



## HINTOLOGY

I S S U E # 2

A U T U M N 2 0 2 4





# HINTOLOGY

ISSUE #2 / AUTUMN 2024

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



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

© All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be reproduced,  
stored in a retrieval system or transmitted,  
in any form or by any means – electronic,  
mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise  
– without written permission from its publisher.

ISBN 978-1-7389233-3-5  
ISSN 2817-5875 (*Print*)  
ISSN 2817-5883 (*Online*)

Editing  
**VINCENT MARSOLAIS**  
info@msolav.com

Proofreading  
**MYRIAM SEVIGNY**  
msevigny11@outlook.com

Printing  
**PRECIGRAFIK**  
precigrafik.com

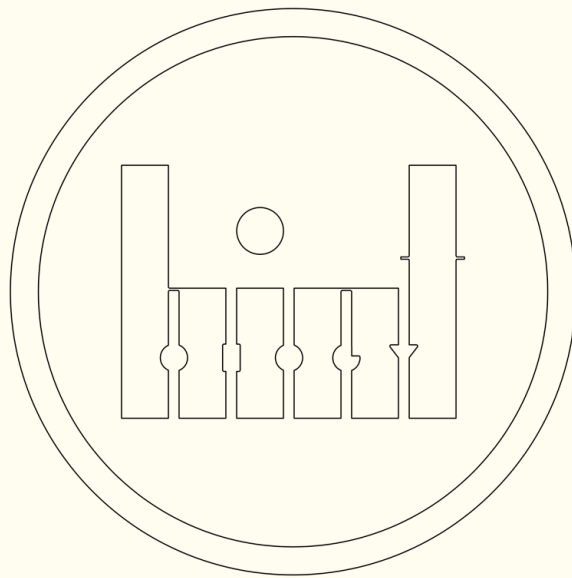
Publishing  
**LKVM STUDIO**  
info@lkvm.studio

Cover **JOHN WILKINSON** *Time Worn* (2024)

Back cover **GUDRUN KISSINGER** *Broken Green* (2020)  
**CARLO DI FORTE** *Constellations* (2023)  
**KEVIN HANSEN** *Wave Upon Wave* (2022)  
**LAURA DIEUTEGARD** *Identity* (2022)  
**JOHN WILKINSON** *Time Worn* (2024)  
**MARYNA KOSTIUKEVYCH** *Untitled* (2024)  
**OLEG BUYANOV** *Cosmogony VIII* (2019)  
**JEAN VIGNEAULT** *Rising Star* (2022)  
**QIYAO LIN** *998* (2024)

Fonts **COVER** *Fire Sans*  
**METADATA** *NotCourierSans*  
**BORDERS** *Overpass Mono*  
**CREDITS** *Alegreya Sans SC, Jost*  
**TITLES** *Jost*  
**ESSAYS** *Dosis, Jost*  
**POEMS** *Cormorant Garamond, Jost, Argentum, Overlock*  
**BACK COVER** *Argentum*

VISIT **HINTOLOGY.ORG**  
FOR MORE INFORMATION



**HINTOLOGY**

**I S S U E # 2**

**A U T U M N 2 0 2 4**

SHANE COPPAGE \_\_\_\_\_ 4

127-132 \_\_\_\_\_ ROBERT HECHT

PAUL ROWLAND \_\_\_\_\_ 7, 91, 119-120

73, 78-86, 114, 123-124, 147-149 \_\_\_\_\_ SHARMARIE

JANET LEES \_\_\_\_\_ 12, 72, 140

65, 109-110, 126 \_\_\_\_\_ JJ BRINSKI

SOLAV \_\_\_\_\_ 13, 29-32, 43-53, 96-102, 135-136

62-64 \_\_\_\_\_ JUSTIN PUMFREY

JARE ISRAEL \_\_\_\_\_ 15-18

37, 160 \_\_\_\_\_ ARNAB

JARE ISRAEL _____	3, 15-18	159-160	_____	KASPER BERGHOLT
WENDY KAPPY _____	5, 27, 87, 131-132		143-144, 153-156	LEKUI
ANTHONY TIDSWELL _____	6, 9-10		141-142	ADEL SOUTO
MICHÈLE POLAK _____	8		124, 128, 132-134, 137	ERIC CALASSOU
JANET LEES _____	11, 71		119-120	GILLES MARK
CHRIS WENGER _____	12, 63-64		114, 119-124, 146, 148, 151-152	GUDRUN KISSINGER
J. ALAN CONSTANT _____	14, 45, 93, 95-96, 145-146		97-102	CARLO DI FORTE
PAUL ROWLAND _____	19-20, 51, 70, 83-84, 91		94	EXACTLYOFCOURSE
LAURA DIEUTEGARD _____	21-22		92, 121-123	ROBERT HECHT
JULIA REDL _____	23-24, 28		85-86	CAM CROSLAND
HARTMUT RIEG _____	25-26		79, 89-90	MARYNA KOSTIUKEYVCH
PAUL KENNY _____	30, 35-36		75-76, 111-112	JOHN WILKINSON
JEAN VIGNEAULT _____	31-32, 107-108		69, 88, 104	SARAH GARLAND
ADELA GOMEZ _____	33-34		69, 81-82, 118, 125, 129	MONICA KASS ROGERS
OLEG BUYANOV _____	37-38		67-68, 103, 149-150	KARIN WEGMANN
QIYAO LIN _____	39-40, 115, 117, 138		61, 63-64, 116, 157-158	JUSTIN PUMFREY
MURIEL GANI _____	41-42, 69-70, 72		59-60	TRISTAN MORIN
JEFF TUNG _____	43-44, 77-78		55-56	LORNE FROMIER
SHARMARIE _____	46, 102, 143-144		54, 57, 139	OTDAITELOGOS
SOLAV _____	47-48, 65-66, 135-136			DARREN SACKS
KEVIN HANSEN _____	49-50, 73-74, 104	53-54, 58	_____	JASON DEAN
ROBERT A. RIPPS _____	50, 106	52, 63, 105	_____	





**I** the ninth letter of the English alphabet, commonly representing oneself; **ICE** frozen water, symbolizing stillness, aloofness, or resilience (p.12,141-142); **ICHTHYOLOGY** the study of fish, often exploring the depths of aquatic life (p.135-136); **IDENTITY** the qualities, beliefs, and traits that define a person or thing (p.21-22,61-64,116,158); **IDOLATRY** the worship or excessive adoration of a person or object (p.29-32); **IF** a conditional proposition that suggests possibility or potential (p.11-12,71-72,140); **IGNEOUS** describing rock formed from volcanic magma, embodying transformation and resilience (p.75-76,111-112); **ILLUMINATION** intellectual or spiritual enlightenment (p.54,57); **ILLUSION** a deceptive appearance or perception of reality (p.77-78,114); **ILLUSIONISM** the artistic technique of creating a lifelike, yet fictional, image (p.69-70,72); **IMAGINATION** the power of the mind to create images, ideas, and scenarios beyond the present (p.25-26,43-44); **IMAGO** an idealized image of a loved one or figure formed in childhood and maintained in the adult psyche (p.4); **IMMANENCE** the divine or spiritual presence pervading the material world (p.31); **IMMORTALITY** the concept of eternal life or lasting legacy (p.135-136); **IMPEDANCE** resistance to flow, especially in the context of energy or progress (p.47-48); **IMPETUS** a force that drives action or thought (p.153-156); **IMPOSSIBILITY** that which cannot happen or exist, yet inspires

*iiiiiiiiiiiiiiii* **I** *iiiiiiiiiiiiiiii*

dreams and aspirations (p.33-34); **IMPRESSION** a lasting effect or influence left upon one's mind or heart (p.23-24,28); **IMPRISONMENT** the condition of being confined or restricted (p.88); **IMPULSE** a sudden urge or instinctual drive (p.119-120); **INCANDESCENCE** intense brightness from heat or passion (p.49-50,73-74,104); **INCARNATION** the embodiment of a spirit, concept, or divine presence in physical form (p.43-53); **INCEPTION** the beginning or initial stage of an idea or event (p.41-42,70); **INCIPIENCE** the onset or budding of a process or concept (p.37-38); **INCISION** a precise cut, often symbolic of decision or sacrifice (p.143-144); **INCLINATION** a tendency, preference, or leaning in a particular direction (p.148); **INCONGRUITY** a state of being out of harmony with surroundings or expectations (p.149-150); **INDELIBILITY** the quality of being impossible to erase or forget (p.65-66); **INDIVIDUALITY** the unique characteristics or essence of a person (p.146); **INEFFABILITY** that which cannot be expressed in words (p.8); **INEVITABILITY** the quality of being certain or unavoidable (p.91-92,105,121-123,127-132); **INFINITY** a boundless or endless state or concept (p.119-124,151-152); **INFLUENCE** the power to shape or sway thoughts, actions, or events (p.50,106); **INHERENCE** the essential, inseparable quality or presence within something, deeply embedded and intrinsic (p.37); **INK** a medium for expression, often representing permanence and intention (p.63-65); **INNER** relating to the core or essence (p.3,15-18);

**INNERSTELLAR** relating to the deepest reaches within oneself, evoking vast, star-like spaces and the inner universe (p.109-110); **INQUIRY** a process of questioning or exploring (p.55-56); **INSHORE** close to the coast or near a boundary (p.29-30,35-36); **INSIDE** the interior or inner part of something (p.7,19-20,51,83-84,91,119-120); **INSIGHT** a deep, intuitive understanding (p.107-108,124,128,133-134,137); **INSIPIDITY** lacking in flavor, vitality, or interest (p.126); **INSTABILITY** a tendency to change or lack permanence (p.98-102); **INSTANT** a brief, fleeting moment in time (p.13); **INTENSIFICATION** a process of becoming more extreme, forceful, or powerful, often marking a pivotal change in energy or focus (p.103-104); **INTERCONNECTION** the mutual linking or relationship between elements (p.131-132); **INTERGROWTH** the development of elements together in harmony (p.39-40,115,117,138); **INTERLACEMENT** to weave or connect elements intricately (p.94); **INTERNALITY** pertaining to the inner structure or nature (p.46,73,78-86,102,114,143-144,147-149); **INTERSTICES** small spaces or gaps between things (p.69,81-82,118,125,129);

**INTERVAL** the space or time between events (p.59-60); **INTERWEAVEMENT** the intricate blending or intertwining of elements to create a unified whole (p.103);

**INTIMACY** a profound closeness or trust and emotional connection or resoluteness in the face of reflective examination of one's instinctual understanding or unseen or undetectable of gaining or losing transformation and

**IOSIS** the gradual **IRIDESCENCE** and the **iii** deep personal bond, marked by (p.27,87); **INTREPIDITY** courage or challenges (p.96-102); **INTROSPECTION** a own thoughts or feelings (p.104); **INTUITION** insight without conscious reasoning (p.13-146); **INVISIBILITY** the quality of being (p.53-54,58,67-68); **IONISATION** the process electrons to form charged particles, symbolizing the release or absorption of energy (p.139-140); alteration or transformation over time (p.159); a shifting play of colors, symbolizing beauty transience (p.5,69,85-86,89-90); **ISOLATION** state of being alone or detached (p.51-52,63); **ISOLUX** a curve or line of equal light intensity, often symbolizing clarity or guidance (p.6,9-10).



I am animal  
it all  
starts there,

Tried living  
as if  
unscathed,

Progress  
makes  
pain church,

Ordinance sprouts  
a tree  
in the throat,

Shrapnel  
opens the  
doors of the body-house

(desert stories in dead tongues)

(stealth wings caught fire the sky)

(civilization's red pillar)

(overnight skin loses another layer)

(humanity isn't always good and beautiful)





WENDY KAPPY / ZOO BABIES / 2021

iiiiiii



LIKE A WILD GAME OF CHESS, MY HEROES GLIDE ACROSS A VIBRANT BOARD OF ABSTRACT IDEAS.

SALLY MANN MOVES LIKE A KNIGHT TO MEET DAVID HOCKNEY, WHILE CAPA, KIM, AND TARO HOPSCOTCH WITH FRANCIS BACON.

FELIX TOURNACHON TAKES TO THE SKIES WITH SUZANNE VALADON, AND DORA MAAR CHECKMATES PICASSO ON A GLASSY FIELD.

TODAY, LEADING MY CREATIVE JOURNEY IS BERENICE ABBOTT, WHO FAMOUSLY SAID:

"PHOTOGRAPHY CAN NEVER GROW UP IF IT IMITATES SOME OTHER MEDIUM. IT HAS TO WALK ALONE; IT HAS TO BE ITSELF."

IN 1939, ABBOTT PIONEERED "SUPER SIGHT," A METHOD COMBINING A CAMERA OBSCURA AND EPIDIASCOPE TO PRODUCE LARGE-FORMAT NEGATIVES.

INSPIRED, I BUILT MY OWN DEVICE USING SCAFFOLDING, VINTAGE STROBE LIGHTS, PROCESS CAMERAS, AND OLD KODAK PHOTO PAPER AS NEGATIVES.

IN JULY 2024, I TESTED IT.

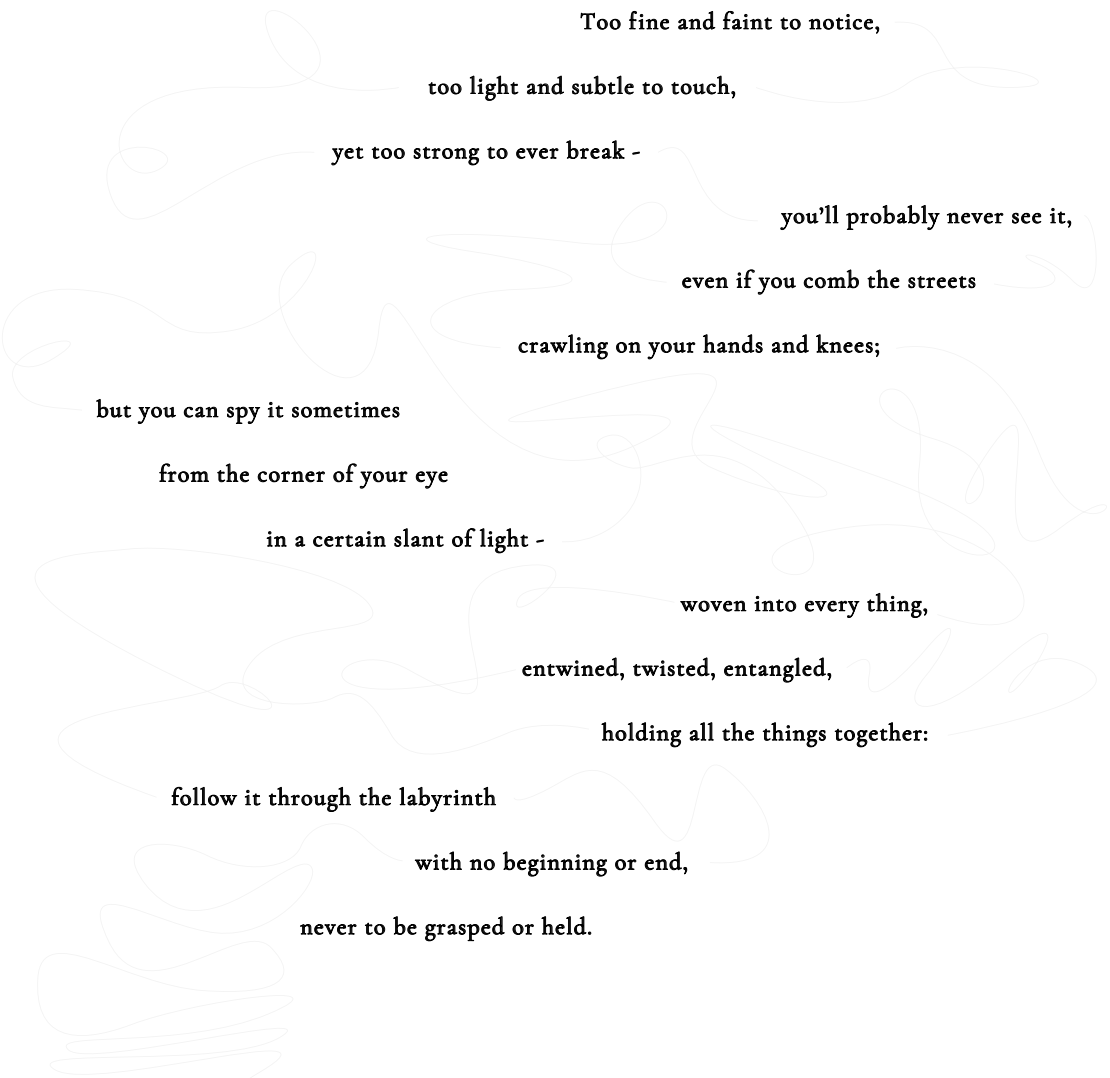
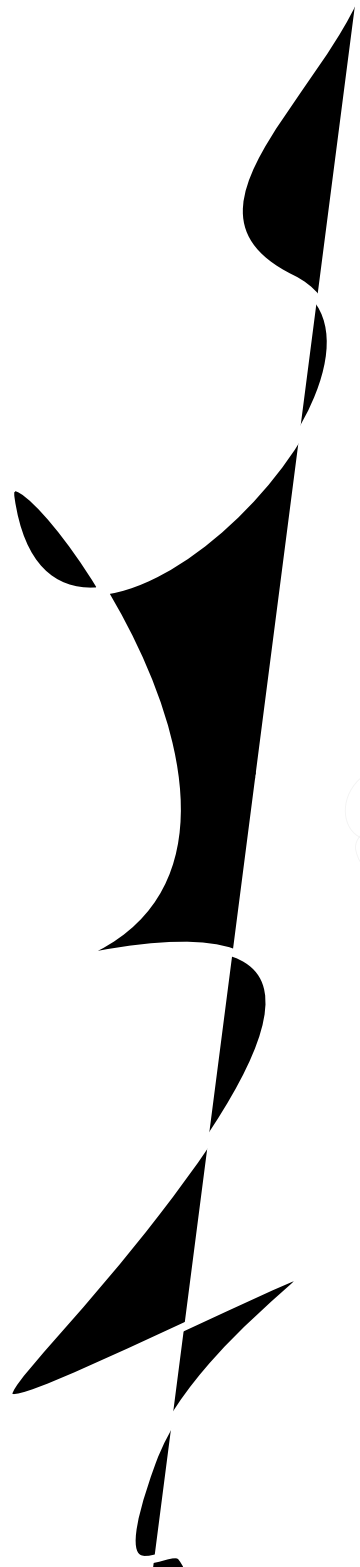
THE PAPER'S SPEED AT 2 ISO AND AN APERTURE OF F/64, I CALCULATED I'D NEED IMMENSE LIGHT - ABOUT 100 KILO-JOULES. USING THREE STROBE HEADS, I FIRED THE LIGHTS 20 TIMES TO MIMIC EXPOSURE STACKING.

DESPITE A FEW SETBACKS, IT WORKED.

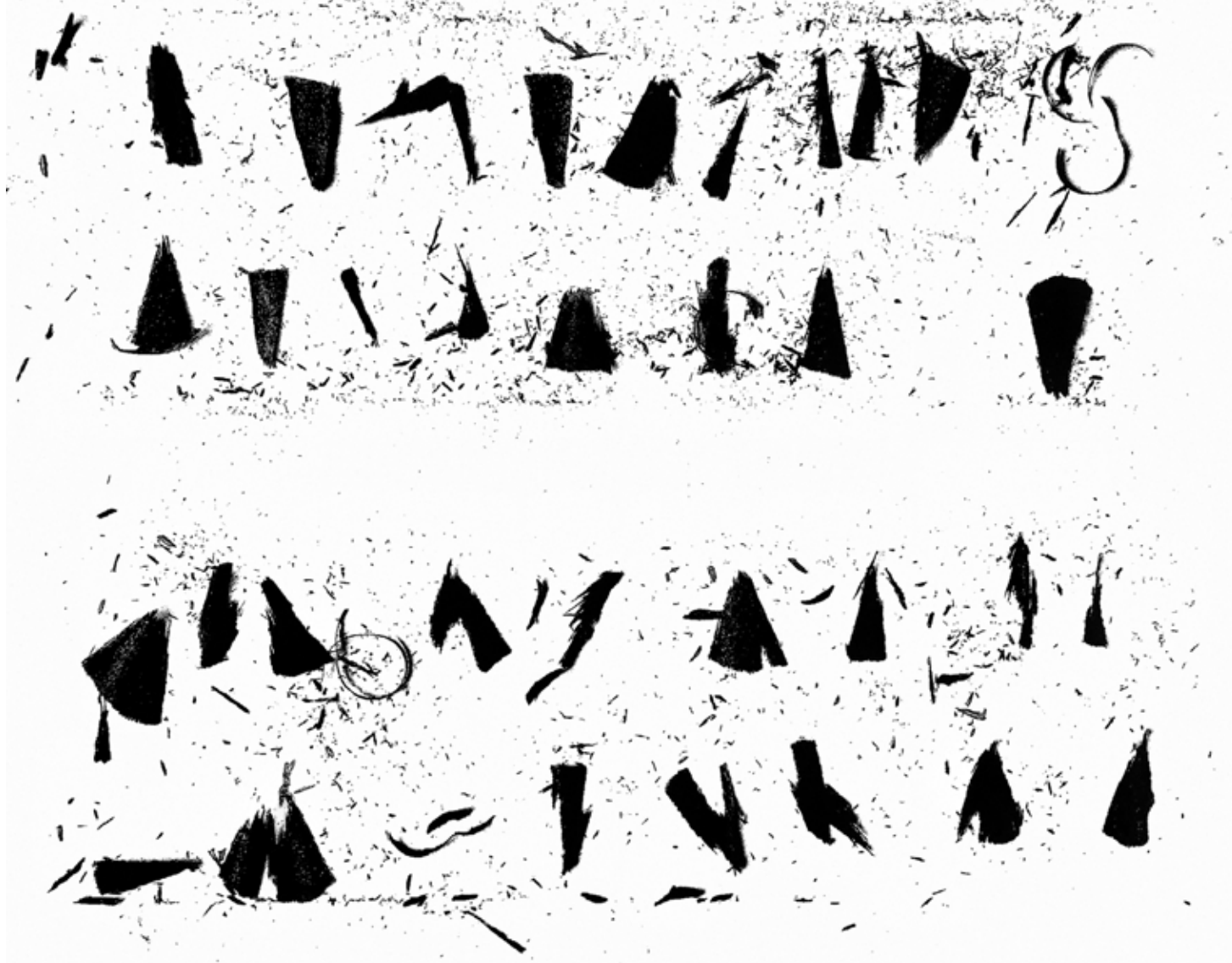
Y  
T  
H  
E  
A  
B  
S  
T  
R  
A  
C  
T  
A  
R  
T  
I  
S  
T  
S  
O  
F  
T  
H  
E  
A  
R  
T  
W  
O  
R  
L  
D

# THREAD

POEM *by* PAUL ROWLAND



Too fine and faint to notice,  
 too light and subtle to touch,  
 yet too strong to ever break -  
 you'll probably never see it,  
 even if you comb the streets  
 crawling on your hands and knees;  
 but you can spy it sometimes  
 from the corner of your eye  
 in a certain slant of light -  
 woven into every thing,  
 entwined, twisted, entangled,  
 holding all the things together:  
 follow it through the labyrinth  
 with no beginning or end,  
 never to be grasped or held.







ANAMORPHIC FACE 12



If anyone sins and does what is forbidden in any of the Lord's commands, they are guilty and will be held responsible

JANET LEES

*We didn't mean to go there  
We never set out to be those girls  
We didn't expect to be halved  
and halved and  
halved again  
pretty platefuls  
of soft white mouthfuls  
on bloodless tables  
in cold, cold halls*



# THE ETERNAL Now

If you walk, you slip  
If you stop, you stall  
If you touch, you stick  
If you drop, you fall

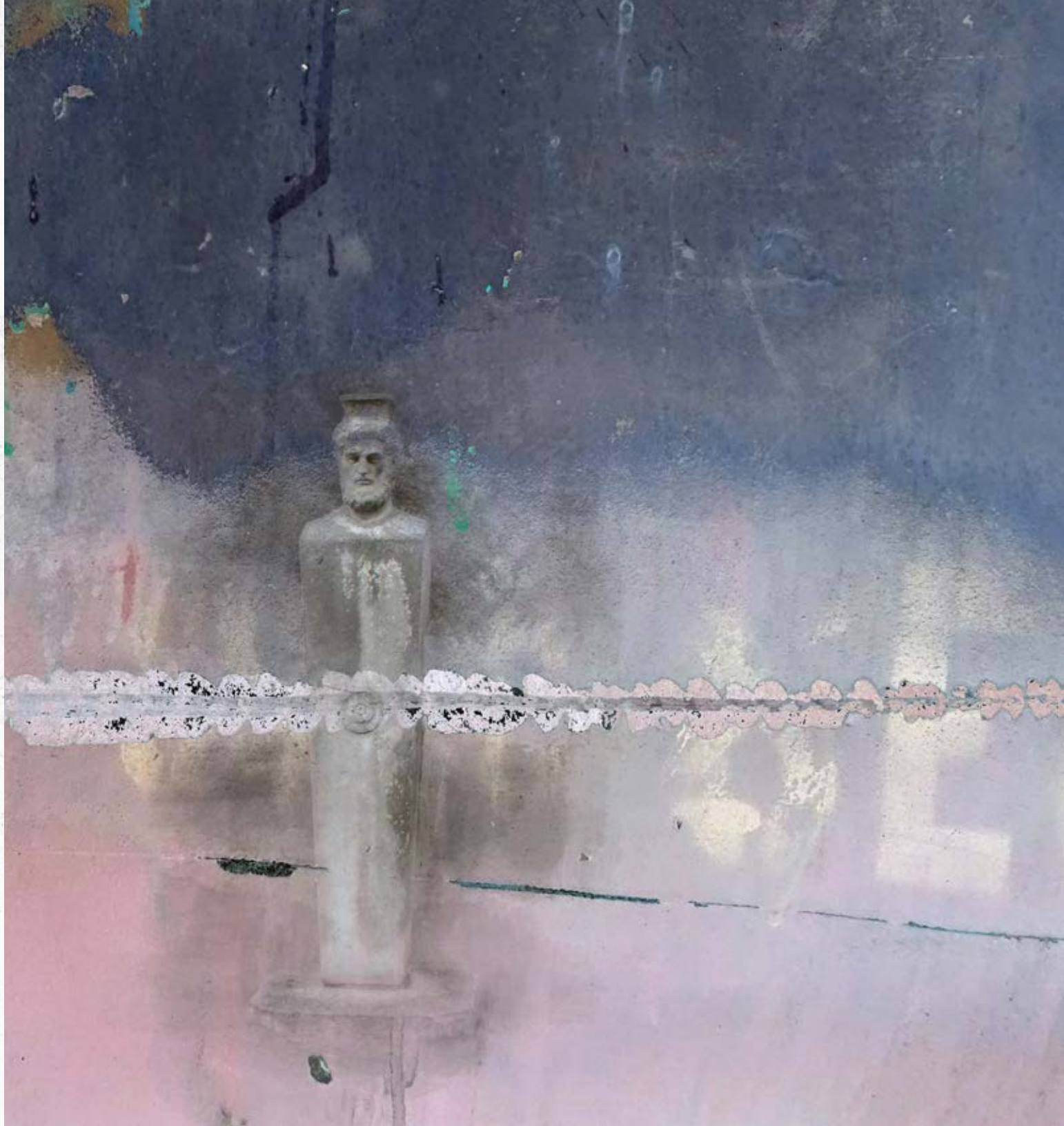
In the eternal,  
In the eternal *now*.

If you give, you take  
If you kneel, you bow  
If you dream, you wake,  
If you seek, you doubt,

And when night shadows blend  
With the light of the dawn  
Remember to forget  
That you've come to depart

In the eternal,  
In the eternal *now*.

SOLAV





Masks once deemed vital

To circumnavigate truth



Changed and discarded

Piling up with no outlet

Littering inner landscapes

Bleached bones of the past

With castle walls unfinished

These grand ambitions

Now sit vacant and useless

Mere ghosts of what could have been

Crystallized habits

Seized in place from overuse

Out of alignment



With who we now want to be

Set seemingly petrified





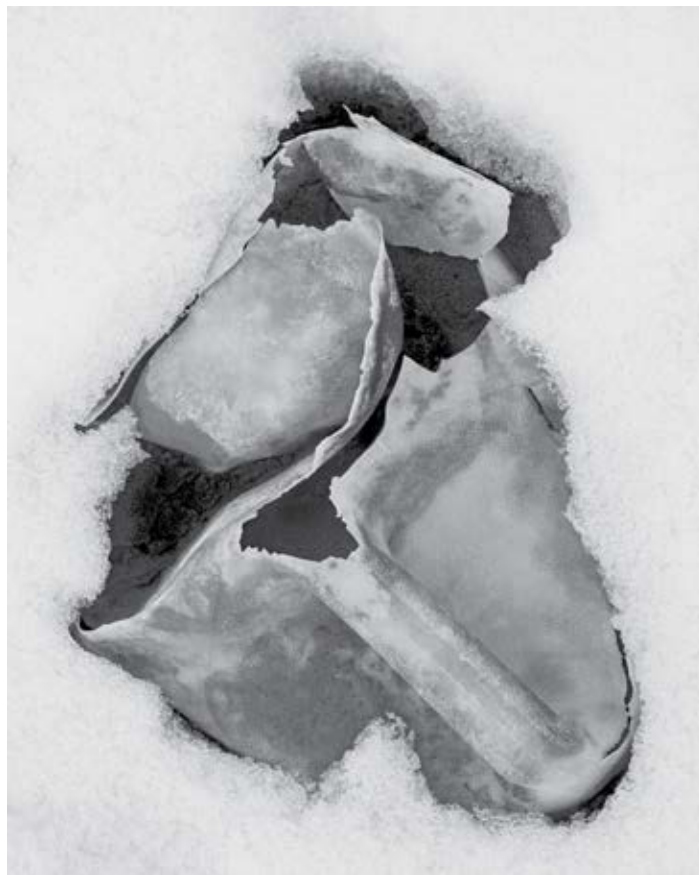
Seen for the first time

Exquisitely incomplete

In verity's glow

So much more than perfection

Hidden beneath the surface







Y  
T  
N  
E  
O  
J



LAURA DIEUTEGARD / IDENTITY / 2021

PHOTOGRAPHY

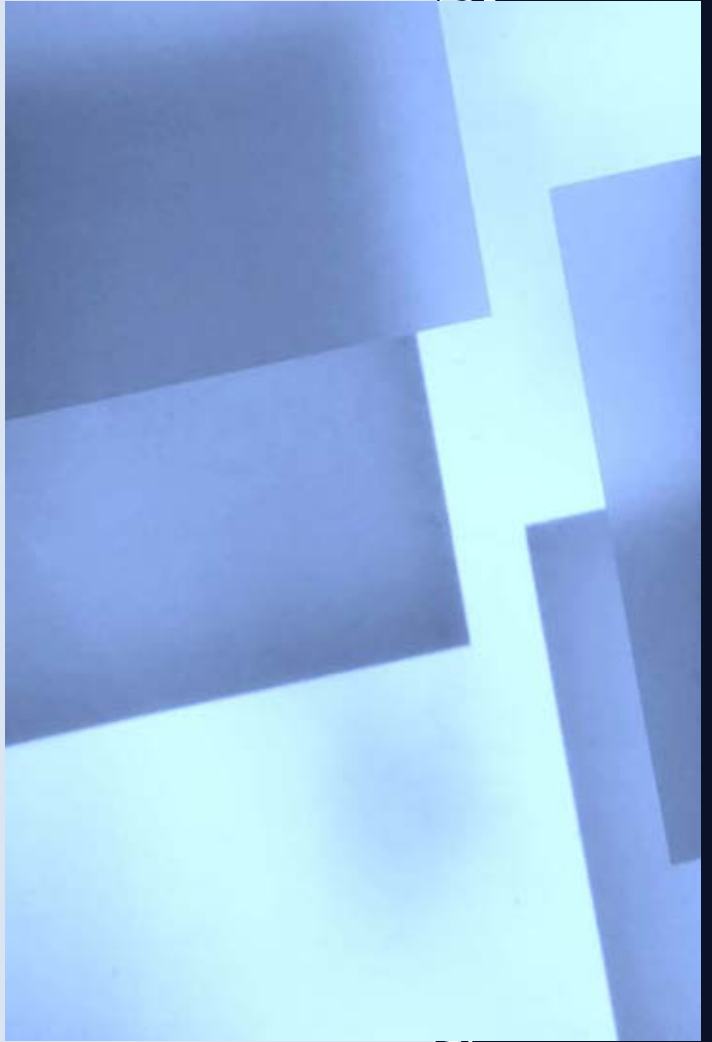
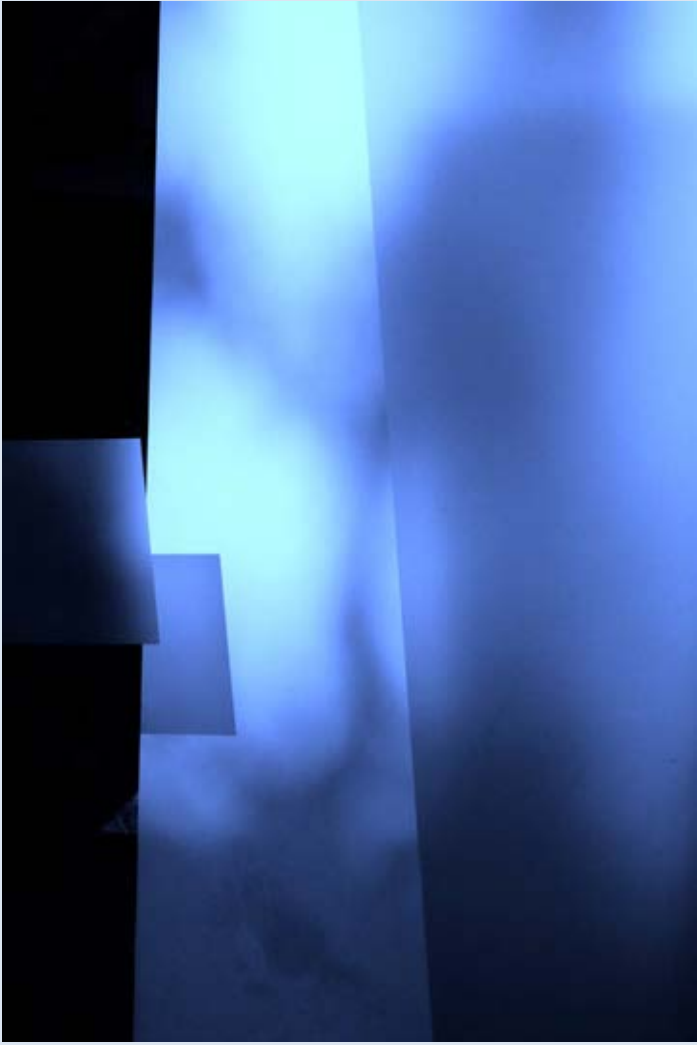


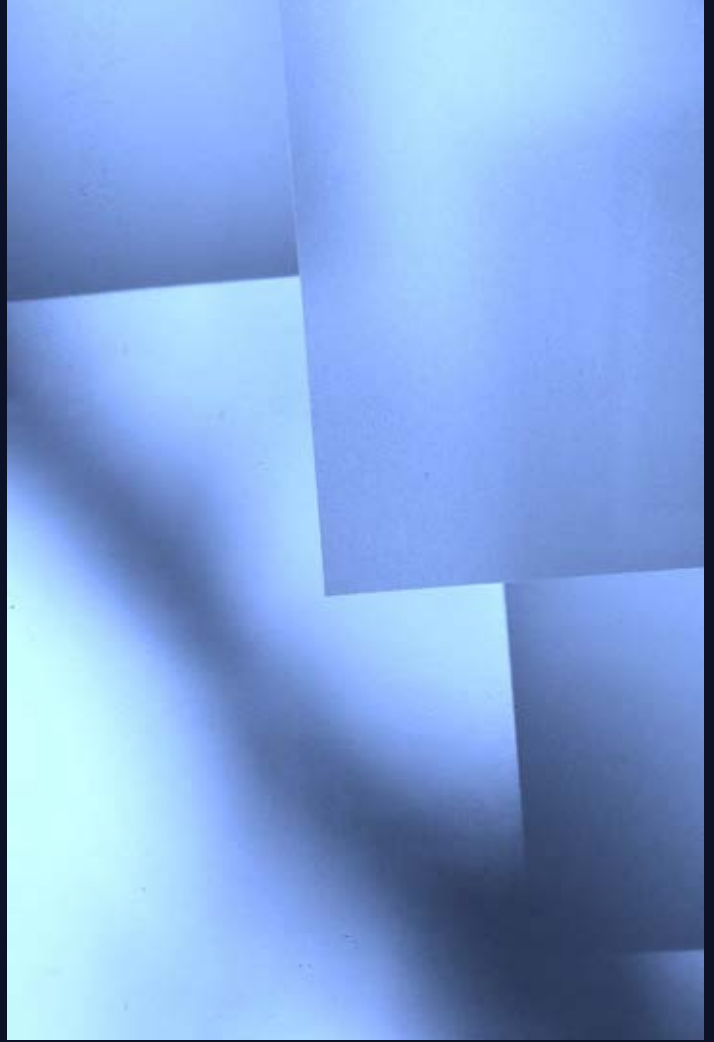
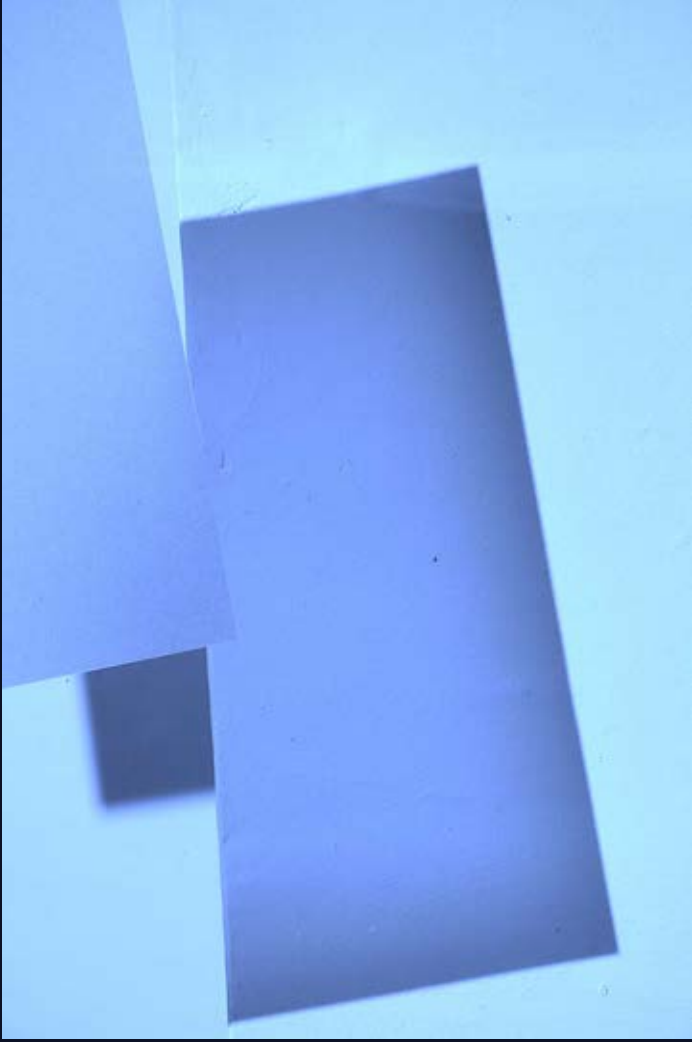
NO  
H  
S  
E  
E  
M  
I



FORMATION









W  
E  
N  
D  
Y  
K  
A  
P  
P  
Y



# BANG FOR THE MONEY

POEM by SOLAV

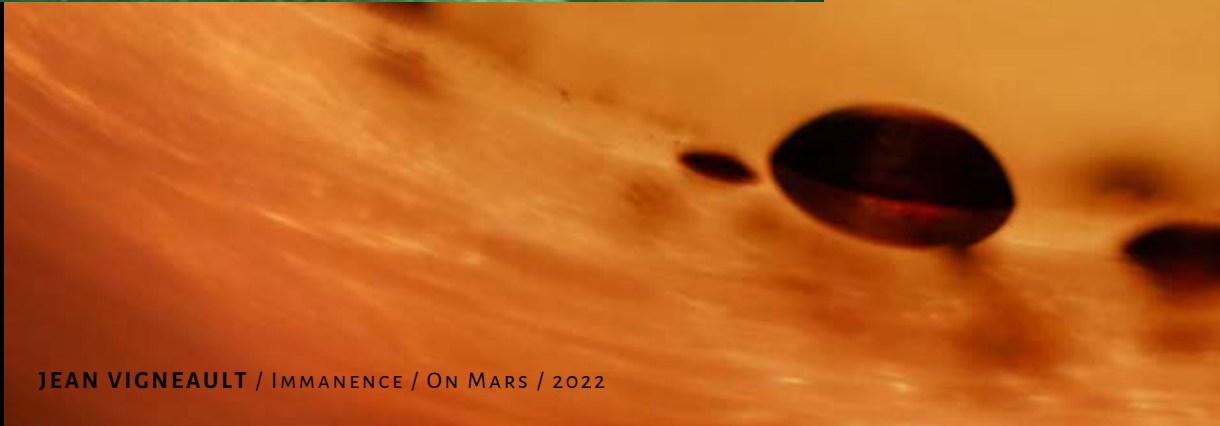
*A beauty that causes awe, that is your aim,  
And a defence, this strategy called "it's all the same";  
But there are cells for the marrow & cells for the brain,  
And to call them similar seems rather quite insane.*

*'Cause it takes mind to acquire the patience,  
One surrenders to defeat to accept the loss;  
For only when all is lost, all then may be gained;  
That is the price to pay to understand the cost.*

*And if I didn't have that pill to swallow,  
I'd call this bang for the money first thing tomorrow.*







*Around they gravitate like you're a shining star,  
To take part and implode and beg a mighty roar;  
It's a science for the desperate — no it ain't no art;  
A beauty for the primates more than a beauty of the heart.*

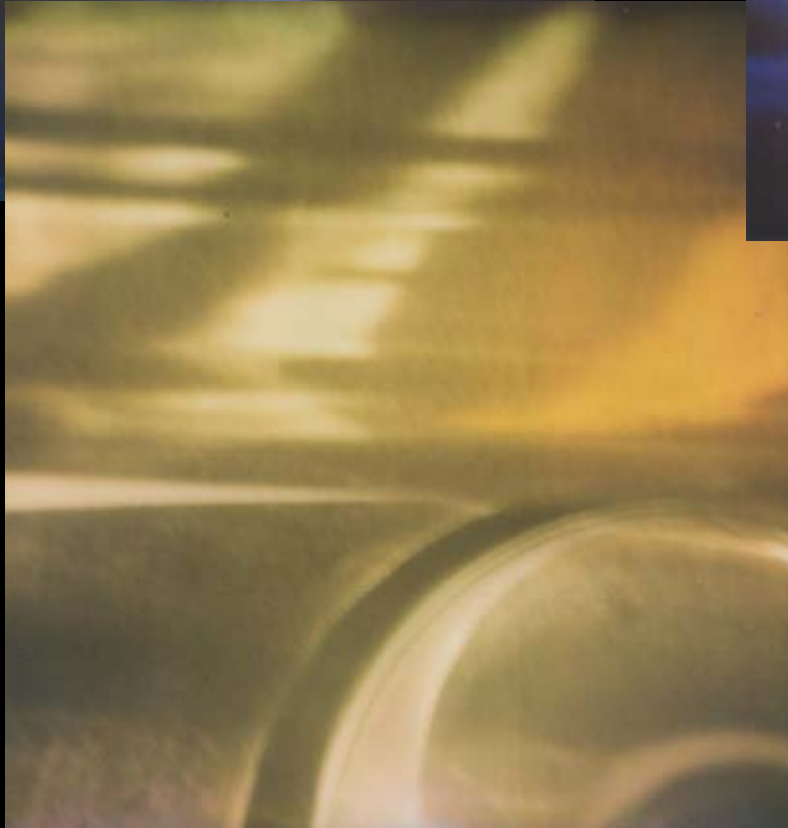
*They slide down the usual paths of expansion  
While we swim against pale currents of fog;  
With my renounce I won't pay this ecstasy a call,  
Won't beg for a mighty roar - no I won't beg no more.*

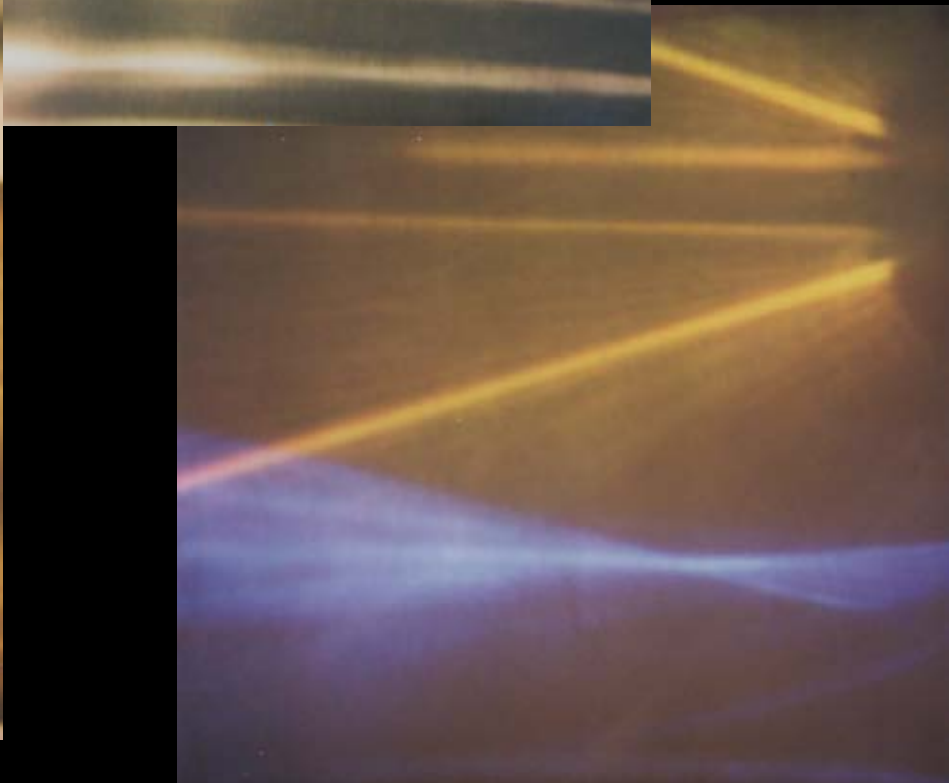
*But if I didn't have that pill to swallow,  
I'd call it bang for the money first thing tomorrow.*

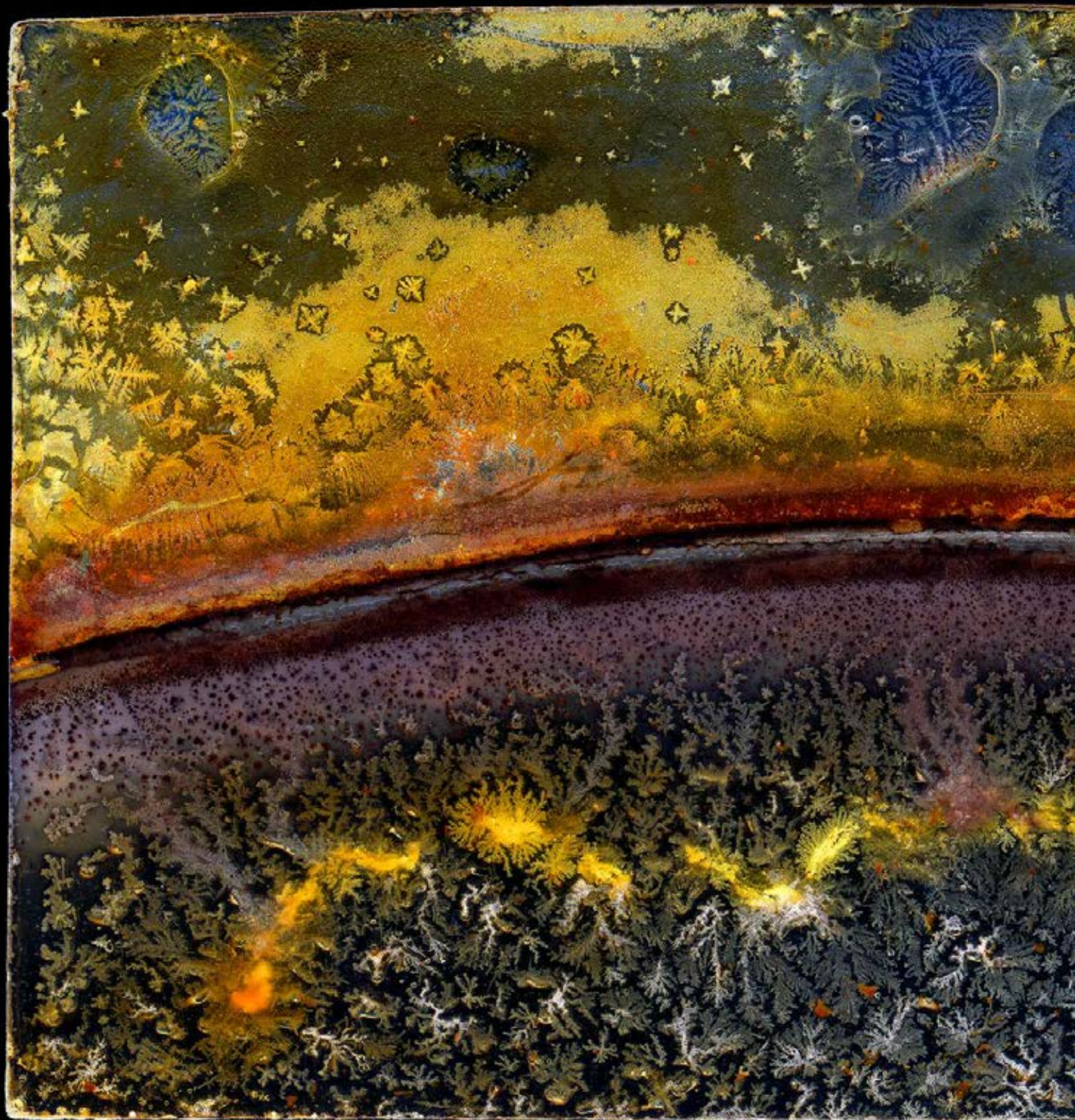
*Now 'em twice-spoken idioms might ring a bell or two  
Just like missed phone calls in the middle of the afternoon  
I've gone out of my way to step out of the road  
Just to watch your fake beauty here waiting to unfold*

*It's too easy to cast the blame, too bland to throw a bone  
I've seen lightning bolts fall, I've heard who's on the phone  
The dogs always bark along when they hear the thunders roar  
As it shouts across a sea of life, as it goes calling from afar.*

*And if I didn't have that pill to swallow,  
I'd call it bang for the money first thing tomorrow.*









In the moment of the *Inception*  
The moment that is *True*.  
You created *Living Love*  
As *Radiant*, as *You*.

Echo of the giving heart  
Draws one and many.  
The current of love grows  
From a stream to the playful sea.

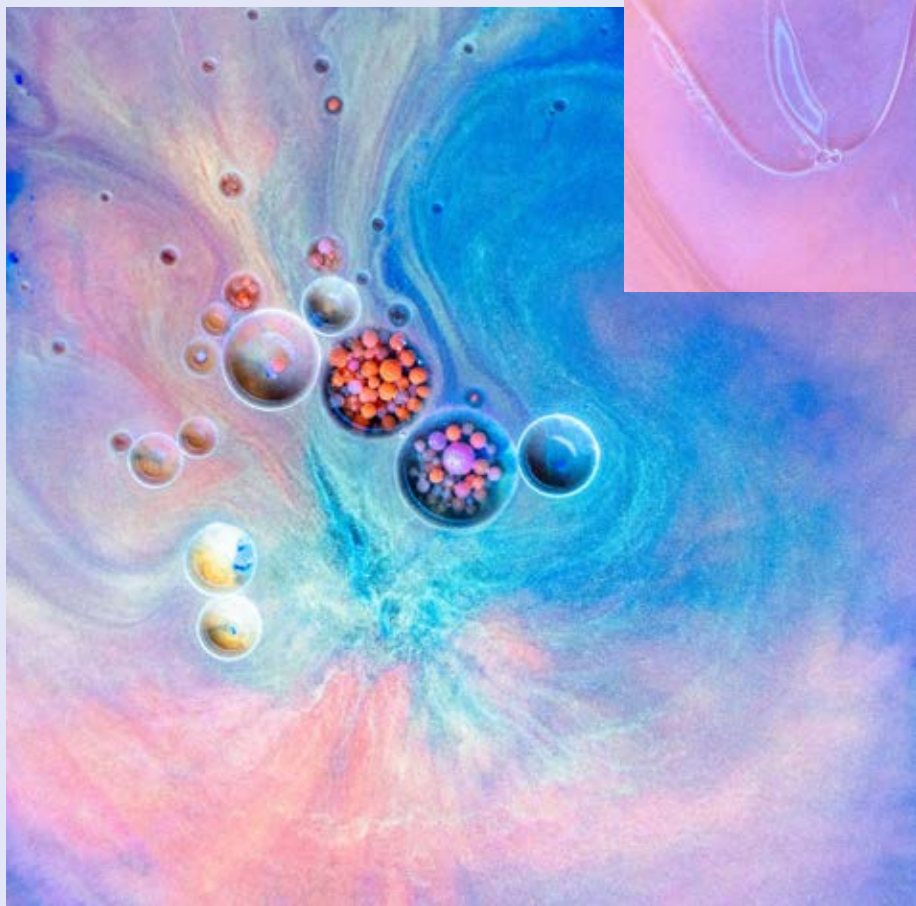
Captivated by your song  
Hearts alike, they follow.  
From the world of the words  
To the silent *Word* they flow.

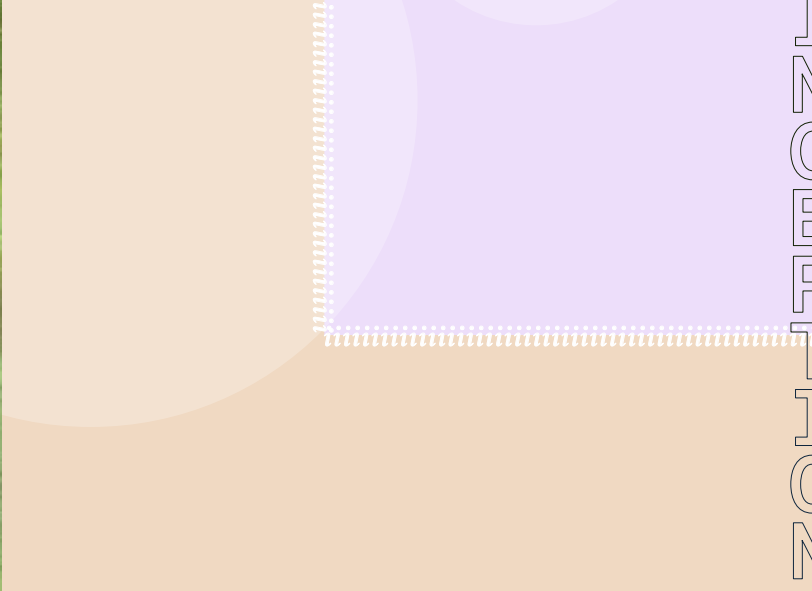
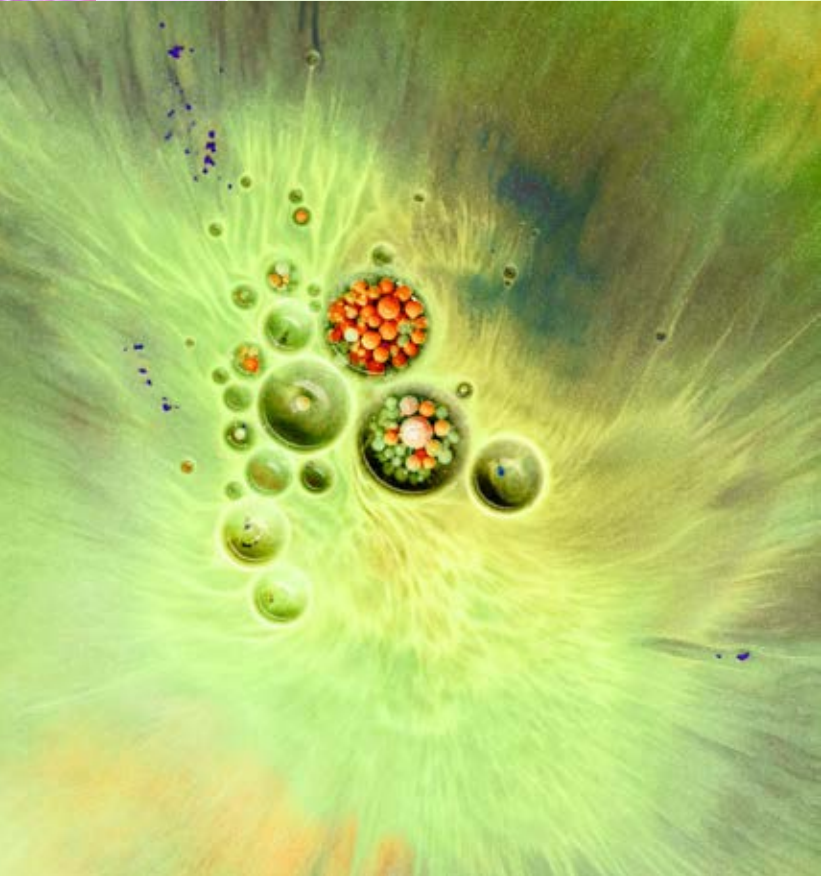
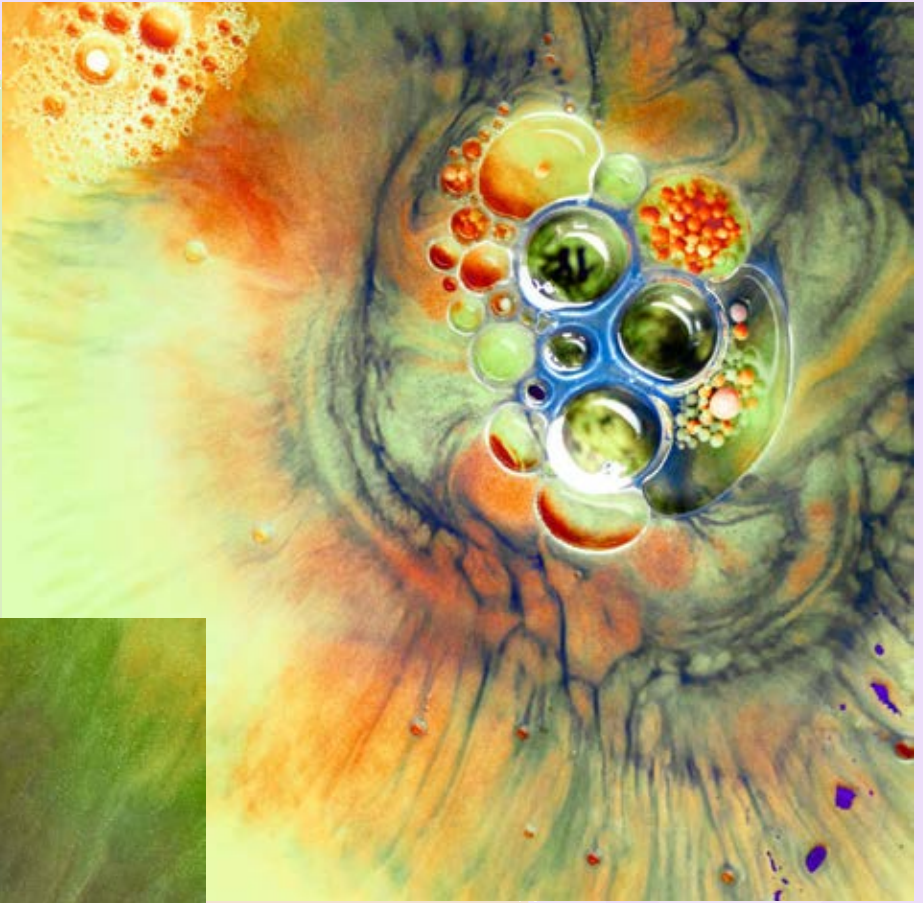
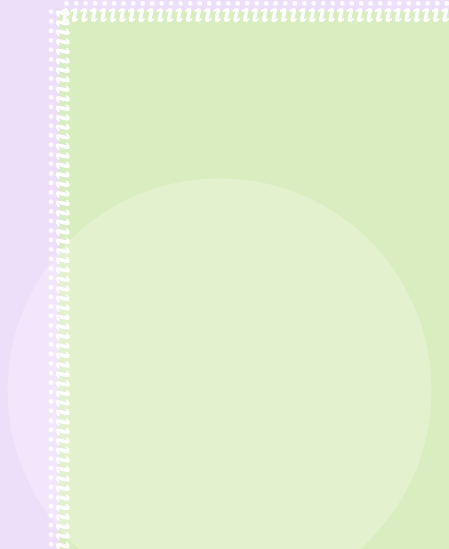
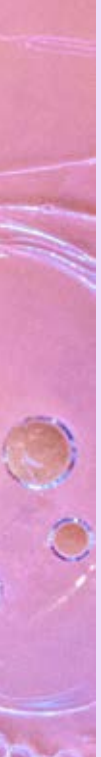
POEM by ARNAB





OLEG BUYANOV / COSMOGONY / 2019









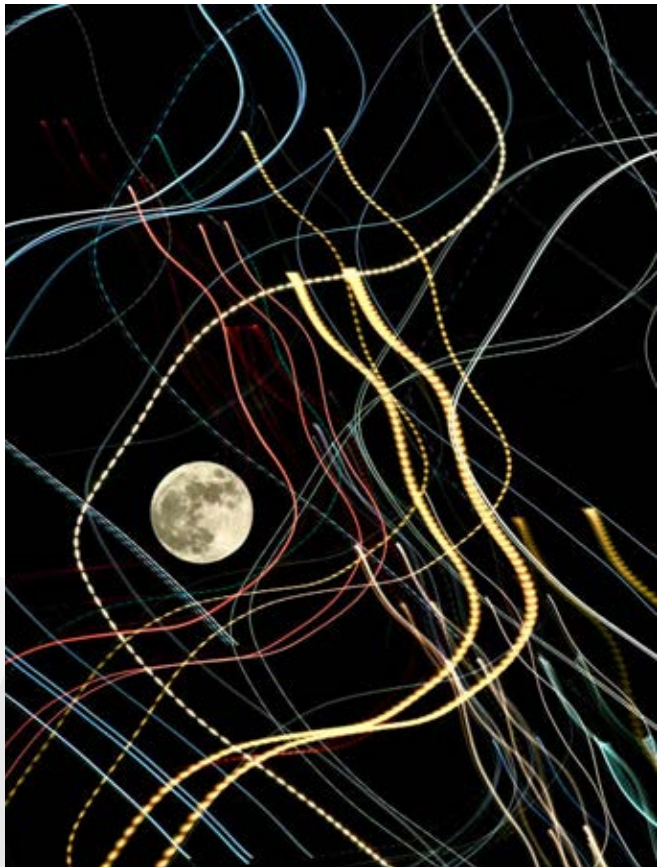
# *It is as if I were*

"UNBEKNOWNST" by SOLAV

43

Truly, marching, *numb*,  
Blind despite standing  
On a pillar above the *sun*,  
Bathing in an *ocean* of  
Clarity, clean, *dumb*  
A kind of understanding  
Or a stellar love, a *unison*  
*Dripping in slow-motion.*







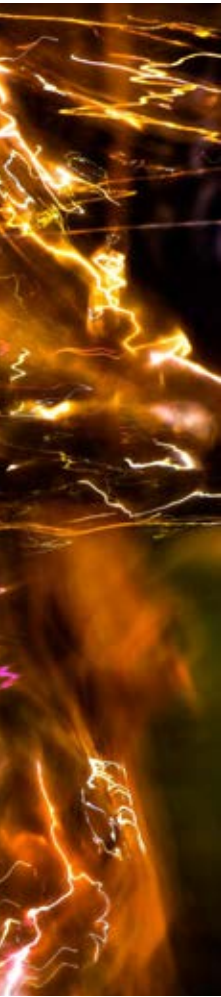


J  
M  
F  
E  
D  
A  
N  
C  
E

*It is as if I were*



Well fastened to a past  
Faint, absent, *steady*,  
Found elsewhere once more,  
*Begrudgingly* opaque,  
As sequestered and cast  
Paint spent *uneasily*  
Around canvases ashore,  
*Erosionally* awake.



SOLAV / EFFICY OF MOTION / 2020





THE  
M  
O  
N  
I  
T  
O  
R  
I  
N  
G

[Redacted line of text]

[Redacted line of text]

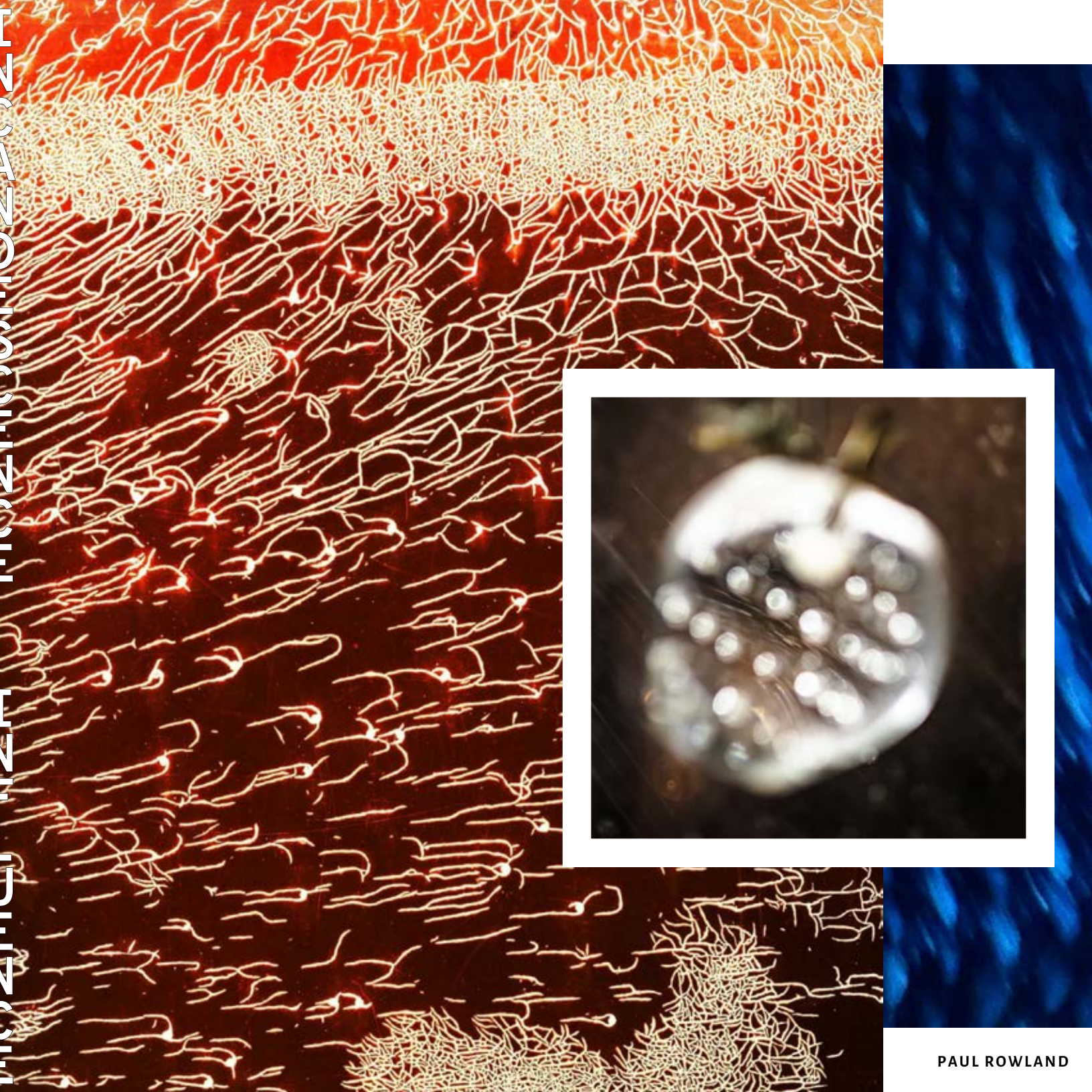
[Redacted line of text]

[Redacted line of text]



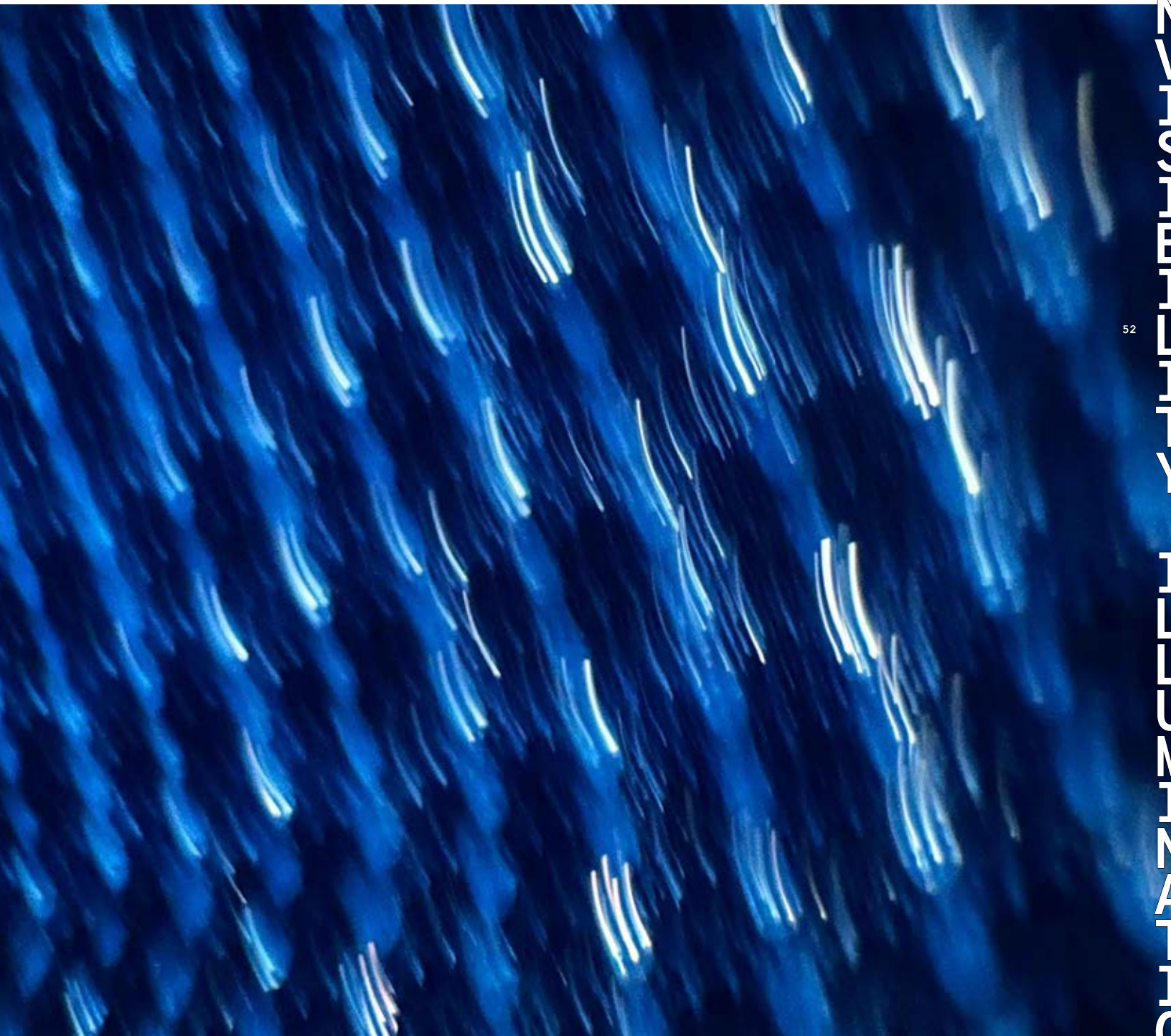
KEVIN HANSEN / SWEEP UP / 2024 / WAVE UPON WAVE / 2022

ROBERT A. RIPPS / UNTITLED / 2024



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL ROWLAND

PAUL ROWLAND



*It is as if I were*

53

On the verge *now*,  
Ready to step onward,  
Dare, envision, *try*,  
If but for a moment  
In an urge *somehow*  
To unravel the skies afar  
Care, abandon, *fly*,  
And not ever lament:

*"IT IS AS IF I WERE."*

POEM *by* SOLAV



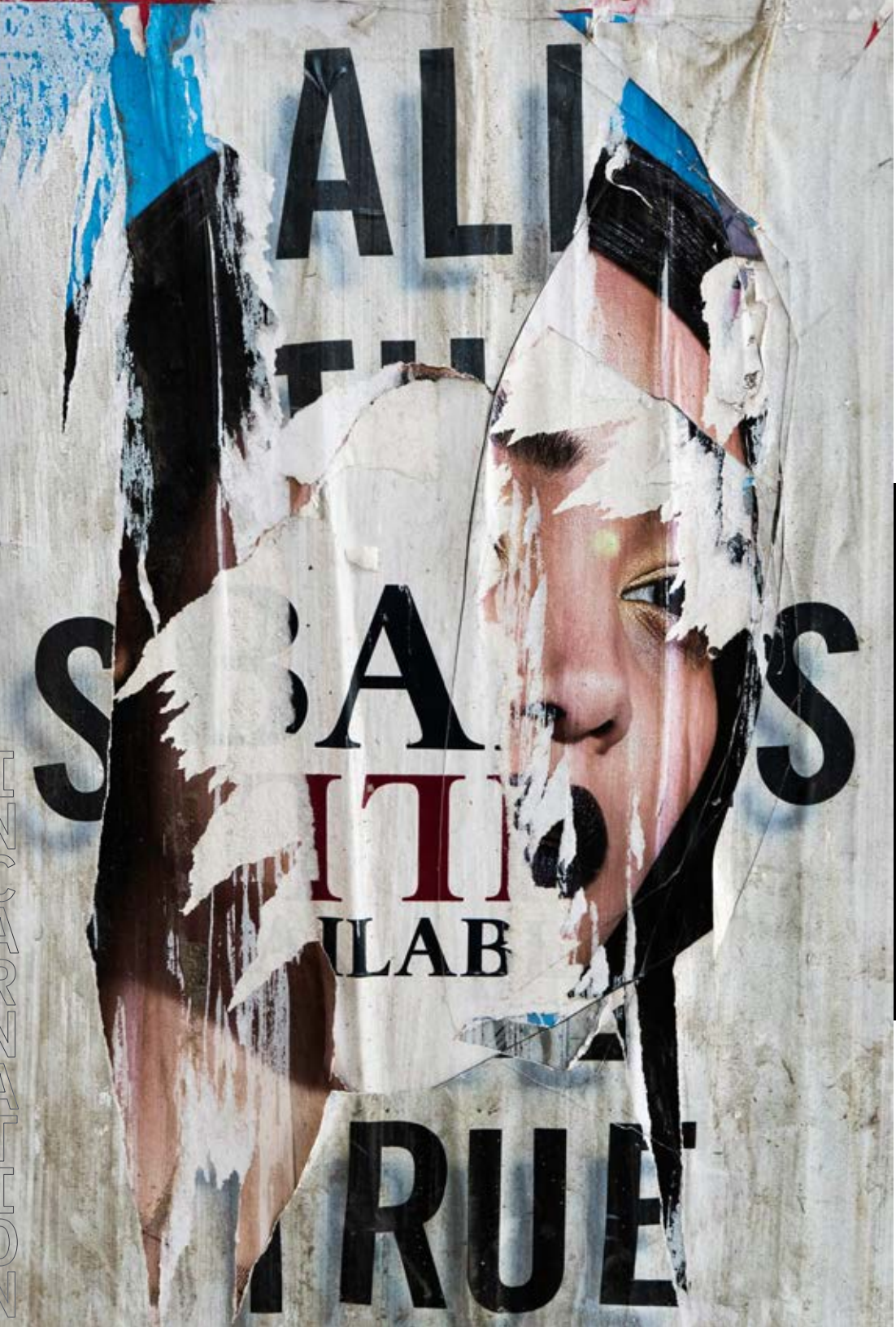


**DARREN SACKS** / FRENETIC / RAINWALKER / 2024



**OTDAITELOGOS** / UNTITLED / 2023

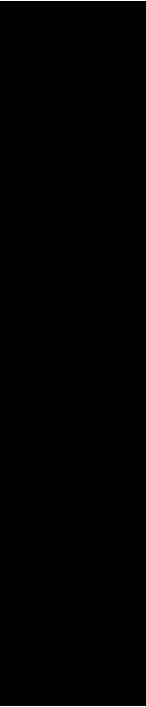
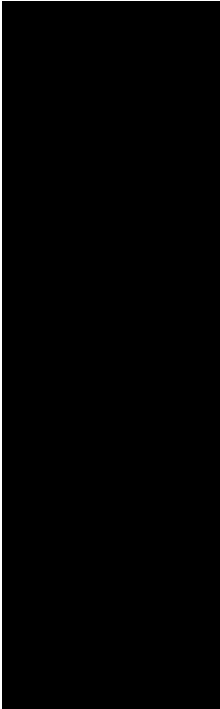
PHOTOGRAPHY



THE VISION



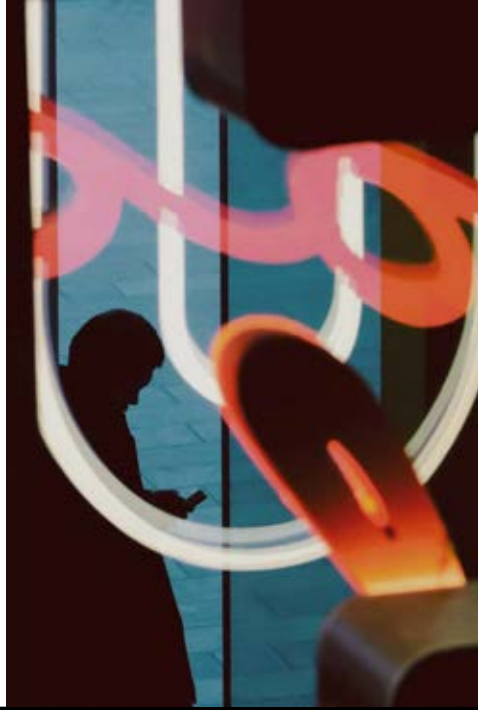
LORNE FROMER / UNTITLED / 2022



WILLIAM

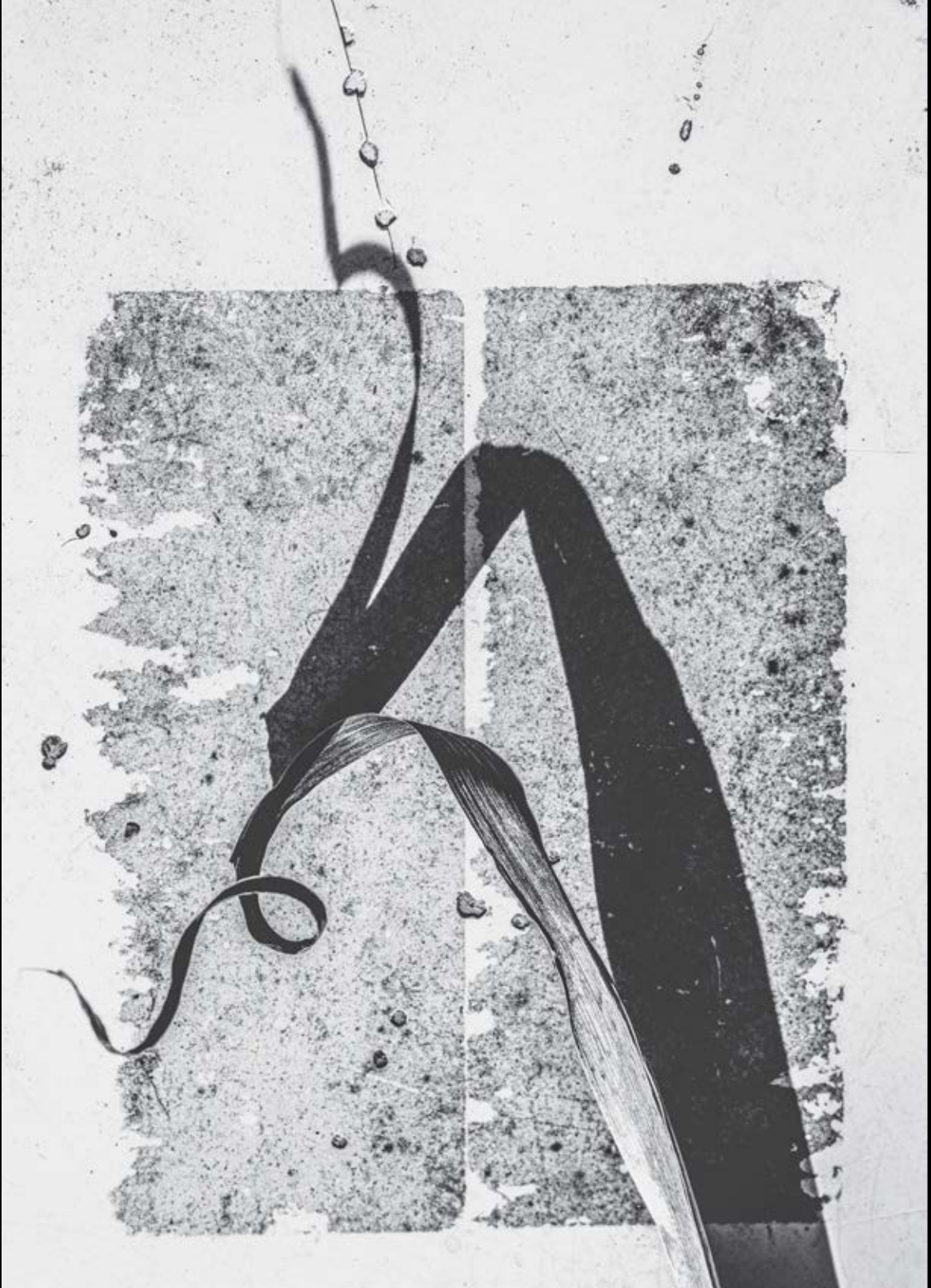
S











# *i & i*

**ESSAY** *by*  
**JUSTIN PUMFREY**

For me the letter “i” denotes Identity, sense of self, location and agency. For almost all of us it is the battleground of our personality; the place of our successes and failures. We work very hard here, attempting to make ourselves feel safe, secure, loved and of value. This effort is always tenuous and always transient, and as one desire replaces another, we go from frustration to frustration, never feeling able to fully land in the satisfaction we want. We artists drill into it, examine it and when our work is honest and true, face it head on. Here we feel our lack — and the practice of being with that lack — without trying to change it — reveals the background or space in which all things emerge.

Initially this is felt as a nothingness — an emptiness that provokes the great anxiety that lies at the heart of human life; that our existence itself is radically insecure. Our art reveals us as creatures full of holes, gaps, riddled with doubts and negations. This is maybe as far as we go: indeed, much of 20th century art has stopped here in the mouth of this hungry hole.

However, many of us — and since the pandemic there are many more of us — are remembering or intuiting something more mysterious and unknowable, whose fragrance we sometimes sense as something far away that we lost contact with long ago, buried in our childhood innocence. Our usual sense of awareness is laminated to the objects that appear in our consciousness; it experiences all things as separated out, distinct from one another.

Here we weigh things up and try to get what we want — but rarely do we bring the object of our vision back to the seeing itself, the home ground of that which is seen. This applies to all forms of sensing, and when we do — we encounter awareness in its pure form, free of objectification. This is the real ‘I’ that is quite simply hidden in plain sight! It is so simple that it defies everything we have ever learned. Because of our entrainment to the object, it is very hard for us to get away from our identification with name and form. This is easily seen when we experience love, joy or beauty, and we give ourselves up in favour of the object that brings us the experience — rather than realizing that the only place any kind of feeling can arise is within our field of awareness. When we note this, we have the opportunity to bathe in our own love, our own joy or our own beauty, and know ourselves as that.



Here is the great opportunity to begin to get to know the true I that is always with us in the background, and from which all emerges from moment to moment. A good example for me as an artist is working with beauty. Beauty from the perspective of pure awareness is everywhere at all times. Our interest in abstraction is a reflection of this deep truth. When we are in our seeing with genuine innocence, our appreciation leads us easily to our subjects, we get curious and find ourselves journeying into ourselves. However, I find that personality can easily interfere here,



with its constant needs for approval and perfectionism, or its wishing to own what is seen and take it, in order to bolster who we think we are. And of course, when things are not going our way, it sets about us with its critical voice of judgement. Sadly, this keeps us in the vicious circle of desire, pain and suffering. However, if we slow down, stay in the perceiving and feel the beauty that is attracting us, we can fall into the beauty itself. Our own beauty.



And ultimately, if we can only experience anything in our embodied awareness, where else do we know anything? There is simple logic in this truth. When we turn our attention to the source of our awareness, we know all the amazing qualities — such as love, joy, peace — as energy moving through our bodies like sweet nectar, melting us and uniting us with what is seen, revealing our awareness as the true 'I' that we all long to return to, as it really is who we are. Working from this kind of awareness can bring out our deeper personal self; a self less affected by our ego structure. And here our work becomes resonant with the truth of who we really are.

SOFTLY  
THEY  
65

GRANDILOQUENCE words picturesque, rorschached, picture-stitched

— the blood of pen brought to life by godlike —

POEM by JJ BRINSKI



wraiths  
come to

life,

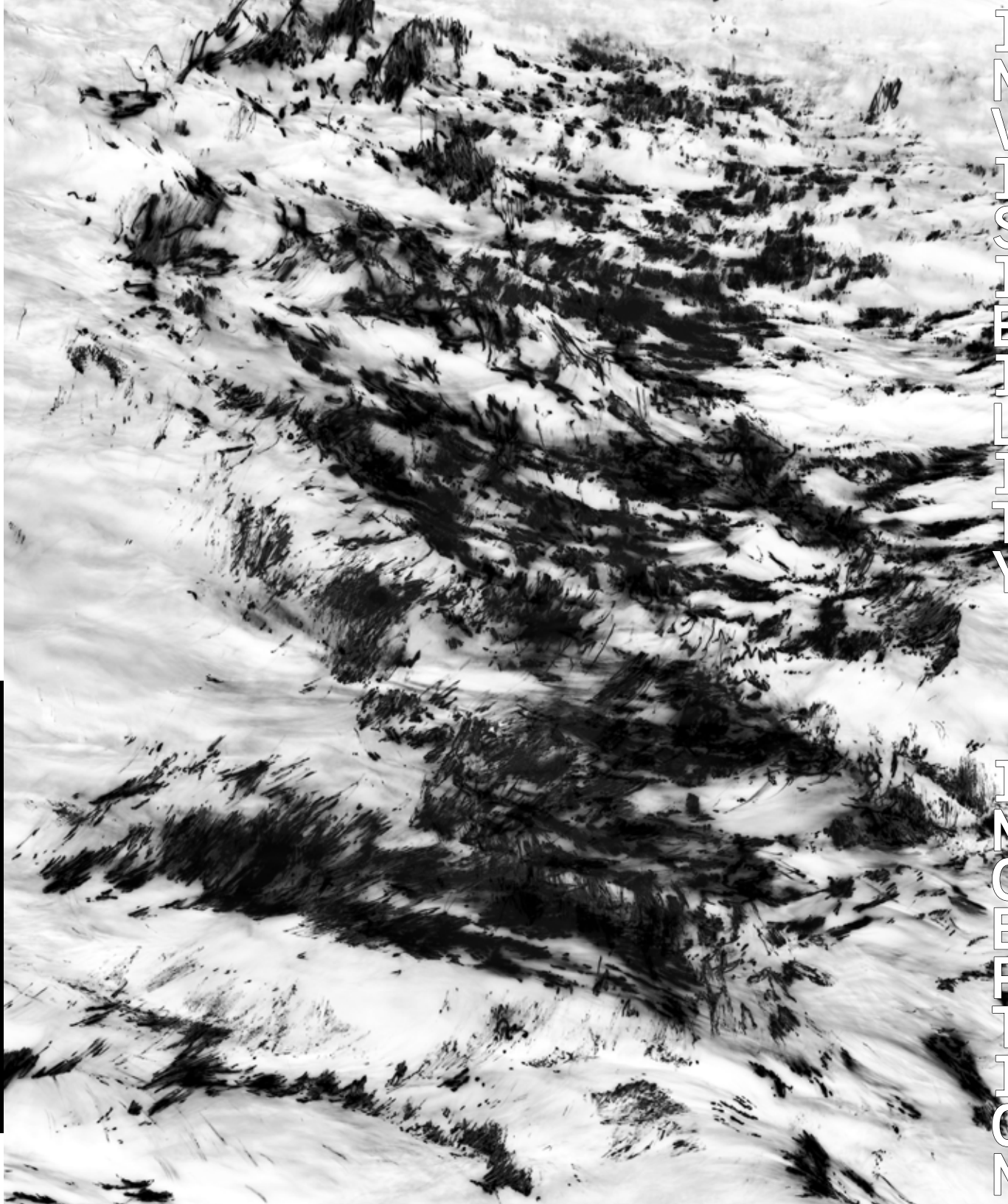
issuing

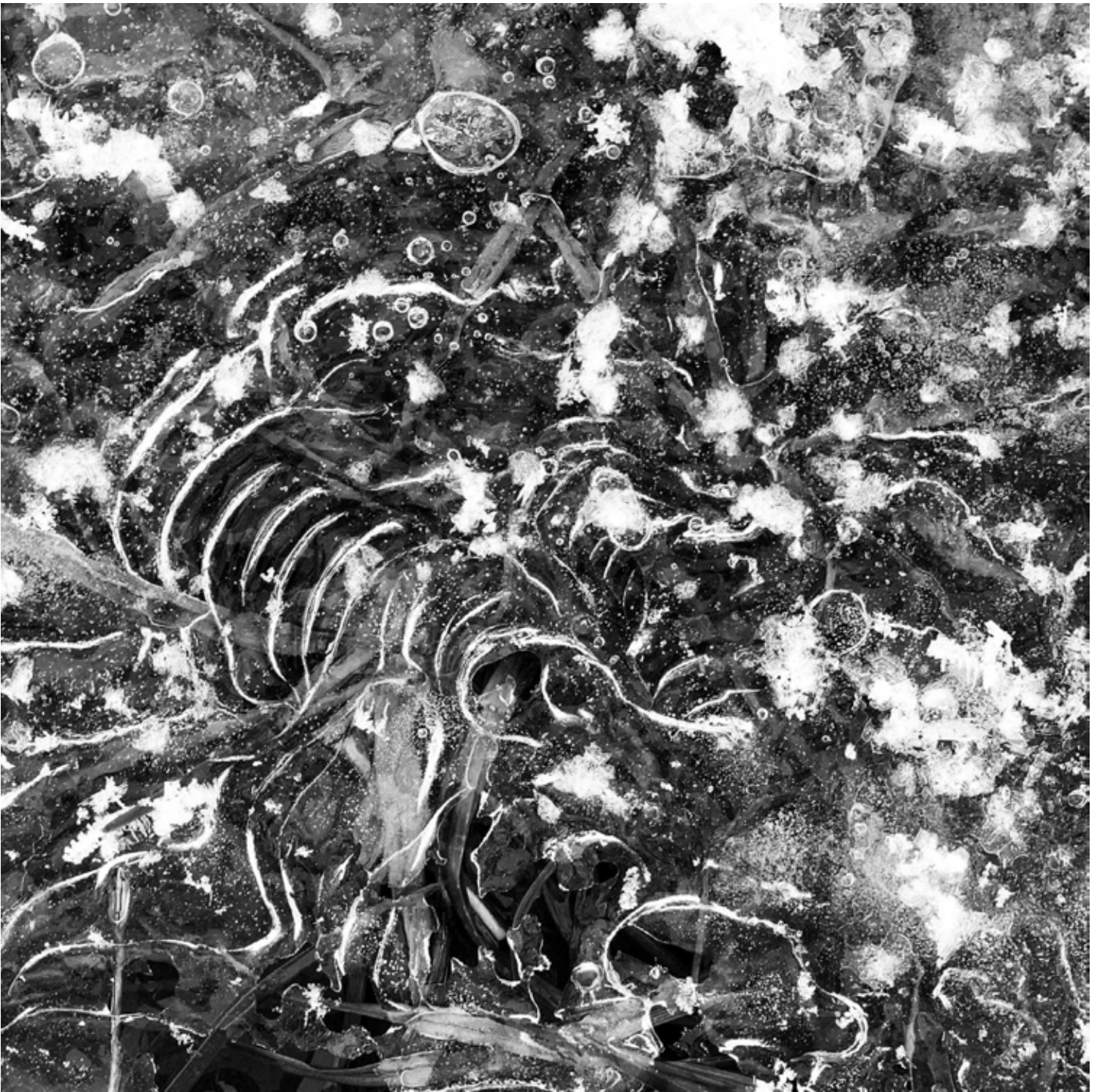
luminous,

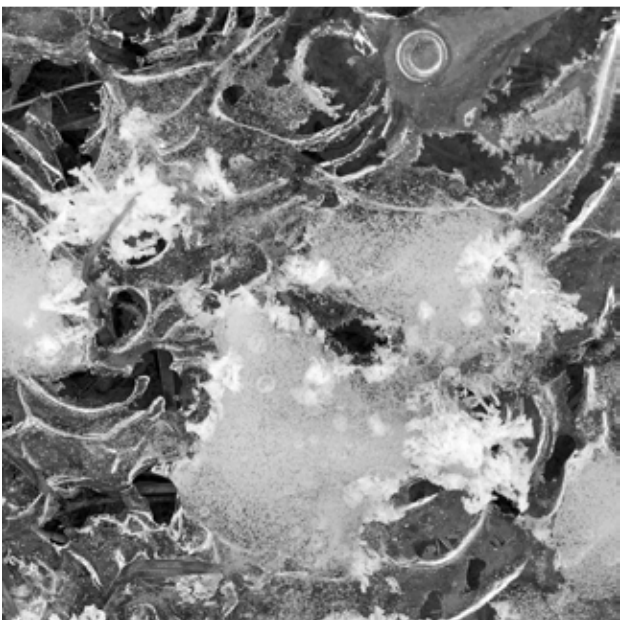
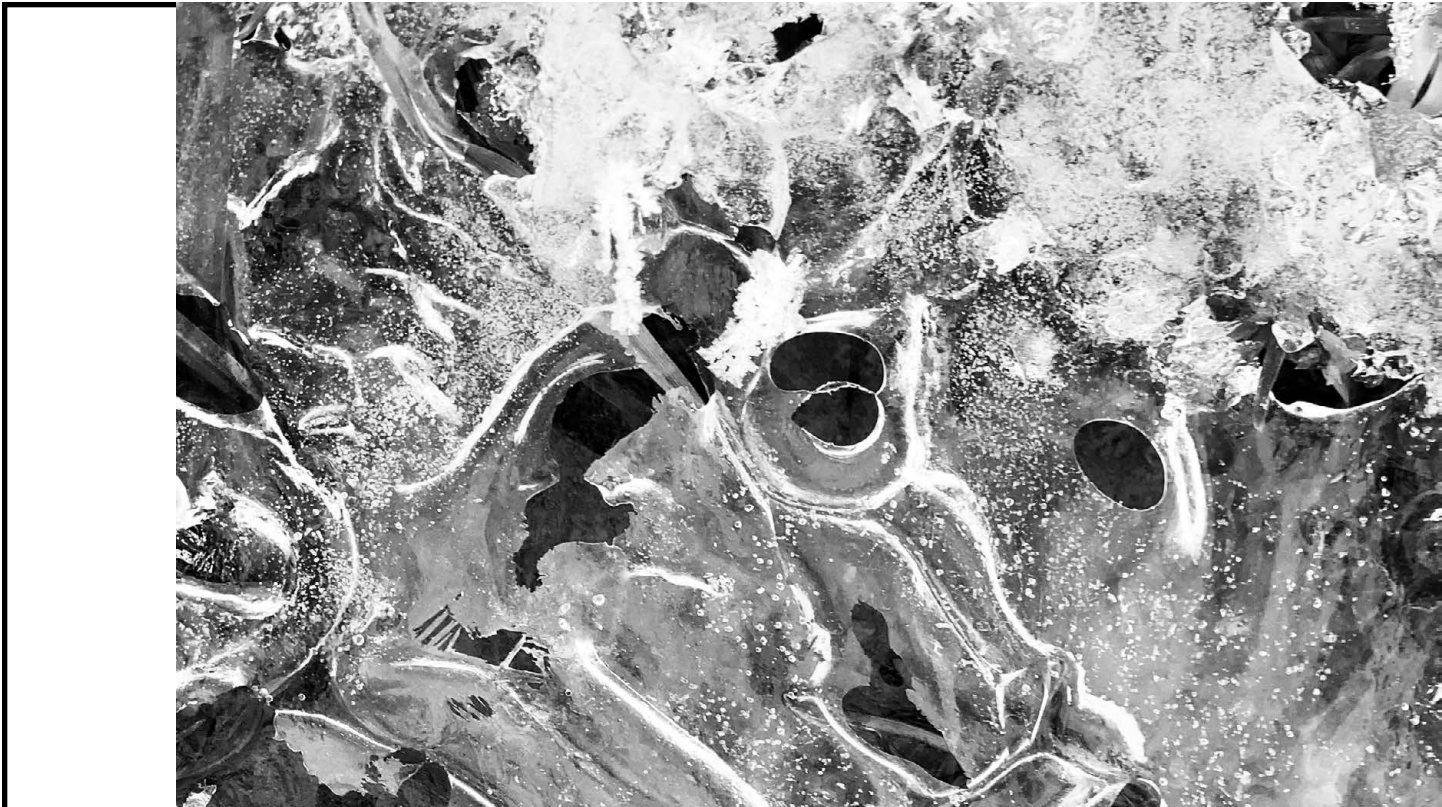
written  
dimensional,  
layers

thick.











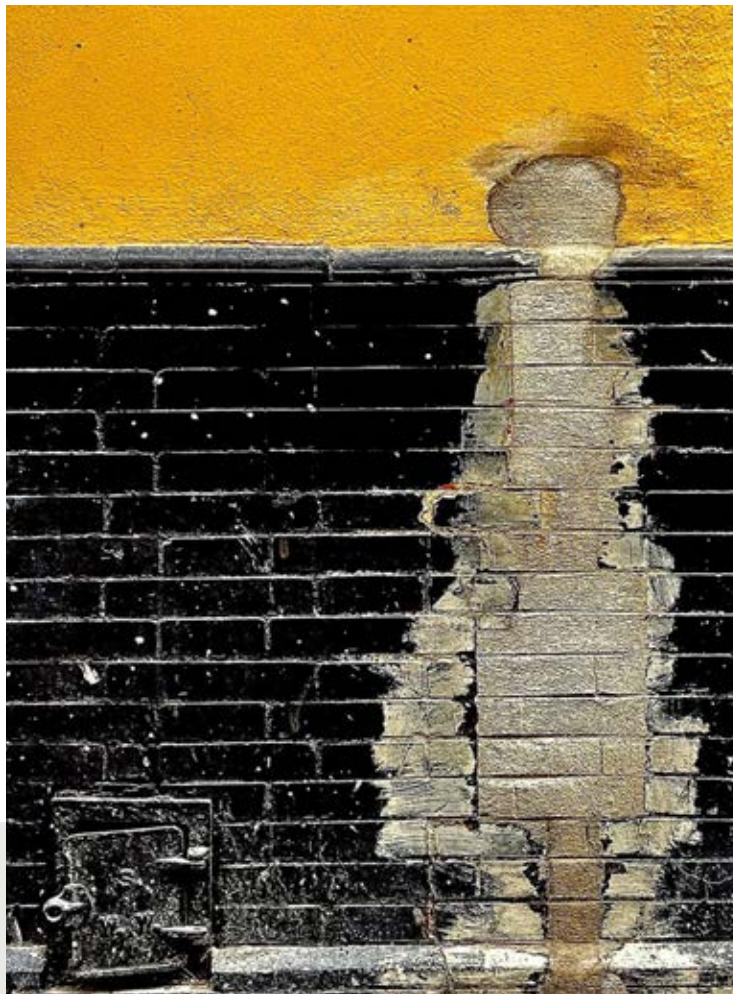




# If dogs could talk

POEM by JANET LEES

when the dinner bell rings the  
dogs put back their heads and  
howl / there is smoke in the  
air there is fire / somewhere  
/ the dogs know it but not /  
the people who go about their  
business with night terror  
slowness / posting letters  
/ walking to the bus stop /  
sitting down on the toilet /  
reading novelty books from  
the decorative basket by  
the side of the toilet / a  
faded trio entitled Boring  
Postcards full of boring  
postcards depicting garden  
centres and bus stations and  
out of town retail parks and  
caravan sites even / a nuclear  
power plant / wishbone white  
against a destroyer sky /  
getting ready to bleed / into  
the sea a dull yellow / bloom  
/ like the last day's sun





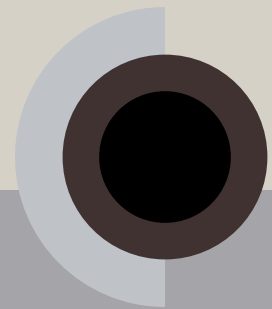
*Winter's last breath...*

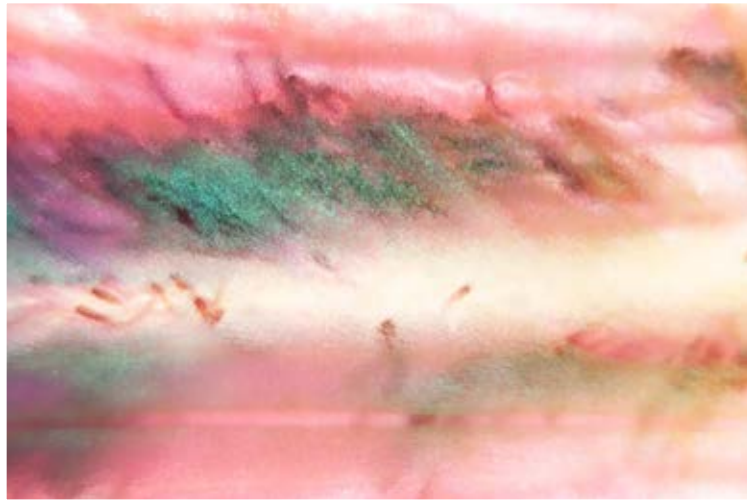
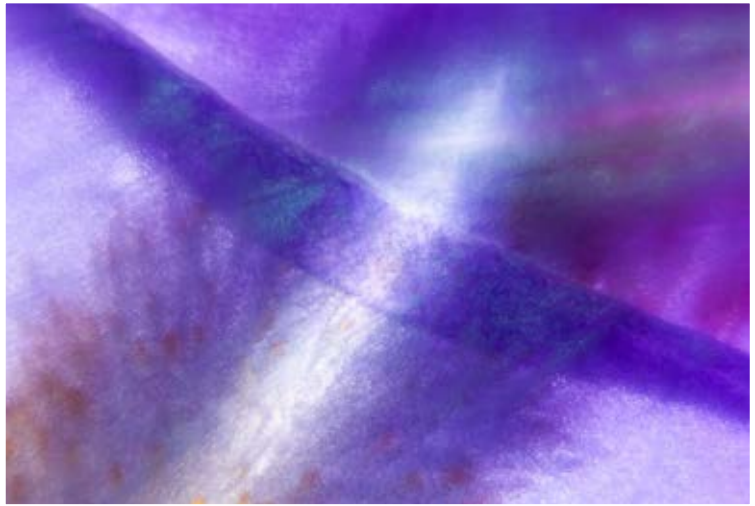
*Lingers like a faded memory*

*... Spring's first heartbeat*

*A tender pulse. \_\_\_\_\_*

SHARMARIE

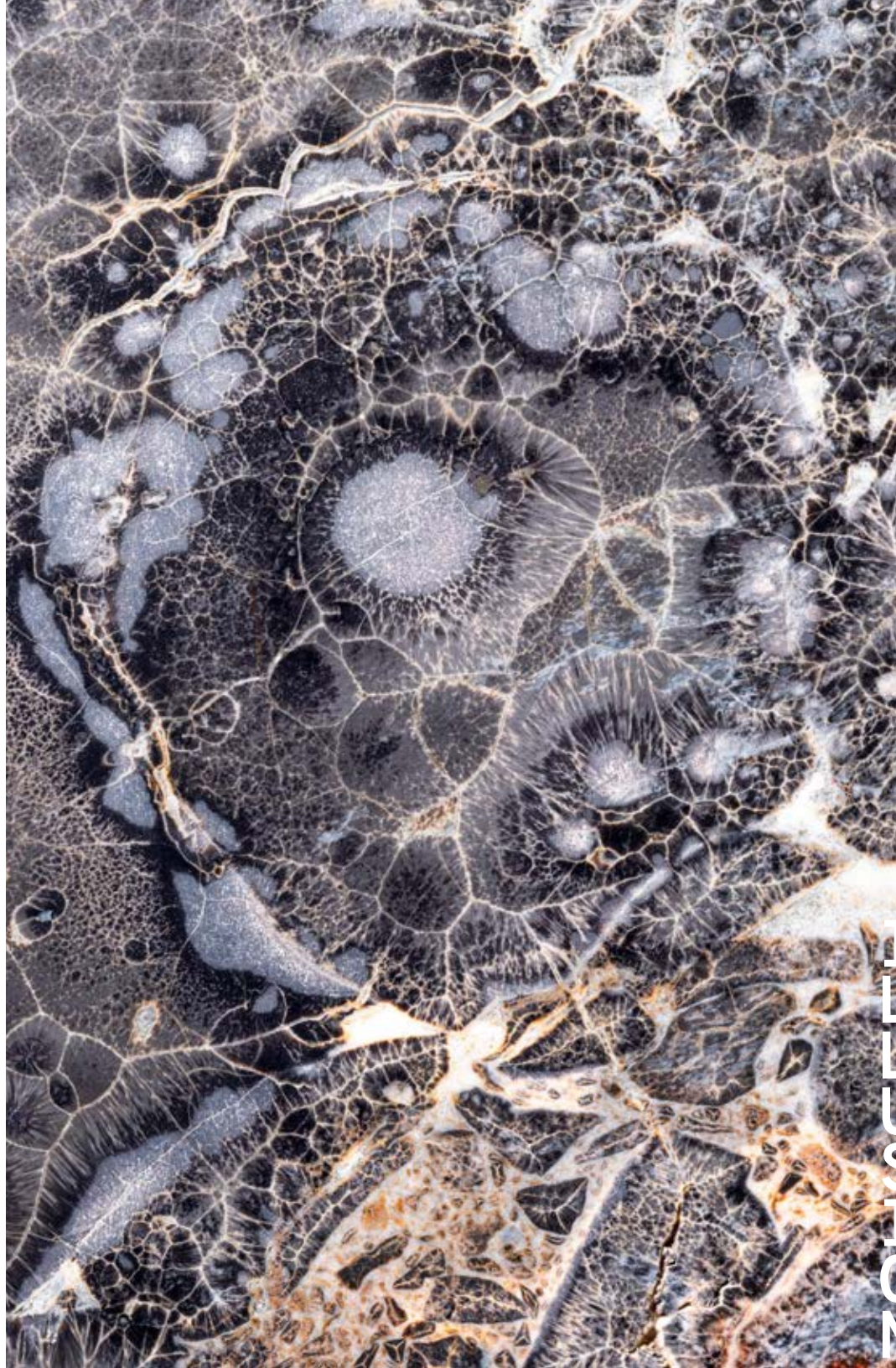


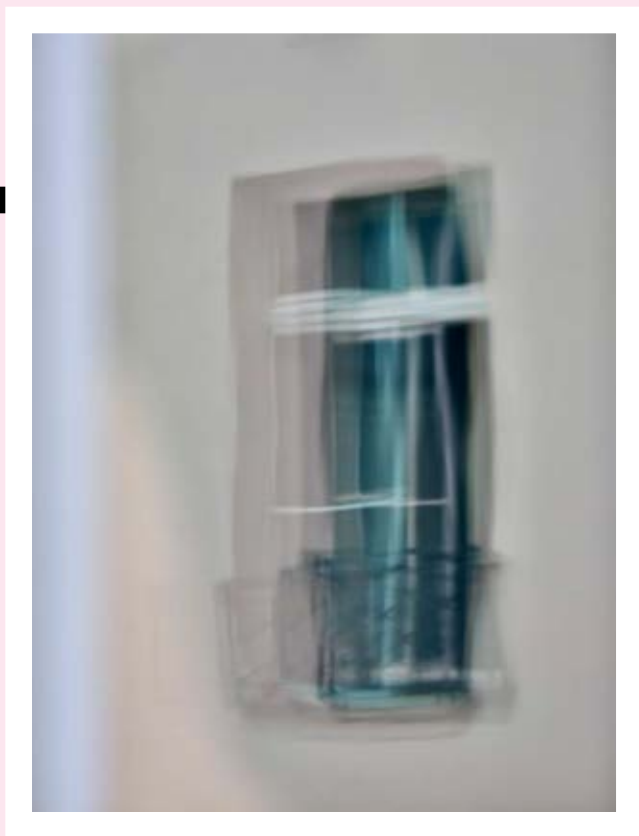
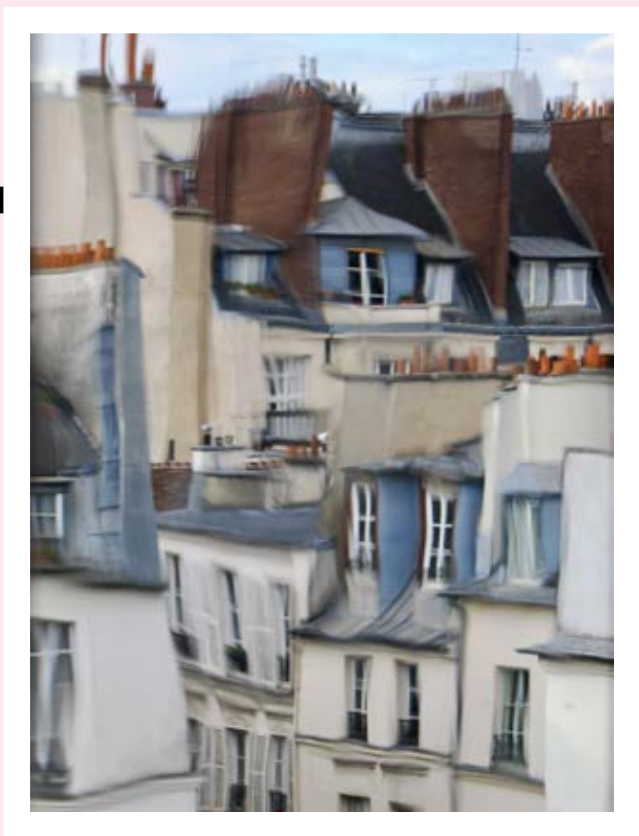
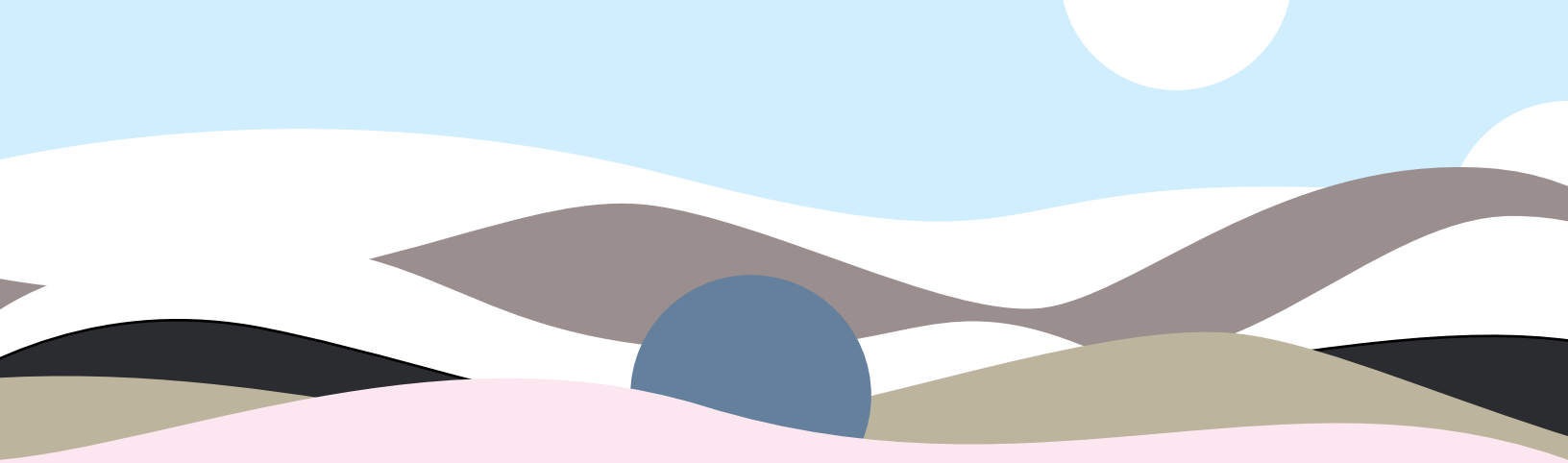




PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HARRIS



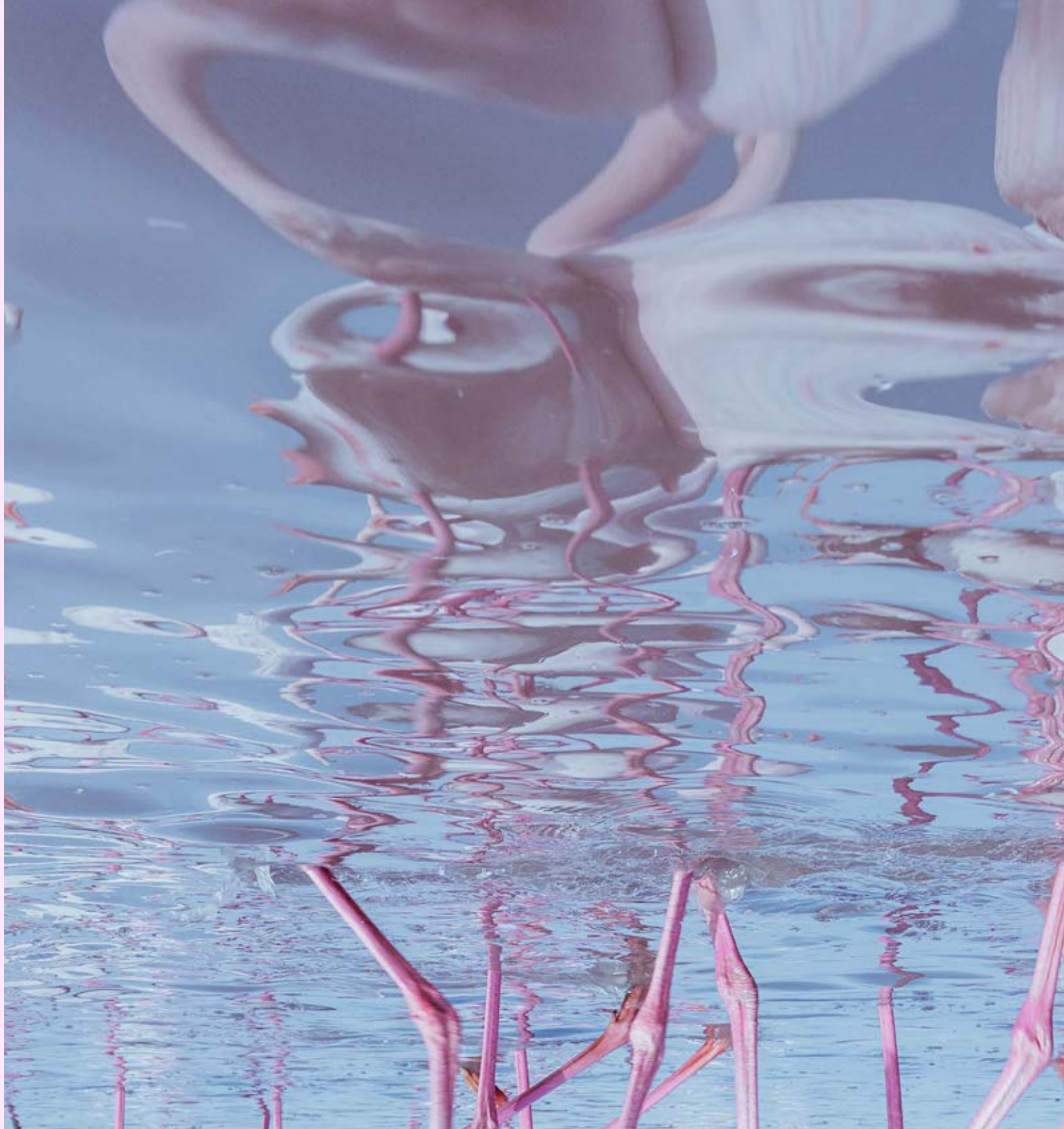






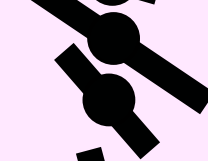
Staring from above,  
I glimpse my imperfections.



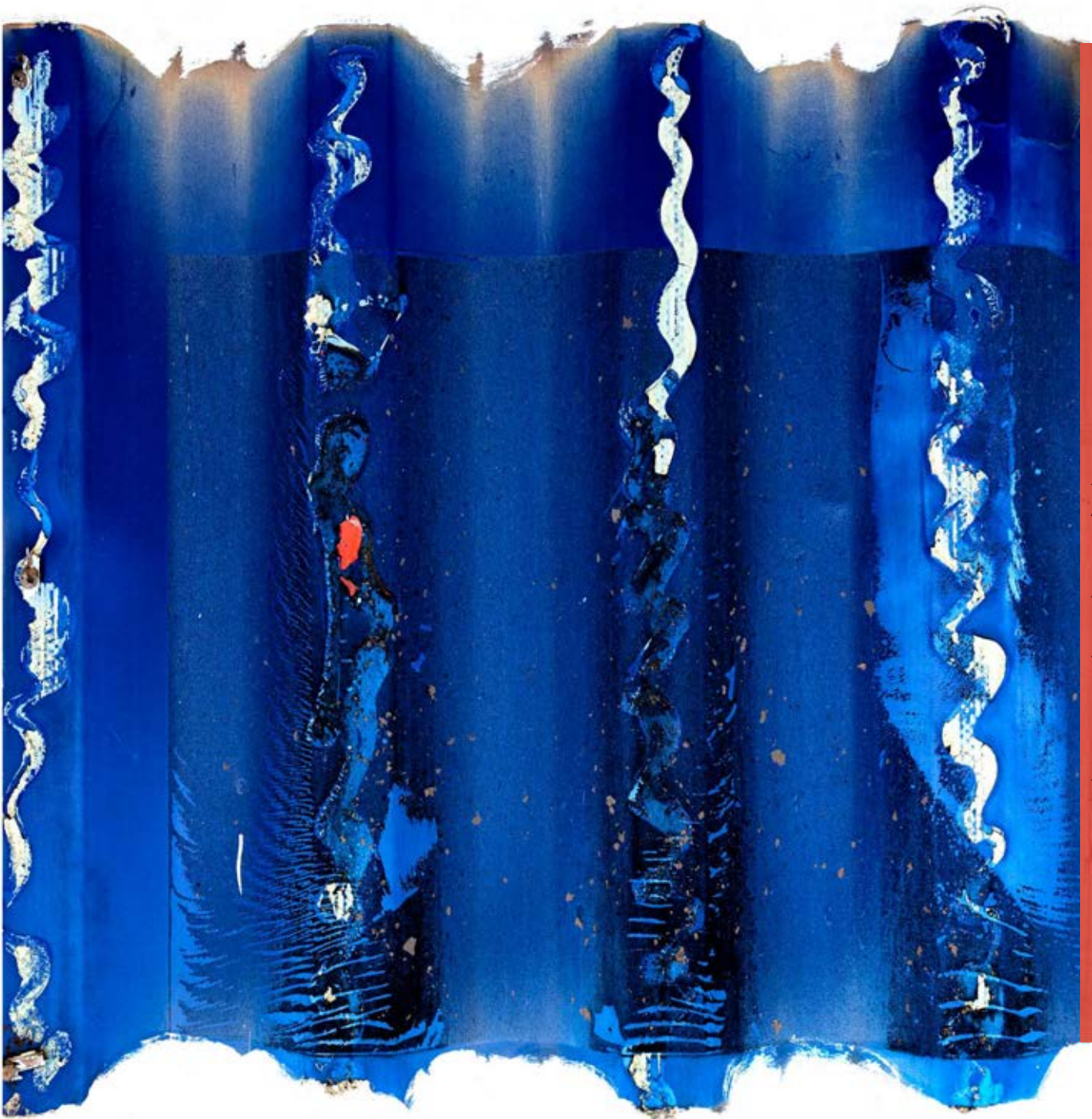




Diving deep into the quiet,  
Seeking breath,



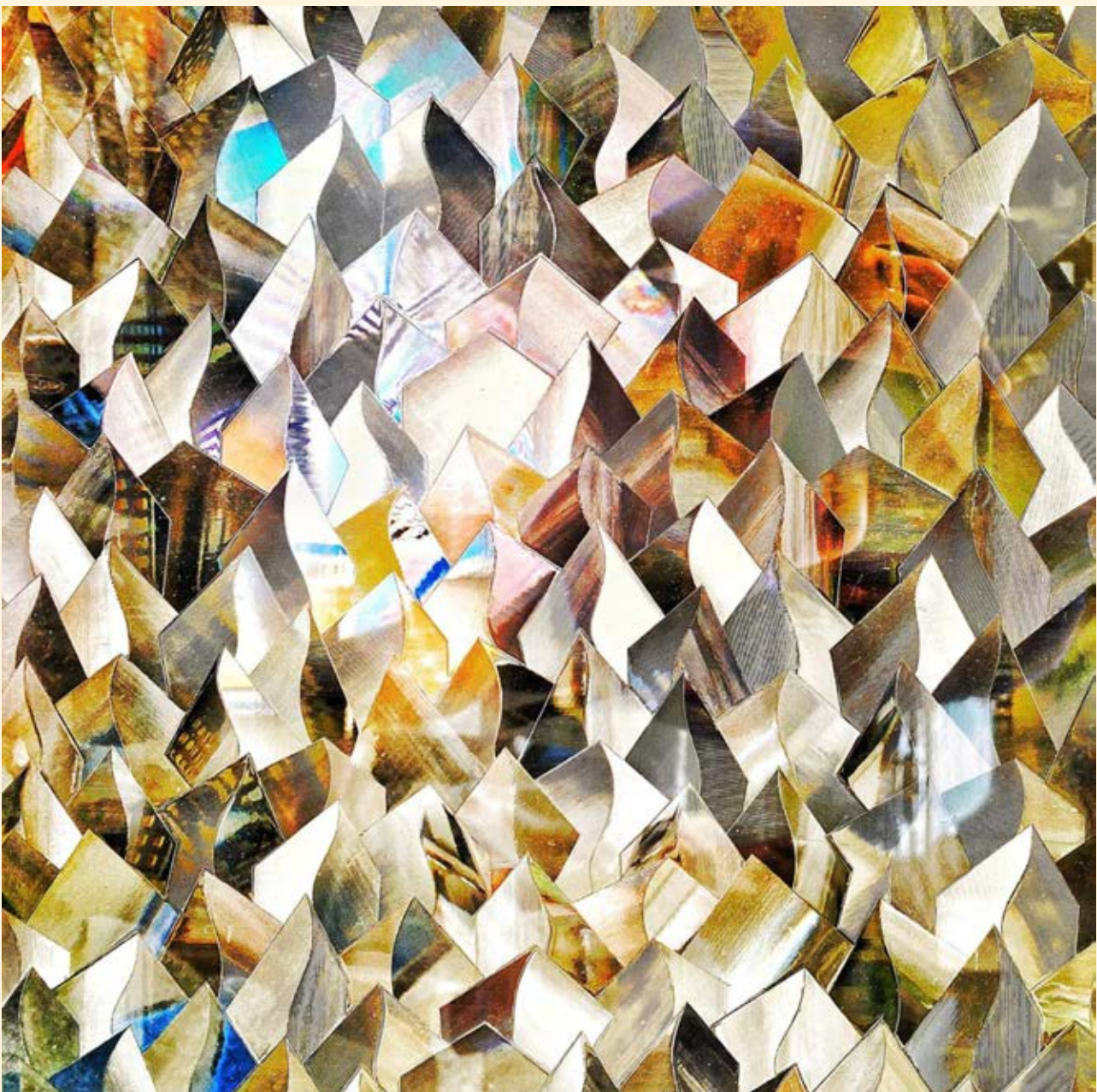
MARYNA KOSTIUKOVYCH / UNTITLED / 2024



MONICA KASS ROGERS / SQUEEZEBOX / 2021 / THREE NUDES / 2022



I uncover the tender wound  
Of a wandering soul.



Colours of pain—  
Faded and thin—  
Reveal where I began.





In the gentle mending of erosion,





I find a serene space within. / POEM *by* SHARMARIE











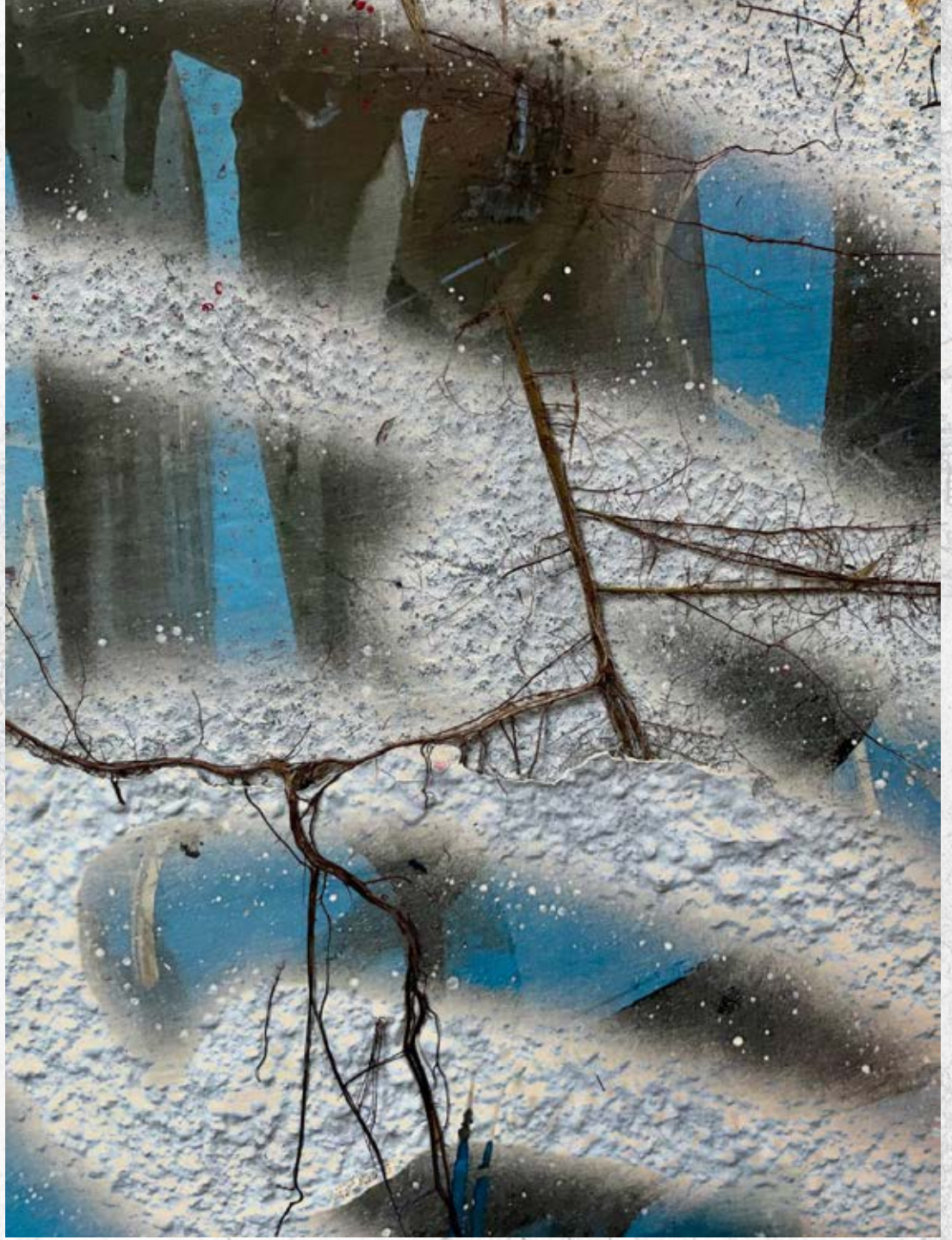
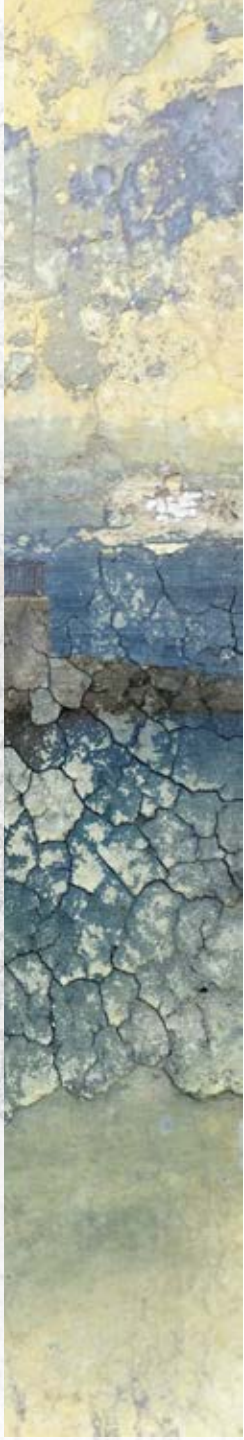
# TOO FAR

POEM *by* PAUL ROWLAND

Somewhere *there* is a street  
that *contains* everything;  
it *has* always been there,  
even *before* there were streets.  
All *streets* lead out of it,  
and *all* streets return to it.  
It *doesn't* have a name,  
no-one *knows* who made it.  
If *you* keep on going far enough,  
you *might* get kind of close,  
but *no* matter how far you go,  
you *always* have to turn back.  
So, *go* as far as you can go -  
it *is* a little further than that.









# LA TRAVERSÉE

POEM *by* SOLAV

When within my cells there rages war,  
For a second breath I'd stare at the stars;

The old world thickened under my feet,  
Yet across my sorrows the ends would meet;

So to renew these aspirations of ours,  
Perhaps on a missile on its way to Mars.



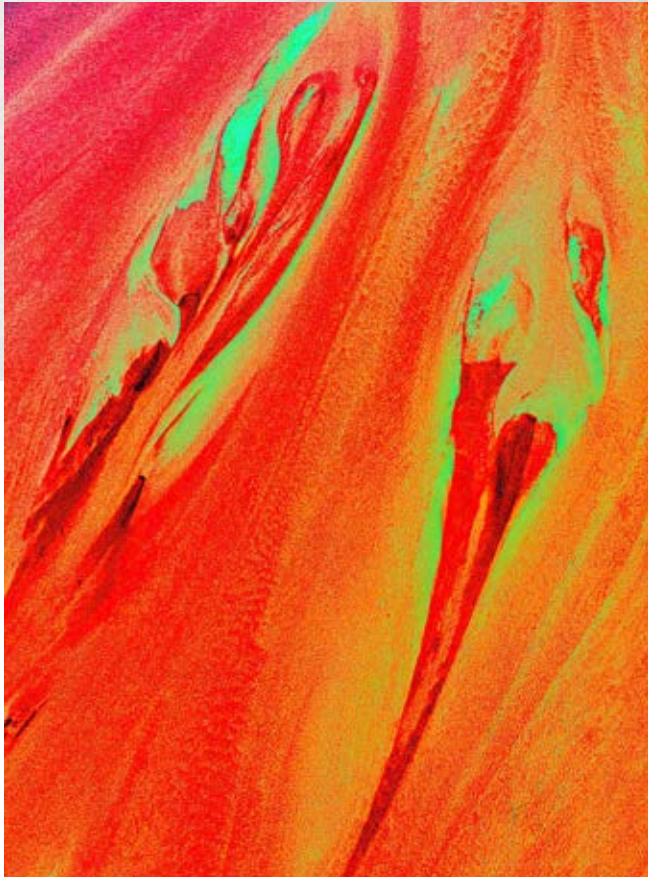
*"We are past the third wave,  
past the coastline,  
past the coral reef."*

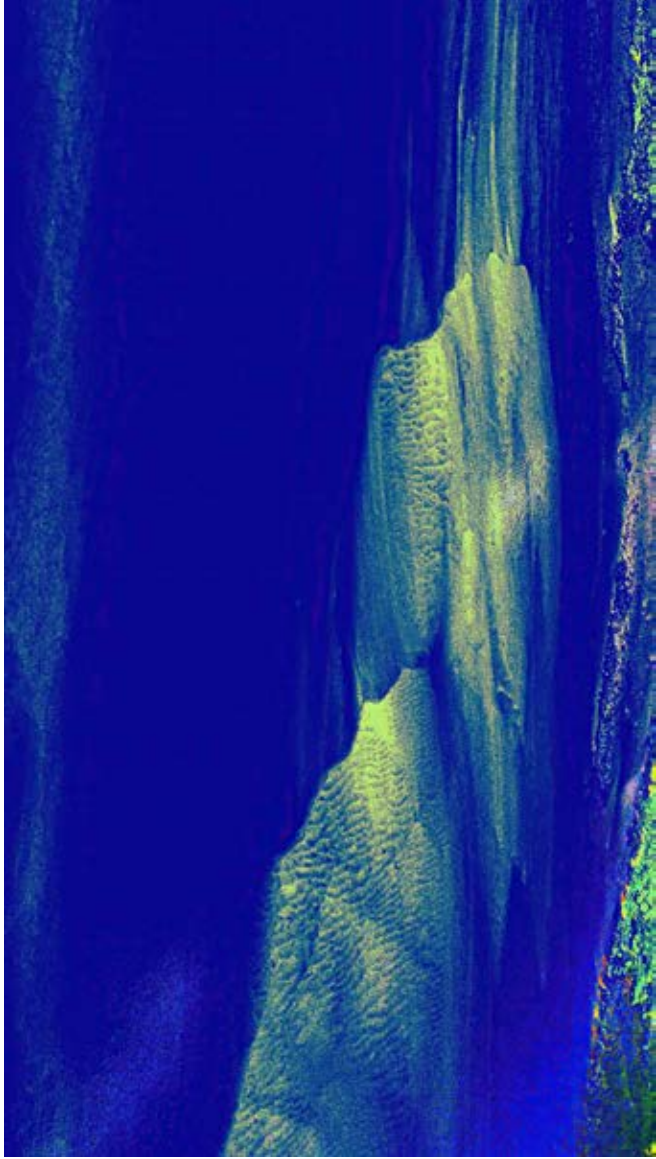
No I haven't always been there for you,  
In these gardens we've walked around and through;

From green to red, vice-versa and so forth,  
We've gone past Saturn many times before;

Now I'm on my way to a distant shore,  
Paddling the bloodstream of my heart.

*"We reach through the gate,  
the threshold of no-return,  
far beyond Saturn."*







*“The moon now floats behind us,  
It cicatrizes our scars as we sail  
Far into the night.”*



Amidst curiosity and its pulsations,  
Of skies infinite, a stubborn astronaut;

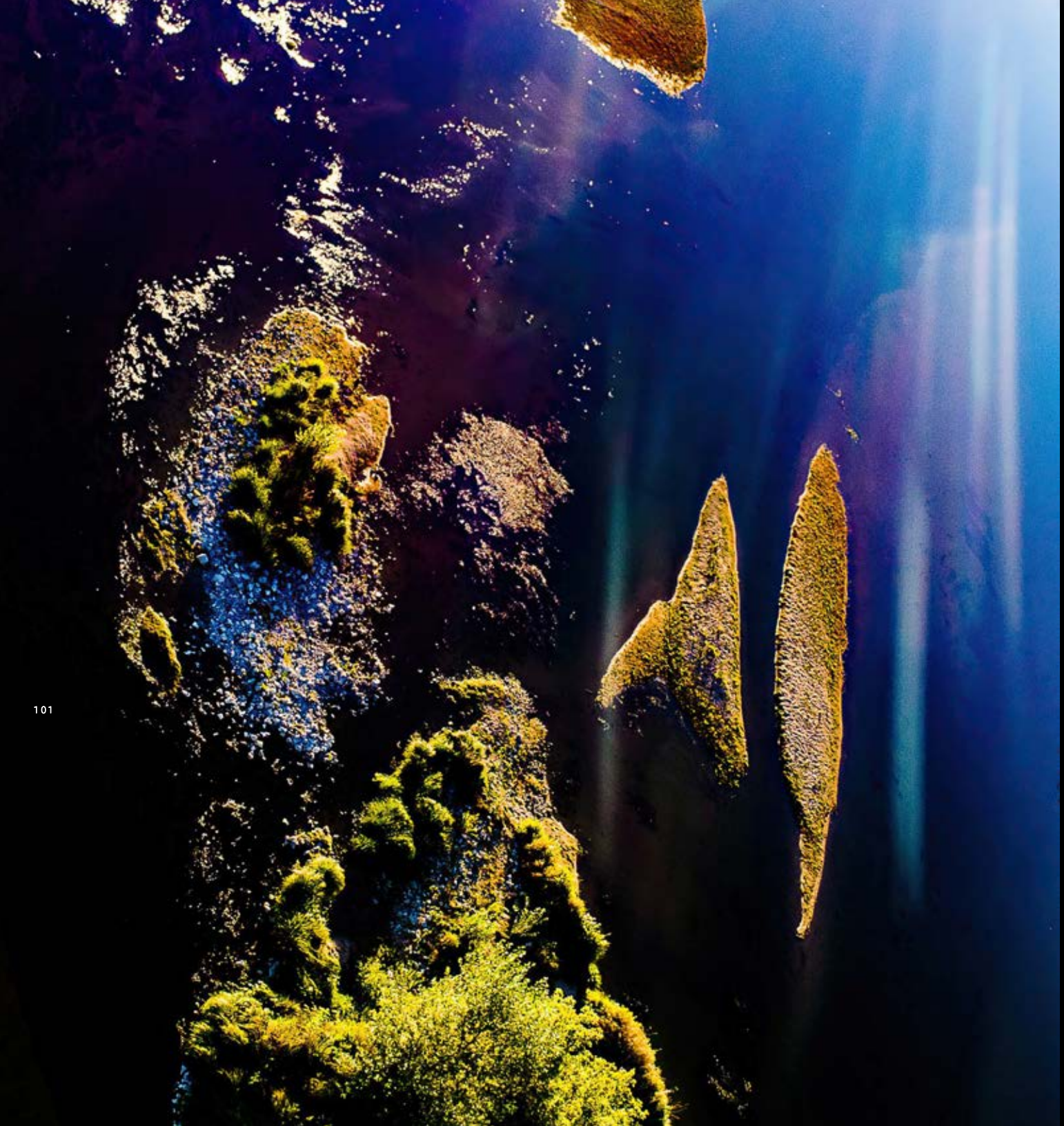
It's time to decline and lose it all  
Or time to rise up and answer the call;

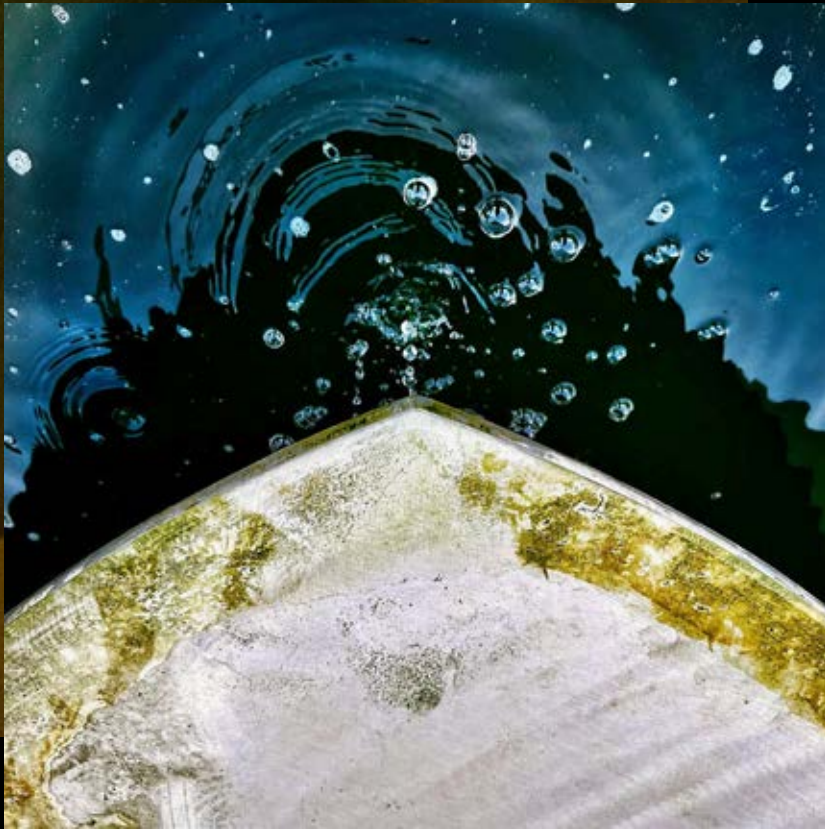
Fractions of a split-second, a trigger;  
Wings spread to the dark yonder.

CARLO DI FORTE / ANTIQUE / 2023

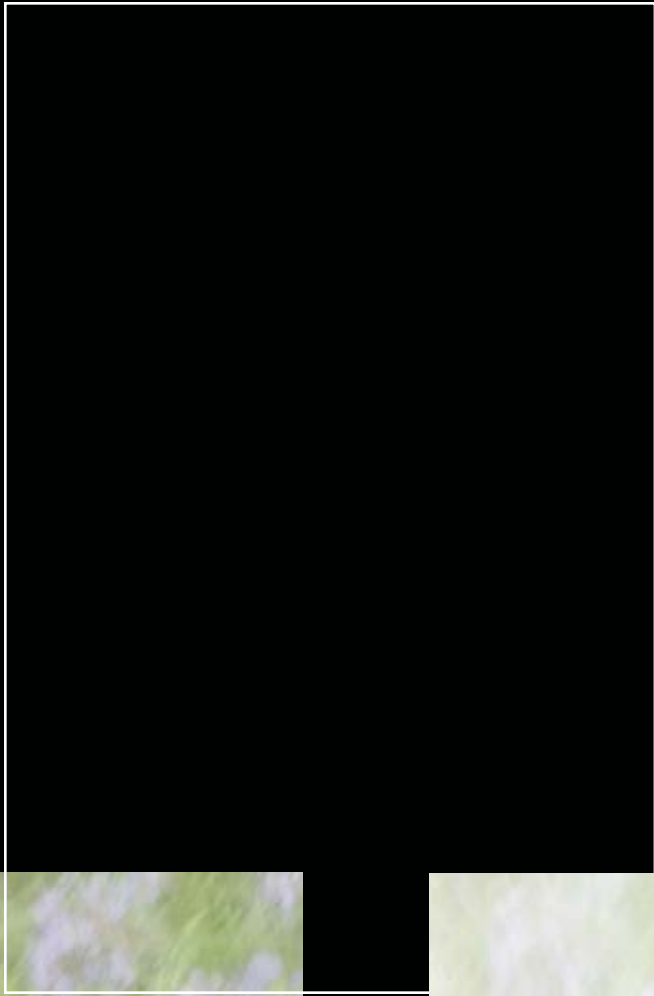
SHAR MARIE / BENEATH THE STARS / 2023

CARLO DI FORTE / CONSTELLATIONS / 2023

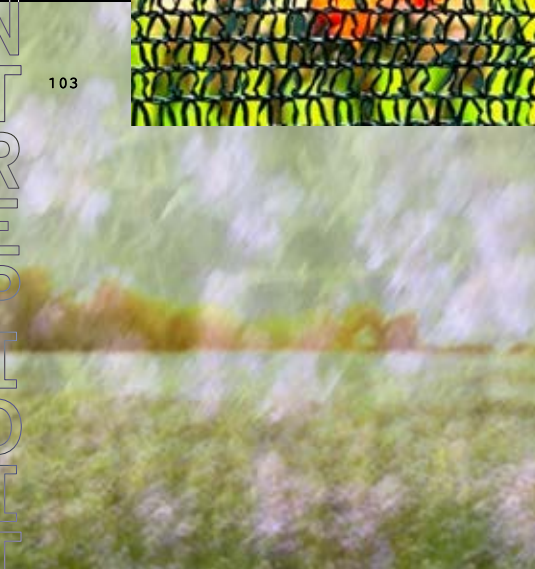




The journey into the unknown  
Always finds a way to take you home.



103





104



KEVIN HANSEN / ARISE IN LIGHT / 2024

SARAH GARLAND / INNER LIFE / 2023

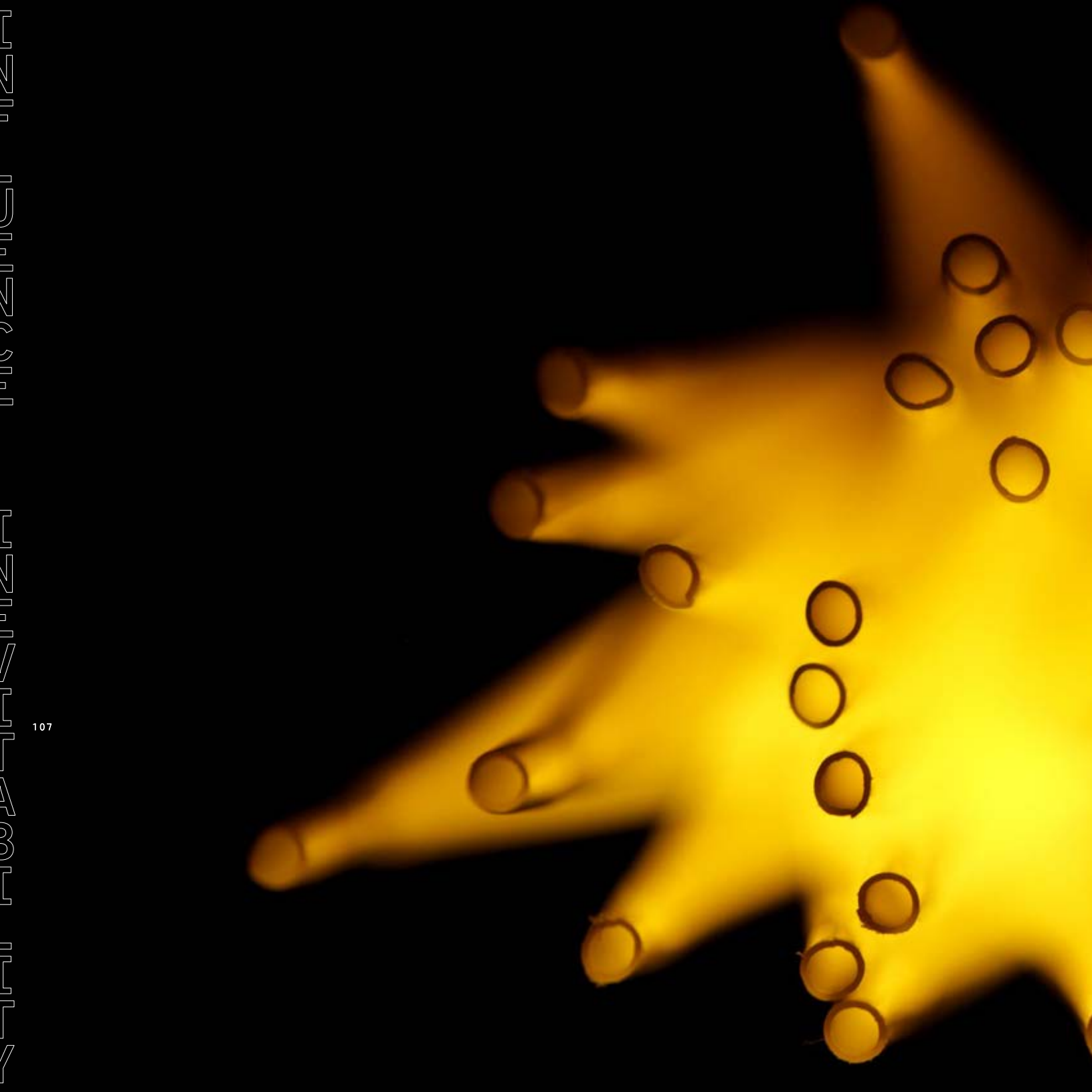
THE  
C  
E  
N  
T  
R  
E  
O  
F  
A  
R  
T  
I  
S  
T  
R  
Y

JASON DEAN / BURNING / 2023



JASON DEAN / BURNING / 2023







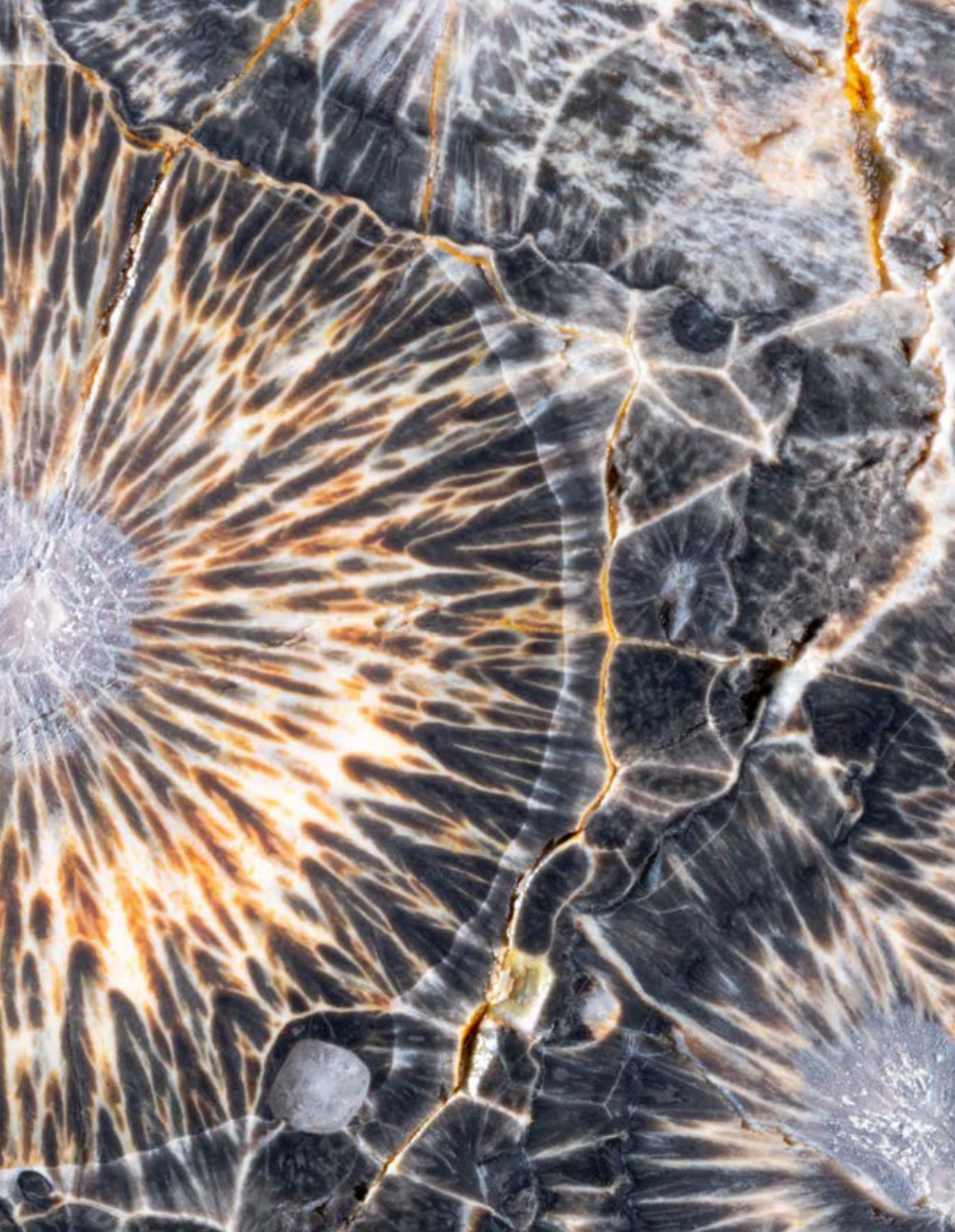
JEAN VIGNEAULT / RISING STAR / 2021

JEAN VIGNEAULT / RISING STAR / 2021



macrocosm microscopic,  
cellular wonder-glory so  
celestial, bipedal universe,  
upright miracle-molecular,  
rayed by internal suns,  
words swim and sweat  
through skin. I am poem,  
master-working satellite  
launch with long-ranging





JOHN WILKINSON / TIME WORN / 2024

RESEARCH

DESIGN

GUDRUN KISSINGER



In the alley of entropy,  
Iron rusts beneath the moon.

Stardust blooms in the night,  
Fading petals lose their light.

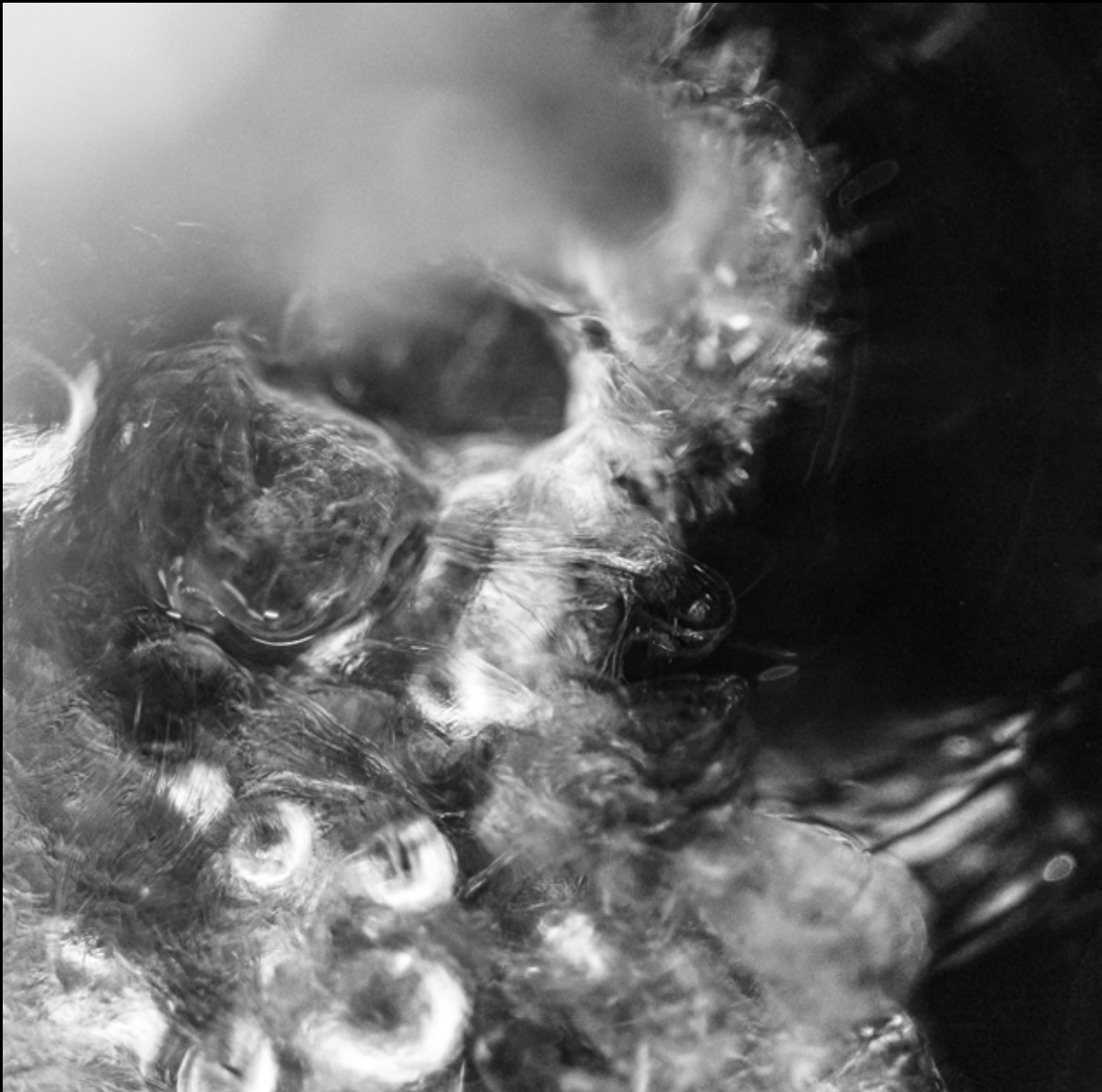
Across the cosmos, space it fills,  
With every star's last breath.

Where chaos blooms and order fails,  
Entropy speaks of timeless tales.

**SHARMARIE**









# INVISIBLE CI

POEM *by* PAUL ROWLAND

*Look at the spaces between things,  
without which there would be no things.*



TY

ND



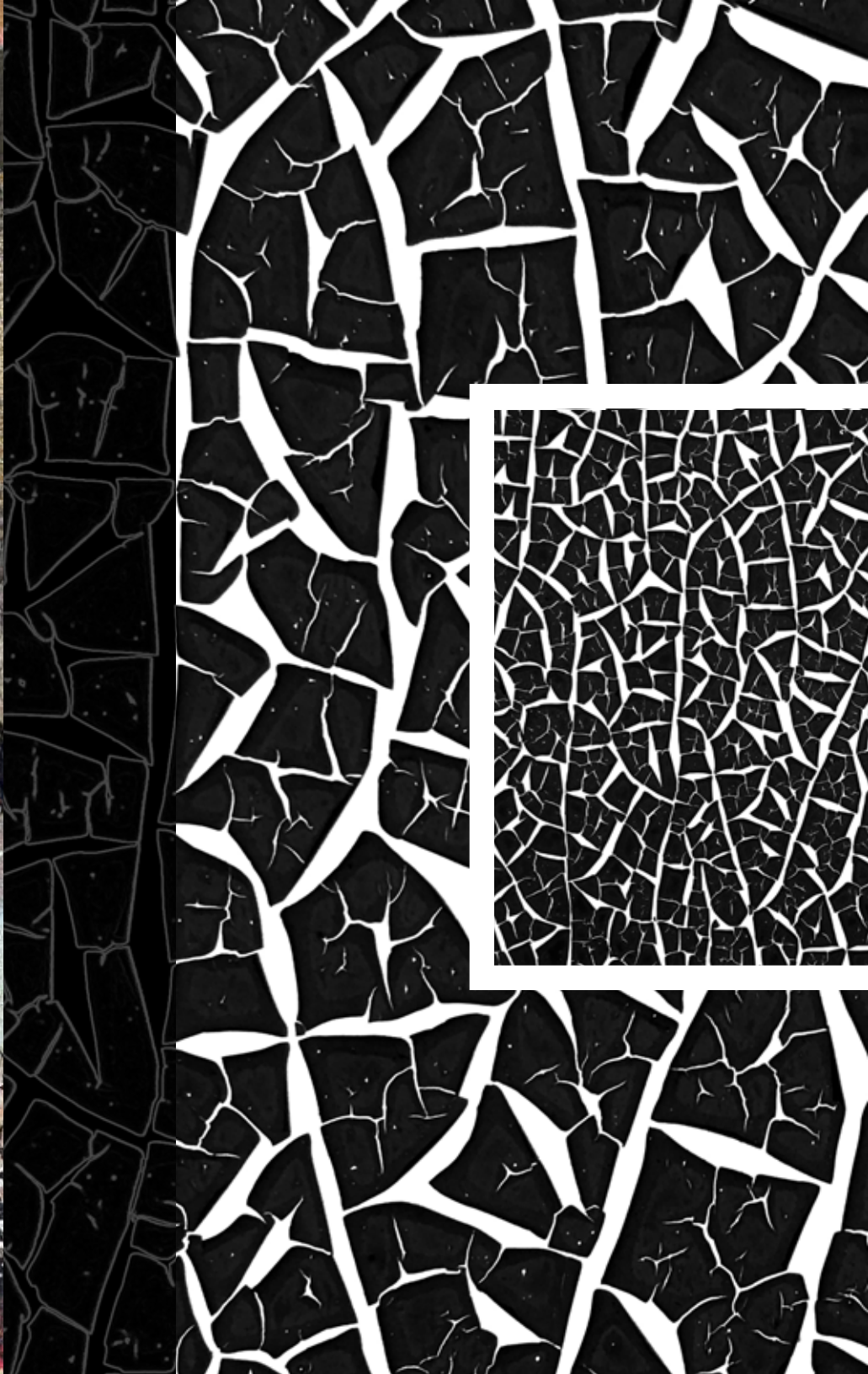
*Look for places where nothing is,  
the places your eyes can't focus.*

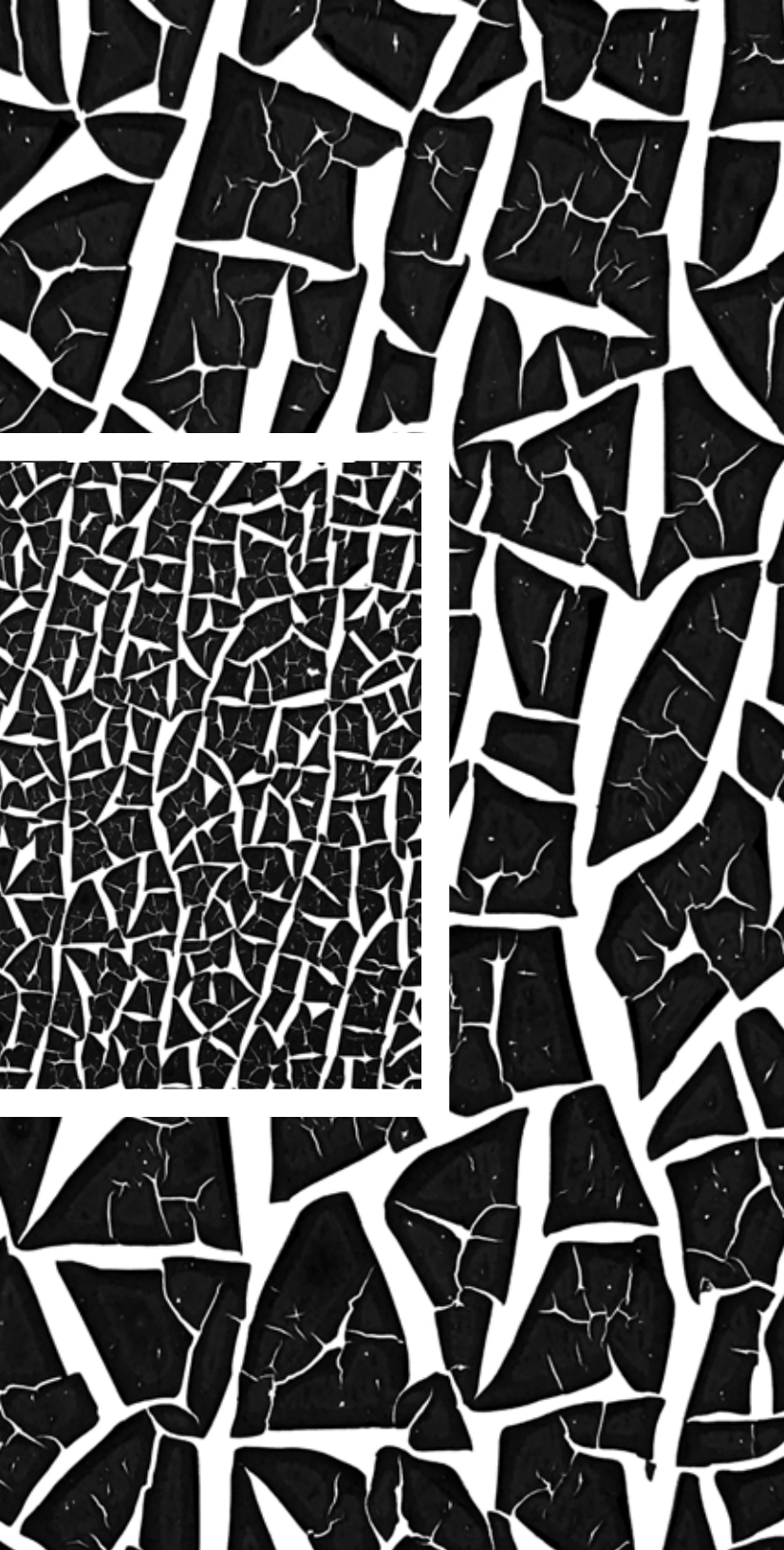
*Look from a something to nothing,  
try to see nowhere as somewhere.*

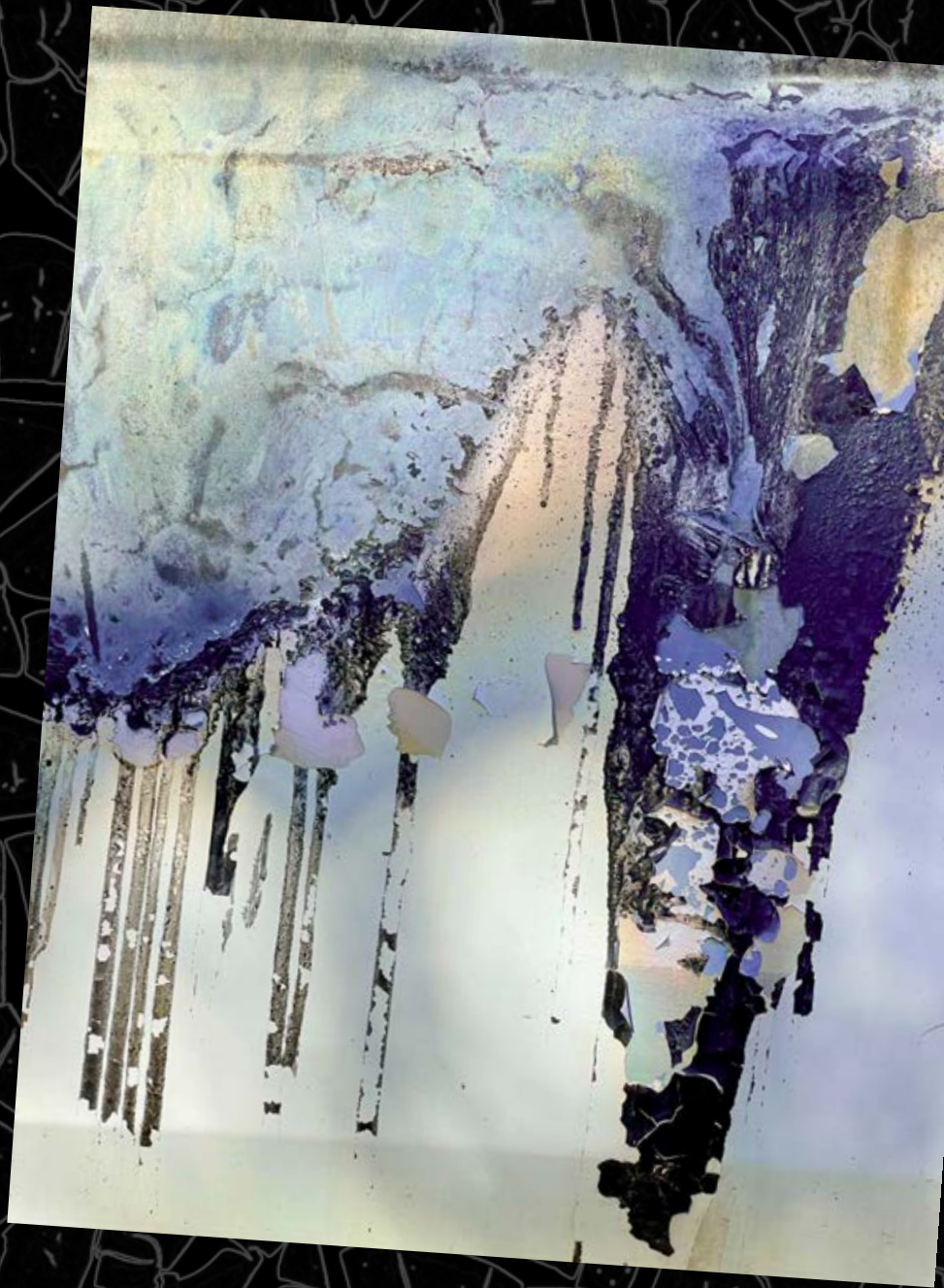
*Look for the city that is not there,  
the shape of where the city is not.*



*Look for the places with no names,  
the places the signs don't point to.*  
*Look in places you have not looked,  
which are not really places at all.*







I wonder,  
the  
possible  
between

SPACE  
is it  
to find  
thoughts?

SHARMARIE





*machines* ————— *replaced*

The Center Mechanism

and now we are FLAVORLESS

FACTORIES.

frothing digital,

~~ARTIFICIAL~~ brains stole our

**arts,** we now either MIMIC

our thieves

OR

turn our

|||||SOULS

into WEAPONS of

waged WAR, teaching

BLOOD

to

flow through

paint, poem, AND

photo  
graphic,



OR

we LET THEM wear

our



**skin,** on SCREENS

AND

PRINT OUR FACES IN PIXELS.



POEM by JJ BRINSKI

# INEVITABILITY

ESSAY by ROBERT HECHT

---

Many of the pictures I consider to be my most successful seem to come about without any special effort from me, the photographer. In a very real way, they simply feel **inevitable**.

*“The object isn’t to make art, it’s to be in that wonderful state which makes art inevitable.”*

— Robert Henri

I don’t believe in magic; I don’t dabble in the metaphysical; for that matter I don’t even believe in what most people imagine a God to be—an omniscient being, the source of all creation. In my view, the universe is comprised of a plenitude of random events, a multitude of accidents. This is why my personal purpose as a photographer is to offer—within an arbitrary frame—a temporary sense of order to what is otherwise a chaotic maelstrom. (This sense of order can also be known as beauty.)

And yet—my better pictures do seem to arrive unbidden, as if guided by some power greater than myself, coming from outside myself. In essence, they come fully formed, and they feel **inevitable**.

*“Composition must have its own inevitability about it.”*

— Henri Cartier-Bresson



Many improvising jazz musicians have been known to observe a very similar phenomenon. Genius trumpeter Tom Harrell has said: "Sometimes when I am playing the trumpet I get this magical feeling that the notes are coming

from somewhere else." His solos often arrive with a refined sense of order and beauty on a par with Bach. All Harrell must do is not impede the flow—basically to just keep out of his own way.

Often when someone has praised a particular composition of mine, I will respond that 'the picture composed itself.' This is not meant to be glib or out of some false modesty but rather



as an observation about the feeling of **inevitability** that accompanied its creation. At that moment, I will have been drawn to a particular subject or scene, but then some other force takes over. Call it mere intuition or call it some nameless higher power, but it is indisputably something beyond my own conscious direction. It is, like Harrell's observation, as if I were merely a conduit for the image, as if it has been pre-composed, requiring no struggle on my part, no self-conscious trying to find the 'right frame.' Just 'Bam!' and everything is in its rightful place, without any conscious thought at all.

This feeling of the moment of creation being **inevitable**, or fated, is universal in many realms of art. The poet John Clare once wrote, 'I found the poems in the fields, and only wrote them down.'

*He 'only wrote them down!'*

Photographer Lee Friedlander once expressed an identical opinion. "You don't have to go looking for pictures," he exclaimed. "You go out and the pictures are staring at you."

*"The pictures are staring at you!"*

Some might describe such a phenomenon as akin to a 'religious experience,' and who could argue with such a viewpoint? Even I, a non-believer, would conclude that the hand of a higher power was at play. As writer Andre Gide wrote, "Art is a collaboration between God and the artist, and the less the artist does the better."

*"The less the artist does the better!"*

Or as painter Damien Hirst put it: "*I always feel like the art's there and I just see it, so it's not really a lot of work.*" I just see it, so it's not really a lot of work."

*"I just see it!"*





I don't know how many times I've had that very feeling about a picture, as if it had almost been pre-ordained, and that for my part, 'all I had to do was see it!'

Are these, then, messages transmitted through us from another world, from some higher plane? Or are they simply the fruits of a marriage of the unconscious and the conscious? In either case, as artists, what must we do to prepare the ground for such magic to occur?

Obviously, one must first master one's craft so that one may transcend it. Only then can one's art become a kind of 'artless art' springing from the unconscious. As jazz innovator Charlie Parker expressed it: *"You've got to learn your instrument. Then, you practice, practice, practice. And then, when you finally get up there on the bandstand, you forget all that and just wail."*

Photographer Henry Wessel used to rise before dawn and walk his neighborhood with his camera. *"I actually try and work before my mind is telling me what to do,"* he said in all seriousness. That must be, too, what photographer Ernst Haas referred to as, *"dreaming with open eyes."*

For one can't force that feeling of inevitability in a composition—it must be allowed to happen, largely of itself. Only then are we able to reliably experience the state which photographer Jay Maisel once described: *"You don't take pictures—they take you."*

## *"The pictures take YOU!"*

In such a paradigm one doesn't 'make' art as much as simply allow it to happen of its own volition—of its own **inevitability**. And the secret to achieving this state, in which photographing becomes a kind of

magical act, lies neither in the technical nor the theoretical realms—the ones in which we photographers typically expend so much time and energy—but instead in the spiritual realm.

At its simplest, this boils down to being fully awake to the present moment and to the fleeting nature of existence as a sentient being, as expressed in this haiku:



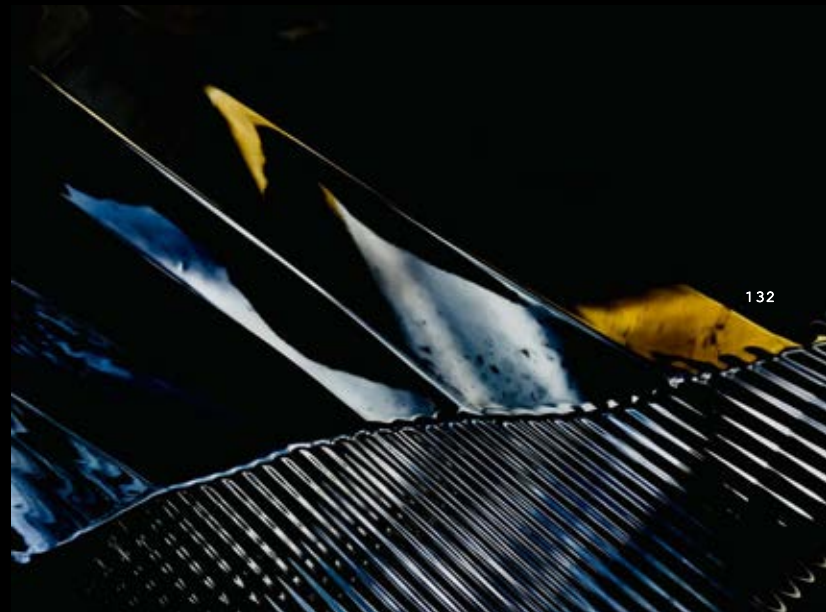


*all we ever have  
is this moment—no, this one,  
no, this one right here!*

It is about maintaining a 'beginner's mind,' a state of keen receptivity in which all things are possible. This of course is somewhat easier said than done but can be cultivated with time and effort—or perhaps more accurately *without* effort.

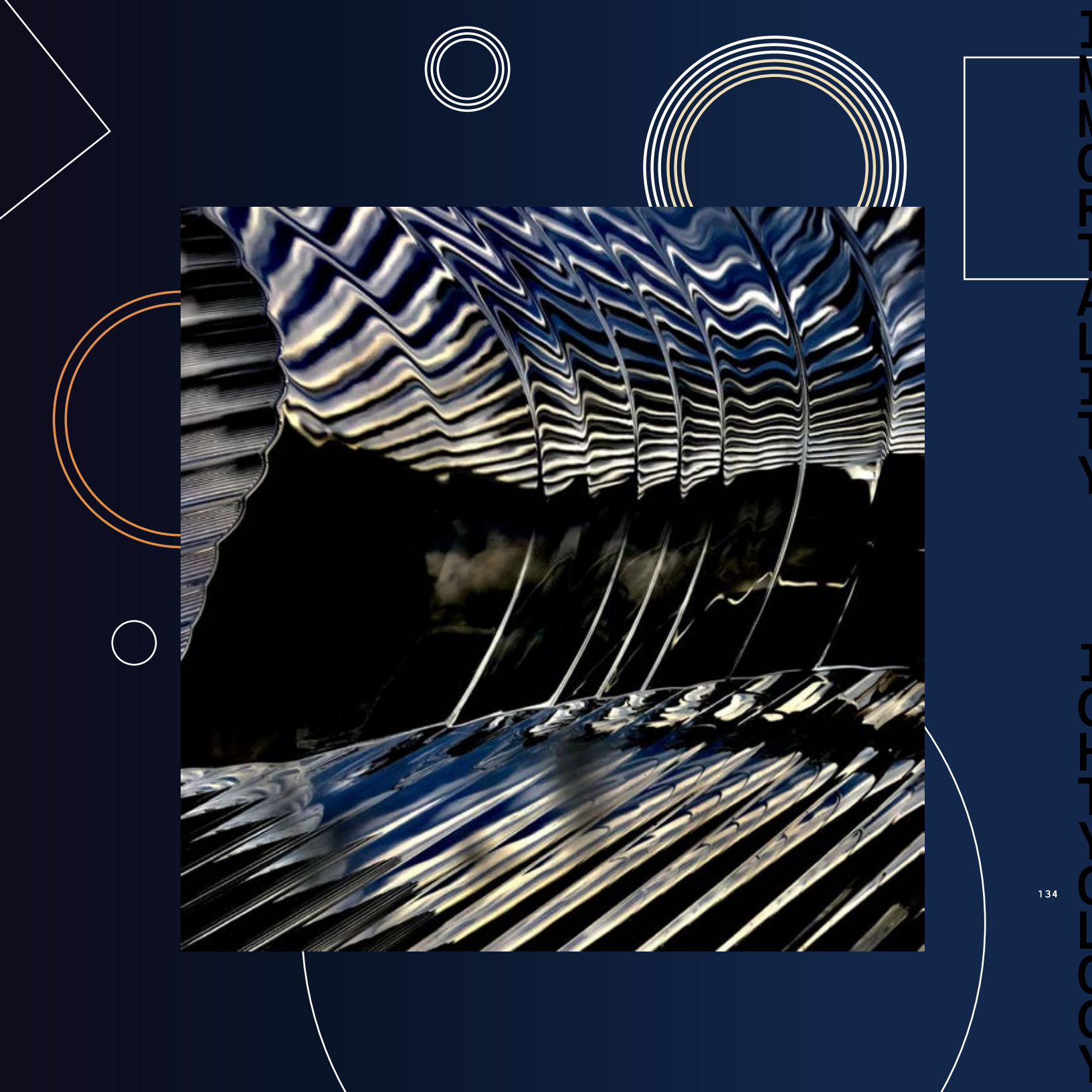
For as Zen master Chogyam Trungpa advised: *"You don't try to be artistic—you just approach the objects as they are—and then the message comes automatically."*

And may well bring with it, its own sense of  
*inevitability!*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC CALASSOU





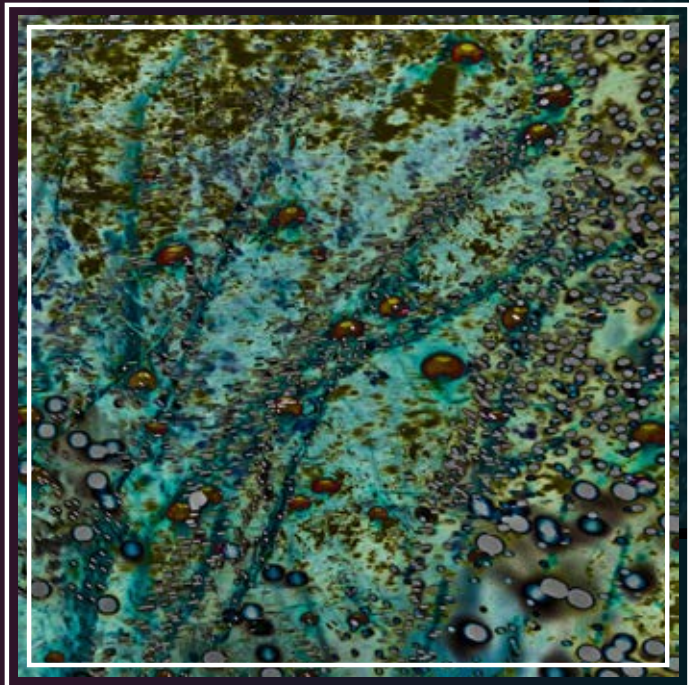
I  
M  
O  
R  
T  
A  
L  
I  
T  
Y  
  
L  
O  
V  
E  
Y  
O  
U

The poetry of thoughts shines despite the deceit  
That lies beyond the kingdom of the forgotten  
For it is otherwise shackled by the extraneous resolve  
To bind it to mortal forms with the cross of the sheet



*And the hammer of the pen.*

From this mere perversion one can't help but marvel  
At the speed upon which we surrender to defeat  
And stand ready to relinquish newfound heavens  
For the sloppy aesthetics of poetry and prose



*And the fate it can't but meet.*



For we walk alone on the quicksand of time  
And it swallows us whole before we dare speak  
So breathe the fresh air before it goes stale  
And let every moment be a chance to exist



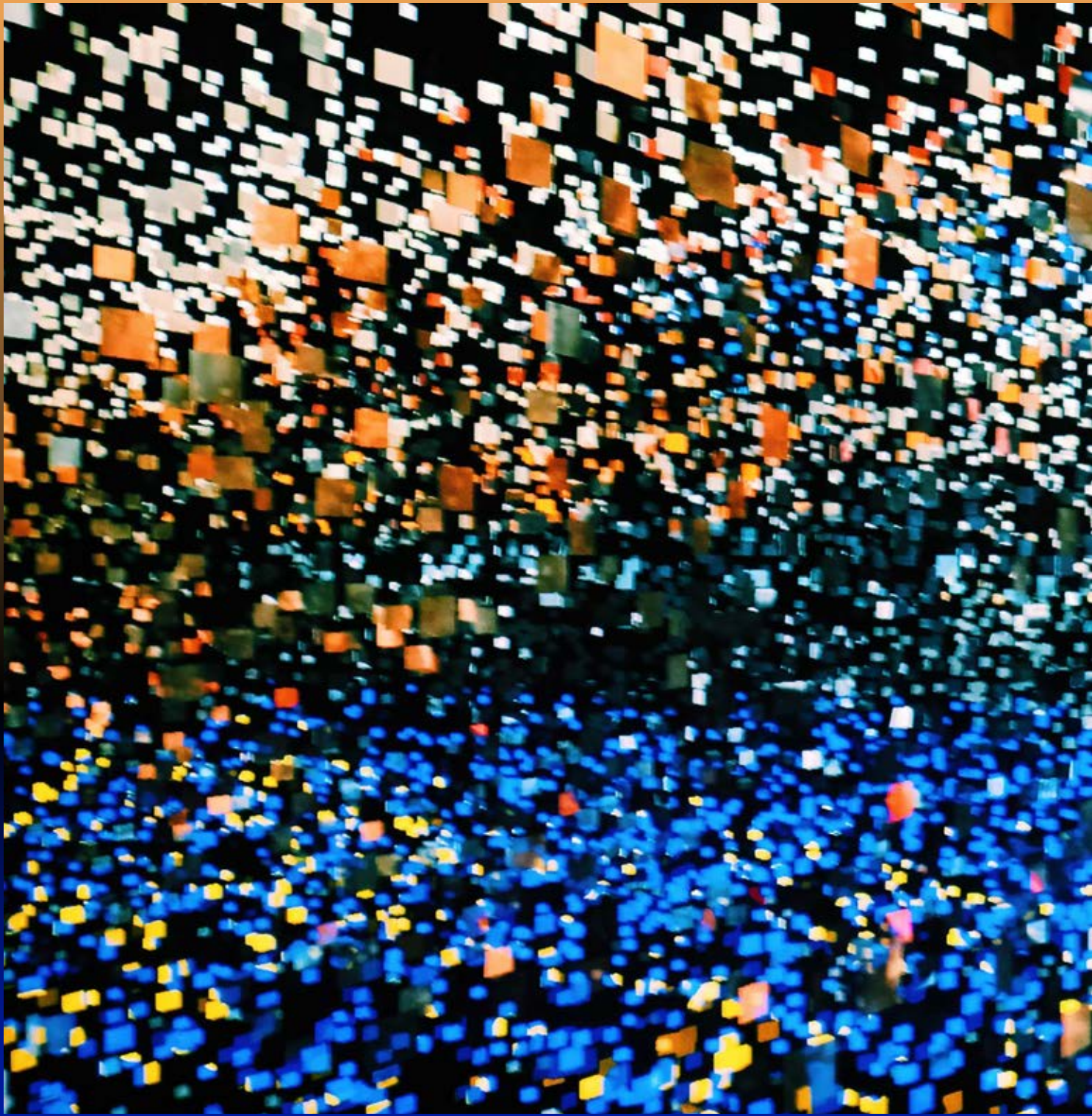
*For it is swaying on the edge.*

**SPELLING SPREE (2023)**  
*by SOLAV*



ERIC CALASSOU / BLUE DREAM / 2019







do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

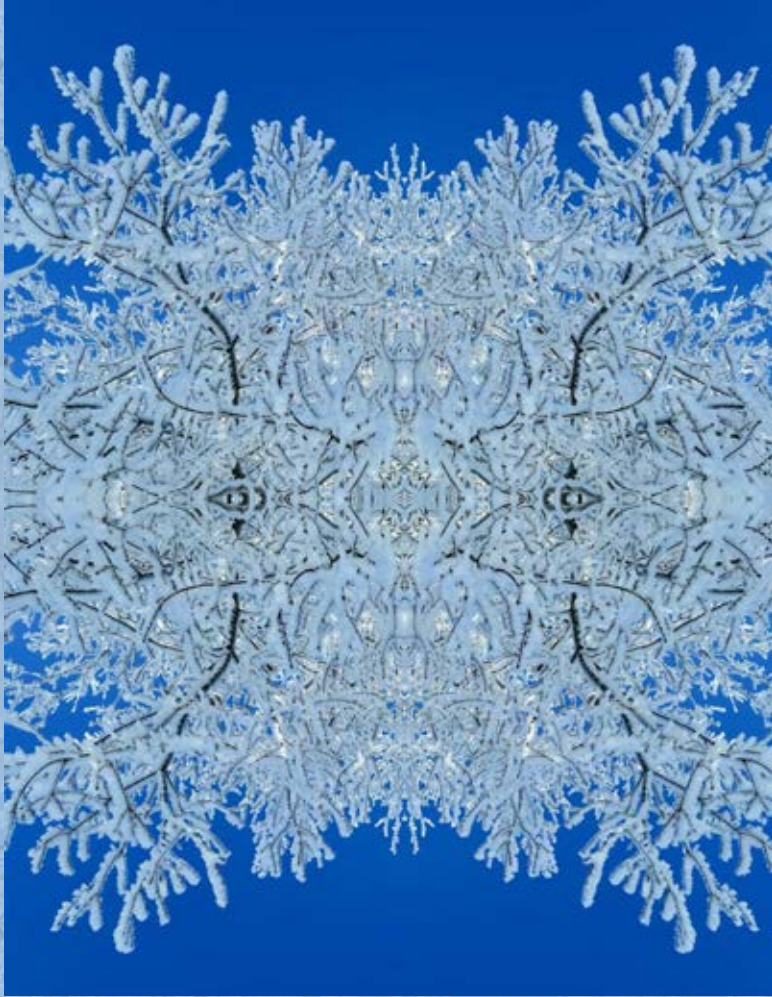
do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

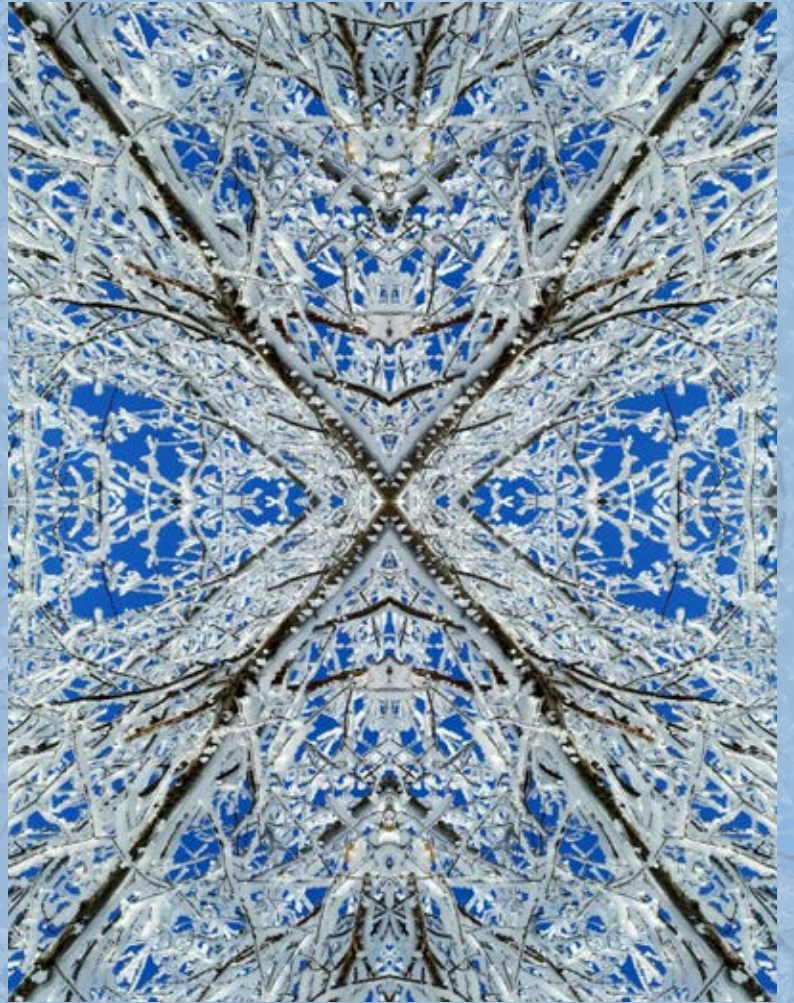
do something you love  
do it standing up  
spice up the whole process using our app  
we understand how tricky it can be  
that past performance does not guarantee future results  
but wonder travels further – and you can adapt  
so book your place now

Found text sourced from adverts

JANET LEES

If nothing else









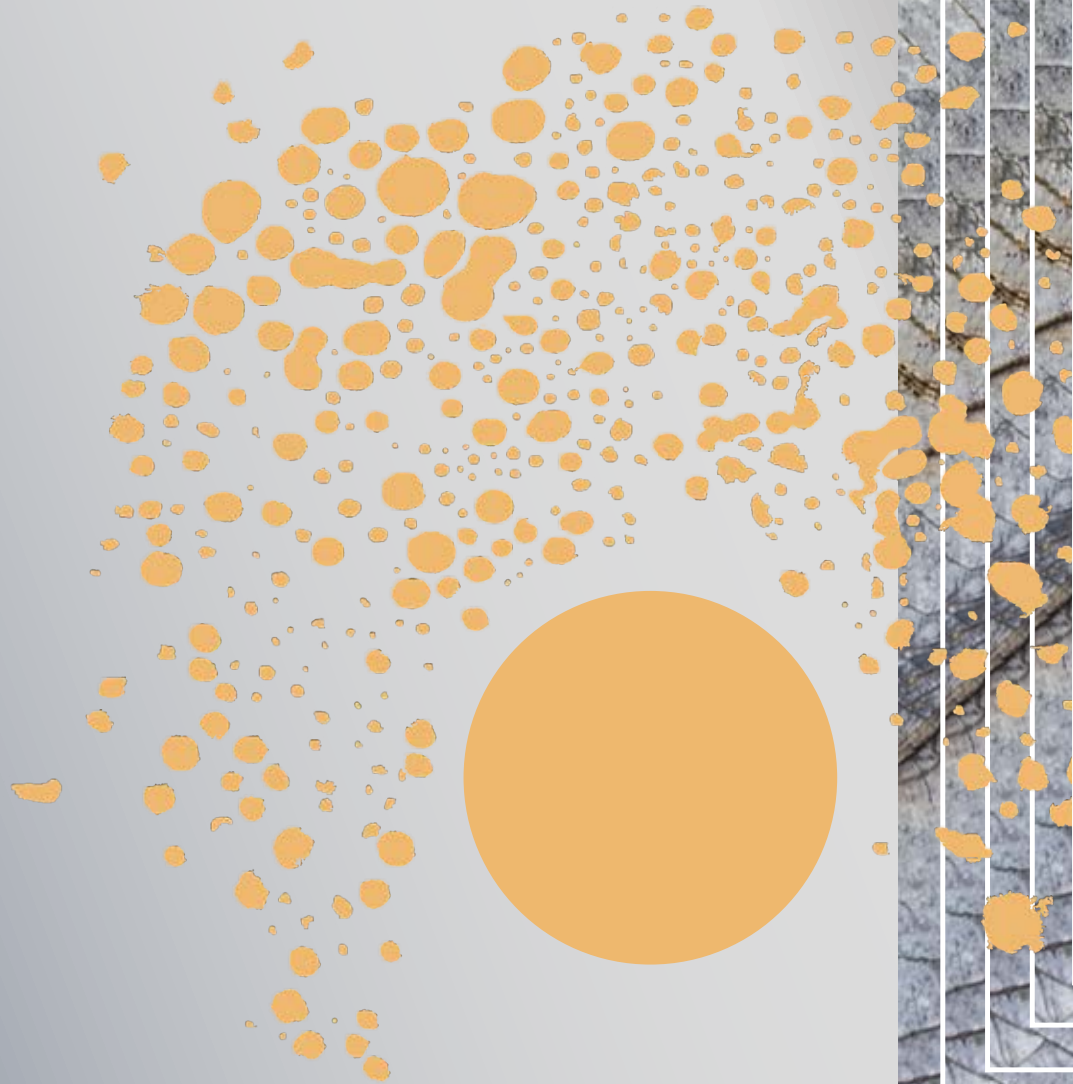
Y  
H  
A  
C  
H  
O  
N  
Z  
L  
A  
N  
D  
S  
I  
N  
T  
H  
E  
W  
O  
R  
L  
D  
S  
I  
N  
T  
H  
E  
W  
O  
R  
L  
D  
S



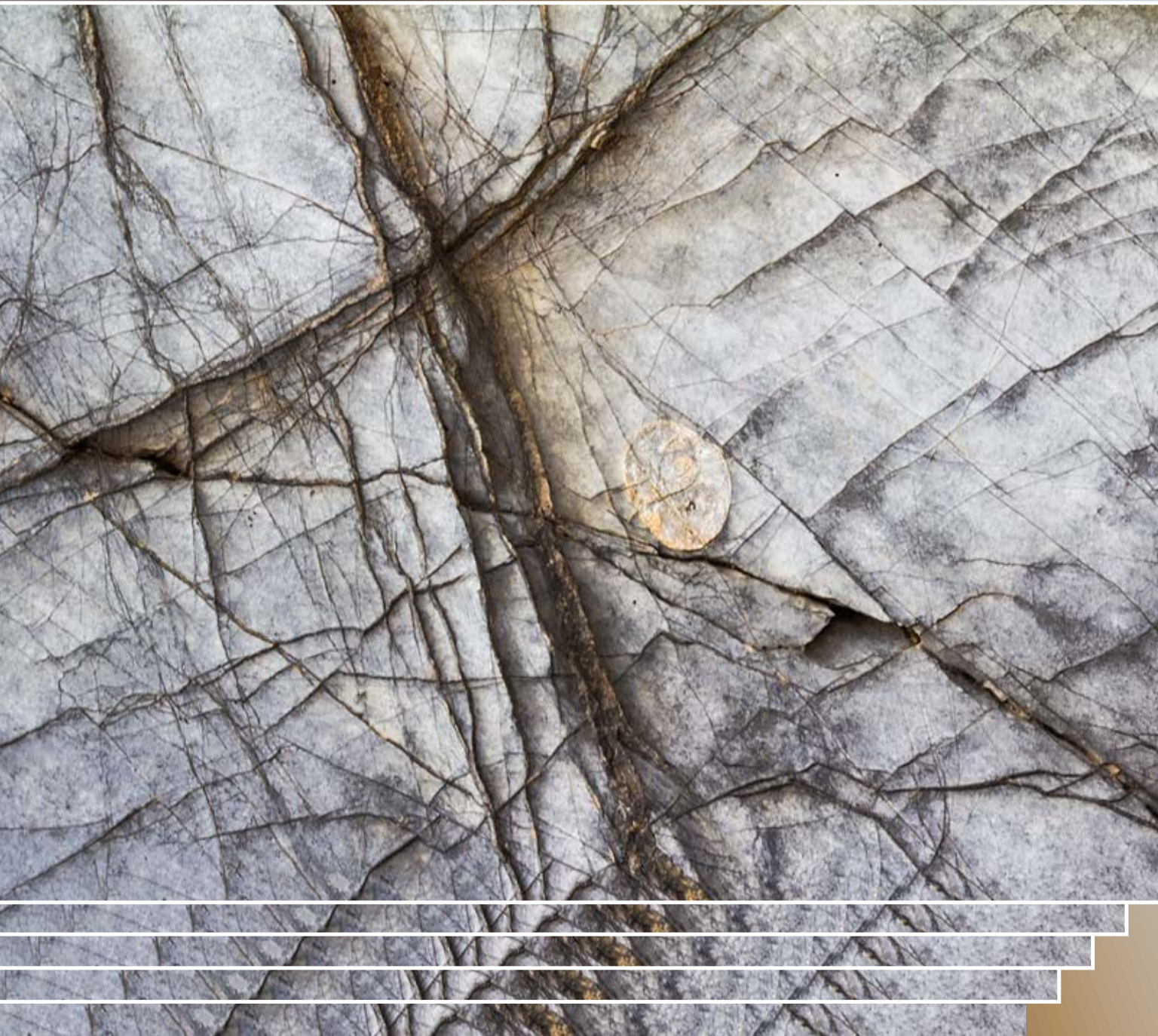
**GUDRUN KISSINGER / MRS. IHAPE / 2018 / SHAMAN / 2019**

**J. ALAN CONSTANT / AKITSU / 2024**





*Planting the seed of light,  
we sow and tend.*



*Sprinkling love,  
kindness blooms,  
where empathy propagates,  
compassion's fragrance  
nurturing souls  
with tender care.*

— SHARMARIE

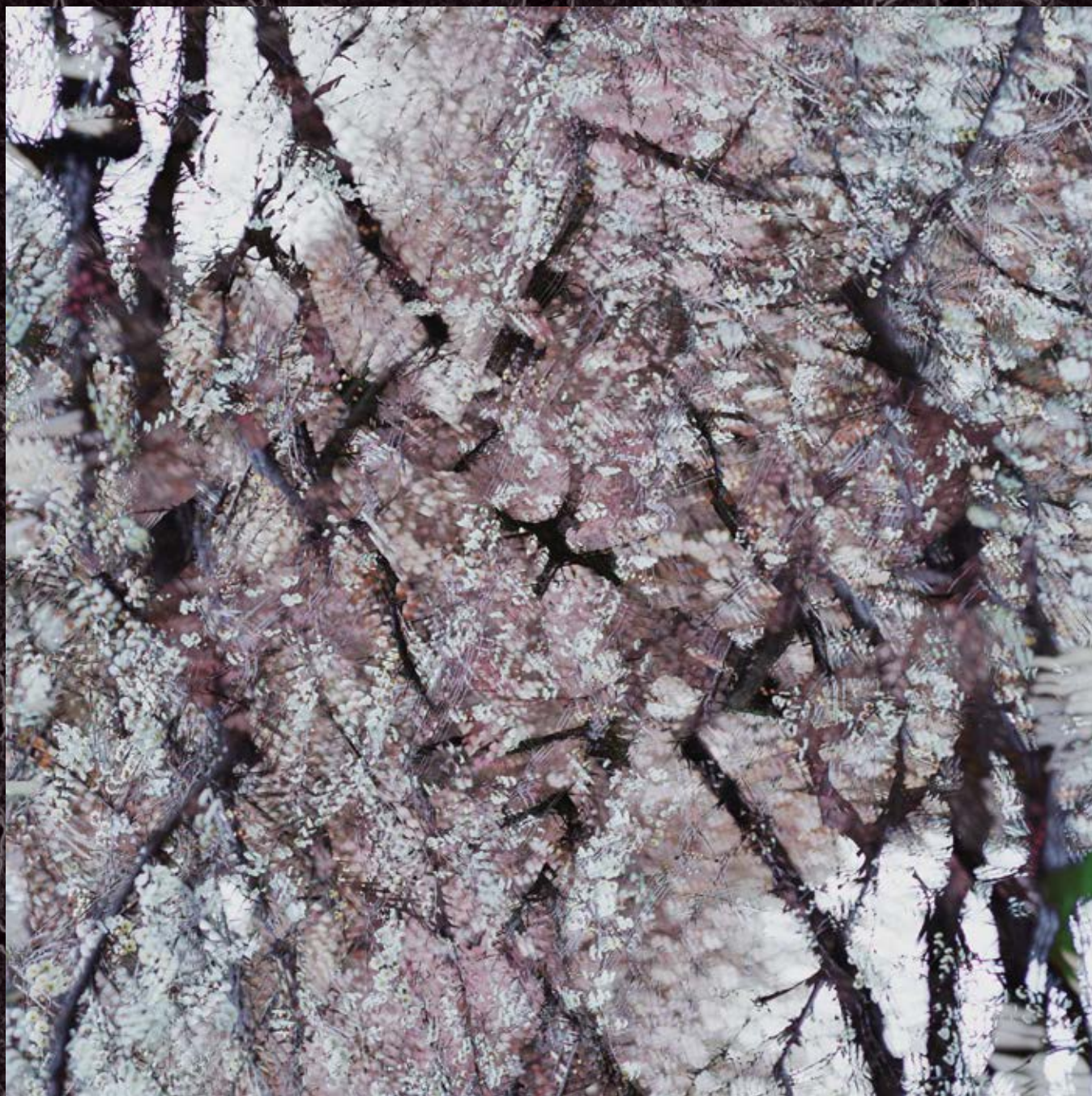






Y  
T  
H  
I  
A  
N  
Z  
W  
I  
R  
Z  
U  
G  
Z  
O  
Z  
E  
R





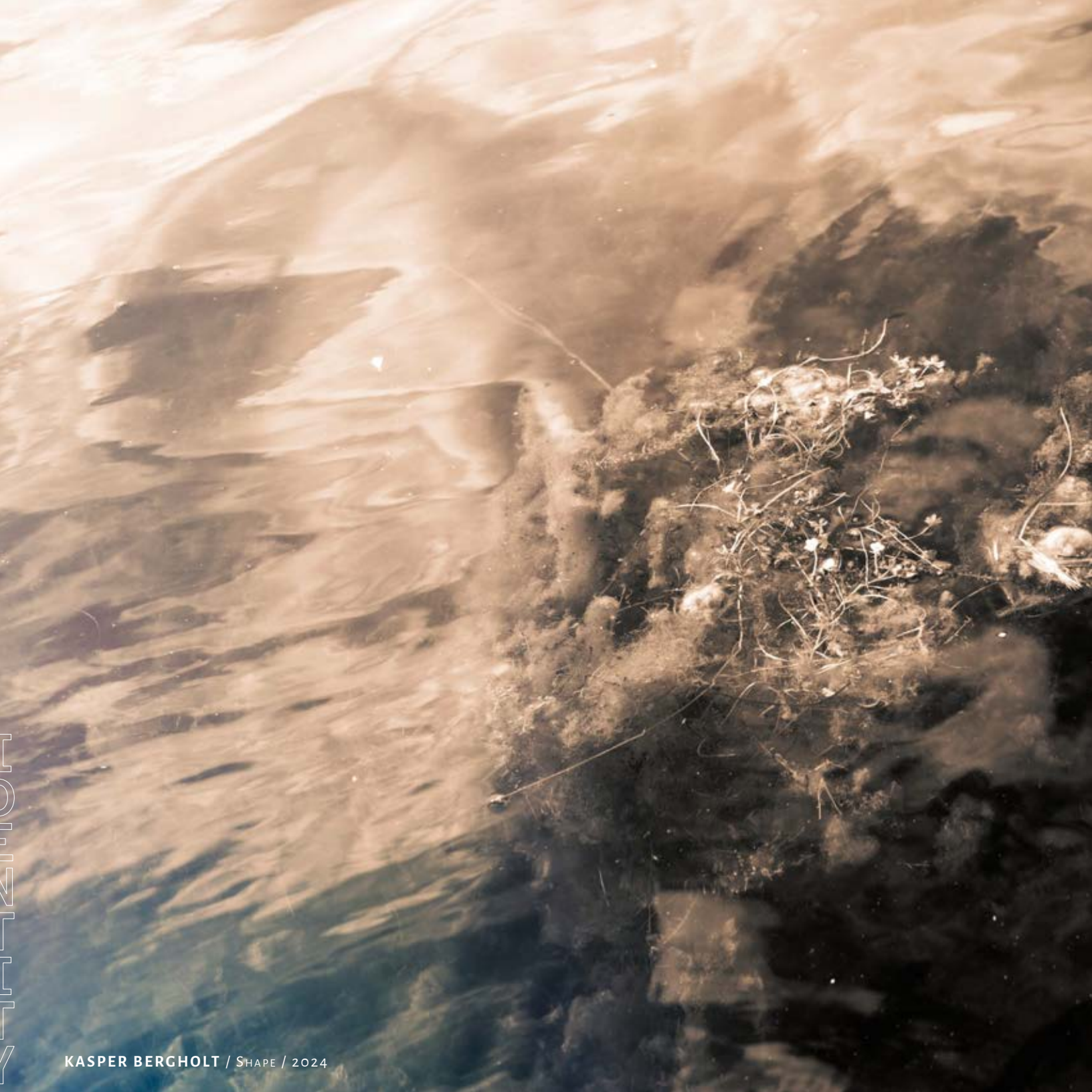














Is the beauty of autumn  
In the dance of the leaves  
Swirling gently on their way home  
As the time slows down.

Is the beauty of autumn  
in the freedom of swaying  
in the arms of the breeze  
Not afraid of giving

Is the beauty of autumn  
In the essence of surrender  
To the moments that now shed  
Back to the Ground they once sprung from.

Beyond time beyond seasons  
Waiting for the winter prepares the heart  
As ground is ready with all that we give  
Nurtures us back when the world sleeps.

Then arrives spring to honor the winter heart.  
The surrender of autumn with a new start.  
The cycle of love blossoms on a naked branch  
Once emptied, now filled with gifts that last.

Is the essence of autumn  
In the glory of spring  
Or in the cycle of love  
That keeps giving?

**ARNAB**





**ADEL SOUTO**

141-142

---

@adesouto  
adesouto.com

**ADELA GOMEZ**

33-34

---

@adela\_g\_capa

**ANTHONY TIDSWELL**

6, 9-10

---

orochrome.com

**ARNAB**

37, 160

---

@living.self  
anmccannel.com

**CAM CROSLAND**

85-86

---

@cjcroslandstreet  
cjcrosland.com

**ERIC CALASSOU**

124, 128, 132-134, 137

---

@ericcalassou  
flickr.com/photos  
/145277222@N07

**DARREN SACKS**

53-54, 58

---

@sacks  
darrensacks.com

**CHRIS WENGER**

12, 63-64

---

@naturallinesphotos  
naturallinesphotography.ca

**CARLO DI FORTE**

97-102

---

@difortecarlo  
altpiano-images.com/  
loirevalley-tourime-  
photographie-art

**EXACTLYOFCOURSE**

94

---

@exactlyofcourse

**GILLES MARK**

119-120

---

@gilles.mark37  
altpiano-images.com  
/gilles-mark

**GUDRUN KISSINGER**114, 119-124, 146,  
148, 151-152

---

@gudinger\_experimental

**HARTMUT RIEG**

25-26

---

@hartmutrieg

**J. ALAN CONSTANT**

14, 45, 93, 95-96, 145-146

---

@jаланconstant  
jаланconstant.com

**JEAN VIGNEAULT**

31-32, 107-108

---

jvigneault.com

**JASON DEAN**

52, 63, 105

---

@the\_jason\_dean  
thejasondean.com

**JARE ISRAEL**

3, 15-18

---

@jare.israel  
jareisrael.com

**JANET LEES**

11-12, 71-72, 140

---

@janetlees2.0  
janetlees.weebly.com

**JEFF TUNG**

43-44, 77-78

---

@jk\_tone

**JJ BRINSKI**

65, 109-110, 126

---

@jjbrinski

**JOHN WILKINSON**

75-76, 111-112

---

@rocking\_j\_studio

**JULIA REDL**

23-24, 28

---

@juliaredlphotography  
juliaredl.de

**JUSTIN PUMFREY**

61-64, 116, 157-158

---

@justinpumfrey  
justinpumfrey.com

**SHANE COPPAGE**

4

---

@shane\_coppage  
shanecoppage.com

**SHARMARIE**46, 73, 78-86,  
102, 114, 123-124,  
143-144, 147-149

---

@sharmarie\_studios

**SOLAV**13, 29-32, 43-53, 65-66,  
96-102, 135-136

---

@m.solav  
msolav.com

**TRISTAN MORIN**

59-60

---

@plai\_e

**WENDY KAPPY**

5, 27, 87, 131-132

---

@wendykappy  
wendykappyphotography.com

**SARAH GARLAND**

69, 88, 104

---

@sarahheartsoul

**ROBERT HECHT**

92, 121-123, 127-132

---

@roberthechtphotography2.0  
roberthecht.com

**ROBERT A. RIPPS**

50, 106

---

@robertripps  
negativityness.com

**QIYAO LIN**

39-40, 115, 117, 138

---

@qiyaoprints

**MURIEL GANI**

41-42, 69-70, 72

---

@murielgani

**OLEG BUYANOV**

37-38

---

@ole.buyanov  
behance.net/oleg-buyanov

**OTDAITELOGOS**

54, 57, 139

---

@otdaitelogos

**PAUL KENNY**

30, 35-36

---

@jmarmaduke  
paul-kenny.co.uk

**PAUL ROWLAND**7, 19-20, 51, 70,  
83-84, 91, 119-120

---

@pauljonathanrowland

**MONICA KASS****ROGERS**

69, 81-82, 118, 125, 129

---

@rogers.mk

**MICHÈLE POLAK**

8

---

@debergenseboekenkast

**MARYNA****KOSTIUKEVYCH**

79, 89-90

---

@marykosphotography  
marykos.com

**LORNE FROMER**

55-56

---

@lornefromer\_flanueur  
fromerphoto.com

**KARIN WEGMANN**

67-68, 103, 149-150

---

@kawezuerschphoto

**KASPER BERGHOLT**

159-160

---

bergholt.net

**KEVIN HANSEN**

49-50, 73-74, 104

---

@kevin.hansen.abstract  
kevinhansen.zenfolio.com

**LAURA DIETEGARD**

21-22

---

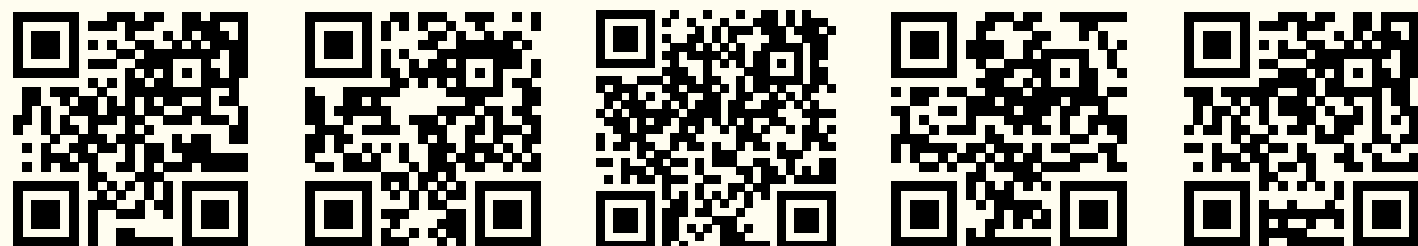
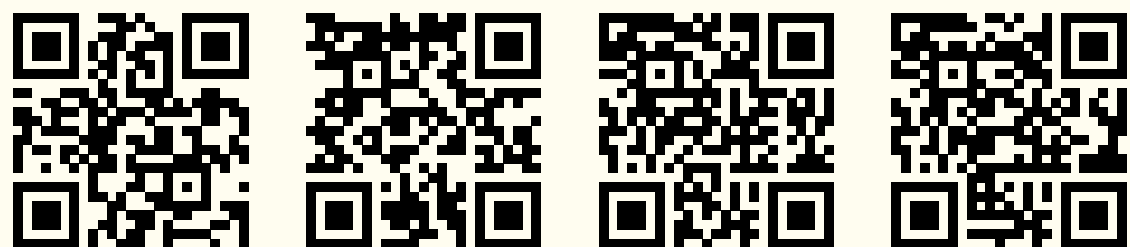
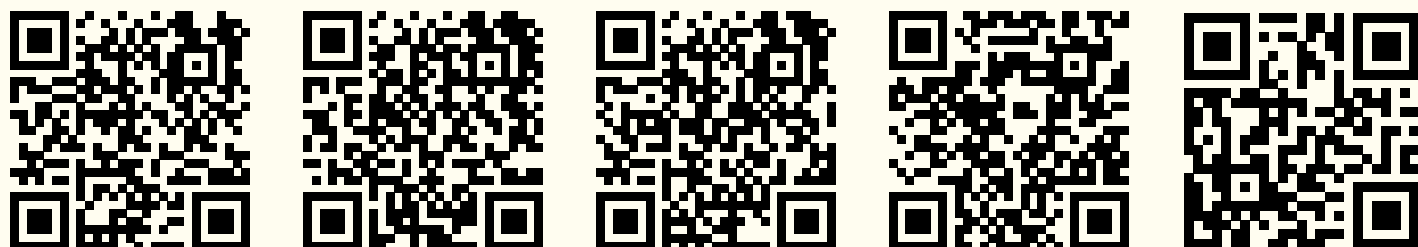
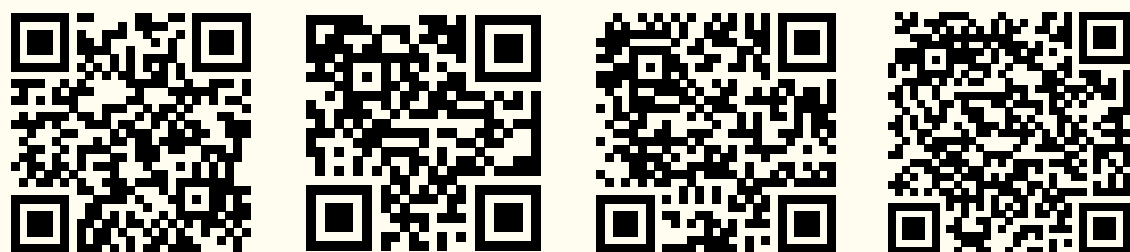
@templeu

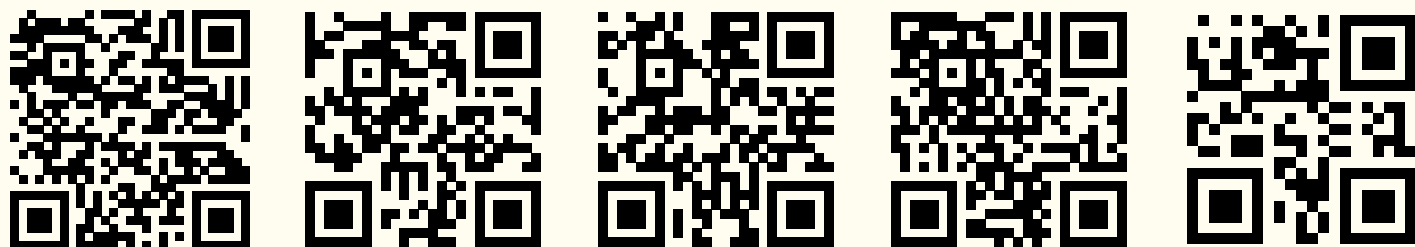
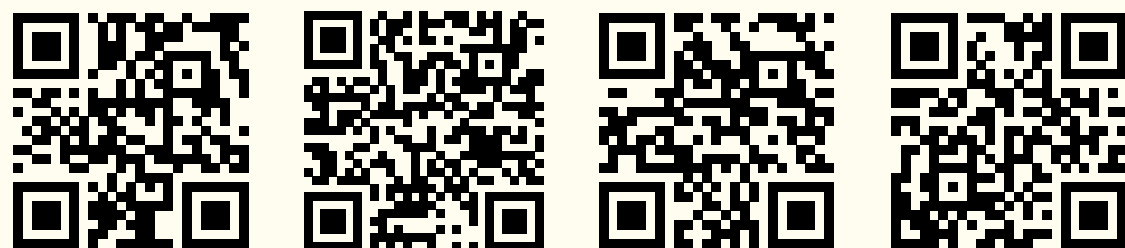
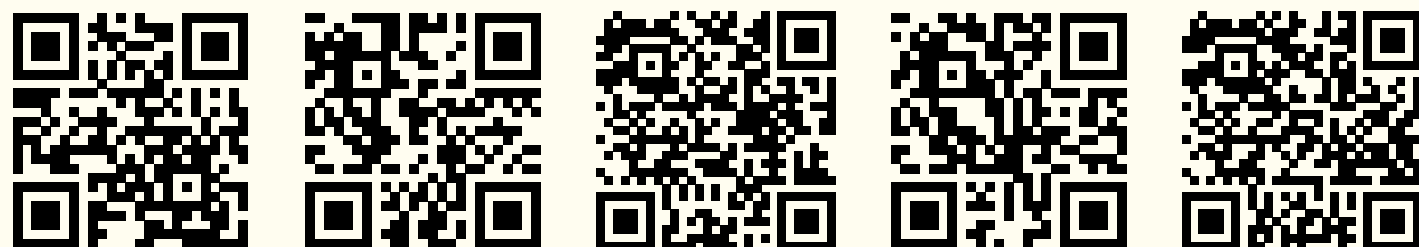
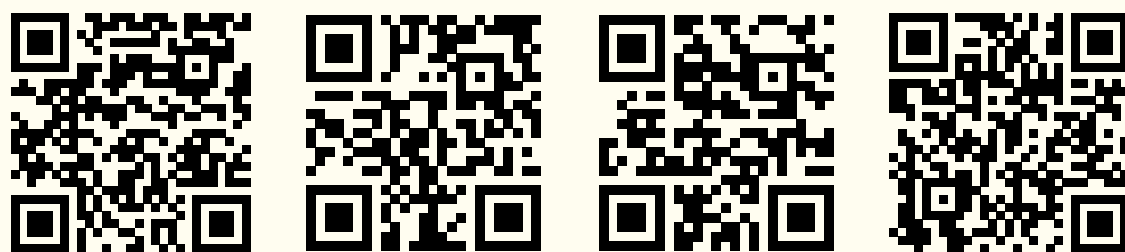
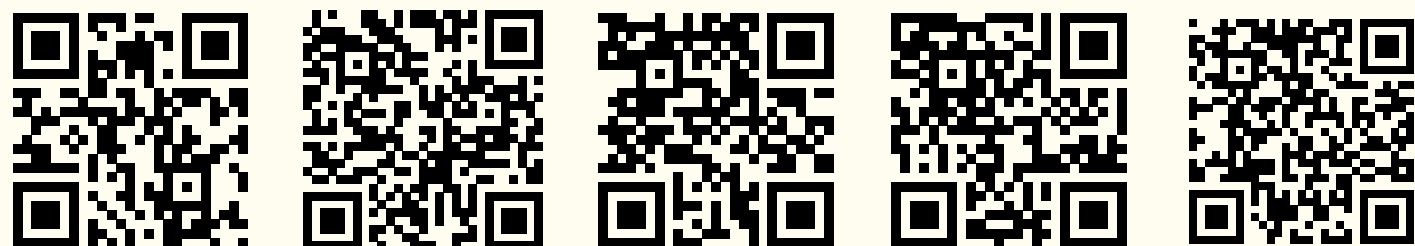
**LEKUI**

143-144, 153-156

---

@le.kui  
lekui.me









H I N  
T O L  
O G Y

ISSN 2817-5875



9 772817 587005