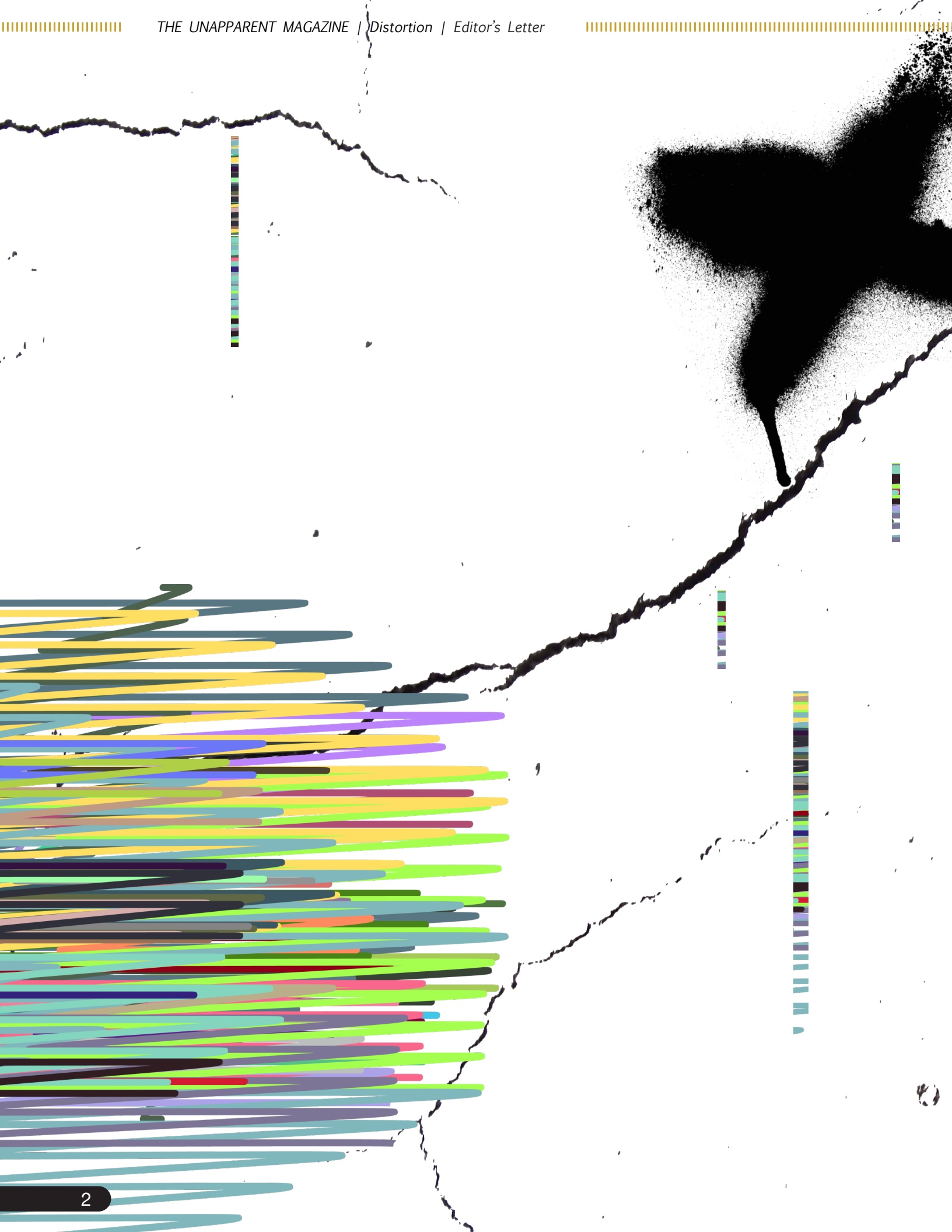


DISORDER DISTORTION

T·U·M

The Unapparent Magazine





Editor's Letter

DISTORTION:

We live in a world obsessed with clarity, clean lines, high resolution, and perfect angles. But life, as you know, is anything but that. It distorts and stretches us. It breaks us open and reshapes us in ways we never expected.

This issue is an invitation to step into that tension.

At first glance, distortion may seem like a flaw, an error in the signal, or a disruption in form. But in art, distortion is something else entirely. It's a lens. A mirror. Through it, artists tell stories that realism can't contain. They twist the familiar until it reveals something unfamiliar, something true.

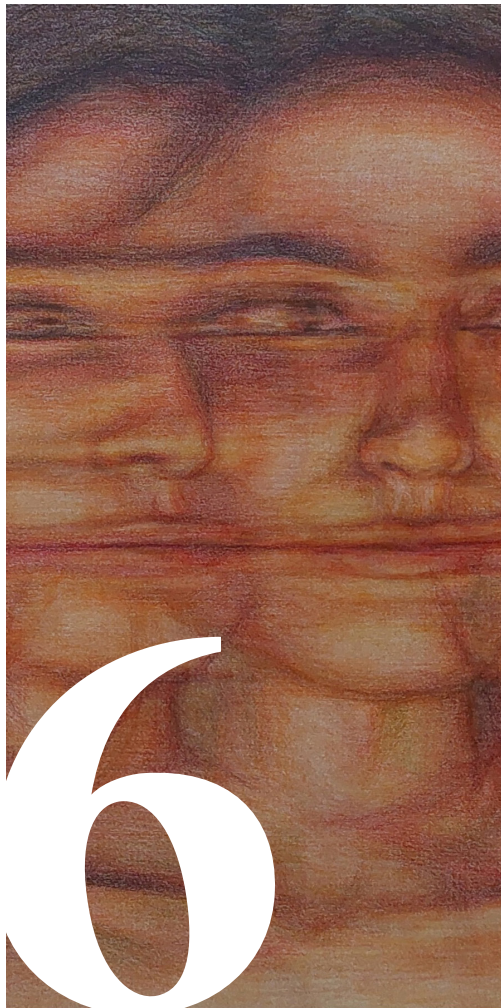
In these pages, you'll see fractured and bold work, uncomfortable yet beautiful. Each piece offers a glimpse into how we see and are seen; how we reshape the world and ourselves to make meaning, or to cope.

Distortion is also deeply personal. I've realized it's not just an artistic gesture, but also a lived reality. In every role we play, in every mask we wear or remove, we are distorting and being distorted. Family, culture, ambition, heartbreak, all of it pulls at the edges of who we are.

So I invite you to sit with what is stretched, blurred, or misshapen. There's something revelatory in the unraveling.

- K.S. Baldwin -





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FATEMEH TOOSI

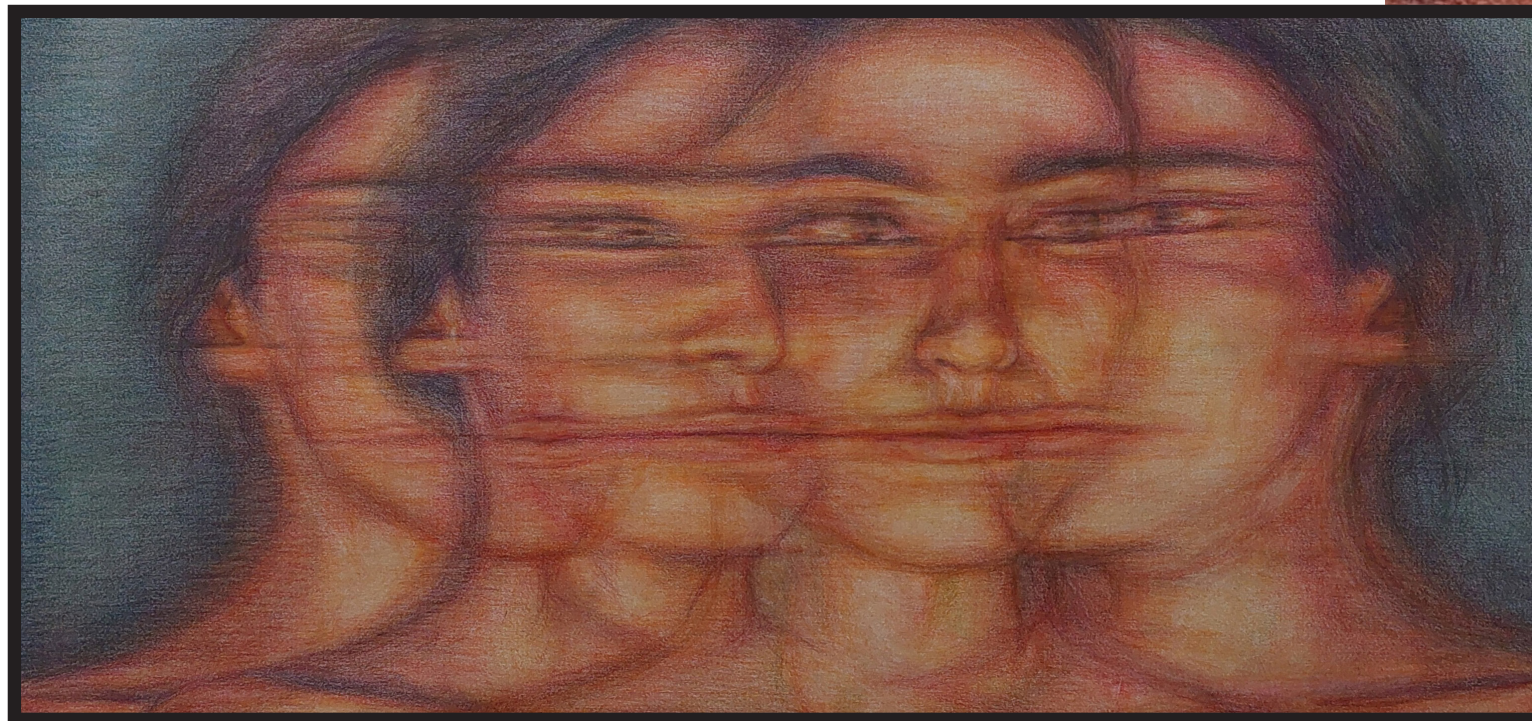
PHENOMENON & PROCESS

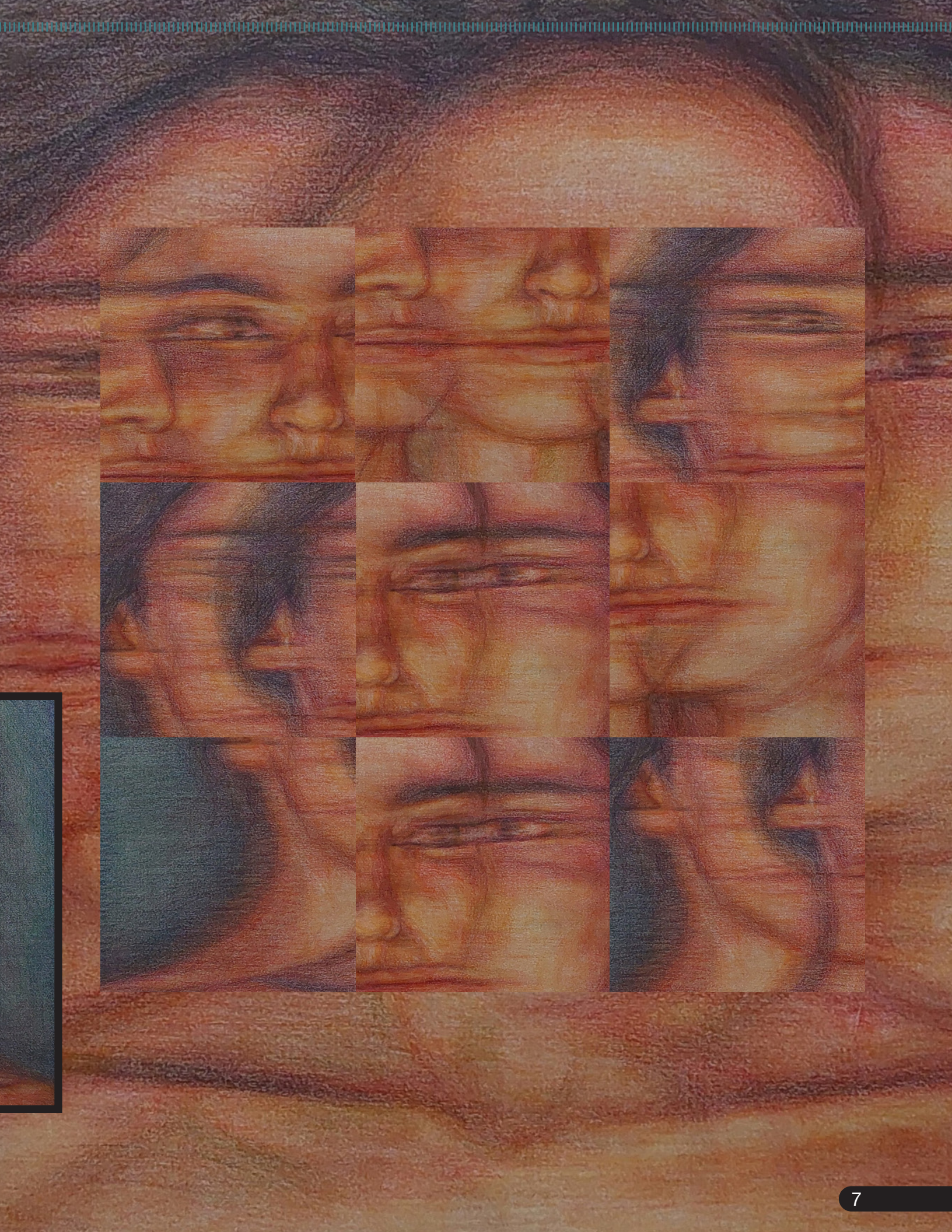
Pathomorphia: Phenomenon & Process

Portraiture has always been a space of exploration and tension for me, not just in form and structure, but as a reflection of the unseen layers of the human psyche. What captivates me most is how inner turmoil, lived experience, and emotional states imprint themselves onto the face, subtly warping expression, posture, and presence.

In this series, I use repetition, entanglement, and distortion to explore the instability, multiplicity, and fluidity of identity. These portraits exist in a space suspended between being and becoming, between what is real and what is perceived.

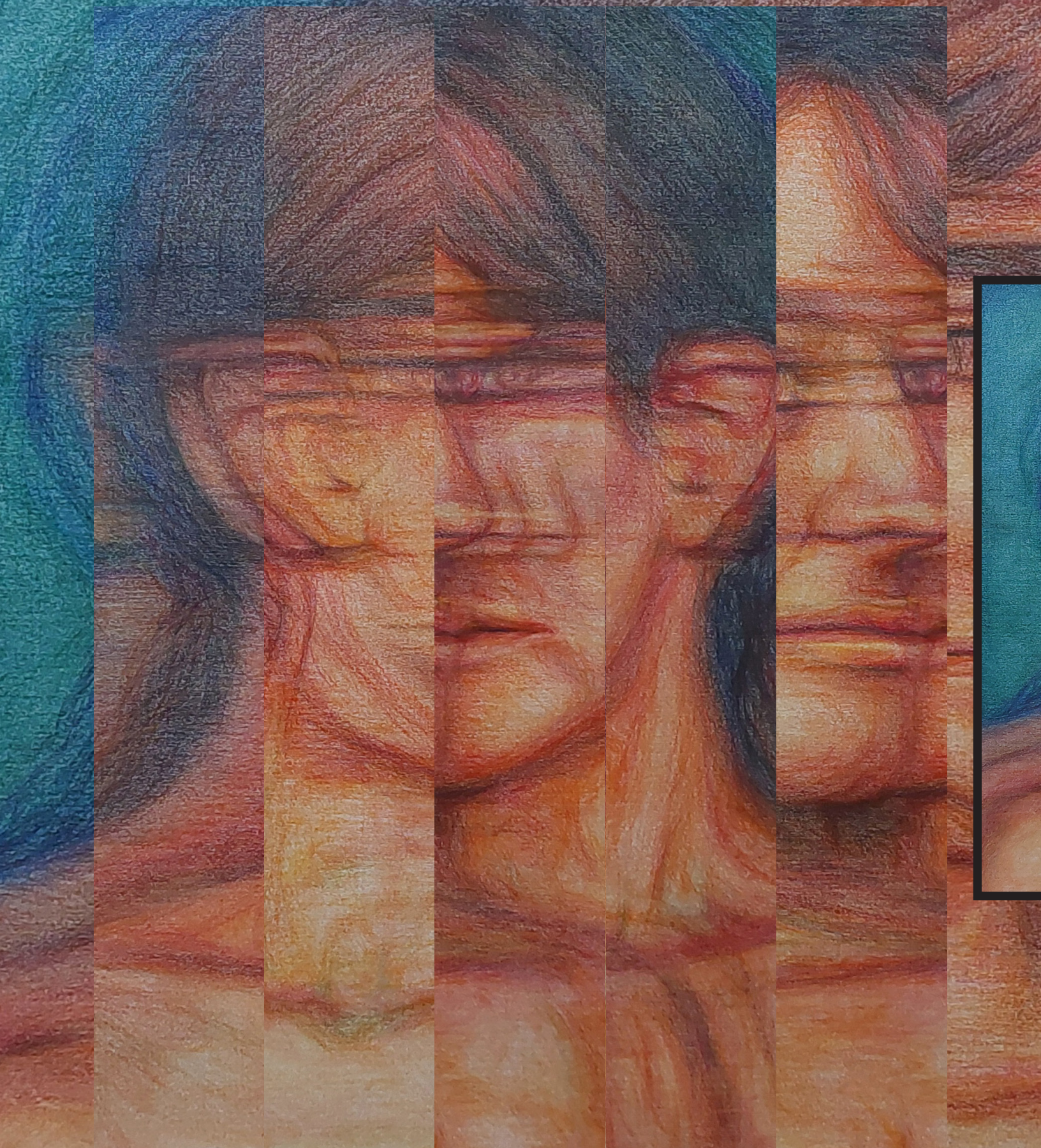
Pathomorphia is a phenomenon where disturbance extends beyond the mind, seeping into forms, echoing through faces, and reshaping the act of self-perception. It is a threshold where inner and outer worlds collapse into one another, where the imagined and the actual blur. In this state, the face becomes a mirror of the disoriented mind, a surface that reflects what words cannot express.













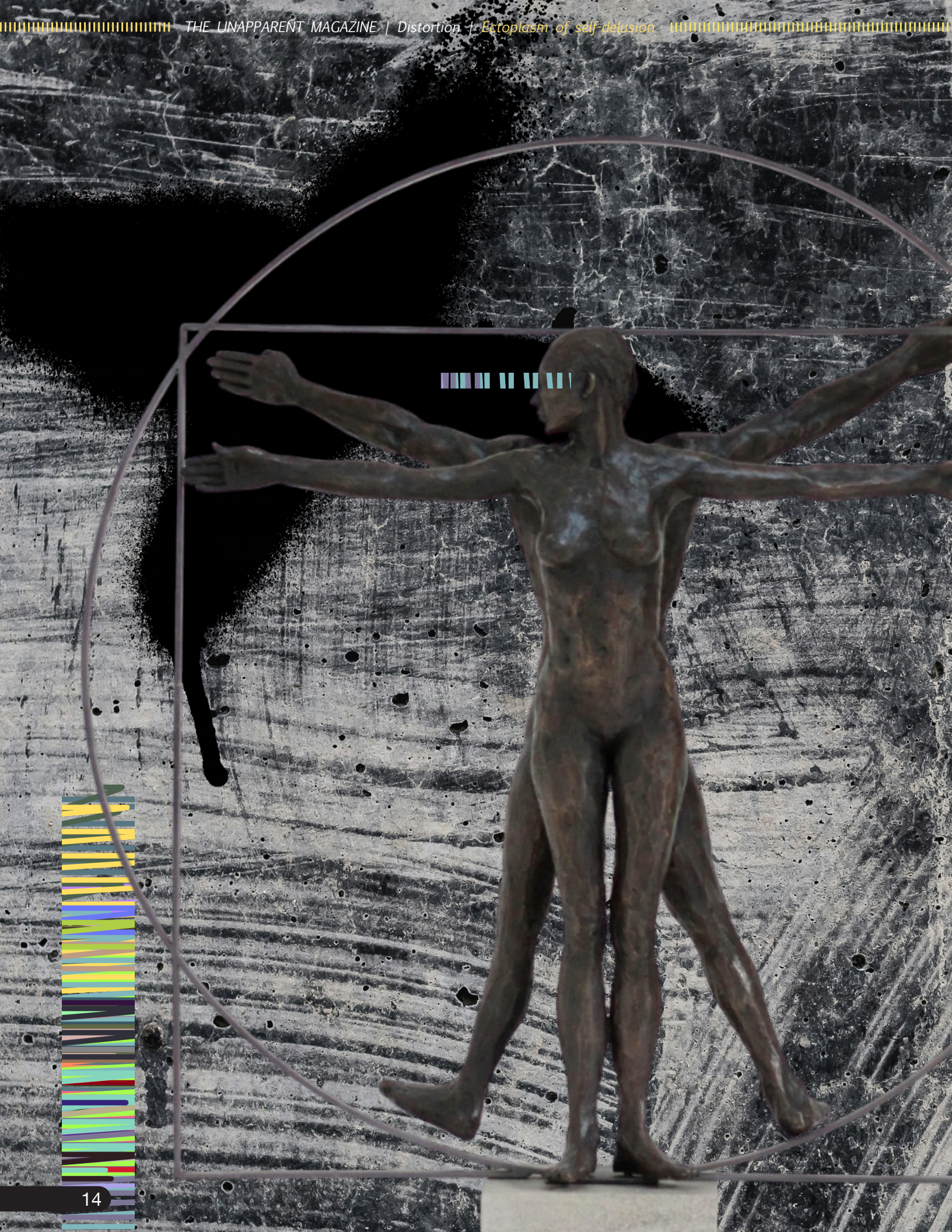
IAN WOLTER

ECTOPLASM OF SELF-DELUSION

‘The Ectoplasm of Self-Delusion’ explores the lies we tell ourselves, the internal stories that justify our choices and shield us from uncomfortable truths. It examines how perception can be intentionally manipulated, not only on a personal level but also politically, demonstrating how distortion can serve as both a survival tactic and a strategic device. In this work, self-deception is viewed as a kind of spectral residue, an ectoplasm left behind when what is real and what we believe diverge.





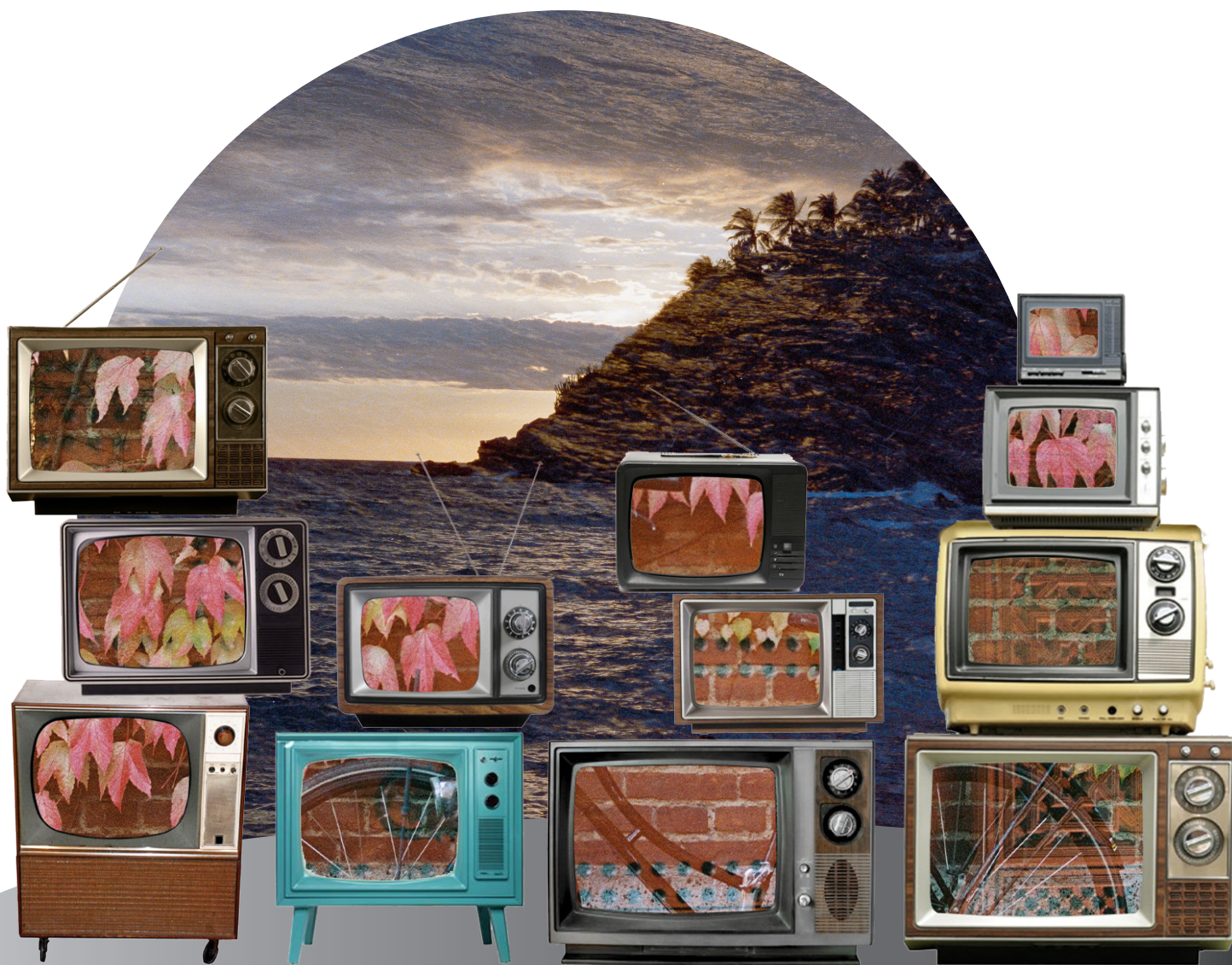




NATALYA T

THE QUESTION OF WHAT IF ?

All the pieces are the result of photographic experiments. They include multi-exposures on expired film, CMYK color dissection, embroidery, and digital illustrations. Experimental photography poses an open question: What if...? These playful works challenge the fundamental idea of photography and explore how it can be merged with other artistic techniques, creating a new, mixed-media genre.













INEKE BSC

THE SOUL'S BALM

Ineke BSC is a Nigerian poet, naval seaman, and spoken word advocate whose work blends raw emotion with social commentary. Grounded in the belief that poetry is the soul's remedy, his verses confront silence, hypocrisy, and neglect. Hailing from Abaomege, Ebonyi State, Ineke draws from personal loss, national disillusionment, and unwavering hope to spark reflection and change through his art.

SEATS OF GREED

Your mansion stands on toil and sweat,
Yet deaf you sit, our cries unheard.
The weight we bear, the wounds we keep,
While you grow fat, we starve and weep.

Aren't those halls adorned with gold,
While hunger stalks both young and old?
Even the crumbs you cast away
Are priced beyond what we can pay.

Your speeches bloom with empty grace,
Sweet words that mask a soulless face.
You promise light, yet dim the sun,
A game well played, your race is won.

Streets are cracked with broken dreams,
Torn apart by selfish schemes.
You build your towers, high and grand,
While graves stretch wide across the land.

Hands outstretched in silent plea,
Yet mercy is a stranger to thee.
You drain our wealth, you hoard, you lie,
And watch us wither, cold and dry.

But tides will turn, and time will tell,
The cries you mute will one day swell.
For chains may bind the weary soul,
Yet fire still burns beneath the coal.







THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE OF JUSTICE

A bitter heart, lips sealed tight,
Sore eyes burn in sleepless nights.
A thousand words claw at my tongue,
Yet silence drowns them, one by one.

The shepherd feasts upon his sheep,
While echoes mock the cries we weep.
You marred our glory, sold our trust,
And shattered bonds once forged in us.

A hallowed chamber, so they claim
A refuge where the just proclaim,
Yet fouler than a tyrant's hand,
Where law is sold, and truth is banned.

For minted notes, they trade our dreams,
They cut our throats with silent schemes.
They weigh our pleas on scales of greed,
Then cast them off, refused, unheeded.

You ask that I revere this place?
This slaughterhouse where hope is razed?
Where justice, stripped and left for dead,
Hangs gasping by a fraying thread?

A paradise for the chosen few,
A thieves'; retreat where lies accrue.
A hall where honor dies in chains,
And justice kneels disgraced, profaned.

But time will carve upon these walls
The echoes of a nation's call,
And when the winds of change arise,
Their throne of filth shall meet demise.

AXANDARA

CANVAS OF EMOTIONS

In my artistic practice, I blend philosophy and psychology, subconscious images with irrational transformations. I work with oil paint and ink on canvas and paper. I am fascinated by the study of human essence, with its inner world, emotions, and states. My paintings serve as a visual diary of a person's transformation in the face of life's challenges.

I see the body as a canvas of emotions, capable of change and transformation, using color and lines to express internal feelings and create images that my subconscious conjures.

Throughout my life, I have always been intensely aware of everything happening around me. I observe and explore my feelings and those of others, allowing their joys and pains to flow through me. My art continues this observation, seeking to transform emotions and anxieties into visual images. My goal as an artist is not only to reflect my feelings but also to evoke emotions in viewers, encourage selfdiscovery and empathy, and help them find the strength for positive change.











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SHADES OF THE SOUL

SABO TAYLOR DIAB







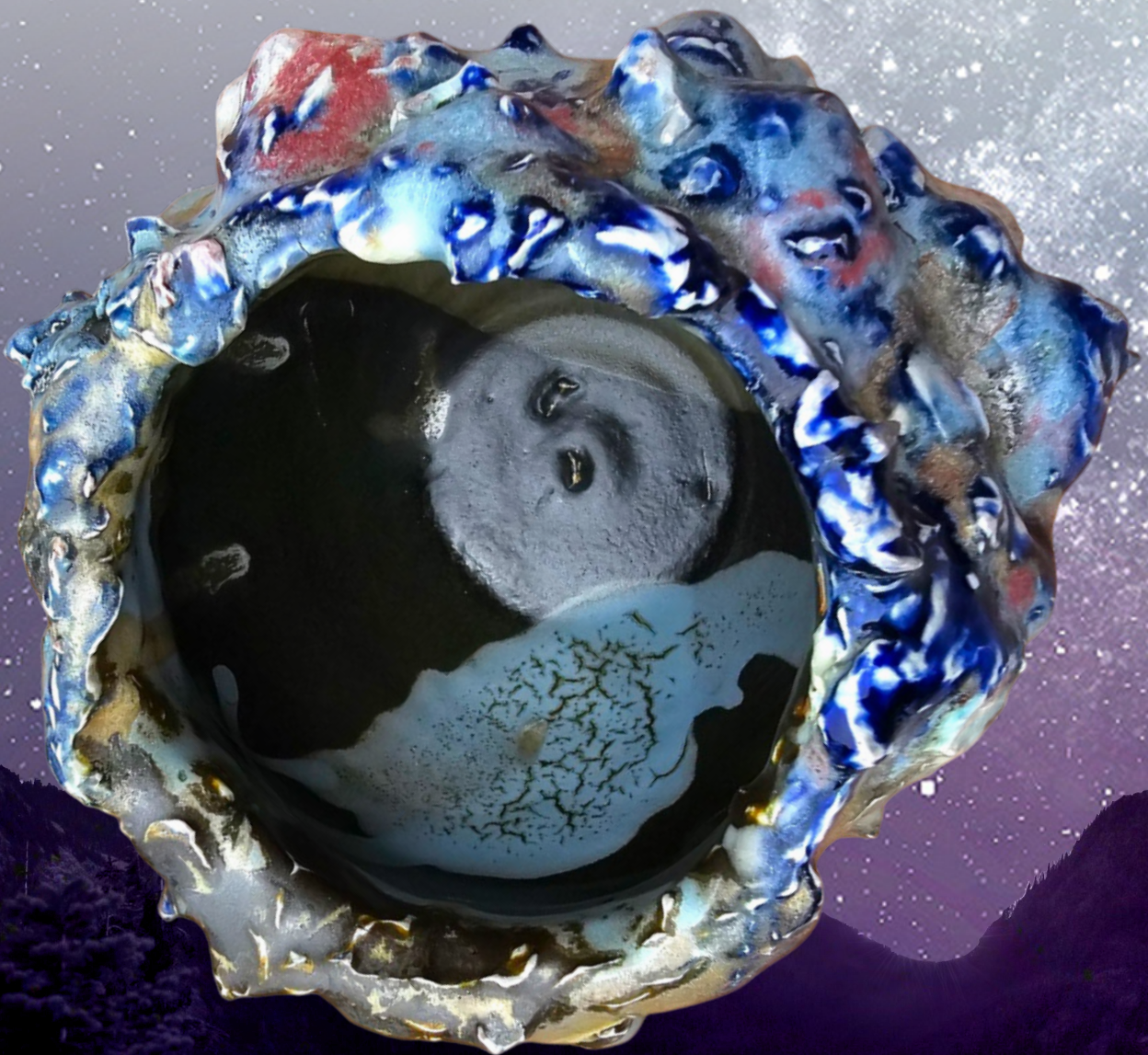


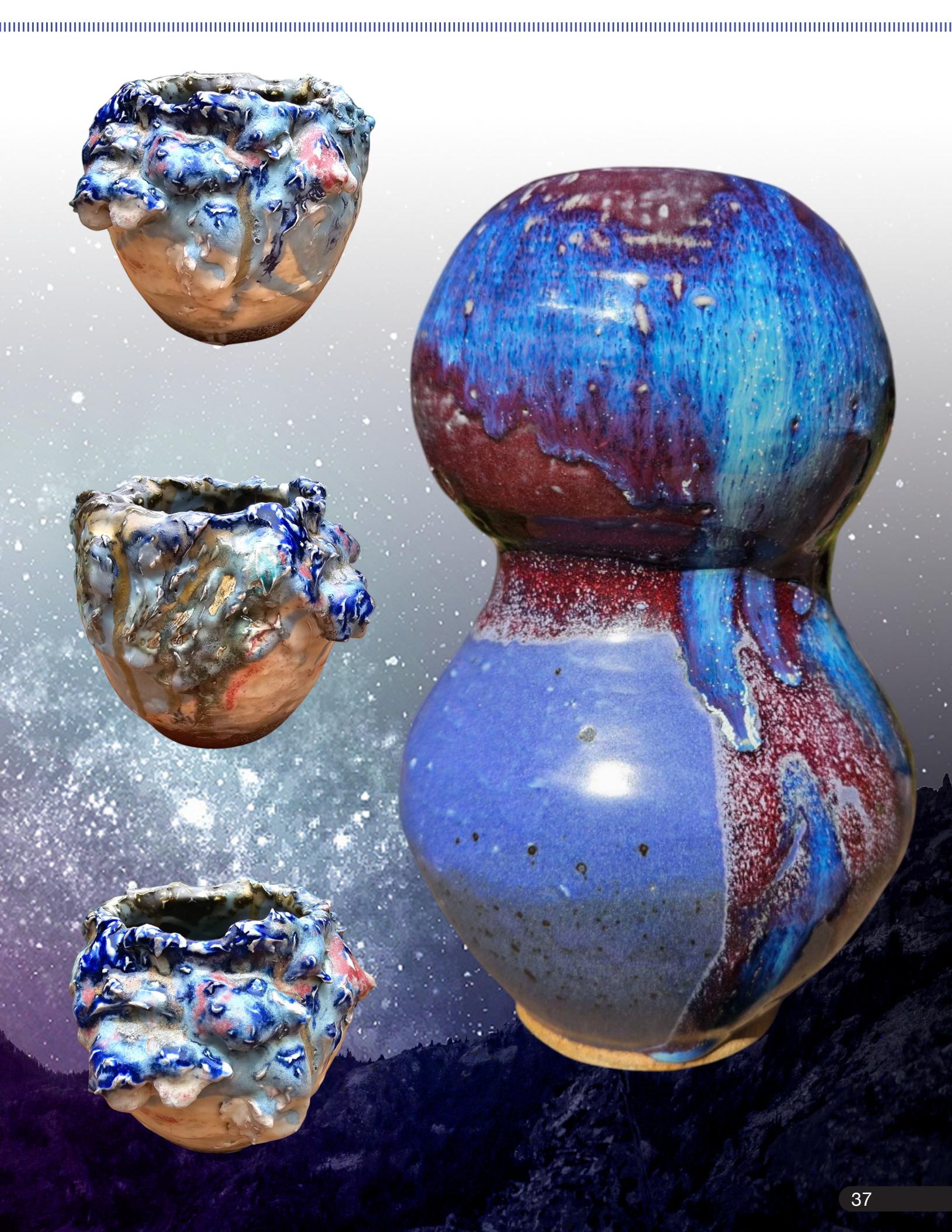
LIN K.

FINDING BEAUTY IN DISTORTION

When Lin Kensington sits at the wheel, the rules dissolve. Clay becomes something more than earth; it becomes memory, tension, and transformation. A multidisciplinary artist working at the intersection of ceramics and abstract painting, Lin is guided by intuition and the belief that there are no rules in art. “I try to maintain a heart of gratitude while creating,” she says, and that gratitude shows in work that holds both grace and grit.

Born with an insatiable curiosity, Lin’s journey has been as textured as her vessels. She spent six years in the U.S. Navy and later made a home in Hawaii for twelve years. Those island years became part of her work: the ocean’s unpredictable shifts, coral formations, and the slow erosion of stone all contributed to her artistic language.





Today, she works under Master Potter Collin Rosebrook at Paseo Pottery in Oklahoma City, while also pursuing painting at Edmond Fine Arts and collaborating with the OKC Contemporary Arts Center, where her ceramics will be exhibited in late 2025. Between exhibitions, Lin runs Sticker-roonie, a whimsical line of stickers and pins that balance her more serious studio work with playful, cheeky humor.

For our Distortion issue, Lin's work exemplifies the theme perfectly. Her sculptures and vessels twist, bulge, and erode in ways that challenge traditional expectations. Each piece explores how form, function, and perception can be transformed and how those changes reflect our own personal shifts.

"The Worrier" is a very intricate and personal piece. A high-grog stoneware sculpture, gas-fired and glazed, it depicts an anxious overthinker, hands to head, body riddled with voids. "It highlights the real struggles of those of us prone to anxiety," Lin explains. "The distortion lies in the fact that our worries seldom come to pass." The empty spaces in the form reflect the hollows we try to fill in ourselves.

In "Toothy Grin," distortion becomes both playful and unsettling. A functional pot is turned into a grinning, almost monstrous form, with teeth made from pottery shards. It directly challenges the idea that art must be traditionally beautiful to make an impact.

Pieces like "Shipwrecked" and "Kori No Kawa" turn to nature's hand in distortion, encrusted porcelain slip mimicking barnacles and coral, or rippling blue glazes evoking the hallucinatory surface of water. They speak to the slow processes of change: decay, transformation, reclamation by the earth. Even in the more abstract "Stellar Drift," the body itself becomes a site of distortion. An hourglass shape, pinched and bulging, feels like a torso caught in tension, physical, emotional, perhaps even temporal.

Throughout her work, distortion isn't destruction. It's evolution. Clay, like people, can be reshaped by pressure and time into something unexpected. Lin's vessels demonstrate that beauty often comes from what is irregular, imperfect, or incomplete.

Her practice is, at its core, a celebration of resilience, a reminder that there's art in the process of becoming, and that the final form is never the only story worth telling.

-Amor Baldwin





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V

V ~

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VI

VI ~

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VII

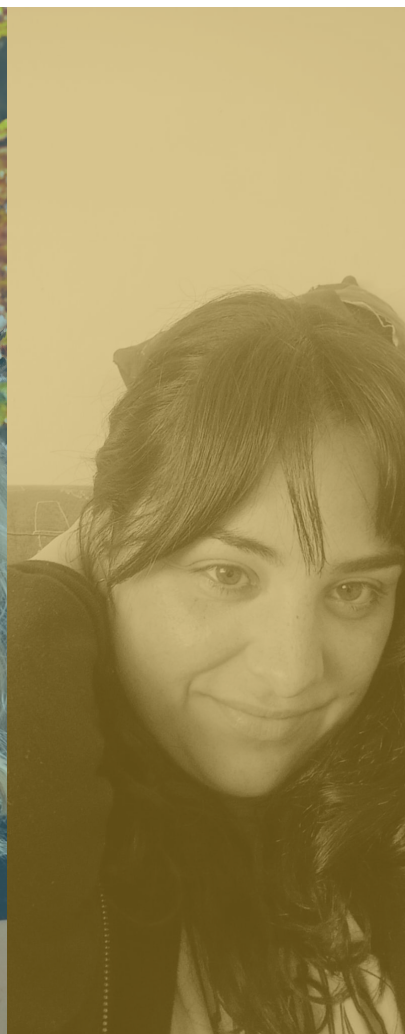
VII ~

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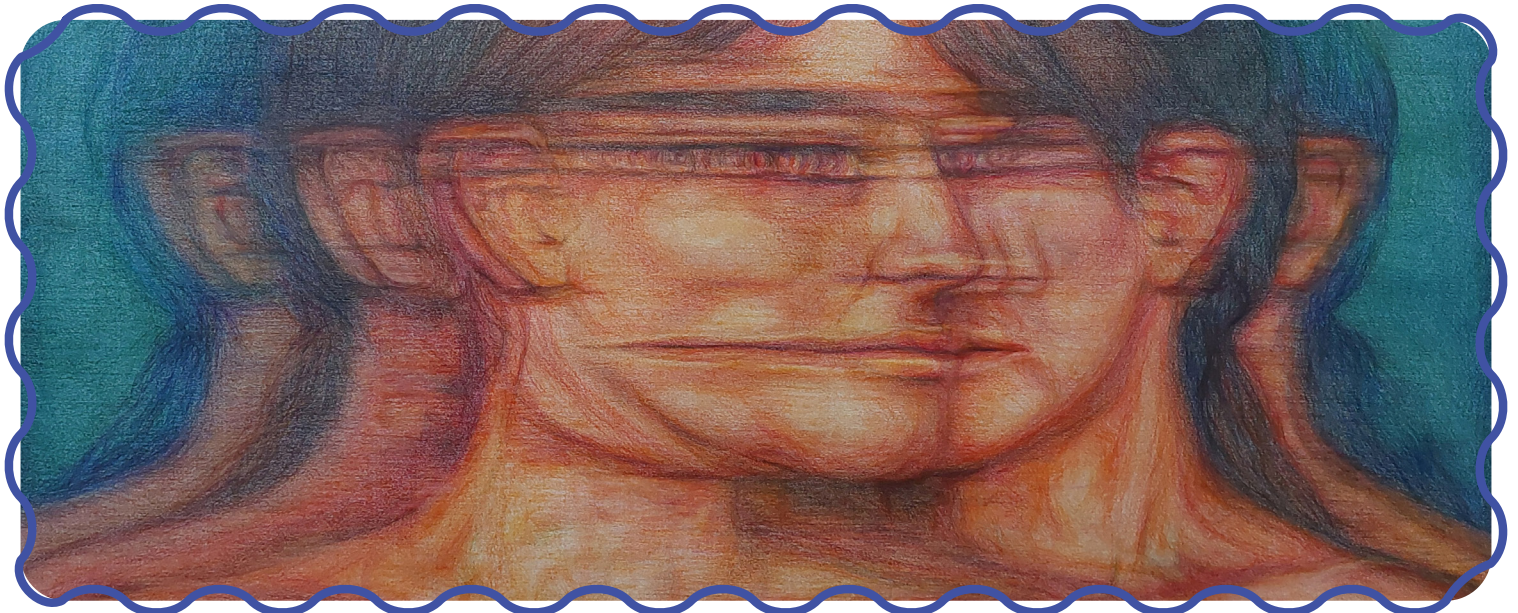
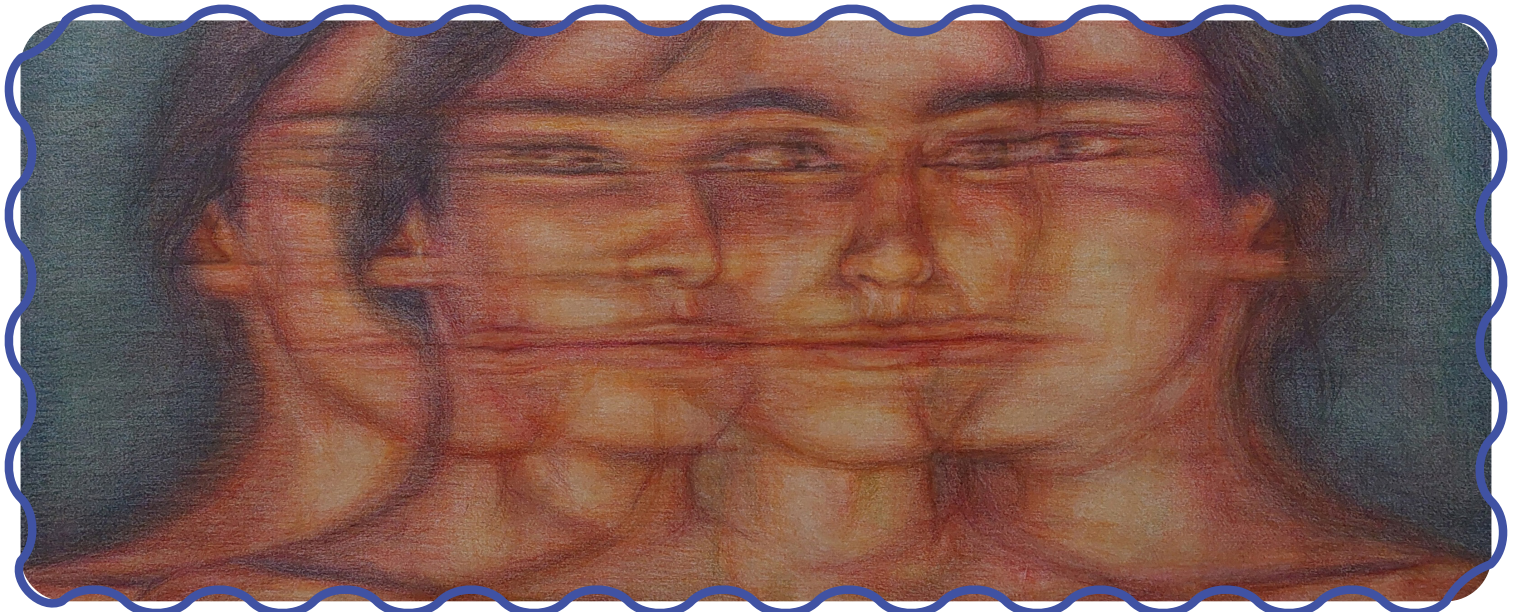
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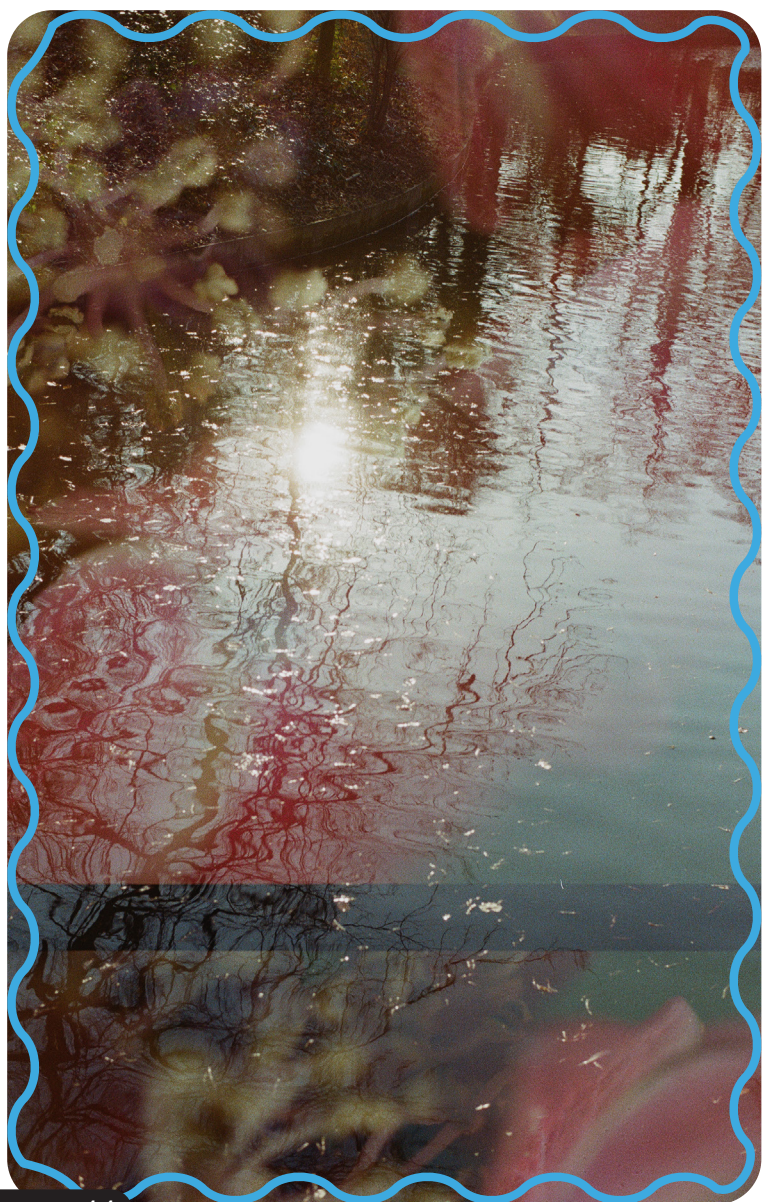
Fania Rodríguez

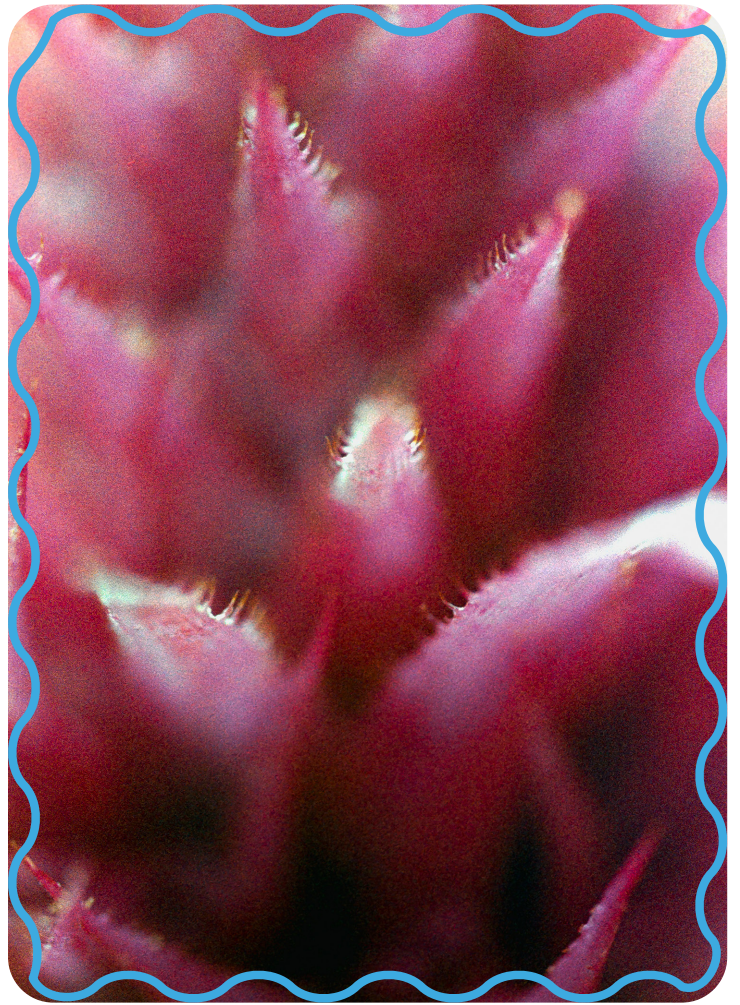
Ciudad Real, España

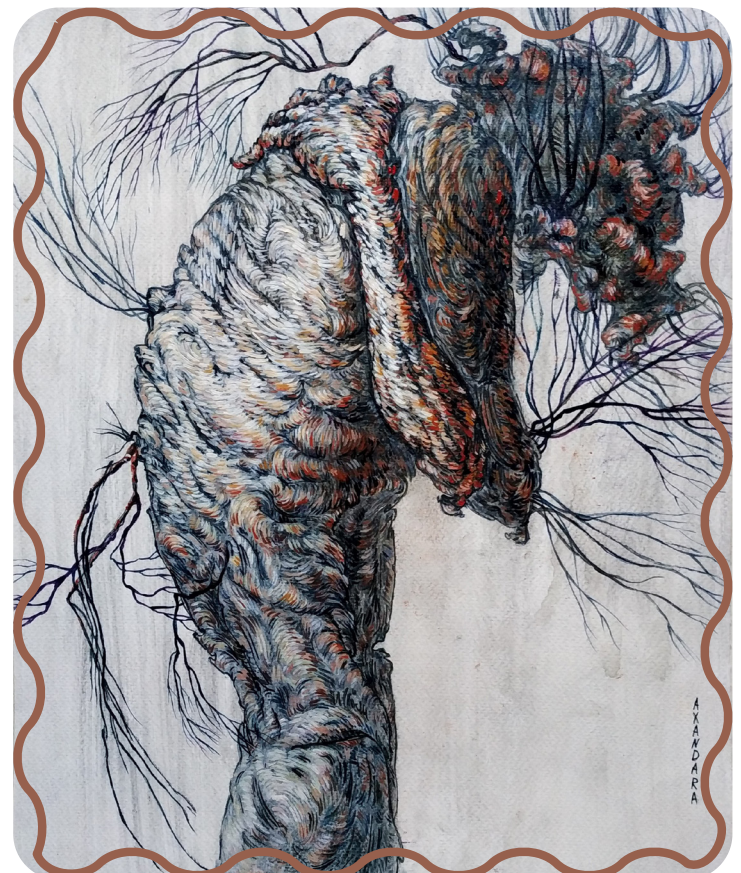
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