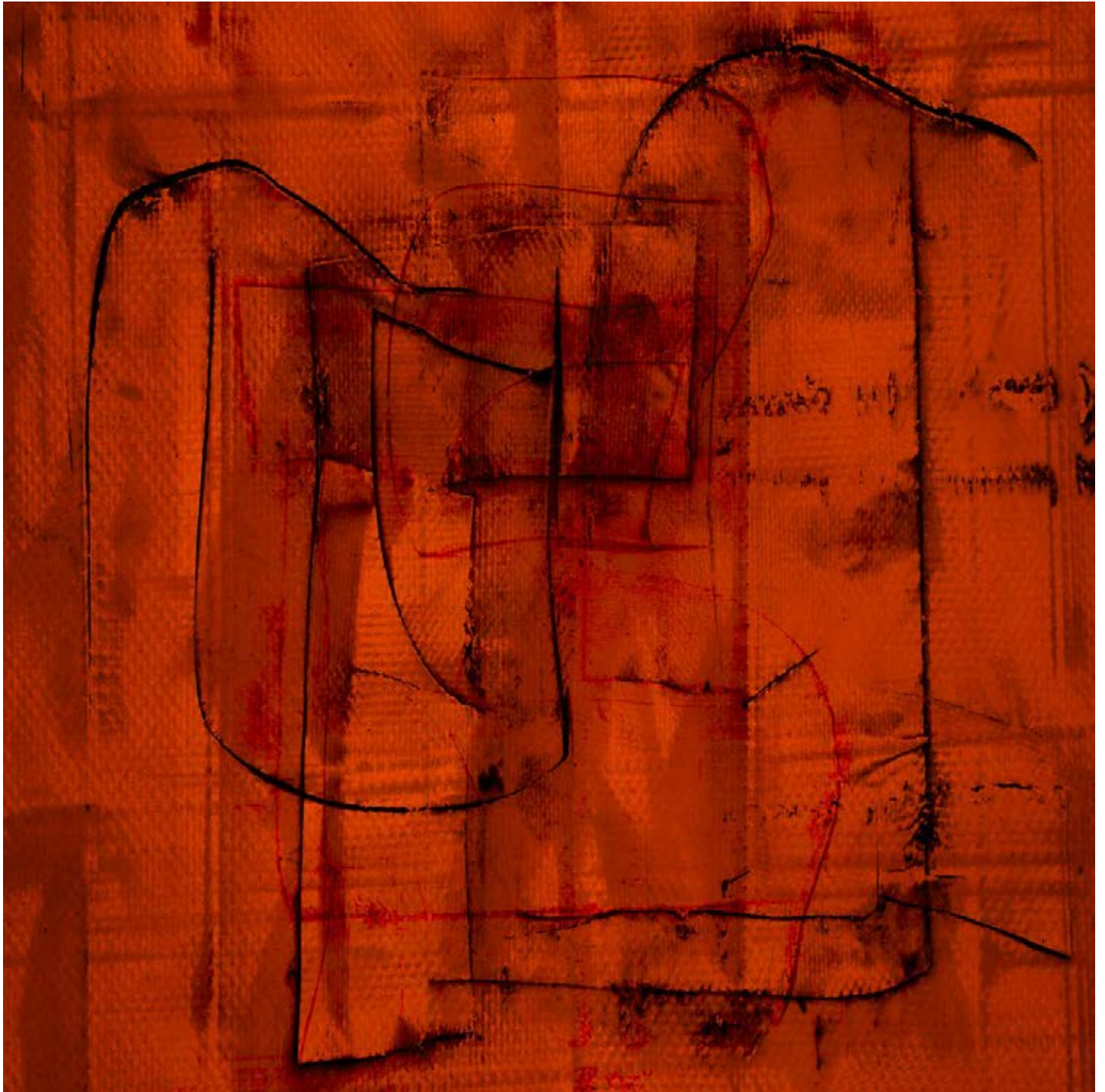
The throng swells as the artist is besieged.
My burning one let loose of the mythworld.
Body a trust of practice; visible just left of insanity

Under the spell of the middle eye ○. Hand,
unleashed. Brush mind, *penetrating paper*.
Over, *slash*. A bass cello, *splatter*.
Hand up, *caesura*. A dancing violin, *flick*.
Brush down, *pull*. Up, *swoop*.
god's pearl cast eye, *riposte*.
a stepped cairn below winter's sky, *finale*.

In the wake of it,
the bottoms of feet catching ground,
thrown back from echoless roads,
palms furrowed and leopard-spotted from the journey.
And the audience has dissolved,
and the artist is again sealed behind the door,
and five pieces stare back from the floor.

Five botched attempts to bridle chaos.
Five dead-eyed. Square. Finite bodies.
That cannot house the life of their creation.







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MATTHEW FERTEL: BLUE MOOD / PISCATORIAL PLEASURES (2023)

By the entrance: cross when its read (and wait
when its' green, go down -
the up stairs, and up the down;

open doors "marked" NO
ENTRY... step over fences and, climb
on-walls-shimmy
up A lamppost and sing?

go against the / flow of pedestrians slow /
down so! people bump
into you skip too

the four of the line
remove your shoe and go)

bare-foot in the middle
of the road lie down, curl
up. *** sleep

PAUL
ROWLAND

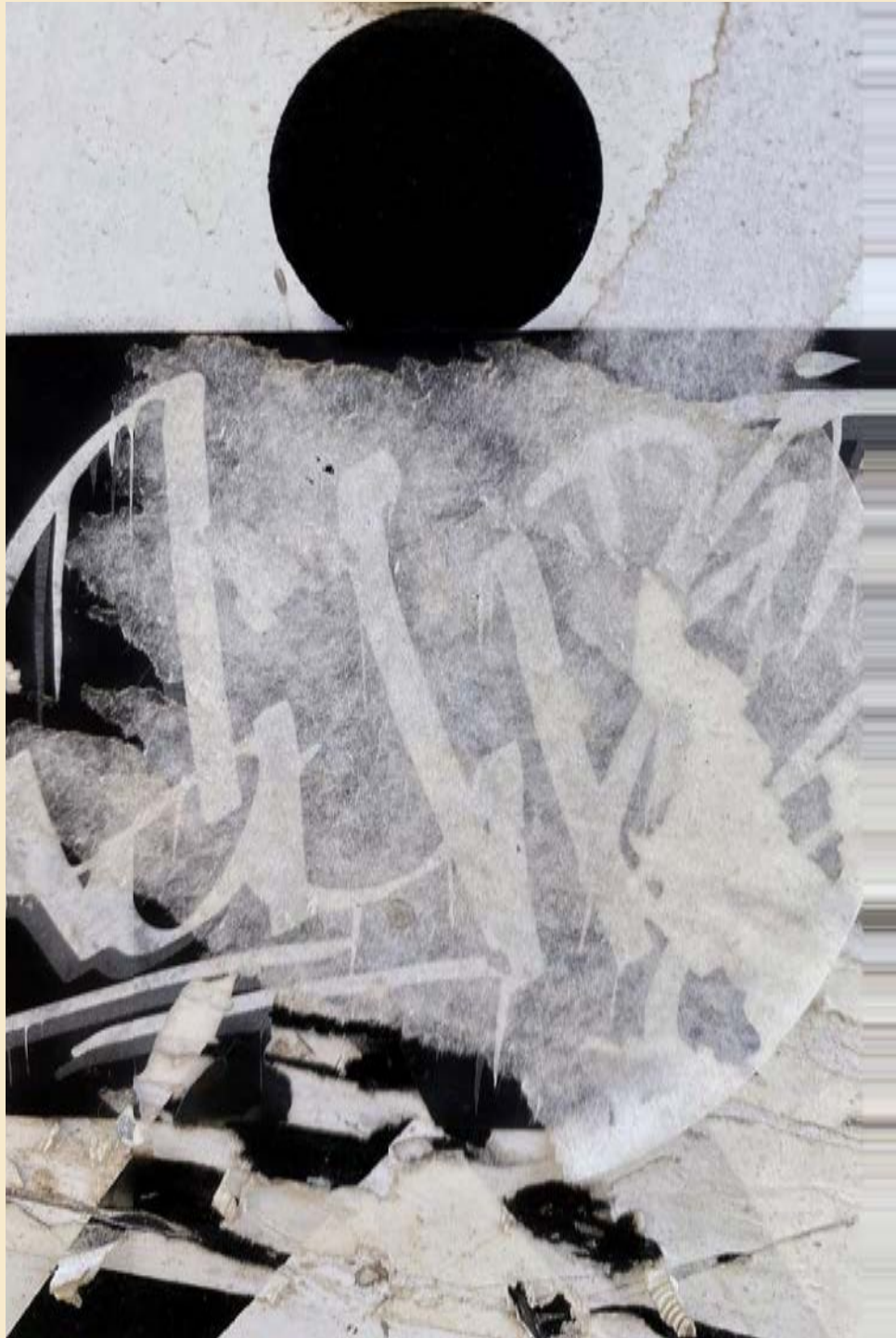


PAUL ROWLAND: MILLE-FEUILLE (2021)

DO NOT READ THIS POEM



MURIEL GANI: BAD BYE (2022)



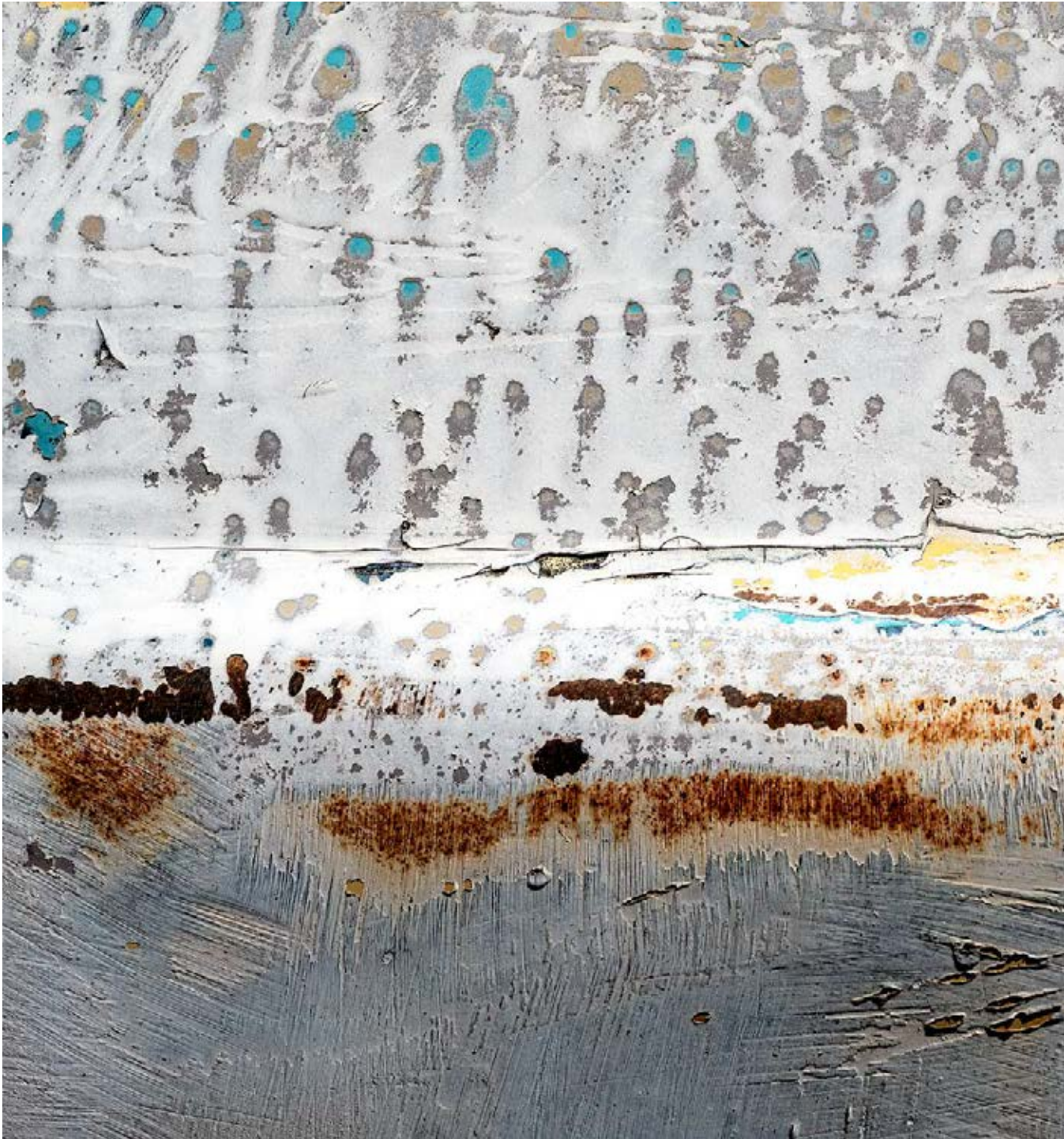


SHAR MARIE:
WEAVING (2021)

DARIA PANICHAS:
BACK IN THE DAY (2016)

MURIEL GANI
TOO YOUNG TO DIE / WEIGHT OF THE WORLD (2022)







WENDY KAPPY
HIGH DESERT STORM (2023)

THE LANGUAGE POETS

A POEM BY STEVE NIMMONS (2023)

in the music of the unlit trees
you will hear us play
with Pythagorean commas
the language poets
turning words
in chromatic lathes

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CAM CROSLAND: FISHING WITH DYNAMITE ABSTRACTS (2023)



we who write
with bandaged hands
weeping stigmatic blood
to have emotion

sit once, reveal
the sacred lexicon
of her myriad forms.









ALINA AMINOVA: SWIRL (2022)

RANDALL VANDERMEY

I heard that people once
lived with animals,
slaughtered some for food,
used all the parts, gave
them names like Bossy,
Foghorn, Rex, and
Silver, wove their own

cloth out of fibers they grew,
wore them out and handed
them down, made things of wood
and stone, lit their rooms
with burning wax,
lived with family

until they died, buried
dead bodies in the dirt,
laughed and cried, spoke
face-to-face, walked
from place to place,
let children choose their



own toys—sticks, balls, and
fire—believed in one
all-powerful, all-knowing
God, let diseases
take them, sometimes lost
fingers, toes, and cheeks
to frost, computed sums
and long division in their

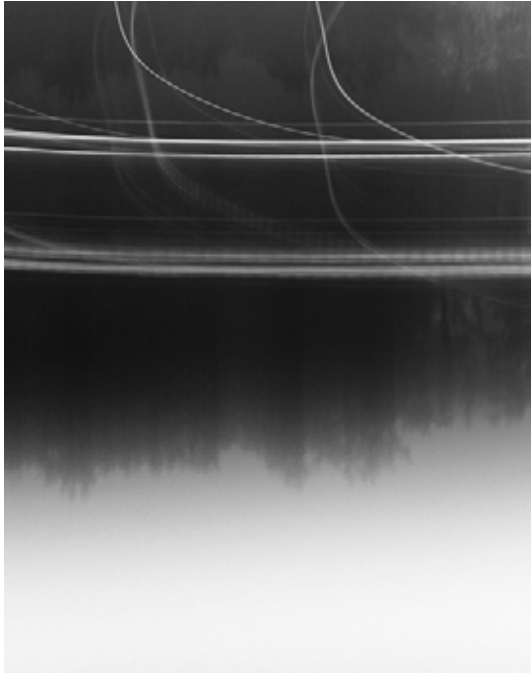
heads, owned books
made of paper, breathed
unfiltered air, knew
their neighbors' names,
danced and sang, even
the old ones, woke to
the song of Chanticleer . . .

I don't believe these
charming tales. Imagine
a world without wi-fi,
crypto-, algorithms, elevators,
supplements, insurance, and gyms.

No, thank you.



TIME STUDY I: 00:17:17 - 00:17:47



TIME STUDY II: 00:39:32 - 00:40:02



TIME STUDY III: 19:49:50 - 19:49:54

TIME STUDY IV : 23:51:36 - 23:52:06



"In this study, I am exploring my relationship to time through light and nature. In this contemplative space, I am anchoring myself to all matters surrounding me. It is the practice of freeing myself from social construction and agreeing to be."

TRISTAN MORIN (2023)

*"If you sit still
long enough,*







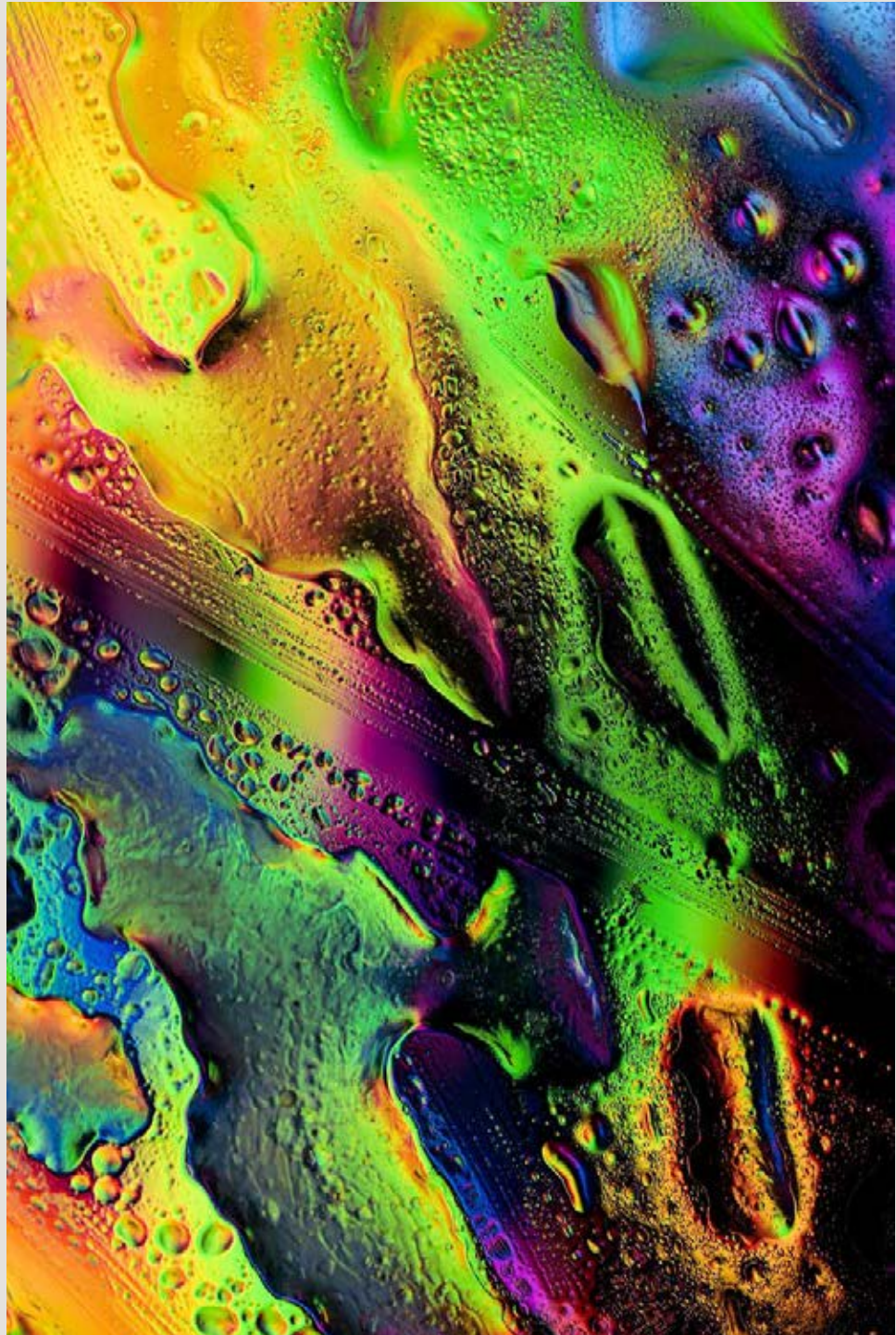
*Everything else
begins to move.”*

RANDALL VANDERMEY





JASMIN JAVON
CONTINUITY / TENACITY (2023)





CHRIS WENGER

KUSKANAX FLOW (2021)
COLD CREEK (2023)

JEWELS OF ICE (2016)
UNTITLED IMAGE 6030 (2016)



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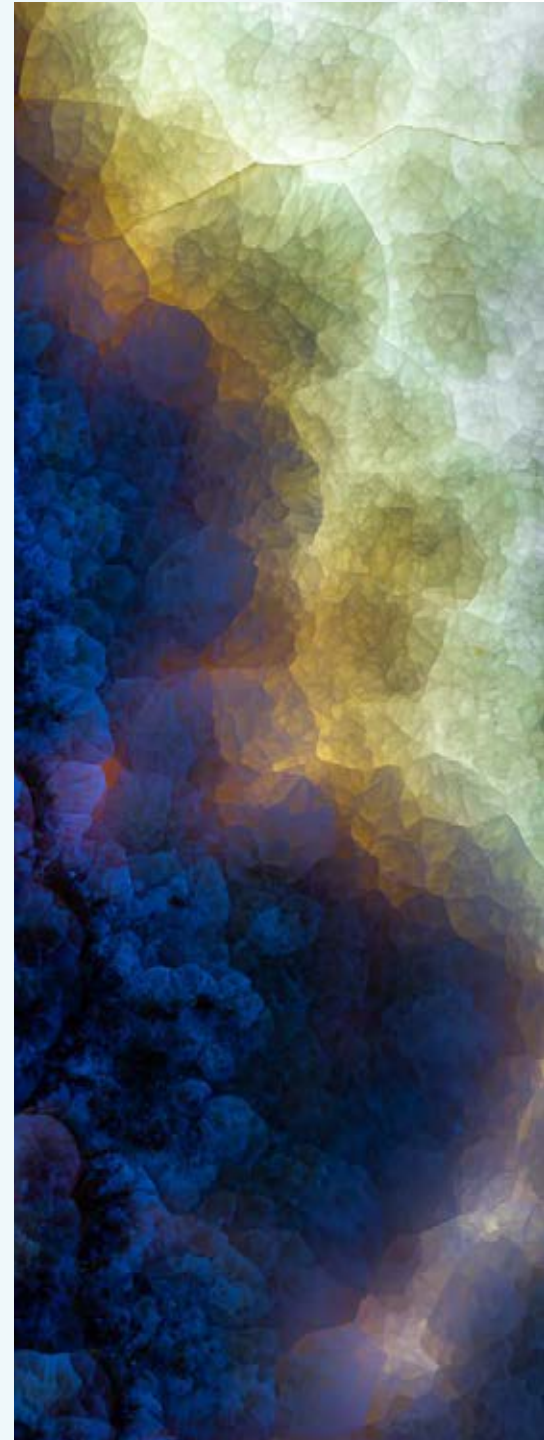
Once together, now dispersed.
Strings of life, threads of memories,
Soulless being, empty of possessions
Untangled, unbarred, ready to receive.

Gently under the dusty blanket
Like the book, forgotten, dreaming.
Awaiting the radiant, seeking eyes
to catch a glimpse of its being.

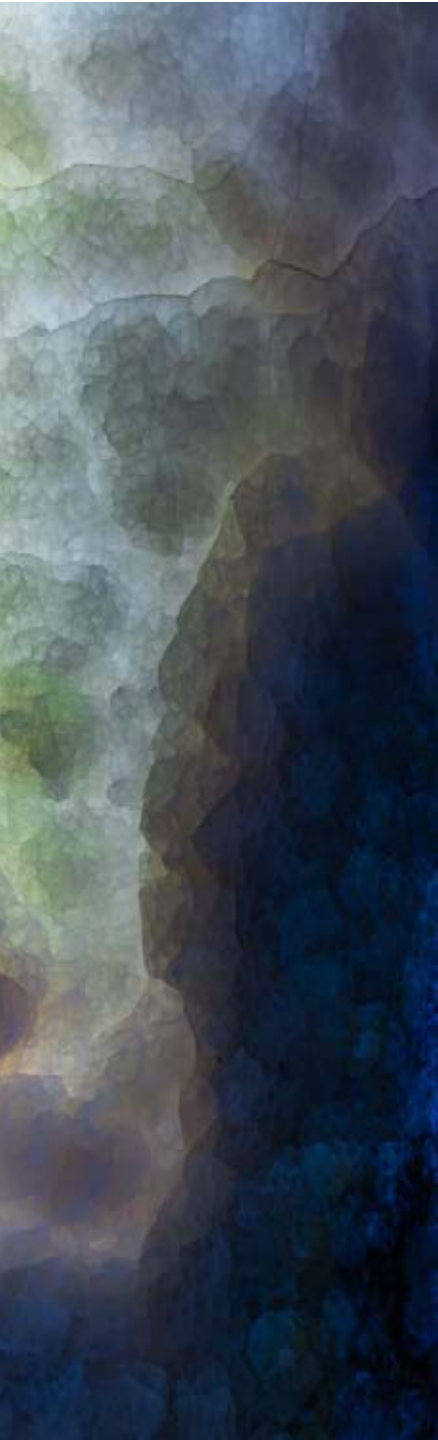
A touch of the eternal seed.
Can raise the dead from deep winter's sleep.
At first it dwindles, then it glows.
In its own luminous self, it finds home.

Light of the void, a fruit for the many.
Ready to fly where the wind blows.
Spreading thousand arms, embracing the dead.
Carrying seeds of love, it floats.

POEM BY ARNAB



STEVE HARRIS: OCTOPUS'S GARDEN (2022)





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The result is unpredictable for the artist and, therefore, shifts the intentionality of production. By giving up some of the agency, the artist is able to participate in observation rather than fully control the production of the art piece. This dispersion of agency allows us to engage with a sense of helplessness and chance.



The series Boil explores notions of auto-creative production. Following Metzger's auto-destruction art manifesto, the project reflects on the idea of artistic authorship. The series relies on an experimental film development technique called film soup. Rolls of film are boiled with lemon juice to cause damage to the surface.



BOIL

LINA A (2022)

This chance, therefore, serves as a contributor to the liminality of the landscapes. Non-existent places are formed out of memory recordings on film and chemical reactions. The liminal, in its own right, then serves as the artist's meditation on nostalgia and immigration.



KOSTIS ARGYRIADIS
DD/MM/YYYY



FINDING FATHER

A POEM BY JUSTIN PUMFREY

Finding father's eyes
That hold the child so easy—
Over years building homelands
Here between word and thing,
So that the man is free to roam
And speak and even sing
The beat he has always been.
Let me fall into your eyes
Again and again, even
When seasons change strange
With summer snow and winter heat.
I will then never forget
To breathe and speak and dance
Through these dwindling days
Until I reach home,
Without ever closing doors.



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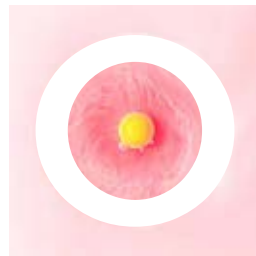
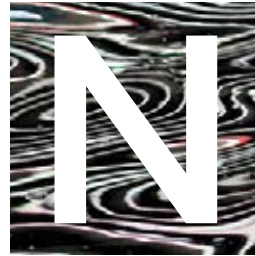
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ISSN 2817-5875



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