

A detailed oil painting featuring a yellow, bulbous alien with large, dark, circular eyes and two long, segmented antennae. The alien is positioned on the left, looking towards the viewer. To its right, a young boy with vibrant red hair and freckles has his eyes closed, resting his head against the alien. He is wearing a dark, high-collared garment with two visible buttons. The background is a soft, textured wash of light and dark tones, suggesting an indoor setting with draped fabric.

INTO THE
**LOOKING
GLASS**

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The Unapparent Magazine

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Editor's Letter

Figment of Reality

There I was, standing in a place that looked familiar but felt completely foreign. The world tilted slightly, the air hummed differently, and the things I thought I knew seemed to whisper back in a familiar tongue but with a different accent. Figment of my reality. It was as if reality had folded in on itself; recognizable, yet changed, and I was both an observer and a participant in a waking dream.

In that upside-down place, I found alignment, not with the world around me, but within myself. I began to see my journey more clearly: how far I had come, and the bridge that stretches toward who I'm still becoming. Art was the vehicle and portal for that alignment, and my upside-down was the revelation, one that forever changed me.

Surreal, climactic moments, the dopamine of discovery, when the known gives way to wonder.

This issue, Into the Looking Glass, is an invitation to step through that shimmering threshold. To let the familiar bend, the edges blur, and meaning rearrange itself in unexpected ways. Through art, we travel, crossing portals of perception into worlds both strange and intimately known.

And perhaps, somewhere within that journey, you'll find a different version of yourself, altered, yet never more alive.

What will you find when you dive into the looking glass? Turn the page and find out.

- K.S. Baldwin -



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Past, present, and future all refracted through glass



BEYOND THE BUBBLE

Heribert Schacherl invites us to go beyond the surface of our daily "bubbles," using expansive and immersive imagery that encourages viewers to rethink their own place in time, space, and community.

SCULPTING A UNIVERSE

A self-taught sculptor, Ornélie creates entire worlds through her feminine figures, worlds that blend the surreal and the romantic; sometimes shrouded in darkness, but other times illuminated by light. Her works exist at the crossroads of dream and reality, where beauty and strangeness reflect each other. Each piece becomes a reflection of her inner mythology as she sculpts her universe.





By reinterpreting the codes of the curiosity cabinet, we are led into a realm of suspended time. Her sculptures serve as portals to imagined eras tinged with Gothic and Victorian sensibilities. Within them lies a quiet nostalgia, a longing for the fantastical, and a fascination with what exists just beyond reason.

Entirely handmade from polymer clay and decorated with fabric, lace, glass, and delicate insects, each piece is unique, a tactile reminder that imagination itself defies replication. Through these singular forms, Orn lie looks into her own mirror, turning memory, fantasy, and emotion into something timeless and alive.



SOFT-LIT SANITY

We brought it in from outside like a wet dog, shaking the rain from itself all over our kitchen table -that mess. Our mess - drawn together tighter; bound by gravity. "I want to show you something," you said with a glint in your eye as you motioned for me to come closer.

On the table lay a kaleidoscope. My eyes widened as it rolled up to me and asked for help. It said, "Please use me to see yourself." Its face was melting in the sun in an unnerving way, as if Dorian Gray was sauntering through a Salvador Dali desert.

The lights flickered around us between film noir black and sepia tones as the kaleidoscope reduced to a low static hum. You had already looked through its glass. "Come here,"

I said with a soft authority. I picked it up and looked through. That's when the kaleidoscope melted into my eyes and hardened into mirrors as it cut through my corneas.

I looked at you and your reflection began to splinter into tessellated honeycombs. Was this a mirage or was this reality? When I was able to focus, the sight of our humanity dripped like mercury and reflected in each other - thoughtful, present, seen. Everything around me began to fracture and feel warm as I slipped into another consciousness. Bob Marley sang faintly in the background asking if I could be loved and I whispered yes - yes to every fish-eyed fragment that glimmered when I turned my head to the next image.

You pulled me close to join you as
our hands swapped secrets; we
swayed cheek to cheek, palm
to palm with our looking-
glass eyes. Through
safety and madness,
the kaleidoscope
mirrors
intoxicated
me. The glint
of your
eyes liked
sharpened

vertices, looking into mine as I'm looking into yours enthralled me. The bokeh lights danced against our tear ducts like little belly dancers and I wondered what percentage of us reflected truth.

Looking into you I thought my vision was broken, but you held pieces of me I needed to find in every shard buried in your eyes. You held every fracture in me against a different version of yourself in geometric symmetry. I asked if you would never let me go because every time we stood still, I felt whole in your arms. You and I, bonded molecules bouncing chemistry against each other. I tried to get back to each moment we had been before it slipped away into the next. Every movement left us with a new kaleidoscope picture as you led us through the hues of soft-light sanity.

You never let me go once as I felt the vertigo envelope me. You had me look down into the abyss - infinite reflections on reflections. "It's not an abyss; it's depth," you said soothingly. And I wondered if this was what Medusa felt like when she was captivated, before she looked too deeply and he turned to stone. Just long enough to savor that fractal of time into the looking glass he had shown her.

— Nova

TWO WORLDS, ONE REFLECTION

When we met them in the corridor of Everfresh Studio, it felt like stepping into a reflection of *Into the Looking Glass* itself. Two artists, side by side, yet moving in different directions of the same vision. One traces the quiet pulse of nature through concrete; the other captures the fleeting rhythm of childhood before it fades. Together, their work reminds us that imagination and growth are never truly lost, they simply take new forms.

Manda Lane paints the world as it grows back toward itself, her vines and papercut botanicals reclaiming what time forgets.

Jo “n2o” Travis paints it as it once was, where wonder and innocence still rule the streets.

Between them, you feel both the roots and the wings of the city, grounded, alive, and reaching for light.

MANDA LANE
**WHERE NATURE
WHISPERS LOUDER
THAN THE CITY**



Manda Lane's presence is calm and grounded, much like her work. As we spoke about the delicate balance between nature and city life, it became clear that her art isn't just about plants; it's about resilience.

Her monochrome botanicals spill across walls and laneways like whispers that refuse to be silenced. Each hand cut edge and brushstroke is an act of quiet rebellion, proof that nature, even in the most urban spaces, always finds a way back.



Standing before her murals, you can almost hear the hum beneath the surface, roots pushing through pavement and vines weaving through memory. From the Temple of Boom at NGV to intimate paper installations, she transforms stillness into dialogue.

Manda's reminder: that beauty never disappears; it only hides in the overlooked corners, waiting for someone to notice.

— Geordana

JO “N2O” TRAVIS THE ART OF REMEMBERING HOW TO PLAY

Spending an afternoon with Jo “n2o” Travis feels like stepping inside her work, surrounded by the laughter of children, the hum of colour, and the small sparks of joy tucked into every corner. For Jo, a wall is not a barrier but an invitation, a chance to reconnect with that fearless, playful part of ourselves that still believes in magic.



Her multi layered stencils are delicate yet full of life. Every cut, every colour, every shadow carries intention. Her murals breathe curiosity into concrete, transforming ordinary streets into places that ask us to pause, smile, and remember how to see the world again, not just look at it.

There's something deeply human in her art.

Beneath the nostalgia, there's a belief that even in our busiest moments, art can bring us back to ourselves.





*“These figures don’t appear as threats,
but as silent companions.*

*They reveal that what we fear often
reflects parts of ourselves, our
vulnerabilities, our traumas, and the
things we hide.”*

— Sofia

DOMESTICATION OF TERROR

SOFIA AND THE QUIET FAMILIARITY OF FEAR

Chaos screams in the wind, but over time, you realize that chaos is part of nature, and it becomes the norm. So, the wind is simply the wind. Anxiety in our smiles, violence on our streets, fear in our hearts, but that's life, so we push through. Terror made normal; such suppression is ingrained in our DNA. The lack of control gives way to unrest, which in turn breeds more fear. As a result, we acquire a silent passenger. Everything we suppress, everything that remains unclear, moves with us as we walk in oblivion along a path of normalcy.

To step into the looking glass is to explore the perplexity that is contrary to what is. Sofia dives into the uncanny, exploring how the monstrous becomes strangely familiar and how what unsettles us most doesn't always come from the outside but lives with us quietly. She calls it *Domestication of Terror*, and in her work, that silent passenger is interlaced with what we consider ordinary.

While exploring a sense of otherness and duality, Sofia reflects on the loss of identity she experienced as a child when her mother suffered from amnesia.





"I often felt like a stranger in my own home, a caretaker more than a normal child, and this feeling of emotional disconnection is reflected in the isolated, distant children that appear in my paintings. My images speak of the contradictions within us, how we can feel both seen and invisible, present and absent."

Her use of oil and acrylic showcases this fragility. Surfaces are built with thick, heavy textures that contrast with fluid strokes, balancing clarity and dissolution. Memory, like paint, shifts—sometimes solid, sometimes blurred, and is always vulnerable to change.

Sofia's work focuses less on what we see directly and more on what remains just beyond recognition. She examines how terror, grief, and fear become normalized, threaded through



everyday life until they no longer shock us but sit silently beside us, like quiet companions. Freud called this the uncanny: when the familiar becomes strange. For Sofia, it is also when the strange becomes familiar.

Her figures echo the materials of home yet unsettle the space around them, hovering between intimacy and disquiet. They show us that what hides within the anxieties we bury deep often shapes our reality most. Those suppressions are not adversaries but gateways, portals into our own hidden vulnerabilities and childhood wounds. Into our own looking glass.

— The Unapparent Team



LIGHTS OF A NEW WORLD SPECTRAL REFLECTIONS CAUGHT BETWEEN PRESENCE AND ABSENCE.

Artist: Aidamaris Roman

Lights of a New World features spectral girls who appear as glowing holograms, figures caught between existence and nonexistence, past and future. They ride carousels, symbols of nostalgia, yet their radiant forms belong to another realm.

Like visions through glass, these children fracture identity and time. Ghosts and children, memory and prophecy. Their world is familiar, yet inverted, an echo of ours, but not ours. In their gaze, the question hovers: who is looking at whom? Are they our reflection, or are we theirs? To meet their eyes is to cross over, to step into a doubled reality.



This series draws the viewer toward the mirror's edge, where perception falters and the ordinary transforms into something else, shifting our perspective as we cross over.

— K.S Baldwin



GORDON STUDIO GLASSBLOWERS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE ALL REFRACTED THROUGH GLASS.

Nestled in Red Hill on the Mornington Peninsula, Gordon Studio Glassblowers is more than a gallery. It is a living flame, a continuum of craft passed through hands, hearts, and generations.

From Alasdair and Rish's early engraving work in Scotland to Eileen and Grant's contemporary studio practice in Australia, and now with Hamish and Calum carrying the light forward, this is a rare story of art that is both inherited and reinvented.

We visited the studio to hear their story of family, craft, and the fragile magic that glass holds.



GRANT: THE VISIONARY OF LIGHT

When asked whether founding Gordon Studio in 1990 was driven by independence, experimentation, or tradition, Grant answers simply that it was all the above. He and Eileen believed deeply in what they were creating. They knew they could succeed and had great determination. Starting with nothing gave them great drive.

That determination is still visible in every corner of the Red Hill studio. Purpose-built to allow visitors to safely watch the glassblowing at work, it embodies the couple's belief in transparency, not just of the material but of the process. They designed the studio so people could view the team working and experience the effort and skill that goes into glassmaking. The gallery gave their work greater recognition and allowed audiences to

connect with the craft in a more personal way.

Grant's creative vision is deeply influenced by the landscapes that surround him, the shifting blues of the bay, the rich ochres of the peninsula earth, and the muted greens and browns of native bushland. Those colours find their way into his glass as sensations of place. Each piece captures the quiet rhythm of nature through light and tone, translating the environment into form.

For Grant, glass is the study of light itself. It's a lens that reveals the invisible and teaches patience. He hopes those who visit take away an appreciation of their skill and life's work, and that they look forward to the next piece as much as he does.



EILEEN: THE KEEPER OF THE FLAME

Pride glows in Eileen's voice as we stand with her in the studio she built with Grant. She feels proud and a little amazed at what has progressed since she first set up a small glassblowing studio on a dairy farm, never dreaming it would grow to this point.

Her story begins long before Red Hill, in childhood memories of visiting her father's engraving workshop. She remembers designing on a piece of glass and sandblasting it, first imagining she would follow in her parents' footsteps as an engraver. But the moment she saw molten glass come alive in the heat of the furnace, she knew that was her path.

Standing with her in the studio, the heat hums around us. Eileen moves with quiet rhythm, her body tracing the same choreography she has repeated for decades, back and forth between the furnace and the bench, turning, rolling, coaxing the molten glass into form. She uses twelve pieces of folded paper dipped in water that she uses to cool the surface before returning it to the flame. When I asked Eileen, "How do you know when a piece is finished?", she smiled and replied very quickly, "When it's perfect".

Eileen bridges the generations, from her parents' engraving legacy to her sons' contemporary practice, with grace and quiet authority. When asked how she defines her role now, she describes herself as a maker, mentor, and guardian of legacy. Her advice to the next generation is simple and elemental: "Be yourself".

"How do you know when a piece is finished?" she smiled and replied very quickly, "When it is perfect."



HAMISH: THE INNOVATOR

In 2025, Hamish's work was exhibited at the National Gallery of Victoria, a defining moment not only for his career but for the family legacy. It offered a moment to stop, reflect, and see the progress in his work and what has been made possible through his family's lineage.

Hamish's practice moves between three dimensions: commissions, design objects, and exhibition art. Each sits on a different point of the creative spectrum. Commissions demand precision, design work balances creativity and function, and exhibition pieces burn with pure artistic energy.

Recently, Hamish has travelled overseas, an experience that has reshaped how he sees his work and its place in the world. The journey has given him a deeper sense of connection and a renewed understanding of what it means to make art that transcends borders.

As his work gains recognition, he sees himself not just as a continuation of the Gordon legacy but as its evolution. His focus now is ensuring the studio continues to move with the times and with fresh energy, embracing innovation while honouring the roots that built it.



CALUM: THE EMERGING VOICE

For Calum, the youngest of the Gordon lineage, glass began not as destiny but as discovery. It started as a job, but through time and experimentation, it became a calling. Workshops and creative exploration helped him find his rhythm and develop his own direction within the family legacy.

His work lives in that thrilling space between control and chaos. He continues to experiment, following grooves that feel natural yet constantly shifting.

There is honesty in his perspective, a realism shaped by both inspiration and uncertainty. Being the youngest in a family of glass artists brings a mix of pressure, inspiration, and freedom. Calum is also clear-eyed about the challenges ahead, aware of the rising costs of materials and energy that weigh heavily on the future of the craft.

Still, his curiosity endures. In every flicker of molten glass, he sees not only challenge but possibility. His voice is the sound of continuity in motion, building upon the foundation his family created while searching for something uniquely his own.

The story of Gordon Studio Glassblowers is not bound by time. It is a prism through which art, memory, and legacy converge, refracting the past into the present and the present into what comes next.

In Red Hill, the furnace never really cools. Its glow is more than fire. It is reflection, movement, and magic, a world where light and colour speak their own language. Watching glass take form here feels like peering through a living looking glass, where creation and reflection become one.

The Gordon family is a beautiful generational story of artists who have shaped the future of glassblowing while remaining grounded in humility and grace. Though widely recognised and deeply respected, they continue to work with the same quiet dedication that first ignited their flame. In every piece they create, light becomes legacy, and legacy becomes art.

— Geordana

EPILOGUE THE CONTINUUM OF LIGHT





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Aidamaris-2024