



What is in the
fruit bowl?

catalyst

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a

catalyst

for

your

inspiration

brought to you by

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Welcome to the fruit bowl

a foreword from your editor

I'm
oddly
fascinated
fruit bowl. It's an
piece of the
nothing more than
that's what makes it so interesting. The bowl is a blank canvas that
becomes a dynamic sculpture as we add to and remove from it—a collaboration
between Mother Nature and our selective consumption. Each piece of fruit is hand-
picked from the grocery store and gently placed into the bowl to ripen on display—which
also makes it vaguely pretentious. Dakota Johnson infamously lied about loving limes because a bowl of bright
colours looks appealing to guests. The bowl becomes a litmus test for your personal tastes and income; it tells
people that you can afford to have a piece of home décor that only looks good for a week.

I'm not the first artist to become fascinated by fruit; in fact, its persistence goes back centuries. 15th
century classical literature and renaissance paintings often used Mother Nature's offspring to symbolise
Gods and Goddesses. However, 16th century Dutch Masters saw the introduction of still lifes
depicting lavish amounts of fresh produce, each one ripe with meaning. Oranges and lemons
represented prosperity and wealth, peaches represented evil, whereas plums
represented protection against evil, and pomegranates' similarity to human
flesh meant they were often used to depict immortality and
freedom from sin. The fruit bowl became an intricate
symbolic device that allured artists through its
technical beauty.

Of course, these symbols and
paintings only really represented the
richest few artists who could afford
lavish fruits to paint, and there are
many more interpretations of the
humble fruit to come.

The modern-day grocery store,
then, serves as an art gallery to
display all these natural beauties—a
demonstration of human
intervention that guided Mother
Nature to produce only the brightest
colours or the sweetest flavours.
What was once a delicacy saved for
only the richest is now served to us
in rows of almost identical looking
varieties. It's easy to overlook the
history of each apple that enters our
hands—but they have been painted
and sculpted over centuries.

FINLAND



So why would the fruit bowl not be an art
piece? Its history and physical properties
would suggest so. Even the etymology
of the words 'fruit' and 'bowl' speak to
collective creation and enjoyment. 'Fruit'
originates from the Latin word 'fructus'
which means to harvest and enjoy, and
'bowl' emerged from large drinking cups
and festive occasions. Even in a modern
context we're still finding what it means to
be fruity.

To me, the fruit bowl is a metaphor for a
collection of beautiful artefacts that share a
space for only a short period of time. Each
individual part contains a history far larger
than itself, guided by humanity and Mother
Nature, ripe and ready for consumption.

Artists and creatives aren't exclusive to those placed on pedestals; they're all around us.

When I think about the creation of this issue, offering a vessel for stories and ideas meant I could enjoy something far larger than myself—hand-picking the right collaborators from the grocery store of artists and assembling them into a beautiful sculpture. Artists and creatives aren't exclusive to those placed on pedestals; they're all around us.



BELGIUM

After leaving my home country for the first time, I've been fortunate enough to enter an entirely new pool of creatives and meet each of the people who contribute to this unique bowl. It gave me the ability to understand what it means to create a community and how different they can look. And as I began to travel across the globe, I was able to engage with each country's long artistic and cultural histories. It was a beautiful and rewarding process that compelled me to think differently about how I approach telling stories and make art.

So, thank you to every fruit in this bowl. Thank you to all the people who contributed and created this catalyst for artistic consumption. And welcome! Welcome to a home full of history, pretty things, and careful selection.

Enjoy, Ethan.

SCOTLAND



Ceramic



Fashion



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Writer

Left: Sophie wears Stand studio fur coat, Andersson Bell Ellison dress & Valerie by Kiesha Gibson.

Rebecca wears Rick Owens
Mainline Longsleeve, vintage
draped scarves & Contrast
and Clay by Salma Hagens.



In the world of fashion, innovation and inspiration often comes from unexpected sources.

Ceramics are functional and expressive, similar to what we come across in the fashion industry. They can be used to represent upcoming trends, history or the meaning behind an idea or concept. This collection draws on the intersection between fashion and ceramics through photography. In the world of fashion, innovation and inspiration often comes from unexpected sources— from shaping and firing to tailoring and tacking, the two disciplines are historically deep-rooted and share a lot of overlapping values through their demand of time, skill, and dedication.

This collection echoes the use of forms, structure, and texture within ceramics which intertwine with the fluid, wearable shapes of the garments. With art as a central source of inspiration for fashion, this convergence bridges the intersection of fashion becoming sculptural and ceramics becoming wearable, enabling creatives to be more freely expressive.

Across the series, the images establish a strong and sustained dialogue between fashion and ceramics through their material contrasts, bodily presence, and careful placement and staging. For example, the opening image showcases a model wearing a shearing-style wool coat whilst holding a bright blue ceramic vessel. As an extension of the outfit, the ceramic form disrupts expectations for fashion imagery, and through being decorated by markings mimicking a torso, the image as a whole depletes the boundary between garment, object and the body. Composing the ceramic as an active participant in the composition is a prominent narrative across this series.

The imagery of smooth, stone-like ceramic forms close to the model's face introduces an element of intimacy; the form's ridges mimic a facial structure, even down to the markings. The makeup reflects the ceramic process of etching and elevates the markings on the stone-like vessel. The ceramic form echoes the shape of the body, further blurring the boundary between object and garment. In the final image, the model cradles a tall ceramic vessel.

Rebecca wears Balenciaga
Garderobe Maxi
Padded trenchcoat.



Care and precision coincides with the labour and craftsmanship of the ceramic piece. The vase is treated as an extension of the body—held close to protect the fragility of the material. Collectively, they visually intertwine traditional hierarchies, using hybridity as a mode of expression to tell a story and encourage us to reconsider the possibilities of object interaction within photography.

The structural alignment between the two mediums highlights the dynamic and limitless possibilities that open up through entwining fashion and art forms. Using clay as a tool and an extension of the garments while positioning the weight and solidity of the ceramic structures against the flexibility of the fabric opens up a conversation around material contrast. This juxtaposition allows the two materials to exist in dialogue together.



Rebecca wears Juun J
x Reebok caped hoodie,
Adidas Blue Version padded
shirt & Contrast and Clay by
Salma Hagraas.

Pictured alongside Toned
Truth by Salma Hagraas &
Engobe by Kiesha Gibson.



The use of the term 'collection' across both mediums is a reflection of narrative communication and cohesion through curation and careful thought.

Particularly in this collection, the ceramics are placed within the body's space, creating an absence of hierarchy between garment and object. Occupying the same space allows the raw, earthy ceramic tones to both contrast and conform all at once. The intentional pairing of the two guides us to carefully consider and observe the craftsmanship behind both disciplines. From texture, tactility, and colour to sentimentality and care, the ceramic pieces enhance the garment's silhouette, acting as sculptural anchors and visual pauses in the composition of the images.

The context behind these two mediums enforces the deep-rooted relationship between processes and forms. Fashion historically emerged from necessity, culture, and social ritual, so garment-making is therefore rooted in domestic labour and hand-made processes passed through generations. The techniques of this craft reflect a practice where skill, repetition and material knowledge are central to portraying cultural and social meaning. Ceramics, on the other

hand, are one of the earliest human crafts—largely unchanged for thousands of years. Their deep-rooted nature relies on time-intensive, hands-on methods that require an intimate relationship with the traditions of the materials.

The dimensional properties of ceramic forms allow them to be structurally manipulated in the same manner. We can link draping, pattern-cutting, and tailoring in the fashion world to the throwing, carving, and moulding involved in sculpting clay. There is a definitive mirroring of these methods—especially in terms of craftsmanship, care, and control. In both disciplines, texture also becomes a record of physical craft and subjective choices made by the artist, whether that be through glaze variation or specific seams and folds in fabric manipulation. The use of the term 'collection' across both mediums is a reflection of narrative communication and cohesion through curation and careful thought.

These works highlight the shift between generations—instead

of solely using one medium, Generation Z are not afraid to cross mediums freely as a means of deeper conceptual understanding. As fashion continues to develop, it is clear that the industry is no longer confined to wearability alone. Rather, it increasingly embraces conceptual, sculptural, and process-led approaches. This hybrid intersection between fashion and ceramics moves away from traditional practice and towards boundless possibilities.

Rebecca wears vintage draped scarves, Yohji Yamamoto pour homme cotton wide trousers & Contrast and Clay by Salma Hagrais.



Catching up with Femke

ETHAN DUCK

Photography & Interview

FEMKE VAN DER HULST

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These days, trying to get a moment with Femke is tricky. She's a mother agent, a casting director, a creative director, and recently went viral across social media. After moving away from Amsterdam, she worked hard to build a creative team in the UK that matched her contagious energy and drive. In this interview, we speak about her journey, finding her style, what it means to have an audience, and how she disconnects in the digital age.



ED: Can you start by introducing yourself and talking a bit about you?

FEM: For the people?

ED: For the people.

FEM: For the people, I'm Femke van der Hulst. I'm 23 years old. I'm a creative director, a casting director, a producer, and I run my own mother agency.

ED: I love that. What about if you're meeting someone for the first time, what is your elevator pitch of you?

FEM: Somehow I end up yapping away about how I feel—as a creative director and a casting director—that the model makes the story, which is how I started my mother agency. How I know to scout is because I know who I would cast in my shows and how I know how to develop them is because I'm a creative director. I know what people are looking for; how to build a personal brand. And that usually gets me in the door.

ED: Who are you most interested in having as your audience?

FEM: I think my audience, the people I create for, are literally other creatives. I like creating things and then having other creatives reach out to me and be like, do you want to do this with me? Or I have some people in my WhatsApp that are like stylists and whatever they have in mind they go straight to me because they know it fits in my aesthetic world.



ED: Speaking of stylists, your wardrobe is one of your greatest assets and I want to know: how did you find your style and build out that wardrobe?

FEM: I think growing up in Amsterdam—which is such a fashion city—everyone assumes that I got my style then and there, which is not true. I couldn't dress. I remember ordering stuff from Shein and then it would arrive with one piece of fabric with a single little thread in it. I think then and there I realised that I would rather spend money on things that are durable. I just started going thrifting with my friends and everything being so cheap made it so easy to experiment. There are pictures out there of me with outfits that you really don't want to see. But through the joy of just playing around... I kind of felt like I could just try things out without having a certain style. I think I got to a point where I felt like I needed to have the flashiest, coolest outfits and then with a little bit of age and a little bit of experience that toned down into more grounded basics, but nice basics. Take me to jail, but I will outfit repeat until I die. I think if you love something, just wear it all the time. Wear it with pride.

ED: What about when you give your pieces away to other people? Do you find that hard?

FEM: It's like giving my babies away. But I've also lent out some of my trench coats to some students not that long ago and actually I was, like, in agony for about three days. It was fine in the end, but no, I find it really, really hard. I generally think that if this house burns down, you will see me on the street with an arm full of my clothes.

ED: Going back to the time in Amsterdam, I'm interested in how you found yourself in the creative field. What were your biggest inspirations and what drove you to this path?

FEM: My grandmother is the most stylish lady you'll ever meet. She always shows up in Chanel and matching sets and nice little loafers. She's 80 and she's incredible. She loves brooches. She's so put together. And then my aunt, she's a stewardess... she's all over the world. So her wardrobe is everything. Everything from everywhere. And when I was little and she lived in her first apartment... she would have these really steep stairs going up, and on every step she would have a different pair of shoes. So I could walk in heels when I was four years old.

ED: Woah. I love that.

FEM: They kind of died down now, but they used to have Disney stores. You could buy every single princess dress in the world there and they would send me so many princess dresses. So playing dress up and wearing heels... I loved fashion even as a kid. If you look at my baby pictures, I'm wearing some incredible outfits. I would wear them until they were broken and bruised.



ED: I'm interested in this idea of finding your niche. Are there other niches that you're interested in? Like in pop culture or movies?

FEM: I have an obsession with horror game lore. That I've never admitted that to anyone. I love it. You will catch me watching, like, Game Theory on YouTube every night. I love it. Reality TV, but it has to be specific reality TV. Mormon Wives. Vanderpump Villa. Yeah, those are my niches. I like the weird fashion designers from TikTok, people who make... weird stuff, like unconventional stuff. Like there's one guy; he takes baseball hats and he adds a bunch of feathers to them and it's almost like a modern hippie, big burlesque and stuff like that—love it.

ED: I was going to ask if there is a side of you that we don't know yet, but I guess that's it.

FEM: There you go. I'm a huge nerd. And I don't think that would surprise anyone who actually spends more than five minutes with me. I love it. I love—I love a lot of nerdy things and I have ADHD, so I will hyper focus on things.

ED: How do you navigate the tension between a structured creative process and getting lost inside of it on your own path?

FEM: I definitely prefer to get lost inside of it. I don't hate structure. Structure is great, especially if you're doing something for a brand that has a deadline, it's fab. But I do think the best phase of work is from going a little bit... crazy. Just have to go a little bit crazy.

ED: Like obsessive crazy?

FEM: No, not like obsessive. Like, I'm not out here making murder boards, but I have to respond to a brief. For example, for my dissertation right now, they asked me to make it a critical path. There's no way I'm going to stick to it. My brain is not wired that way. I'll start a project with so much confidence because I know I can do it and I've always done it. And then I get to a point where I'll actually think the whole world's going to end... and you'll catch me going in the shower and I'll have a big big cry and then I'll come back and I'll be like, 'I'm literally God.' And then I'd bang it out. Sometimes you have to go a little bit crazy to make it work. If there's any creative out there who's telling you that they don't go a little bit crazy or that they don't doubt their own work, they're so lying.

ED: Moving on to like a bit more of your personal life, you and your partner are both very creative people. And I'm always seeing you guys out and about on Instagram. Is that something that you do to inspire or like, get out of the digital realm?

FEM: I think it's a little bit of both, but we're both really good at not being able to put our work down. It's because we're both so passionate and in love with what we do. Like, it just consumes us. We do it for each other and for ourselves because I can't be on seven days a week. It would be insane. You know, every place we go, national trusts and all—we like going for hikes and cute little cafes—everything has a story and I definitely think it makes both of us work better because how are you going to create if you can't consume right? Like we watch films every night. We listen to music, new albums drop... we love old school cinemas like the Savoy. I definitely think it's made both of our works better. I've fully done a little bit of the creative direction for George as well. I've rebranded his entire brand, came up with a logo, came up with colourings, concepts, how we film it, how we execute it... The only reason I'm capable of doing that is because I know George to the bone. It's the same with everything else—if you wanted to do a project on something, you have to live it. Get into it. Really, really get into it; really live it. You can read about it all you want, but you have to let go and live it. Yeah. I like that.



tracing veiled faces



To take an existing piece and use it to stimulate our 'forces' to produce something more than, individualised from, stylised into—until it is its own unique piece. It is all too easy to call this technique copying. 'Cheating.' But referencing is crucial to all art forms. We cannot expect to make totally unique, never-done-before works all the time. Better then to use what already exists to fill a creative gap, to add flourishes—to arrange the same pieces in different patterns.



Throughout history, there has been an underlying assumption that art is only a manifestation of the imagination—an expression of creative force inherent within us that yearns to leave evidence of itself in the external world.

Undoubtedly, that is an essential component. But this assumption glosses over one of the most prevalent and important techniques in art—referencing.

ETHAN DUCK
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FEMKE VAN DER HULST
Creative Direction & Casting
WELLIE MAXINE
Styling and Talent
MAYA BROWN
Talent
ELENA SMOUT
Words



*The choices we make are
always in reference to
choices made before us.*

Referencing could be as simple as using the framing of a shot to facilitate your sense of perspective, or tracing the outline of an existing artwork before turning it into something new, or using sets and costuming to evoke a specific style from a moment in history.

But what do our choices in referencing mean for the way art is re-imagined? Often, our impression of artwork emerges from the conditions of our social living. The choices we make are always in reference to choices made before us.

For example, current trends in 'modern art' emerged from a rejection of stoic, traditional styles in favour of more subjective, abstract, and individualised expressions.

Once, disciplined artistic practices and class-controlled beliefs on what was considered 'true' or 'high' art maintained a fairly standardised industry.

Now that the world has opened itself up to more diverse opinions, methods, techniques, and people themselves, the former guidelines simply no longer work. Interestingly, the negative impressions of modern art and growing nostalgia for Romantic era paintings could indicate another counter-culture movement back towards tradition.



This rejection seems to ripple out of modern-day disgruntlement with the elite class who can fork out millions for seemingly 'meaningless' artworks while the working class struggles. Art is always used in reference to other art—even if the reference is to oppose it. Creativity does not exist in a vacuum; it is endlessly directed and re-directed. It is curious, then, to re-imagine traditional times such as the Renaissance period through a modern lens. Photography is a more modern art form—certainly, it was not alive to capture the 17th century. So why choose to use the aesthetic signatures of the time period within modern parameters?

Creativity does not exist in a vacuum; it is endlessly directed and re-directed.

Fashion during the Renaissance, particularly for the elite class, was heavily shaped by beauty standards: lavish gowns and tight bodices accentuated waists and highlighted silhouettes while bold colours, jewellery, and cosmetics signalled wealth and status.

It was highly fashionable for Renaissance women to appear virtuous, so clothing became a way to literally dress oneself in a shroud of purity. Iconically used in Leonardo da Vinci's painting of a Florentine noblewoman, the Latin phrase 'VIRTUTEM FORMA DECORAT'—'Beauty adorns virtue'—is keenly felt in most female portraiture from the time.

Art couldn't simply capture a beautiful woman; it had to preserve a sense of timeless chastity. Beauty, then, almost became a set of embodied principles.



So why do we re-imagine old aesthetics through new forms and in new ways?

References to the Renaissance period in a modern context are often inspired by these aesthetics of colour, design, and textile—but now have the ability to shift the goalposts on what the subject embodies. 21st century ways of thinking no longer dictate that a woman's beauty be defined by her chastity, nor do they require someone to be from a particular class to dress in such clothes.

The fashion is referenced but the illusion is re-defined. A digital photograph may give justice to bright pops of colour and breathe new life into re-used fabrics while also offering new instincts for style, positioning, lighting, and expression. It may position the subject as dramatic, or tender, or curious. It may fulfil the range of emotions women are now freer to express. Yes, within a reference there is inspiration, context, and connection—but above all, there is power; a revolutionary power; a power altogether new.

So why do we re-imagine old aesthetics through new forms and in new ways? Why do we reference? Why do we study, alter, play with, re-imagine, re-purpose? To answer those questions you only need to ask: how would we make art otherwise?



The Hidden Artist

Has the mystique of anonymous art and accompanying creative cultures completely vanished?

CHARLOTTE BEYNON

Words

In a world demanding constant social media presence, extensive interviews, and the expectation that everyone in the spotlight is destined to release an autobiographical tale, we are constantly repelled yet drawn towards the lives of others more fortunate and wealthy.

So, we unduly import ourselves into their lives, acquainting ourselves with their family, habits – even the garments they wear. Social platforms are constantly updating mechanisms that can reveal a person's whole life to us – or the aspects they think ought to be shown – easily allowing us to receive an abundance of knowledge through a pixelated screen. No wonder security surrounding these celebrities and artists is constantly threatened. Has the art of the understated completely retired from contemporary culture?

Growing up, I was told that the only way to break into the fashion and art scene was by overexposing our work to the world or, as I quote, "getting ourselves out there." To some extent, I agree. Of course, it is beneficial to make a public display of our labour and the process that drove us to our final execution. Yet every time I am compelled to curate a specialised post to my creative portfolio Instagram page, I envision my work as a lamb thrown to the slaughter – a vulnerable creation that may be either scrutinised or celebrated.

This venture into creating an overly stylised perception of ourselves through our work is all about the reveal: "Reveal yourself in both the thick and thin, and success will follow suit!" (or so they say).

But why has the exhausting task of curating a public spectacle of creativity now become boresome, especially when it is obvious to see that every creative in the world has begun showcasing their lives as though they are within this genre of

'influencers' – or whatever that newly found 'profession' may be.

While less prominent now, there are still a handful of artists who operate strictly anonymously, favouring ambiguity and mystery while fabricating more societal commentary in the safety of knowing that it cannot be traced back to them or cancelled in any form. Additionally, their secrecy can be related to the fact that artists are frequently overlooked because of their race, gender, and social status.

To conceal oneself is a logical measure to avoid any bias that may have been received if your identity was public knowledge. The earliest example of the 'hidden artist' can be traced back to the religious Renaissance painter simply known as the 'Master of Moulins' – famous for translating realistic Flemish art techniques into contemporary European art scenes.

This vague artist, who was thought to have operated from the late 1400s to the early 1500s, credited their work as done by 'The Master' – generating an almost God-like persona. They gratified themselves through the identity of an overlord or sovereign to the paintings which similarly exuded religious imagery and captured official commissioned portraiture of the French royals.

This personality gratification of transforming into some higher figure to be admired and awed at is perhaps what social media influencers and artists now aim to achieve; they aren't like us, therefore we should envy their lives and their power of control. However, influencers blatantly reveal every aspect of their tone-deaf lives until we, the outsiders, could write a biography of them ourselves – this you may understand my disliking of.



There is a clear conflict between the cheapness of overexposing creative processes and the desire for enigma and unfamiliarity within visual culture.

The 'Master of Moulins' sought success purely through their cloaked identity, but eventually historians linked the paintings to a Jean Hey – almost destroying the facade, polarising a title, and cheapening the work.

This is why contemporary artists such as Banksy have yet to reveal their true selves.

Yet within a historical context, the hidden artist is much more preserved and commemorated through their societal defiance and subversion of established normalities, making the act seem rebellious and defiant, which is why the 'hidden artist' has simply vanished in a newly established virtual age.

From one perspective, you can infer why artists consciously decide to promote themselves and their lives as it can solidify a brand-to-consumer relationship, which can be the selling point of their work.

But it is up for discussion that the creative industry should now only run on upfront self-exposure and advertising. There is a clear conflict between the cheapness of overexposing creative processes and the desire for enigma and unfamiliarity within visual culture.

It is my own personal understanding that we must accept the overindulgences in individuals' personal and professional lives which – at the end of the day – are essential to establishing yourself as a creative. However, I long for simpler times where art could be created without requiring its artist to be well-known, and this is why these 'Hidden Artists' have begun to slowly fade through the canvas and only illustrate our screens instead.



pyjamas for lunch

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Talent

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Words

stripped

of her

armour



in



s

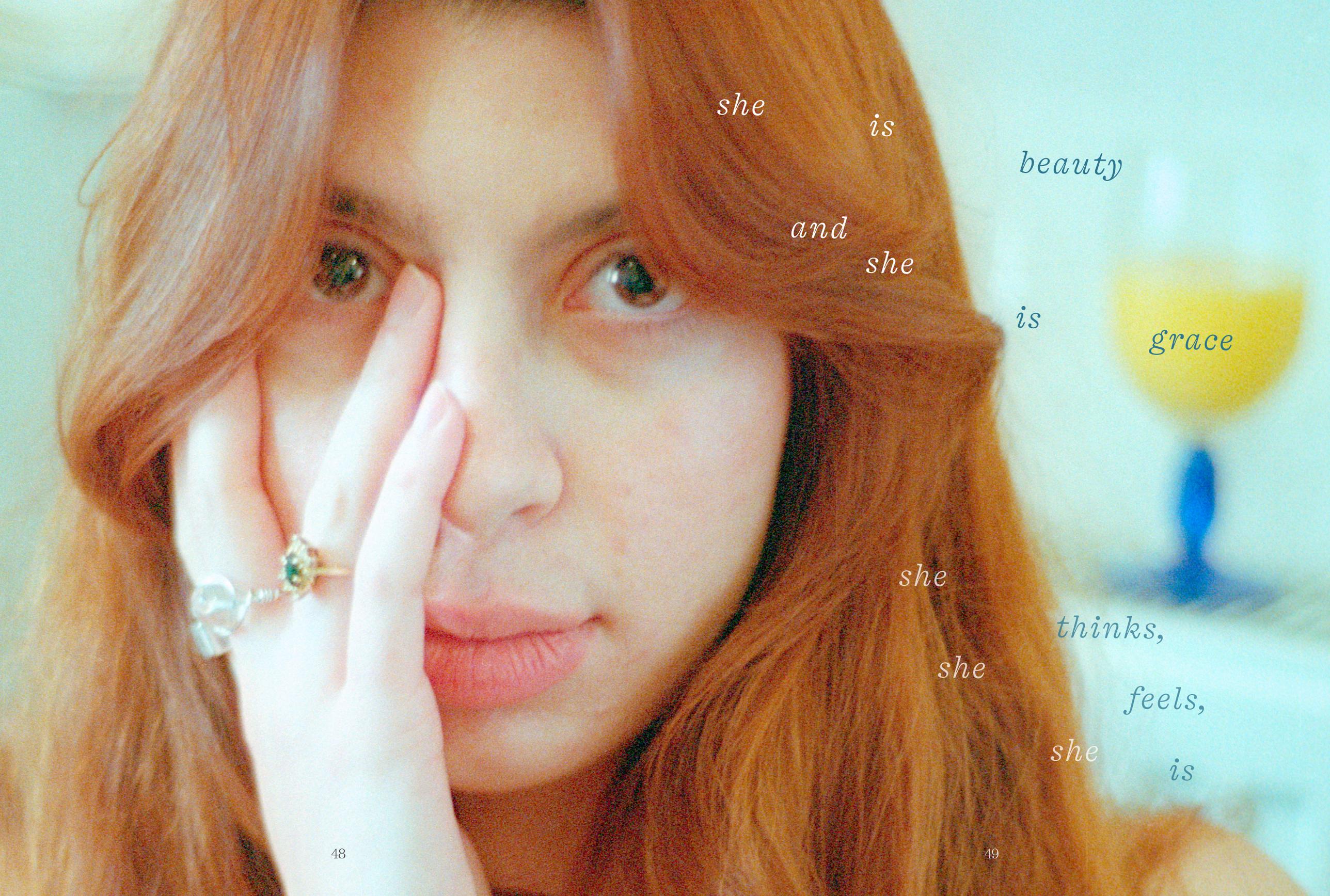
i

l

k

and

lace



she

is

beauty

and

she

is

grace

she

thinks,

she

feels,

she

is

*she takes her coffee black
and likes a dash
of honey in her tea*

*in this safe haven
she allows herself*

*to be
who she has always wanted to be*





her everyday

ranges from a

graceful ballet

to a noisy

street dance

racket

she is beauty and she is grace;

you can see it all,

crystal clear,

on her face



c r o s s

EVAN DOS SANTOS

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Concept & Photographic Assistance

CHERISH BABIDA

Talent

GABRIELLA DHARMA LUKE

Collaborator

ELLA TANG

Collaborator

ANESA LOKVANCIC

Words

p r o c e s s



A figure rests on a bed, half turned toward the wall. Light enters the room unevenly, catching on fabric, skin, and the edge of a mattress. The gesture feels paused rather than posed, as if something has just happened, or is about to. The image offers no explanation. It simply holds the moment in suspense.

Some photographs seem to continue long after we have looked away. Not because they reveal more over time, but because they refuse to resolve. A gaze drifts slightly off-camera. A posture suggests hesitation rather than intention. What remains is not information, but atmosphere. It is here, in this quiet withholding, that photography begins to touch cinema.



These images slow the act of seeing. The eye adjusts to distance, to light, to the space surrounding the body. The room becomes as present as the subject within it. The wall, the floor, the weight of still air. Nothing insists on being noticed. Nothing competes.

The image allows itself to remain unfinished. This incompleteness is not a lack. A single frame can feel part of something larger precisely because it withholds. It suggests a before and an after without pointing toward either.



The narrative does not unfold within the image itself, but in the interval it opens.

In film, stories are carried through movement. Photography is often understood as the opposite: the fixed moment, the arrested gesture.

Emotionally, however, this distinction begins to dissolve. A photograph can feel cinematic without moving at all. What matters is not motion, but duration; the way time seems to settle inside an image.

A still photograph can stretch a moment or leave it suspended entirely. Emotion emerges not through action, but through the sense that something remains unresolved. When an image resolves nothing, the viewer begins to participate. The gaze fills the space instinctively. Meaning is not delivered; it is assembled. Many of the images we remember from cinema are not defined by action. Often what stays with us is a single frame: a body at rest; a look held for a fraction too long. Movement recedes. Mood remains.



Photography operates within the same register. Although these images are not our own memories, they feel familiar. A kitchen at dusk. A quiet interior. A figure alone with their thoughts. They depict scenes we may not have lived ourselves, yet immediately recognize. Past, present and imagination begin to overlap.

The image exists in a temporal suspension that feels intimate without being explicit. This intimacy does not arise from what is shown. It emerges from what remains unspoken. The image does not direct the gaze; it invites it.

Each viewer assembles their own narrative shaped by personal memory, emotional residue, and attention. Nothing is imposed. Often the scenes are simple. A single person occupies the frame, absorbed in their own space. Nothing appears staged.

The everyday quality of the moment creates proximity. Imperfection becomes essential. We do not recognize ourselves in the subject, but in the stillness surrounding them.



At times, it may feel as though one is watching privately, yet the image itself keeps no secrets. It does not conceal; it simply exists. Without urgency. Without appeal. And because nothing demands to be seen, we remain. In this space of sustained attention, observation gains weight. The longer we look, the less we search. Emotion arises without instruction. One is allowed to feel without judgment, without pressure to respond.

The intimacy of these images is not located within the frames themselves. It emerges within the viewer as memory, sensation, and quiet recognition.

The photograph suggests rather than declares. The moment remains intact, even as it is shared. Perhaps this is why images like these endure. They allow stillness in a world oriented toward acceleration. Silence awakens thoughts we often try to soften with noise. These images demand nothing. But if they resonate, they do so quietly.

One may accept the invitation. One may look without the need to react. And then continue, carrying the image somewhere beneath language where memory settles.

SUBLIMATION FOR SEX

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A single lamp glows. His clothes are tossed dismissively on the empty floor. Shirt, shoes, tie, consolidated into a nondescript pile, implying his status that morning.

Desperate, he steps into the running water to wash his identity away. His return made easy; any expectation of accountability is removed as soon as he walks through the door.



Water still running, she climbs on the bed. Cigarette smoke clings to her lungs, baby pink silk to her body; she eases into her alter-ego.



The well-worn uniform—submissive and purposefully coy—is now muscle memory. She waits to deliver her soft skinned performance, intentionally packaged and tailored.



The air becomes thick and moist as he enters the room. The smell of his soap lingers. She pulls out a smile, wide-eyed, and calls him onto her.

Her fingers and lips slip into position as engineered strokes, kisses, and moans tease his damp body.

He is always easy to subdue.

As the movements continue, so unravels the dichotomy of authenticity: forced reactions from his hedonistic gestures; her supposed sense of enjoyment; his mindless consumption.

Never once does he question the intimacy of the situation—the self-contained room rewards his obliviousness with a flaccid state of comfort.



For her, this is a tiring routine.

She gets him to finish on his own inauthenticity—a direct result of the system he created—and steps into the shower to wash her alter-ego away.

Her fingers run through her wet hair as the hours of performing weigh on her. The easiest way through the system is to abide by it; she fears what he would do if he wasn't happy.

But what defines her identity? How can she find herself when she is so reduced by a system with no intention of validating her experiences or authenticity?



For him, considering anything beyond the room would ruin the experience. So why would he?

His weaponised ignorance allows him to disengage and engage however he pleases —engage when it's beneficial and disengage when it proves too disruptive.

But his desires leak out of the room. A taste of control in one self-contained space drives him to construct as many as he can. Queer or disabled people, BIPOC, anyone he can sexualise and control, put into cages for his own use.

Now pin-striped in an executive office, he calculates the best way to interact with his subjects. Sloppy attempts at support become blatant products of commercialisation.

This is all a result of a system that he and his like-minded peers have intentionally created. One that liberates him from the consequences of his disengagement.

It takes an endless amount of endurance to live as a victim in this system, and even more to question what it takes to leave.



A woman with curly hair, wearing a blue and black outfit, is holding a blue fabric up to her face. The background is dark and moody, with a bright light source on the left creating a silhouette of a person's arm and shoulder. The overall aesthetic is dramatic and artistic.

The Starry Night

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With this concept, I transformed my fears into an overgrown dream.

I was asked to create art that takes inspiration from and examines my sense of selfhood. On the journey to define my sense of self, I realised how much of it is intertwined with the way I view society around me. I believe in loving one another—fiercely and sincerely—yet I fear it may no longer be enough for the world we are heading toward. It is easy to feel afraid in the world we live in under the current political climate. It leaves me feeling like a small, delicate fragment of something immeasurably vast—too fragile and powerless to shape anything truly meaningful, even though my heart aches to make things better.

In 1889, Vincent van Gogh painted *The Starry Night* in southern France while seeking relief from his own struggles. In a state of despair, he painted many oil paintings, embracing mood, expression and sentiment. He sought new ways of looking at the world and found a way to bring that into his art. With a similar motive in mind, the *Starry Night* became a big inspiration for this concept. I enjoy the long, meticulous process of creating an image—balancing colours, considering compositions, and letting the work slowly take shape.

Far away from the home of cruelty and evil is the wondrous land of beauty and hope. Here, you can run away from the worries of tomorrow. Climb the towering castle of art and couture.

Fashion for many is an extension of persona and a way to escape reality. It allows the wearer to create their own identity and expression. I too, take that path. I'd rather look at the world with humour, exaggeration and theatricality—devices that keep the world at arm's length.

The woman pictured sits within an ornate world unreachable to me. But even in this world, she can't escape the realities of life anymore.

These pictures transform my fears into a bold, blossoming dream—a towering castle. But if you look closely—past the glittering walls and ornate garments—you'll see a person whose eyes hold disappointment and despair. Someone who longs for beauty yet trembles under the weight of reality. Someone who still hopes, even when hope itself feels heavy to hold. Using costume art as the medium and painting as inspiration, we create a moment filled with mood, expression and sentiment.

Join me to explore *The Starry Night*.





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