

MØODHOOD

Zine

English
Translated by ChatGPT

Jim Beuks

EPOXY

casting call

Katleen Lievens

EIGENGRAU

cultural hubs

Nathalie Saraber

ABSTRACTIONISM

Siska Blanckaert

miniature gallery

Obed Fritz

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Welcome to the world of MØODHOOD.

I'm Zusilia, and this is our first issue.

A place where atmosphere, silence, and raw beauty come together.

Urban Silence.

*It sounds like a contradiction: the city, noise, motion... and then silence.
But it's exactly there between the roar of concrete and the whisper of
shadows, that something magical takes shape.*

*Those moments when you feel the rhythm of the city without a single
spoken word. Where light and dark meet, and everything that was hidden
suddenly becomes visible.*

*In this first edition, we've brought together artists who capture that same
feeling.*

*They work with light and darkness, with space and emptiness, with
everything that exists between words and imagery.*

*Their work murmurs stories that can't truly be told only felt in every line,
texture, and flicker of illumination.*

*MØODHOOD is for everyone who dares to look, to feel, to experience.
It's an invitation to pause to discover what lies beyond the noise of daily
life, and to immerse yourself in the raw poetry of urban quiet.*

Thank you for taking this first step with us.

Let's listen together to what the silence has to say.

— Zusilia Brouwer



MØODHOOD

*“Do things at your own pace.
Life is not a race.”*



'Ogen vol majeste...
suiten de tijd
Jim Beuks
en pas

Jim Beuks

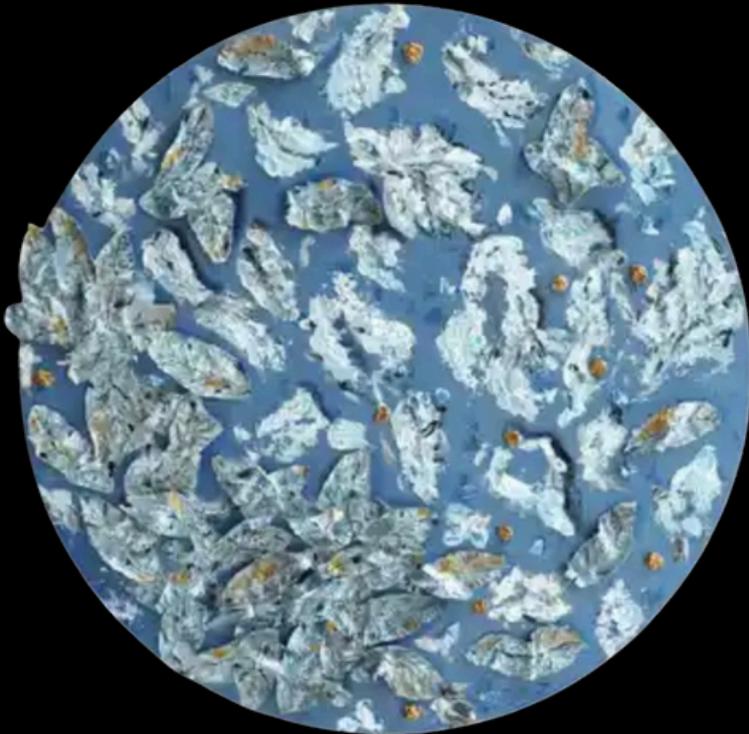


Feature Artist

MØODHOOD | Feature Artist

Jim Beuks

Jim Beuks is a Dutch artist from Amsterdam, known for an oeuvre deeply intertwined with his personal history and cultural roots. His fascination for painting became visible early in life.





His work shows that he masters all facets of painting.

In each canvas, he converts personal emotions into visual language.

His ability to transform pain, beauty and memory into powerful images gives his creations both emotional depth and vivid expression.

Each work invites the viewer to stop, feel and look again.

Beuks' paintings reflect the many cultural influences that have shaped his artistic vision.

They offer a window on his world and on the stories that resonate in it.



His work has been seen at home in Amsterdam and abroad, with exhibitions in Paris, Zurich, Oman, Manila and many other international art cities, among others.



MØODHOOD

"You have the strength to keep your own peace"

Urban Silence About Eigengrau



Eigengrau.

*The color that appears
when the light disappears.*

*The dark that is not black,
but a whisper between
shadow and perception.*

*In this first edition of
MØODHOOD we move
through the city while she
hides her breathers in
spaces, in the moments that
no one sees except those
who dare to look quietly
enough.*



The City in Eigengrau

When the urban bustle finally exhales, an atmosphere is created that is not guided by neon, traffic or voices.

It is the silence after all.

Not empty, but loaded.

A space in which you can feel your own contours again.

Urban silence is not a resting point it is a field in which you hear yourself bounce back.

WHY EIGEN GRAU?

BECAUSE IT IS THE COLOR OF INNER LIGHT.

BECAUSE IT SHOWS THAT DARKNESS IS NEVER REALLY DARK.

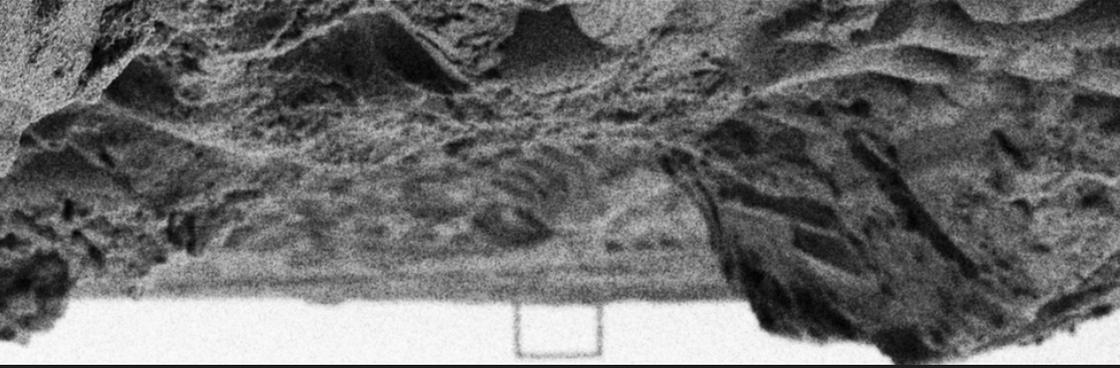
BECAUSE IT IS EXACTLY THE SHADE IN WHICH THOUGHTS,

MEMORIES AND EMOTIONS BECOME FLUID AND CAN RESHAPE THEMSELVES.



MØODHOOD

In eigengrau:



Blurs the hard of architecture to soft boundaries,

Movement is slowed down,

Every step gets an echo of meaning,

And the stories that do not fit in the clear noise during the day appear.



MØODHOOD does not explore trends, but states.

In Urban Silence about Eigengrau we experience:

Silence as rebellion against constant stimuli

Space as a luxury in a city that never stops

Darkness as honesty

Perception as an art form

It's about the moments when you don't consume, but observe.

On which you do not move, but are present.



Urban Silence as a Møodstate



The person behind the Silence

Urban silence beckons you to momentarily shed the mask of the day.

As the city quiets, your inner world resonates with a clarity that demands attention.

In this intermediate hue of consciousness, a fundamental essence of truth emerges.

What endures of you when you do not react to speed, light, or expectations?

Who are you in eigengrau?

Visual Mood Board Terminology

(for ambiance, photography, artistic direction)

fine grain

elevated shadows

hazy skyline

rain on pavement tiles

slow shutter speed

glass and reflections

minimalism in motion

fractured silence

nachtademhaling

illuminated from within

textures of concrete and skin



MØODHOOD Manifest – Issue #1

We commence this inaugural issue with an invitation:

Venture into the darkness unafraid, and discover the silent city that mirrors your essence.

Urban Silence over Eigengrau is a tribute to:

the subtleties of shadow,

the allure of the nearly imperceptible,

and the moment when the city and you share the same silence.

MØODHOOD

OBED FRITZ

PHOTO STORY

Jarkarta , Indonesië

Obed Fritz's work emerges from subtle observations of nightlife moments that frequently escape attention.

He is captivated by the space that exists between exhaustion and serenity, where human gestures convey a deeper truth than meticulously crafted expressions ever could.

His photography does not seek spectacle; rather, it reveals the layers of silence embedded in everyday human behavior.

In this image, the elderly man and the cat represent two distinct manifestations of loneliness that coexist alongside one another.

Their presence is understated yet profoundly sincere.

The man's serene demeanor, coupled with the cat resting nearby, fosters an emotional connection that transcends documentary photography; it evolves into a psychological portrait of the night.

The striking color palette of deep burgundy interlaced with cool cyan is a deliberate artistic decision.

It conjures an internal ambiance, a sentiment rather than a straightforward depiction.

This tone serves as a narrative device, emphasizing sensations of alienation, suspended time, and the unarticulated interaction between humanity and the environment.

The sensation of being disregarded or forgotten arises not from elaborate narratives, but from the understated simplicity of a marginalized existence.

Obed Fritz's visual language is characterized by darkness, intimacy, and an undercurrent of concealed emotions.

For him, fine art street photography represents the conversion of ordinary moments into profound emotional experiences.

This distinctive tone, emerging from experimentation, embodies his personal aesthetic and his aspiration to convey elements of Indonesian nightlife to a global audience, through images that are rich in atmosphere and psychological depth.

mening
MØODHOOD

This photograph embodies a silence that may not be immediately apparent, yet gradually envelops your heart. It is not a silence of void, but rather one inhabited by individuals who have existed for so long that they nearly blend into their environment. The old man and the cat occupy their space not as mere subjects, but as memories, as if they have been intertwined within the same square meter of night for years.

What renders this photo so evocative is the absence of any effort to enhance its appearance.

The light is agitated, bordering on unhealthy, yet precisely for that reason, it is more authentic than light has ever been.

The colors do not clash; they converse softly. That deep burgundy draped against him resembles fatigued blood, while the cool cyan that interrupts it evokes the final remnants of clarity.

The man gazes at both nothing and everything simultaneously, precisely at that juncture where one can no longer discern whether they are truly awake or merely operating on autopilot.

The cat, conversely, embodies pure existence: a silent observer of a life that remains unseen by others.

Together, they create a coincidental pact of solitude.

Not tragic.

Do not be pitiable.

Merely existential.

This photograph reveals a truth often overlooked: that some lives are not narrated through stories, but rather unfold in the spaces in between.

Between exhaustion and tranquility. Between remaining and vanishing.

Between visibility and fading into the night.

It is not an image to be comprehended; it is an image to be experienced.

What you perceive is that there exists a greater sense of humanity in the shadows of nightlife than in all the dazzling lights above.

ABSTRACTIONISM AS THE FOUNDATION OF ALL CREATION

ABSTRACTIONISM IS FREQUENTLY REGARDED AS A DISTINCT STYLE.
UNRECOGNIZED SHAPES.

COLORING WITHOUT CONSTRAINTS.

HOWEVER, THOSE WHO TRULY EXPLORE THE CONCEPT
UNDERSTAND THAT ABSTRACTION IS NOT MERELY AN ART
FORM; IT IS A MINDSET.

AN INTERNAL CONDITION.

A PERSPECTIVE THAT PENETRATES BEYOND MERE VISUAL
PERCEPTION.

IT IS PRECISELY AT THIS
JUNCTURE THAT ABSTRACTIONISM
INTERSECTS WITH MØODHOOD.



Raw. Erratic. Ambiguous.

Before an idea evolves into a concept, before a concept transforms into a sketch, and before a sketch materializes into something tangible, it initially exists in its most fundamental state:
abstract.

The instant you sense the presence of life, yet remain uncertain of its nature.

That is the source.

That is where creativity takes its initial breath.

That's where MØODHOOD comes into being.

Abstractionism recognizes a truth we frequently overlook:

The human inner world is neither linear nor clear, nor is it logical.

She embodies a spectrum of moods, movements, energies, and sensations.

Abstraction provides a realm for this, allowing it to exist beyond the confines of words or forms that fail to convey the essence.

In the abstract, all possibilities remain.

Nothing is definitive.

Nothing needs to be correct at this moment.

And that is precisely why it represents the most authentic phase of creativity:

It represents the stage preceding decisions, boundaries, and frameworks.

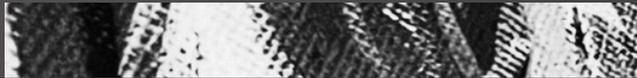
**MØODHOOD IS A PLATFORM THAT EMBRACES THIS PHASE,
HONORING IT FULLY.**



IT ESTABLISHES AN ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH CREATIVITY IS NOT REQUIRED TO JUSTIFY ITS EXISTENCE.

WHERE ONE CAN BECOME ENSNARED IN LINES THAT APPEAR TO LEAD TO NOWHERE, FOR AT TIMES, LOSING ONESELF IS THE SOLE PATH TO DISCOVERING SOMETHING AUTHENTIC.

A SPACE FOR EXPERIMENTATION WITHOUT A PREDETERMINED OBJECTIVE, AS THE OBJECTIVE ONLY BECOMES APPARENT IN DUE COURSE.



ABSTRACTION REPRESENTS THE ESSENCE PRIOR TO ITS ARTICULATION.
IT IS THE SENTIMENT DEVOID OF JUSTIFICATION.
IT IS THE INSTINCT THAT SEEKS NO APPROVAL.
IT IS THE INDIVIDUAL BEHIND THE FORM.

WHEN YOU CONTEMPLATE ABSTRACTION FOR AN EXTENDED PERIOD—WHETHER IT BE ART, CONCEPTS, OR YOUR OWN SELF—SOMETHING REMARKABLE BEGINS TO UNFOLD: YOU DO NOT PERCEIVE WHAT IT SIGNIFIES, BUT RATHER WHAT IT EMANCIPATES.
WITHIN YOUR MIND.
IN YOUR POSSESSION.
WITHIN YOUR CREATIVITY.



THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF ABSTRACTIONISM.

AND THAT ENCAPSULATES THE ESSENCE OF MØODHOOD.

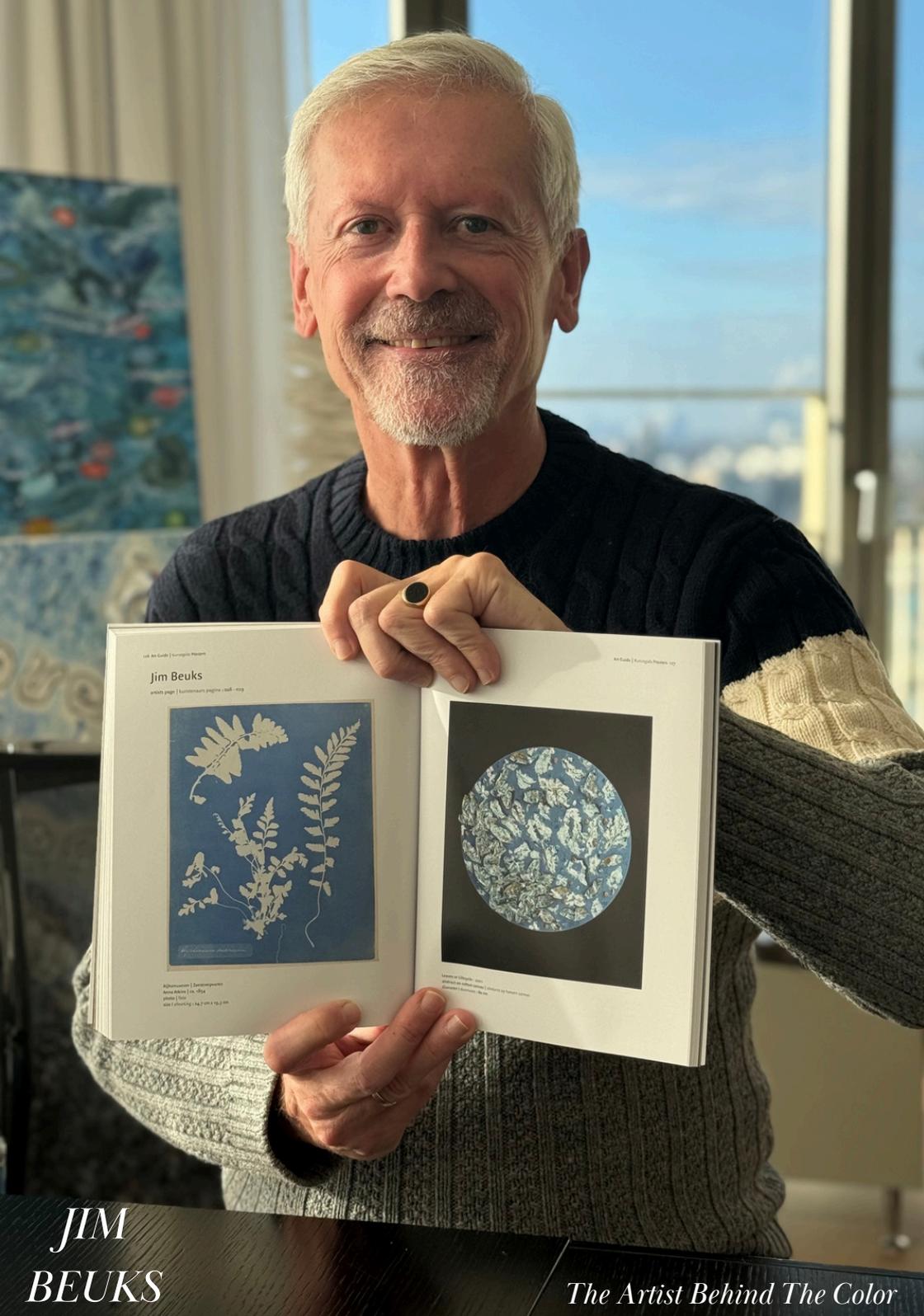
THE PLATFORM SERVES AS A REMINDER OF SOMETHING FUNDAMENTAL:
CREATIVITY ORIGINATES NOT FROM UNDERSTANDING, BUT FROM FEELING.
NOT IN FORM, BUT IN POSSIBILITY.
NOT WITH CERTAINTY, BUT WITH INQUISITIVENESS.

MØODHOOD

– serves as an invitation to revisit that initial point, a raw and open space where all possibilities can emerge, free from the urgency to define them.

Because at times, the most authentic creation is the one that remains unarticulated.
Simply a mood.
Merely a motion.
Only an abstract introduction.

CATCH THE VIBE. TELL THE STORY.



Art Guide | Fotogallery Museum
Jim Beuks
artistic page | kunstenaar pagina | artist - artist



Algemeen | Overig
Anna Akhmedova | 1914-1994
pencil | steen
size | afmeting: 1,6 x 7 cm x 10,5 cm



Maria Theresia | 1751-1780
pencil | steen
size | afmeting: 1,6 x 7 cm x 10,5 cm

**JIM
BEUKS**

The Artist Behind The Color

The origin of the creator

During our online video interview on December 4, 2025, it was reiterated that MØODHOOD embodies a fundamental principle: the narrative behind the work is inextricably linked to the individual who produces it.

Art is open to interpretation by all, yet only the creator is aware of its true origin.
The origin.

The reality underlying the colors and forms.

In this instance, the creator is Jim Beuks—an artist, thinker, and feeler, but above all, a professional painter with a purpose.

From youthful allure to mature guidance

Jim was raised in an environment where art was integral to his identity.

Artists within the family, creativity flourishing at the kitchen table, images and narratives conveyed without words.

It was his own curiosity that prompted him to begin painting at a young age, approximately eight years old.

Subsequently, life led him along various detours.

No straight lines, only journeys.

Until he unexpectedly fell ill and entered a phase during which he felt neither heard nor understood.

A parasite led me into a shadowy period.

"The most significant aspect was that I felt neither heard nor understood at that moment."

Following the healing, tranquility ensued.

Not a sudden conclusion, but an internal transformation.

A realization that that phase had concluded, and that something new could arise.

During that period of recovery, Jim resolved not to rely on his existing knowledge but to seek out what he had yet to discover: his true self.

A painting course did not serve as a foundation for art, but rather as a catalyst for direction. Through experimentation with structures, materials, and various types of paint, I sought to uncover a style that not only possessed visual coherence but also resonated on a deeper, internal level.

Jim was not defined by a single breakthrough, but by his persistence in striving until he found what felt right.

Color as a medium, hope as a foundation

Jim employs an abstract painting style characterized by strong, vibrant colors. His artwork does not convey a heavy burden; instead, it reflects a deliberate intention:

"The aim of my work is to instill hope, illuminate paths, and foster gratitude. The era of uncertainty has passed, making way for new possibilities."

Where others occasionally cast shadows upon abstract art, Jim chose to embrace air and openness.

Its colors do not convey a narrative of heaviness, but rather one of resilience, hope, and perspective.

In the interim, painting also rekindled something within him:

Painting illuminated moments of clarity. It transformed into my sanctuary, allowing me to breathe anew and recognize that there was more ahead than what resided in my past.

The message is not concealed; it is evident to those who perceive with the heart rather than merely with the eyes.

Harmony, cadence, and an environment conducive to creativity

Jim consistently initiates his creative process with a period of meditation.

Not lengthy sessions, but occasionally just 10 minutes to release the day's burdens, the noise, and the expectations.

Not to flee, but to unveil.

Subsequently, tranquility ensued. Meditation facilitates the emergence of new possibilities. It enables me to retreat into my own sphere momentarily, allowing me to engage in my greatest passion: creation.

Following the meditation, the plan unfolds. Jim engages deliberately, guided by a concept and a clear direction, yet remains open to the organic development of the work as it materializes. Intuition and strategy converge on canvas.

Jim Beuks



"It may gradually diverge from the original concept. This is precisely the allure of creation; it need not always adhere to convention."

His rituals do not advocate for perfection, but rather for continuity.
A cadence in which concepts can arise without being constrained.

Not merely an artist, but a professional painter. _____

Jim perceives himself not merely as an artist, but as a professional painter—an individual who approaches his craft with seriousness, has cultivated discipline, and regards art as both a skill and a form of expression.

Vulnerability is not a trait he displays; rather, it serves as a source of strength through his unwavering honesty regarding his origins and message.

His most profound insight as a painter?

Art is not solely born from inspiration; it also emerges from visibility and the act of sharing.

Many aspiring artists overlook the necessity of promotion alongside creation. Art truly comes to life when it is seen by an audience.
"And that necessitates both courage and consistency."

Jim urges every aspiring creator to refrain from waiting for the perfect moment and to begin their journey before they feel fully prepared.

"Simply begin, make an attempt, and if you err, persist."
"You acquire knowledge through practice."

Hope, gratitude, and the future that remains uncharted. _____

Jim reflects on his illness with appreciation for the lessons learned, the individuals who supported him, and the understanding that he has emerged more resilient.

He does not envision his art becoming larger or more prominent in five years; however:
deeper, more apparent, and more professional in relation to himself and his audience.

Is his ambition still open?

Not a particular project, but an emotion:

"I aspire to further develop as a creator, to bring my art closer to the audience, and to demonstrate that color can consistently serve as a bridge to hope and perspective."

*Jim Beuks does not
depict heaviness; he
illustrates
transformation.*

*Not silence, but
tranquility.*

*No gloom, only
perspective.*

*Not a chronicle of
despair, but a narrative
of hope, gratitude, and
resilience.*

Jim, your narrative merits this levity.

Thank you for your guidance, your candor, and your vibrancy.

MØODHOOD

Be authentic, be yourself!

Cultural metropolises

“Where the avenue murmurs and exudes opulence.”

There are cities designed for habitation, and there are cities crafted to convey a message. Art cities belong to the latter category: unrefined in their origins, opulent in their aesthetics.

Here, creativity transcends mere exhibition; it embodies a profound attitude toward life. A signed document. A subcutaneous pulse perceived prior to comprehending what is observed.

Art cities are not mere locations. They are living organisms. They respire. They are experiencing stuttering. Already accepted.

It is precisely in that imperfection that their allure flourishes.



Where Coarseness is the New Luxury The contemporary art city is unrefined; it is reduced to its essence. Solid concrete adjacent to handcrafted art objects. Rust as a patina. Neon as a framework. Luxury here emanates not from superficiality, but from resoluteness and genuineness.

Cultural metropolises

In these cities, the distinction between high culture and street culture has merged into a novel aesthetic:

the aesthetics of the unrefined.

Envision forsaken industrial halls repurposed as galleries, where the elite and the marginalized coexist within the same environment.

Consider fashion brands that conduct their campaigns amidst graffiti, created by anonymous artists whose expressions convey more than any public relations message ever could.

Here, luxury transcends mere product status to become an experience.

The City as Gallery: Vibrant, Unrestrained, Authentic

Every corner serves as an exhibition.

Every street serves as a canvas.

Every individual is a performance unto themselves.

Art cities are not merely venues for displaying art; they embody art itself.

From the neon labyrinths of Tokyo to Berlin's gritty techno aesthetic and Paris's subdued, decadent rebellion, each location is cultivating its own distinct identity.

A visual lexicon that resists prescriptive constraints.



The Emerging Generation of Creatives

The emerging cultural architects are nomads:

Their studio can be accommodated in a backpack, yet their discipline cannot be confined to a box.

They create in subway tunnels, on rooftops, and in deserted parking garages.

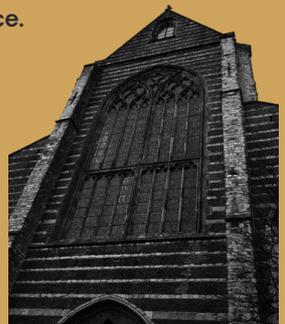
Their work attains authenticity only when it is absorbed by the city, transformed, captured in photographs, appropriated, and disseminated.

Art is no longer a possession; it is a mere trace.



And MØODHOOD understands:

The path narrates the tale.



Why Art Cities Lack a Future Yet Possess a Soul

The raw state is transient.
Luxury is ephemeral.
However, the soul endures.

An art city is perpetually evolving, never complete, and always seeking fulfillment.

It is a location that perpetually reinvents itself, which is precisely why it maintains its allure.

The pinnacle of luxury?

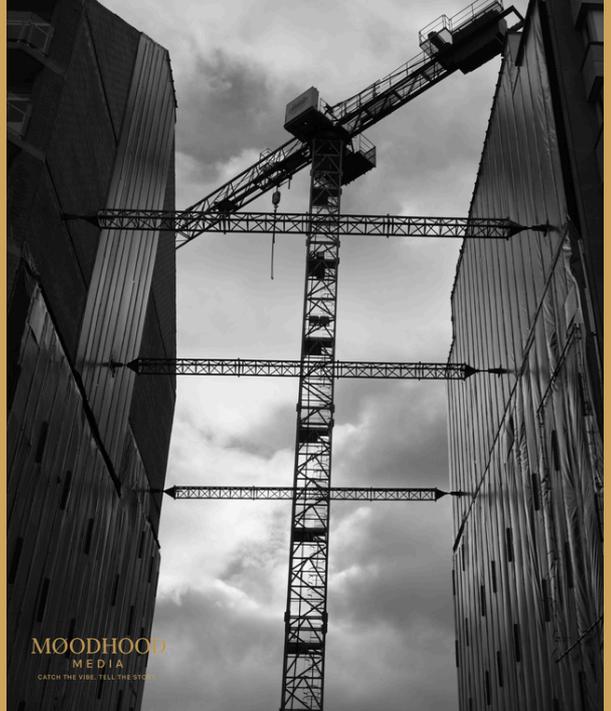
Authenticity.

Liveliness.

The bravery to embrace imperfection.

The contemporary art city serves as a reflection:
What you perceive reflects the person you aspire to become.

We present these cities in their intended form: unfiltered, emphasizing texture, rhythm, and the language of the unseen. Art cities are not mere destinations; they are experiences that you embody.



Mini Gallery

INSPIRATION CAN BE FOUND IN EVERY
CORNER.

secure your position here
for the upcoming
edition



secure your position here
for the upcoming
edition



@MOODHOODMEDIA





Where emotion becomes posture.

She Remained

*You are not observing it directly.
You examine it closely.*

*As though this image materializes solely when one is prepared to
recognize the divide between knowledge and emotion, between
observation and bearing.*

*At the center stands an angel.
Neither light nor exalted.
But grounded.*

*Her wings are unfurled, not for flight, but for remaining grounded.
She remains steadfast. She does not yield.
She is attired.*

*Beneath her, bodies lie intertwined.
Bare. Unembellished. Human.
A mother, a man, a child symbols not of weakness, but of truth.
There is nothing concealed here.
Nothing here is rendered more beautiful than it already is.*

*The child is not concealed.
It is accessible.
As a prospect. As a pledge. As an inquiry.*

*Surrounding them: stone. Architecture. Edifice.
The metropolis.
The regulations.
The narrative.
Unmoved.
Watching.
Perpetually present.*

*Then there is the circle in the foreground.
A boundary.
A boundary.
Perhaps safeguarding.
Perhaps exclusion.*



This image requires no commentary.
It does not pose a question that can be answered with words.

It is challenging.

This is not a rescue scene.
This is a depiction of accountability.
Of remaining when departing would be simpler.
From bearing without assurance to appreciation.

MØODHOOD transcends conventional notions of beauty.
It pertains to what endures, even in the absence of observation.

And you?
You are currently viewing.

The inquiry is not about what you observe.
The inquiry is:

What do you continue to carry, even when faced with challenges?

VOICE OVER CASTING CALL

MØODHOOD

IS LOOKING FOR A

POWERFUL ENGLISH VOICE

*For a New Program: **WRU***

- Perfect English Pronunciation
- Warm & Confident Tone
- 60 Second Voice Over

SEND YOUR VOICE SAMPLE & INFO
DM US!

 @moodhoodmedia





Katleen Lievens



The origin of silence



There are artists who communicate through color.

There are artists who communicate in subtle layers.

Katleen Lievens undoubtedly falls into the latter category.

Her work does not seek attention; it occupies space.

Subtle, yet assertive, and undeniably present. As though each canvas represents a breath that becomes audible only in moments of your own silence.

In an era where images frequently demand attention, Lievens opts for a more measured approach.

*For subtlety.
For the unsaid.*

A conference in Bruges

At times, art discovers you precisely in the places you least expect.

MØOODHOOD was situated near Mienuus, a boutique nestled in the picturesque, historic city of Bruges, Belgium.

A location imbued with character, where artistry and aesthetics converge.

Through Siska Blanckaert, an artist and acquaintance of Katleen Lievens, the suggestion emerged to convene and explore the Lievens Expo that was concurrently being held in Mienuus.



What began as an impromptu suggestion evolved into a memorable encounter. Within the confines of the space, enveloped by history and silence, Lievens' work acquired an additional dimension of depth.

The setting accentuated the elements inherent in her art: timelessness, tranquility, and a profound human presence.

The epidermis of sentiment

What renders her work so captivating is the sensation that you are not merely observing, but rather engaging through touch.

Texture serves a pivotal function: it embodies qualities that are rough and soft, open and closed, simultaneously vulnerable and powerful.

The layers in her work are not mere decoration; they are memories.

Traces.

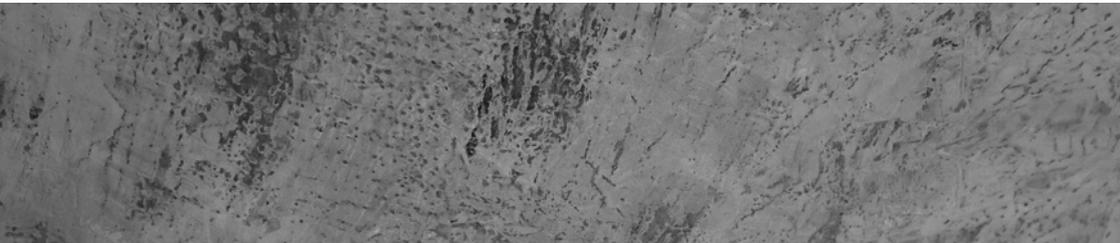
Silences rendered visible.

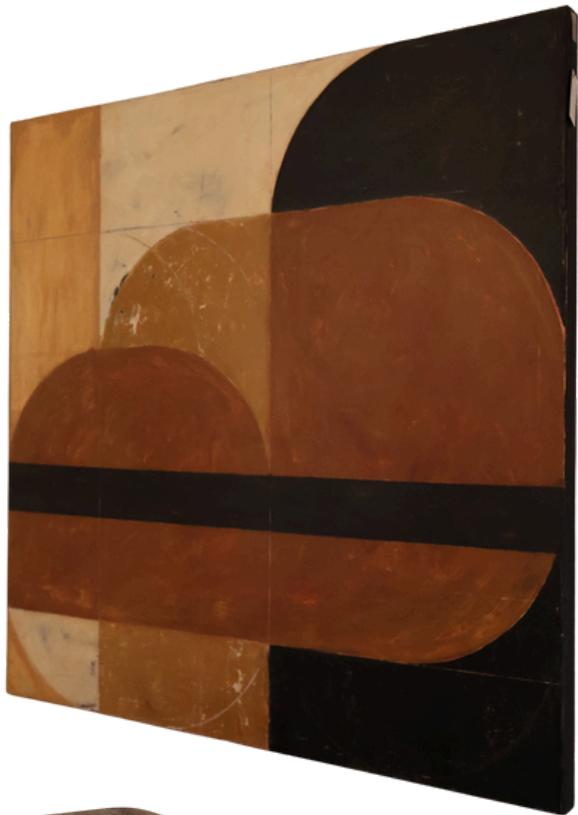
You perceive the human, yet never in a literal sense.

Lievens eschews the concrete portrait in favor of an inner landscape.

Her figures, when present, appear partially merged with their surroundings.

As though identity is not a static reality, but rather something that is perpetually evolving.







Katleen Lievens

Between Femininity and Truth

Her work embodies a distinctly feminine energy, yet it remains multidimensional. This represents not an aesthetic femininity, but rather an experienced femininity.

Raw.

Intuitive.

At times, strikingly candid.

Her art beckons acknowledgment while resisting elucidation.

And therein lies the true power: you are permitted to feel without the necessity of understanding.

Each piece serves as a reflection not of your appearance, but of your state of being at the moment you gaze upon it.

Art that endures

What distinguishes Katleen Lievens is her capacity to create an impact that is not immediately apparent.

Her work does not merely adorn the wall; it resides deep within, beneath your ribs.

You will contemplate it later.

In vogue.

Unexpected.

At MØOODHOOD, we advocate for art that transcends mere aesthetics.

Art that challenges, decelerates, and reveals.

The work of Katleen Lievens, encountered serendipitously in Bruges, aligns perfectly with this vision.

It is not a response; it is an invitation.

An invitation to pause for a moment.

To experience.

To exist.

The Art That Persists Amidst Constant Change

There exist materials that possess the ability to listen, as well as those that exhibit a will of their own.

Epoxy belongs to the latter category.

It is fluid, untamable, and capricious until it determines it has reached its limit and solidifies into a form you never entirely envisioned.

Epoxy is the art of the nearly.

Nearly fluid.

Nearly silent.

Nearly under control.

It is precisely within that tension that something emerges that is unparalleled by any other medium.

When you pour, you unveil a realm that remains perpetually unpredictable.

Pigment swirls within the transparency, colors attract or repel one another, metallic powders either sink or float, and each movement resonates with the emotions experienced at the moment of release.

Epoxy behaves similarly to the way emotions respond:

It permeates, seeks an outlet, occupies every crevice, and leaves remnants of what resided within you at that moment.

What distinguishes epoxy is its ability to encapsulate time.
Where paint dries, epoxy solidifies.
A moment that might have otherwise faded into
oblivion a thought, an impulse, a restless gesture
becomes solid, distinct, and palpable.

Epoxy is transparent, though never entirely clear.

Beneath the surface, there exist layers, depths, and subtle coincidences
that reveal themselves only when illuminated from a different angle.
At times, it appears as though you are gazing into a landscape or a
memory that remains elusive.

The material compels you to place your trust.

To release.

To acknowledge that you cannot control everything, yet you can
decide when to express:

“Very well. It is now satisfactory.”

Perhaps the greatest strength of epoxy art lies
in its ability to:

It conveys that beauty arises not from total
control, but from collaboration with the
unforeseen.

It conveys that art encompasses not only what
you create but also what you have the
courage to allow to unfold.

Epoxy does not qualify as a medium.

It is a process.

A ceremony.

A method to encapsulate an emotion that would otherwise vanish in
pristine clarity.

A fluid concept, eternally suspended.

The background features a series of wavy, horizontal bands in shades of blue and orange, creating a sense of movement and depth. Scattered throughout the scene are numerous small, glowing particles in various colors, including orange, yellow, and blue, which appear to be suspended in a fluid medium. The overall aesthetic is ethereal and artistic, with a soft, hazy light source from the top left.

MØODHOOD

In a world that perpetually communicates, Nathalie Saraber opts for silence.

Not the silence of void, but that of existence.

Her work does not operate within the domain of explanation or symbolism.

It remains standing.

It persists.

It does not await interpretation, but rather proximity.

He who gazes too hastily perceives mere embellishment.

He who decelerates perceives resistance.

Weight.

Quiet.



Nathalie Saraber – byNethly

Material that does not require permission

Saraber engages with materials that are typically discarded.

Oyster shell waste, byproducts, residues.

In her hands, they transform from mere metaphor into tangible entities of significance.

Not enhanced, not mitigated.

Merely relocated.

From periphery to core



Each shell maintains its form.

Its tattered edge.

Its historical background.

Imperfection is not rectified, but rather emphasized.

In the city, no line is truly straight, and no surface is entirely smooth.

Pearls do not serve merely as decoration; rather, they function as a counterbalance.

Klein.

Hard.

Indubitably evident.

They do not seek attention, yet they draw it in.

Layers as a framework

Her wall works serve as structures.

Constructed.

Carrying.

Shells lie atop one another, akin to buildings resting on their foundations; nothing is buoyant, and all possesses weight.

This is not a genuine romance.

This is a construction project.

The creations strike a balance between sophistication and durability.

Between brilliance and coarseness.

At times, a particular detail can be jarring: an overly prominent shell or a composition that lacks harmony.

That is not a coincidence.

Urban silence flourishes amidst tension.



**Gold, epoxy, and gloss are evident, yet never inviting.
Luxury is not employed here to entice, but to challenge.
What occurs with beauty when it is not gentle?
When she seeks attention rather than admiration?
Saraber's work exudes luxury while lacking warmth.
Refined without explanation.
Accessible without appeasement.
It is art that does not conform to space, but transforms it.**

Silence following illness



**The foundation of her work is rooted not in ambition, but in healing.
During her prolonged experience with Covid, her world diminished.
Slower.
More restricted.
What remained was concentration.
Repetition.
Meticulousness.
Engaging with shells evolved into a method of organization rather than a therapeutic practice.
Imposing structure in areas where control was absent.
Embracing silence without idealizing it.
You can still sense that origin. In the precision.
in the reiteration.
The observation that no work appears to be hurried.**

No message, yet presence

**During her inaugural solo exhibition in 2025, one aspect was particularly notable: visitors engaged in hushed conversations.
Not due to necessity, but rather as a result of natural occurrence.
The task necessitated neither a response nor an opinion.
Presence exclusively.
You stand before it.
You remain for a time.
Subsequently, an event occurs.
Saraber's work resists comprehension.
It is unwilling to connect, heal, or elucidate.
It is not an invitation; it is a space. Those who enter dictate the course of events.**

Urban silence

Her work is suited for environments where sound is already present.

In urban areas.

In spaces featuring concrete, steel, and glass.

Between architecture and respiration.

It is art that does not aspire to transcend the world, but instead seeks to remain at its very essence.

Quiet.

Not gentle.

Present.



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Love

Love

Love

love

LOVE

Siska

DO MORE OF WHAT YOU LOVE

COLOR EMERGES WHEN YOU ALLOW IT

The creative process of Siska Blanckaert's art emerges through presence. There are artisans who construct.

Those strategies.

They dispatch.

There are creators who attune themselves to the present moment.

Siska Blanckaert falls into the latter category.

In her studio, paintings emerge not from preconceived notions, but from a state of mindfulness.

Her creative process commences not with a concept, but with a breath.

A gaze beyond. An unnamed sensation, yet it possesses a clear direction.

The canvas serves not as a goal for her, but rather as a convergence point:

between the inner world and external illumination, between instinct and substance.

THE WORK COMMUNICATES ITS DESIRED FORM TO ME.
"I NEED NOT COMPEL IT."

PAUSE BEFORE THE INITIAL STROKE.

Blanckaert engages in the process by ceasing to steer.

By observing without asserting.

By experiencing without evaluation.

Creativity, she asserts, is not an inspiration that one generates, but rather a state of being that one permits oneself to inhabit.

INTUITION AS A CULTIVATED SKILL

Her working method seems unrestrained, yet it is not capricious.

For her, intuition is not an abstract notion but rather a cultivated strength honed through years of creation, elimination, reinvention, and, most importantly, relinquishing without regret.



love

Love

love

Love

Love

love

SHE EMPLOYS A VARIETY OF MEDIUMS THAT STIMULATE CURIOSITY:

Spatulas that sand rather than polish

Brushes that have previously been used before the paint is applied to them

Acrylic, epoxy, colored pencils, markers, and pens

Surplus materials that are readily accessible

Textures emerging from instinct, not flawlessness.

Materials are selected not for their compatibility, but for their appropriateness at the given moment.

**“MISTAKES ARE NOT AN INTERRUPTION.”
THEY CONSTITUTE INFORMATION.**

THE VOICE THAT DOES NOT CREATE ALONGSIDE

Where there once existed an inner compulsion to rectify imperfections—seeking greater neatness, improvement, or beauty—she now identifies that voice as mere noise.

A reflection of expectations, rather than of creation.

She graciously acknowledges that voice, without resistance, and releases her before she approaches the canvas.

What remains is not void, but an expanse for exploration.

Not 'it has to', but 'it is correct'.

Not perfection, but presence.

Not a concept, but rather a connection.

COLOR AS AN INDEPENDENT FORCE

Color manifests when you permit it.

When you do not produce on demand, but rather create from experience.

When you paint not to display, but to capture what already exists.

Her paintings invite contemplation rather than instruction.



They do not exclaim, "Look how deep this is," but rather murmur, "Stay here for a moment."

Simply remain nearby.

Simply experience it.

Perhaps simply laugh.

Even submerged in hue and form.

A COUNTER-MOVEMENT DEVOID OF DISSENT

In a rapidly advancing society, her work serves not as a pause button, but as an open door.

A realm where no problems require resolution, where nothing necessitates completion beyond the process itself.

A space where color can manifest.

Not due to necessity;

However, it is true.

Color manifests when you allow
it to.

Not due to necessity.

However, this is indeed the case.



BLANCKAERT SISKI



BLANCKAERTSISKA



SISKA BLANCKAERT



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CREDITS – MØODHOOD Zine Issue #1 Urban
Silence

*In a world dominated by pixels, speed, and concrete, we
discovered silence in one another.*

*This inaugural edition transcends mere paper and ink; it
embodies individuals who had the courage to feel, observe, and
create from a space devoid of distraction.*

*To every creator, writer, photographer, artist, and intellectual
who contributed to Urban Silence:
Thank you for sharing not only your talent but also your subtlety.*

*For each captured shadow, every sincere word, every grainy
cityscape photograph, and every silence between the lines, you
transformed noise into a narrative.*

*Your efforts provided the city with a voice devoid of sound.
Your creation serves as a bridge between urban chaos and inner
tranquility.*

*Above all, you placed your trust in a vision that had yet to
materialize but was destined to emerge.*

*This matter serves as evidence that:
silence also urban
Vulnerability is, in fact, a form of strength.
Art can also serve as a breath.
You inhaled deeply, and we sensed it.*

*With pride, gratitude, and a touch of
profound silence, the creator of MØODHOOD*

Zusilia Brouwer