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CONTENTS

FOREWORD /1

W>R>N

SIX FEET /2

Sam Heydt
Claudia Breuer
Ndaba Sibanda
Ramune Luminaire
Ally Zlatar
Carolina De Cajiga
Isaac B. Forsland
Heidi Vance
Suman Kabiraj

PRIMORDIAL /15

Alessandra Sequeira Courtney Dookwah Chinnich Candao Teuta Pashnjari Anika Yuzak

SONIC /26

Deniz Kazma Beatriz Ledesma Emily Rennie Karen Vanon

FATES /32

Sophie Raimondo Schmid Katrina Niebergal Erika Szanyi & Angelo Zazou Grace Gelder Stella Guan

MUTATION /41

Jon Sakata Chunghee Yun Leah Oates Dasha Yildirim Sanja J. Dejanovic Yirui Jia

SHADOW /53

Benjamin Phillips George Manos Branka Cavar Maria Isabel Pita Teresa Ascencao Barbas Valeria

LIQUID /72

Theresa Slater
Callie Danae Hirsch
Magdalena Stachowiak
Tatiana Arsenie & Irina Moga
Diane Bush
Olena Kayinska
Mika Lior

FORWARD





CoviDreams, a collection on dreaming as an entry into budding awareness of the present moment, arose as a theme of consideration in the first few months of the pandemic in 2020. During these unprecedented, strange, and disorienting times, dreams have become a pronounced medium through which to process phenomena not yet apparent to consciousness.

This collection gathers artists, writers, and dreamers from all corners of the world, linking people across barriers, physical distance, and borders, each expressing inner perceptions, affections, afflictions, imaginings, bearing collective insights, during a time of isolation, distancing, and a withdrawn world. These dreamscapes are connectors capable of bridging individual and collective experiences through and beyond the senses, worlds, places, and spaces existing, imagined, and to come, and times, where times are made anew.

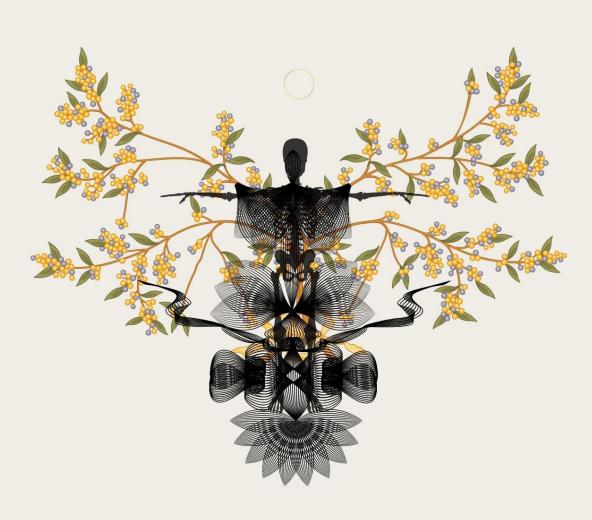
CoviDreams is the second publication by *line bridge body and* created in partnership with *Arts Unfold.* We are simply thrilled to include more than forty stellar artists in this compilation. Though the text involves seven subthemes, Six Feet, Primordial, Sonic, Fates, Mutation, Shadow, and Liquid, that seek to frame voices and visions, the dream entries can be reassembled to highlight some other dream element. This collaborative project is edited and curated by Sanja J. Dejanovic, Teresa Ascencao, and Mika Lior.

We would like to extend our gratitude to the artists involved. line bridge body also recognizes the sacred land on which we, here in Toronto and surrounding areas, are settled on. It has been the land of human activity for 15,000 years. We acknowledge that we walk upon the traditional territories of the Mississauga of the New Credit First Nation, Anishnawbe, Haudenosaunee [ho-deh-no-SHAW-nee], Wendat, and Huron Indigenous Peoples, the original nations of this land. We would also like to express thanks to frontline essential workers providing services to our communities during these challenging times.

This book is dedicated to the lovers, the co-creators, and the dream-makers.

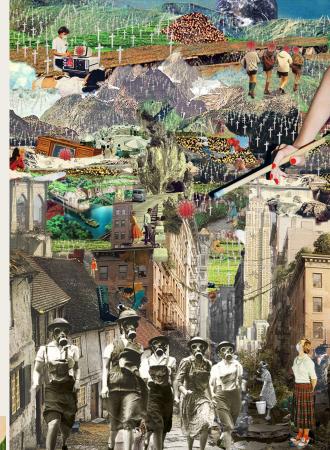
Sanja J. Dejanovic

Artwork by W>R>N who is a Toronto based multimedia artist.



Covid19 has scanned the United States like a black light in an hourly rate motel room that is America. While globally the curve has flattened, the drawbacks of a self-proclaimed free society manifest as spikes in cases throughout the US, where a masking up has become a partisan issue.

As the repercussions of loosening lockdown ripple through the population, the post-pandemic rush to normality has proven too hasty. The once perceived efficiency of our for-profit medical system has revealed scarcity. The government, puppeted by Wall Street, rallies for the return to "business-as-usual," prioritizing the state of the Stock Market over public health.



Brave New World, 2020. Mixed Media-20 x 30in



Madonna of Covid, 2020. Mixed Media-20x30in

The end game of capitalism has manifested as a death panel for market worship, while democracy has resulted in a behavioral social backlash that has left a devastating trail of casualties. Now more than ever we must pause and re-examine the parameters of "normality."

Momentarily halting the capitalistic machine has exposed the unsustainable structural inequality of the global system. The undiscovered post-pandemic has the potential to yield widespread systemic cultural, environmental, economic, social and democratic transformations, so perhaps its best to pause before plunging back into life as we once knew it.





Left: Face Off, 2020. Mixed Media-23 x 30in Above: Covid-12, 2020. Mixed Media -48 x 640in



MeasuredPatience, 2020. MixedMedia-21x 30 in



Sam Heydt is an American social practice and recycled media artist born/raised in New York City. She has lived/worked in Paris, Venice, Amsterdam, Athens, Buenos Aires, Sydney, Reykjavík, Udaipur and Vienna. Esteemed as one of the pioneers of the recycled media movement, she works across different mediums and employs a range of materials, often reinventing and trespassing their associative use. Marrying images of destruction with portrayals of the American Dream, her work confronts the disillusionment of our time with the ecological and existential nightmare it is responsible for. Heydt's work has been shown in galleries, museums, art fairs and film festivals worldwide.

PLAYGROUND BABY DARK

I started working on this animation at the beginning of the pandemic.

For me, the creepiest thing during the lockdown was to see playgrounds being locked with the red and white flutter tape by the police.



Still from *Playground Baby Dark*, 2020, Animation

It seemed to me as if there had been a crime committed, something forbidden happened.

In my work I tried to visualize the things that could have happened to cause the lockdown of the playgrounds.

Claudia Breuer was born 1970 in Aachen. After school she studied 3 semester chemistry. 1991 she started to study art at the "Academie Beeldende Kunsten" in Maastricht, in 1995 she finished with a BA in "Monumentaal." Claudia Breuer lives and works in Aachen. She has Exhibitions in Germany and as well in foreign countries, such as, the Netherlands, Belgium, Spain, France. Though her studies were based on painting, she is now busy with several different media. She works with video, photography, sculpting and often combines all to installations.



A WALK BRIGHT AND BOLD

Uncertainty rules like never before, the new normal is the abnormal, the unheard-of state of affairs is our new, there was the past before the present whose presence virtually signifies a virtual existence if one cannot be cybernetic or dynamic, it seems fully frenetic! though the human race must always run a race that is optimistic & civic a walk, bright and bold.

A Poor Person's Precarious Paces And Spaces

Her efforts to hold back,
to hold herself back
Against hurtling and hurting herself helplessly.
With a hungry, tiny child strapped to her back
Are a betrayal, as she bursts into tears and fury
Her hiding husband betrayed her, battered her
She is on the brink of soundness,
she is shaky
Hoping to ward off hunger and helplessness
Famine weighs on her fragile body,
her mind
As she takes precarious steps that are oblivious
To the world of lockdowns and social distancing
She is dead, deaf, defenseless against a new reality

Ushered in by an eerie, unseen virus, she wobbles on.

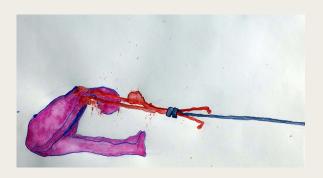


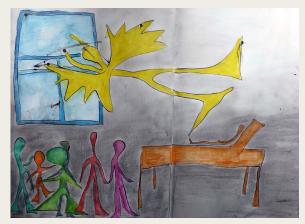
New Kids' Register Riddles

2026: Marking The Preschool Register Teacher: if you're present, say 'present' And, if you are not here just say 'absent' Corona 2020. Silence. Teacher: 'That's a pass! Wear A Mask! Yes! Teacher: Say 'present please'. Lowdown. 'Lockdown'. Teacher: 'Lord have mercy!' Can't read this. 'Qua...Quarrel?' Kid: 'I'm Quarantine' Was Hands.' I'm Wash Hands! Teacher: 'My apologies!' Sanity-seizer. 'I'm Sanitizer'. Teacher: 'For a reason!'Coffee Fit 9.' I'm COVID-19'. Teacher: 'Sorry, whatever'. Self-lation, 'I'm Self-isolation'. Teacher: 'Hmmm, I see'. Loves. 'I' m Gloves.' Teacher: 'Like hand in glove, kid!' Pandemics, 'Absent'. Teacher, 'Wow'. Kid: 'Coz I hate 'em'.

Sibanda is the author of Notes, Themes, Things And Other Things, The Gushungo Way, Sleeping Rivers, Love O'clock, The Dead Must Be Sobbing, Football of Fools, Cutting-edge Cache, Of the Saliva and the Tongue, When Inspiration Sings In Silence, The Way Forward, Sometimes Seasons Come With Unseasonal Harvests, As If They Minded:The Loudness Of Whispers, This Cannot Be Happening:Speaking Truth To Power, The Dangers Of Child Marriages:Billions Of Dollars Lost In Earnings And Human Capital, The Ndaba Jamela and Collections and Poetry Pharmacy. Sibanda's work has received Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominations. Some of his work has been translated into Serbian.







Covid-triggered, fear-infected dreams and waking nightmares. Journaling keeps me sane.

I draw out the fears, relive my traumas and then move into my day...

without them.







Ramune Luminaire has an honours degree in visual arts specialising in sculpture and ceramics. Now her chosen media are sculpture, installation and drawing. Luminaire's subject matter usually revolves around finding a place for the female and giving concrete form to emotions and experiences which are usually suppressed. She has shown her art in galleries and museums in Southern Ontario, Toronto, Montreal, various parts of England and Norway.



When my father looks at me he sees himself

Family Affair

Exploring art making as a methodology that suggests the human condition is more complex than it is currently understood.

I examine, instigate, and provoke notions of the individual experience by specifically focusing on philosophical discourse, body image, embodiment, and ethics.

I acknowledge there is power within the un-well body and believes there is tremendous value and potency in examining these subjects through the contemporary art lens.

These pieces relate to a dream I had where my father left my family in the middle of the covid outbreak for another family.

The two collage pieces "When my father looks at me he sees himself" and "Family Affair" are my attempt to decipher what the dream meant.

Born in Mississauga, Canada, Alexandra (Ally) Zlatar holds a BFA in Visual Art & Art History from Queen's University & a MLitt Curatorial Practice from the Glasgow School of Art. Currently, she is pursuing her Doctorate of Creative Arts with the University of Southern Queensland. She has been involved in many exhibition creations & has had personal work shown globally. Additionally, she has worked on many curation projects with such galleries as Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Hunterian Art Gallery & Glasgow's Centre for Contemporary Art. She is continuously interpreting, her desire to communicate & facilitate the theoretical concepts of art is highly valuable to her & her practice and strives to make a difference in society.

... and one day
a super-giga-ginormous,
nano, sub-microscopic virus
brought almost all humans around
the world to a standstill...



Reminiscing and dreaming of the old days, Really?

Were they that great?
Overwhelmed by fear of the unknown?

Clean and wash your hands Clean and wash your hands Clean and wash your hands Do not touch surfaces Stay six feet apart

We have been told to fear all other humans Do they really know?



Clean and wash your hands Clean and wash your hands Clean and wash your hands Do not touch surfaces Stay six feet apart



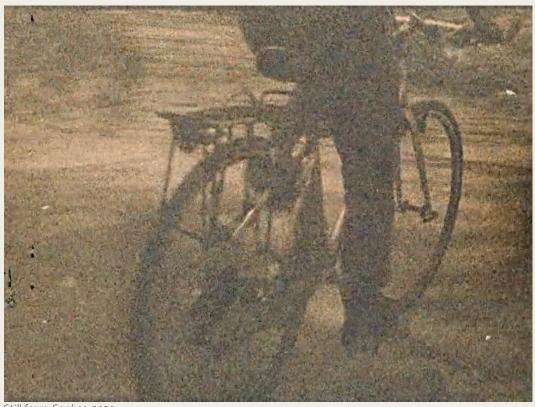
We are all learning together
Will we go back to the old days?
Meantime Earth is slowly mending
Enjoying our absence
Are we learning?
I hope...



De la Cajiga is a painter and photographer based in Vancouver. She calls herself an explorer and an illusionist as her interests reside in the transformation of reality. Her concern is the creation of artwork that shows the tension between intellect and intuition, enjoyment and surprise. When painting, she represents what exists in her mind. When photographing, she focuses only on what her mind searches. De la Cajiga's introduction to art started at the Louvre Museum in Paris. Her artwork is in the collections of the West Vancouver Museum, the Business Council of BC, the Richmond Hospital.



SPOKES https://vimeo.com/415792723



Still from Spokes, 2020

The clips used in this work are non-linear, fragmented, distorted. There is a tension between what's vivid and what's abstract. I find that effect hypnotic. The audio is spliced and looped to enforce these visual distortions.

I find that visual ambiguity is a key component of dream-like sequences in cinema. The conceptual side, this short is a dreamy reimagining of space, and conveys a vision for the future amidst a pandemic.



Isaac Forsland is an emerging multidisciplinary artist with a focus in analogue and digital filmmaking. He currently lives on the unceded territory of the xwməθkwəÿəm (Musqueam), Skwxwúymesh, (Squamish) and Səʾlílwəta?/Selilwitulh, and was born on Treaty 7 land, the traditional territory of the Blackfoot, Tsuu T'ina and Stoney Nakoda in Red Deer, Alberta. Forsland's practice is guided by collected perspectives that speak to the everyday experience.



As an individual living with post-traumatic stress disorder, my dreams are often life-like and distressing; COVID19 has forced me to confront past traumas, causing flashbacks and severe sleep disruption. These works address a plethora of elements, including emotions and thoughts triggered as a result of COVID19, perceptions of isolation, self-harm, and acknowledgements of previous trauma.





In an attempt to rationalize and process the affects of COVID19, this body of work serves as a window to view thoughts that cannot be verbally expressed.

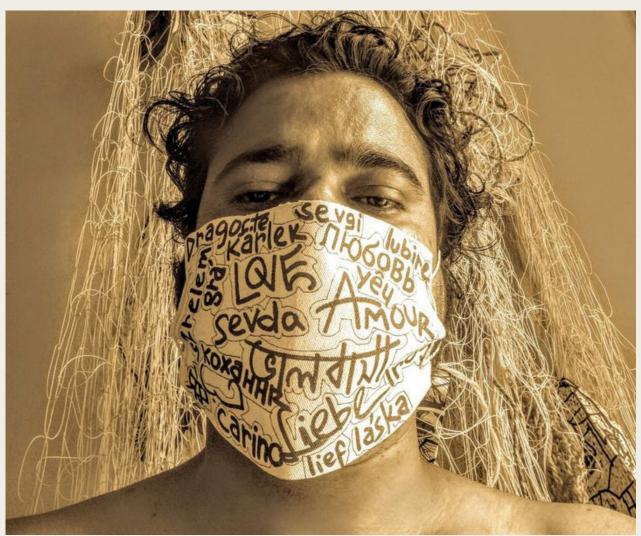
Above: *Untitled*Left top: *Untitled*

Left bottom: You Can't Remember

Heidi Vance (b. 1997) is an emerging interdisciplinary artist currently located in the Orlando, Florida area. She received her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Studio Art with a minor in Art History at the University of Central Florida. Much of her work is influenced by her interests in art conservation, art history, artists' materials, and the human condition. Her specialization is in painting but she has additional experience in the following disciplines: book arts, printmaking, drawing, and mixed media. Her work has been shown both online and in various venues within the Orlando area. She is currently a MA candidate for Conservation of Fine Art (paper specialization) at Northumbria University in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK.



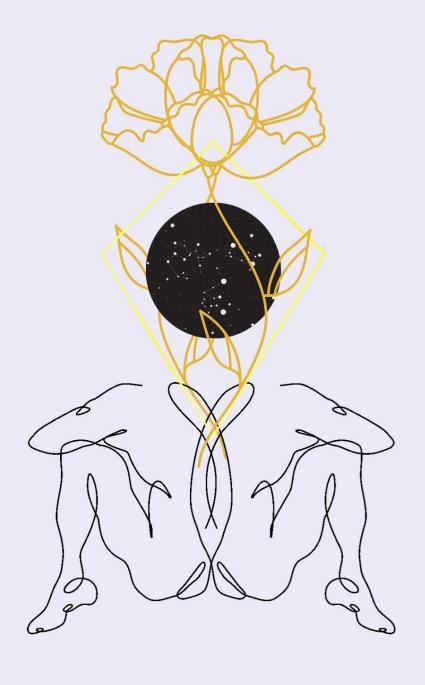
As the threat of a new coronavirus continues to loom large, the world seeks effective ways to prevent, treat and cure COVID-19. Many countries, as well as several states and cities, have made the use of masks or face coverings compulsory in public places, in order to help their citizens in the fight against the pandemic. Health organizations around

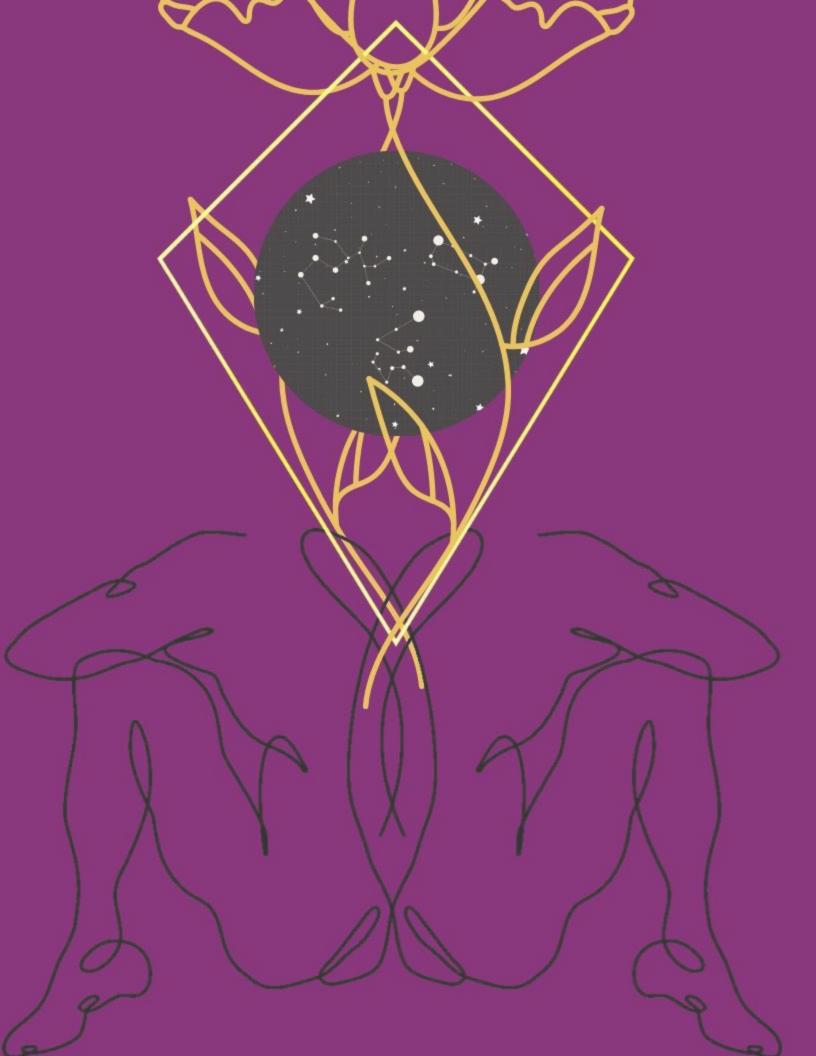


the world insist that using a mask alone will not provide an adequate level of protection against the virus and recommend several other precautions. In this trauma, in addition to the precautions, we must take care of each other with love. And we will rebuild a world with the celebration of love, that is my DREAM. For this artwork I have handwritten LOVE in different languages from around the world onto my mask. I think Love and Empathy are the only strength for this toughest time we are going through.



Suman Kabiraj is a contemporary artist based in Kolkata, India. Kabiraj's mediums include painting, drawing, photography, installation, short-films and multimedia. Kabiraj holds a Masters in visual arts with 1st class from Govt. College of Art and Craft, Calcutta University (2006). His works and art projects have been exhibited in several international galleries, art events and film festivals. Kabiraj also acts and directs in films, including, the documentary feature "Mind and Canvas" produced by the Indian Film Division, Govt. of India. Suman is honoured with Governor's Gold Award, Prafulla Dahanukar National Gold medal, Kalanand Scholarship, Gaganendranath Tagore Memorial Award, Camlin Euro Professional Visit Scholarship, Rashbehari Dutta Memorial Award, Sunil Das Scholarship, Gopen Roy Memorial Award, Mukul Dey Graphics Awards, and others.







Each ink stroke appeared in dreams. In the morning, I translated this sense of interconnection as an imaginal vision in which everything happens in lines that interconnect beyond time and space.

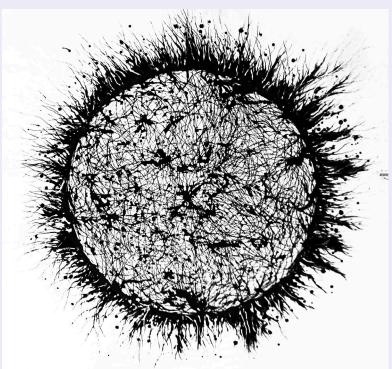
Drawing is the scaffolding, not only of image, but also of consciousness. The line connects and traces routes and roads that meet or depart.

Each ink stroke in this series was outlined in a dream.

In my wakeful state, I translated this sense of interconnections, which pareidolia effects lead me to interpret as super strings of quantum physics, but above all, they are an imaginal vision of a landscape that speaks about consciousness.

I choose to live and draw as part of a whole without judgment or prejudice. Drawing a line with the Universe disables the individuality of Ego, leading me to the fertile ground for Absoluteness.

My drawings are an active, shared, meditation.







The Eye of God/ Earth Size: 150 x 150 cm Technique: Acrylic inks over canvas Year: 2021





The eye of God/ Cosmic vision Size: 280 x 205 cm Technique: Mixed media Year: 2021



Alessandra Sequeira was Born in Costa Rica, 1969. Studied Graphic Design Universidad de Costa Rica. Multidisciplinary artist, specializing in drawing, painting, installations, textile, and relational art experiences. Exhibited over 150 collective exhibitions and over 20 solo art shows in the past twenty years, in museums, galleries, and art fairs around the world.



DREAM SPACE

As I awaken from my slumber
With eyes closed in a heavenly state

Between dimensions with heavy lids Impressions from my dreams escape

With hand and mind in perfect unison Bridging these two realms

A story flows across the page Like a dance between Ease and Grace

An exploration of these markings Express my work today

Charming these fleeting memories With a magical embrace.

-Written in collaboration with Robyn Joy

Black Hole Blue, 2020 **Digital Painting & Animation**

This was an emotion It is not a place There is no space to ground It is the kind of emotion that makes everything else disappear But I am not afraid.

My artwork combines an exploration of the non-material world and the expressions of consciousness. Personal memories, family dynamics, and ancestral symbolism shape the stories that unfold. My body of work channels energies that empower and enlighten the viewer through colour and motion; materializing in the form of oil paintings, illustrations, and digital media work. I an visual artist currently enrolled in OCAD University's Drawing & Painting BFA program in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. I am comm ted to developing my career as a contemporary visual artist, educator, and creative leader.

Everything was dark, I found myself walking naked.

Bathed in the moonlight but centered in no sight.

Trying to figure out where I am or what is in this void.

Nothing is real nor clear but I hear wild splashes.

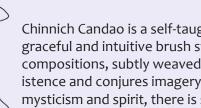


I listen to the echo it creates in the beauty of silence.

I feel distant from everywhere yet closest to everything.

Wondering what I could be beyond this dream.

Title: Hypnosis Medium: Oil on Paper Size: 8 x 8



Chinnich Candao is a self-taught, Mindanao-born, Muslim artist from the Philippines whose graceful and intuitive brush strokes bring to life the flow, energy and richness of waves. Her rich compositions, subtly weaved with inaul patterns, honor her roots. Her art conveys conscious existence and conjures imagery that goes beyond mere perception. With her own flair that evokes mysticism and spirit, there is so much more to see beyond her veil.



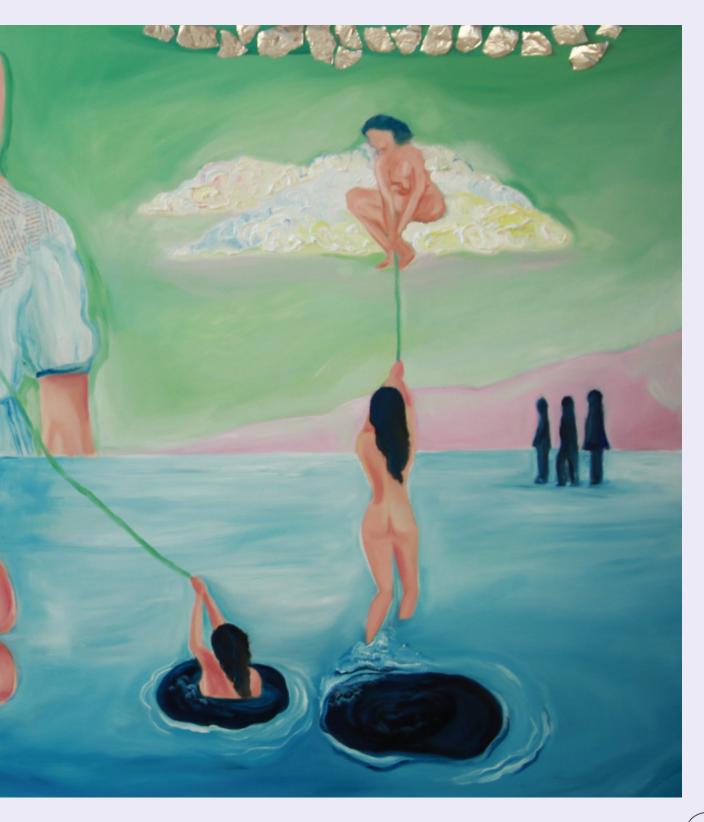
Title: Escaping reality by living in my head, 2020. Medium: oil on canvas, mixed media. Size: 90x100 cm

The series of my paintings titled *Dream Sequences* is inspired by the current situation in the times of isolation. For the past five months, I have been working on a painting series that depicts dreams and inner feelings like solitude and uncertainty. My paintings are surrealistic, colorful and full of energy. They are biographical but they leave space for observers to engage in and become one with the paintings. I have used oil paint medium but also mixed media such as plastic, mirrors and paper. The plastic in the paintings is symbolic and it represents two things. By using this medium firstly I wanted to point out the changes in our climate, the harm we are doing to the earth by polluting it in different ways but also the struggles that we face within ourselves.









Teuta Pashnjari is a Fine Artist currently doing her Bachelor's degree of Media and Arts in Tampere, Finland.

Born in Albania, she moved to Corfu Island at a very young age. For the past three years, Teuta has been travelling back and forth in Albania, Corfu and Berlin, until she decided to move to Tampere for studies.

Since then, she has taken part in a few group exhibitions and "Bits of Us" is the most recent one. Moreover, she was the main organizer of "Year One," a two days art event that took place in Mediapolis at Tampere University of Applied Sciences. As an artist, she has brought her focus mainly on the human form and its surroundings, but lately she has been interested in drawing animals and experimenting with different mixed media techniques. Teuta also enjoys using photography and video mediums as ways of expression.





In a "covid-dream," I'm living in an apartment with a lot of other young people.

There is a common area with a soft couch, where I'm brainstorming about an art project. I'm caring for a baby while I work. The baby belongs to the apartment.

If I cuddle and coo with him for a few minutes, he lets me work for at least half an hour. I say to him, "when you grow up, are you going to help me with my work?"

Then I realize he's already helping me and feel grateful. I give him a big hug.

As I am leaving the apartment, I'm heading down the stairs and see a medium-sized box. I can faintly see my ex-husband's name written on the side.

Inside are yards and yards of polyester retro belting from when I worked as a fashion production person. I examine the cheap yellowing taffeta and try but can't think of any use for it.

I'm guessing that the factory has found out where I live, and in a passive-aggressive move, left the old materials on my doorstep. I check on Google maps and see my address is listed.

I'm on my way to a screening of my short film. My friend Will is with me and says that he just got a text from the lead actress who has congratulated me. I realize that I forgot to invite her or anybody. I think to myself that they'll probably understand because of world events. Everybody is a bit off.



I'm in the back of a minivan with the people that have organized the festival. They don't seem like adults. Some of them look more like preteens and have pimples. I ask them if there are any complimentary tickets for the filmmakers? They have a big argument amongst themselves.

For the first time, I look down at the flyer and notice how bad the graphic design is. It's a mix of too many fonts on a hot pink card.

Then the one girl looks back between the seats and says to me that I can have a ticket for myself and a friend. I commend her choice and explain that the extra ticket might encourage people to invite others? She says the others are worried about too many people coming and not fitting into the venue. We both agree there is no need to worry.

They can have two screenings if that's the case. We also discuss how unlikely it is that there will be too many people because it's Christmas time and COVID.

Getting out of the van, I see a small dollsized baby in a hat getting out before me. I realize that he's going to tumble. I extend my leg to break his fall. He still flops down somewhat hard on the street.

I look up, and my mom is there. She's looking disappointed like I should've been taking better care of this baby that I didn't even know was there. I say, "don't worry, it's fine." There are lots of other people standing around. It's all a bit embarrassing, but I help the baby back up.

I think about doing a cross-hatching sketch of the view from a CEO's office. I

then awaken to find myself in my studio again. It's so bright that with my eyes closed, it looks like a cloudy sky.



Anika Yuzak is an artist/filmmaker based in Vancouver, BC. She has screened her films at the Or gallery, Western Front, VIVO, and Oregon State International Film Festival. In 2004, she received her BFA from Emily Carr University. Her work explores the possibilities for agency within a wider culture that discounts intimacy, self-knowledge, and the imaginary. She's currently working on a new short film, "Some Girl," funded by the BC Arts Council. When she's not filmmaking or researching professional pick-up artists, she likes to review self-help books on her blog.



Z

S



My work is about how pandemic days affected my dreams. After days of trying to avoid human contact, and with the awareness of germs and viruses that surround us, I started to have dreams in which I was cutting coloured glasses on the second month of the confinement.

I was looking for a vivid equivalent of the feeling I was waking up with. This surreal world of dreams, without any specific beginning or end and reflecting my fears, mixed with metaphoric shapes and colours, inspired me to start a new body of work.





Deniz Kazma is a Turkish-Belgian "creative art designer" based in Brussels. She was born and raised in a creative family in Istanbul, after her graduation in 2002 from Mimar Sinan Fine Arts Academy with bachelor's degree in Graphic Design in Istanbul city, she worked for many years between Istanbul, Brussels, and Buenos Aires as Art Director, Graphic Designer and a performing artist. She also studied ceramics and took an 18-month program in Brussels to develop anthropological visual projects.

Deniz lived in various vibrant cities to cultivate her style and feed her imagination. She took part in several collective exhibitions and collaborated with other artists, designers and brands in Belgium, Turkey, and Argentina.

TIME IS CHANGING

This dream vision presented itself to me nearing the end of May 2020. I see myself in front of a large, almost infinite, piece of paper that looks like a sheet of music. It is floating in the air. There are a lot of symbols on it. I am looking up at it and saying to myself: "Time is changing... I don't recognize this time..."

The first phrase that came to my mind when I woke up was "time is blending." I am a painter and seldom I work on ink and design like imagery; however this dream, and several that has come after it, propelled me to recorded on my 4 by 6 inches sketch book using a blank ink pen.



As a trained clinical art therapist too, I am aware on how the use of art materials and its choices manifest something of our emotional/psychological self.

Therefore, I was not surprised to have chosen a pen as my tool of choice bringing forward my desire to control my environment & my surroundings on the face of increased sense of vulnerability and loss of life as I knew it.

I am a Latin American immigrant from Buenos Aires, Argentina living and working in Chicago. I am a professional artist, curator, educator, writer, and psychotherapist in private practice at Ledesma Studio and a clinical consultant at the Wellness Center of The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. I hold an MFA and MAAT from The School of Art Institute of Chicago (1988) and a doctoral degree in clinical social work with focus in the practical application of psychoanalysis and art-making for healing in the clinical treatment of adults from the Institute of Clinical Social Work (2009). I am a magic realist and colorist painter using strong, bold, vibrant colors as expression of my Latin American roots and to denote emotions. My work is inspired by emotional, spiritual, and social issues. I attempt to take a closer look at memory and the impact that displacement and disregard for cultures of native

My face is painted blue. I was driving my car with Duda in the passenger's seat and the windows down. She said she'd wait in the car while I went inside and washed my face. I called her so we could stay on the phone. It didn't feel right to leave her there.

I ran upstairs to the bathroom and started wiping the paint from my face with a wet towel. As I did this someone else's voice came through the line. It was a familiar voice- an enemy I hadn't spoken to in years over a ceaseless grudge. I grew agitated as she spoke not to me through the line but to a group of men encouraging her to steal my car and take it back to their place.

"I'll tear your throat out if you take my car. I'll kill you if you touch my car," I grew vicious and ran out.

When I opened the door, I found myself trapped in an underground cavern. There was no evidence of how I arrived there, and no passage for exit.

The room lacked light and gravity. I toured the space using only the flashlight on my phone and viewed everything through its screen. A pink afghan carpet lined the floors, walls and ceiling. It was kicked up and woven through clusters of furniture.

Scanning the room through my lens, three

emoting and naked bodies inched like worms from

ceiling to floor, weaving themselves in and out of my recording and around these bizarre furnishings. Each of them was soaked in a phosphorescent syrup that made it appear they had just hatched from some ectoplasmic womb.

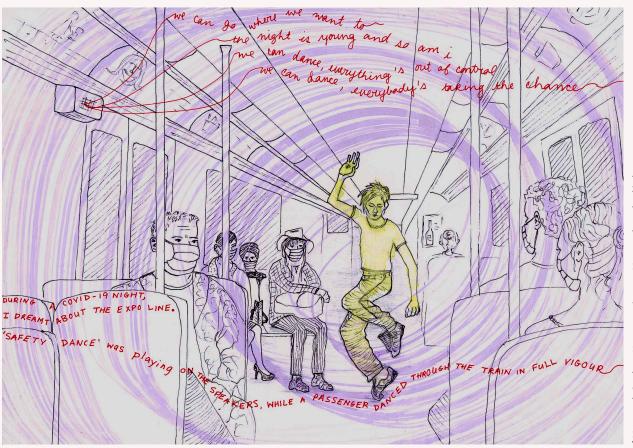
I noticed someone cooking across the room. A lumberjack was stirring a pot that was boiling over.

Just in front of him was the very same man beating a small drum between his legs. I was captivated by him, it seemed everything moved to the beat of this rhythm.

The drummer saw me and led me out of the dream.



Since March 11th, when the World Health Organization declared COVID-19 a global pandemic, things have felt surreal: disbelief, the shutting down, mass unemployment, blocks of boarded up businesses, quiet streets, virtually empty transit, masks, statistic-laden news. I remember, too, watching a news report featuring a clash in the States between Black Lives Matter protesters and the police. One of the protestors, in a haze of tear gas, was in a complete hazmat suit.



During a COVID-19 night... is a graphite, ink and watercolour drawing on 11.75" x 8.25" paper.

Strange Nights.

That surreal feeling connects more smoothly with dreams. In June, Bonnie Henry announced that BC would lift restrictions on bars and clubs, adding that dance floors weren't allowed, although dancing alone or with one's partner was fine. Perhaps this was the seed that blossomed into my covidream. I dreamt about Translink's Expo Line. Men Without Hats' Safety Dance was playing on the speakers while a passenger danced through the train in full vigour.

In *The Plague*, Albert Camus wrote, "...when you see the misery it brings, you'd need to be a madman, or a coward, or stone blind, to give in tamely to the plague." My wild dancer would agree.

Strange Times.

Karen Vanon was born and raised just outside of Montreal, Quebec. Her excursions to Montreal resulted in her love for the diversity, vibrancy, culture, and intrigue of the urban landscape. Since then she has lived in Toronto, Ottawa, and now, Vancouver. These cities, as all cities, have their own characters and stories to tell. This is the very subject that compels her to draw, documenting her time and place. Karen recently completed her Bachelor



During this work process, I have reflected on human experiences of doubt and social injustice as well as explored feelings that question the forces of normalization existing in our society. The most difficult part of this process has been the conceptualization and formalization of floating ideas arising in my crazy human mind within the current social and personal contexts. I am a human being full of madness – madness to feel, to express and to create.

COVID19 dream: Someone was reading my destiny through Tarot cards and they told me, "Do not worry. You will find happiness and sadness in your life. You are human. You are an explosion of emotions and you are perfect as you are."

In the work you can see in the background a black and white spiral that represents the confusion of emotions, then you can see four hands holding a card of tarot that represents destiny and what is coming, people can form their own path. Inside the tarot card there are two hearts with different masks, one full of sadness and pain and the other full of joy and laughter. These hearts represent the tragic and comical of the human being. The two hearts become a grenade since all the feelings that a human can feel are an explosion, but after the explosion the sun always rises, for this reason there is also a sun in the upper right.

I'm Sophie, a 19 years old self-taught Mexican artist who has always been an art lover. In the past two years I have intensified my study and creation of art due to my growing interest and passion of understanding myself and the society. I was selected for Flammantes 19th edition showcasing two original paintings. Selected for the Kunst-Gala in 2019 and 2020 in the German School in Mexico, Colegio Aleman Alexander von Humboldt. I was a speaker in Humboldt's TEDx. My talk is called artichoke heart. I was also a speaker in Humboldt Habla, 2020. Selected for the Festival Museum of Dead Words with the concept Sexism in October, 2020. I paint to connect with society, to give a message, to concretize, and to heal.



Attempted Possession of the Body (The Toe), 2020 Ink on paper, 42 x 29.7cm

After a dream/vision: tiny troublemakers attempt possession of a body via the (its) big toe — looking for a way in.



Katrina Niebergal (b. Kelowna, BC, Canada) is an interdisciplinary artist working primarily in sculpture, installation, writing/poetry, video, etc. Her practice is centrally concerned with feeling, feminine experience, and the wiggly nature of perception. She received her MA from the Royal Academy of Art, The Hague (2019) and her BFA in Visual Arts from Emily Carr University of Art + Design (2013). She is the facilitator of The Pole, Den Haag, an artist-run exhibition space; and a core-member of Experimental Pizza Club (EPC).

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME

I have had long, complex, dreams, full of nuances I can recall my whole life. Because they are usually fully fleshed-out stories involving lots of action, this dream during covid was quite normal. My dreams have periods of fluctuating intensity, and I think I have more dreams when I don't feel well mentally. My dreams always reflect my personal life experiences, and because of that, I was always able to unravel their meaning.

This dream - my Coronavirus dream - didn't follow this pattern.



Currently, I live in quite a big, hundred year old house, in Gozo. It is a typical Maltese house. Three bedrooms, ceilings four meters high, a stairway to the first floor, with wide steps and iron railings. A granny-style house, swimming in light.

In my dream, I arrived home to this house, but the hallway was longer, bigger, and the whole house was darker. It was a little bit weird, but I wasn't worried about it. I walked up to the first floor, where the rooms were full of people dressed in black-tie. They were chatting and staring at me quizzically. They didn't seem to understand what I was doing there.

I just wandered about, and as I walked, the house grew bigger, each step a little larger, and it soon began to resemble those old apartment houses in Hungary, the 'gangos házak'. And as the house expanded, the number of people grew.

I really didn't mind. Cool, I thought.

More rooms, more tenants... finally I can make some money. I mean, somebody was surely going to pay. I accosted a man, introducing him to my idea of generous remuneration and, although surprised, he helpfully explained, "But we don't live here, we're shooting a movie."

That was the moment when I realised that these men and women were not in black tie, no... They were black and white movie characters. Oh, and they're famous Hungarian actors and actresses from the black-and-white film era. The house kept growing, and with it evermore movie stars and artists kept appearing, but strictly following the timeline of their career, when they were most relevant.

I felt like a stranger in my own home, a lost little girl. Nobody listened to me. They just stared at me, probably because I was wearing a long colourful hippie skirt. I knew they were thinking that I'm not elegant enough. I was the only person who was in colour. The house grew enormous. There was a large ballroom in the middle with an equally enormous semi-circle shaped balcony. Black and white people--including historical characters--bustled everywhere, and I didn't know who I should talk to about the rent.

Finally, somebody told me, there is a director, and he can pay the bill. I asked him, where is the director? He pointed to the balcony, where a corpulent, strict, brunette woman commanded others, wearing a Soviet uniform and two piggy tails. I decided to speak to her, but when I tried to cross the dance floor, a huge moving camera stand suddenly appeared; the kind they used for TV shows and movies. And this stand was growing as well as the ballroom. The stand became like a big control panel of a spaceship. But the camera was still there, and the spaceship control panel was drifting from left to right, back and forth, shooting people.

I jumped on the stage, over the stage. I planned on jumping all the way to the balcony, as soon as the stand would reach it. But the camera stand was moving fast in this bigger and bigger space. I even had to struggle with the wind created by all the movement. I didn't give up, even though every time it looked like the camera stand was going to reach the balcony—getting ever so close, enough for me to almost jump—it would suddenly change direction.

The jump seemed increasingly impossible. I tried to keep my balance in the wind, on the moving stand, and then the stand went far from the room, so I could see it from a wider and bigger perspective. There were people on the dancefloor, on the stairs, on the balcony. I realized that the whole of world history was there. I saw it all from the "beginning" to the middle of the twentieth century. Though I didn't actually see every king, painter, writer, politician, I just felt the history of humanity was there. I saw every action of the past in one system, I understood every movement of ancient times.

It was like an enlightenment of sorts. And then I woke up.

Erika Szanyi (1975) was born and raised in Budapest, Hungary. She studied History and gained an MA in Hungarian Literature in 2002. After the University she has been working as a cultural journalist-editor with a strong focus on contemporary art. Her first Hungarian literary publication was in 2016 Élet és Irodalom. Due to her cooperation with George Scintilla photographer, she was published in English in 2018. Currently she lives in Gozo, Malta. She works as a freelance translator and is working on her first collection of short stories.

Angelo Zazou (1977) is a Malta based artist, born in Johannesburg, South Africa. He moved to London in his early twenties, where he spent nearly two decades, before settling in the Mediterranean. The autodidactic painter was recently on show in the 'Spleen' exhibition, organized by the Arthall Gallery, in Gozo - where he exhibited under the name, Harrison Levi. He is currently working on his next series, which focuses on the question of identity, and the borderline between the intellect and the emotions.

I'm with a few other people and I have to swim down a well-like tube of water.

When I get to the bottom the landscape turns into a cavelike atmosphere and I see a small furnace or woodburner.

My next task is to light a fire in there, so I search for some kindling and find some on the ground. I put it in, light it. and shit the door.

A small fire starts.

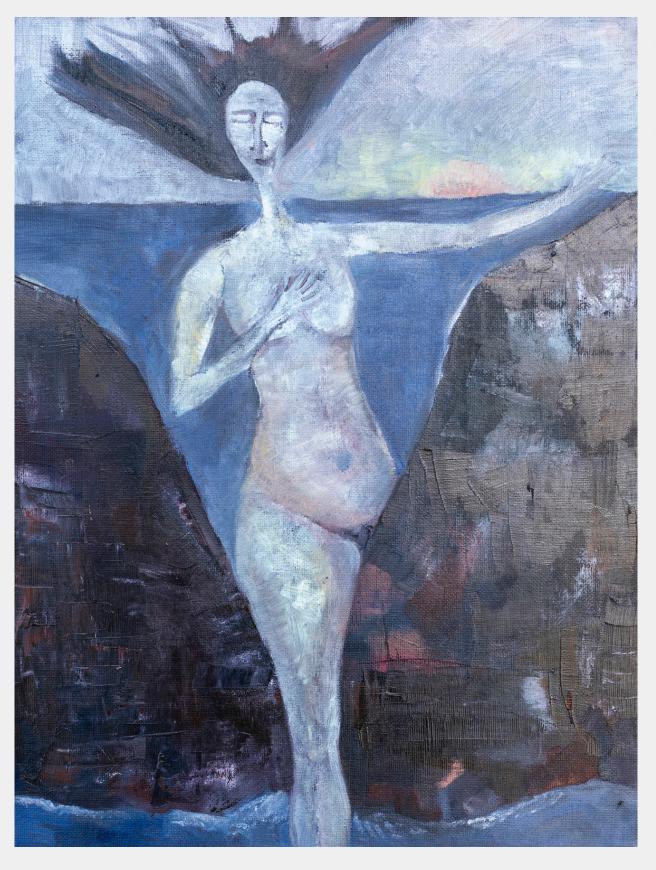




I dream that I am rushing to catch a flight and I don't manage to get it.

The following night I dream that I am on the flight, so I must have caught it ...

Grace Gelder is a photographer educator and researcher based in the UK. As part of her creative practice over the last decade she has recorded all of her significant dreams; she enjoyed the opportunity to reconnect with oil painting and depict some of the Covid-19 related dreams during the first months of the pandemic.



I'm sitting in the sea on some rocks adjoining an island. I sense that the water is going to get stormy, so I wedge myself between two rocks knowing that I won't get swept out to sea. I'm aware that if the water rises, there won't be much that I can do.

Staying inside for prolonged periods of time is something I struggle doing as it negatively affects my mental health. I felt out of touch, especially during the mandatory quarantine period. Traveling brings me to my happy place and not having the ability to do that, or even go to my local grocery store, was difficult.



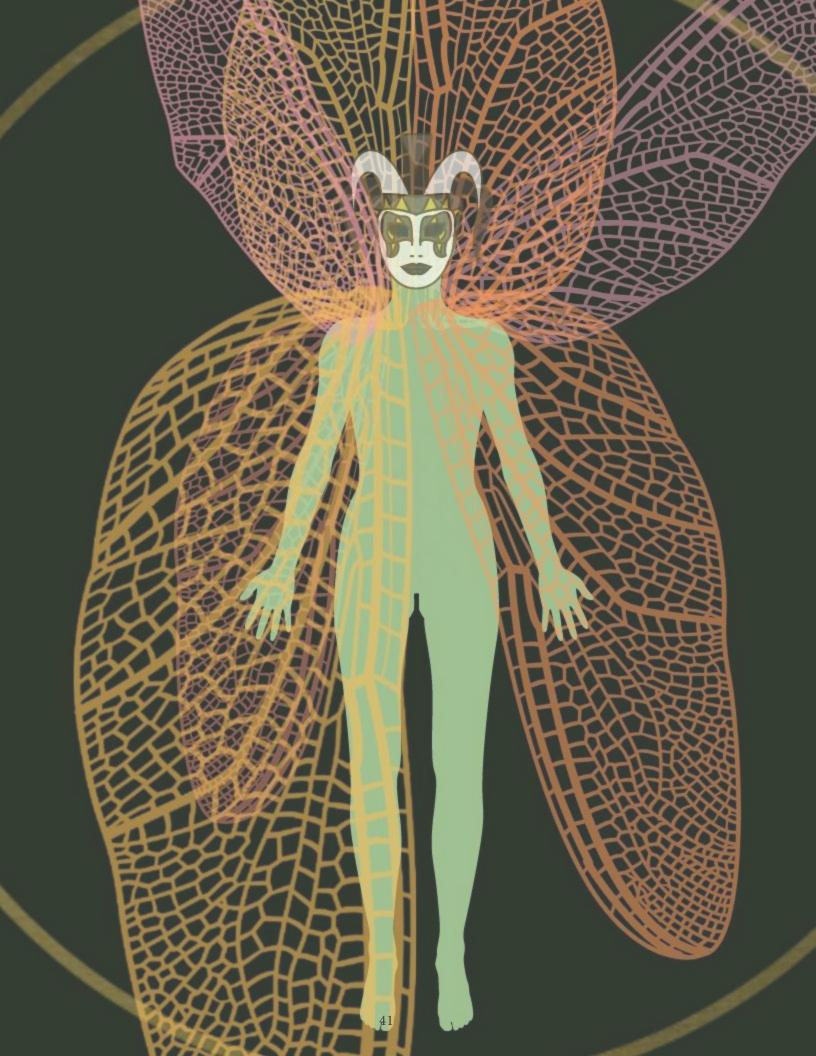
I fell asleep one night and had a dream about my past travels to Iceland. It's one of my favourite places on the entire planet. To me, it represents pure beauty, bliss and freedom.

I was watching myself walk along the black sand shores, looking at rock formations, and seeing mountainscapes and clouds. My entire dream was composed of mainly blues and blacks, and presented itself in a series of shots. That's what I tried to do with this painting by sectioning off three spaces for specific shots I saw in my dream.

The inclusion of the skeleton torso and skulls reference the deaths happening with this pandemic and I wanted it to connect with the title which means "I want to go to heaven". Iceland would be my heaven.

Ég Vil Fara Til Himna, 2020 60x40

Stella Guan is a queer, non-binary 20-year-old from Brooklyn, New York. Currently, Stella is majoring in Fine Arts and minoring in Creative Writing at the American University of Paris. Additionally, they are pursuing a career as a tattoo artist. Having grown up in a challenging household with difficult family relationships, and dealing with BPD (Borderline Personality Disorder) as well as gender identity struggles, Stella uses their art and writing as the ultimate form of expression. With their paintings, Stella hopes to bring awareness to the difficulties of living with a mental health disorder and being a trauma survivor, as well as connect with those going through similar things. Stella's work has been featured in Skin Mutts, an exhibition in Antwerp, along with Art Hole Magazine.



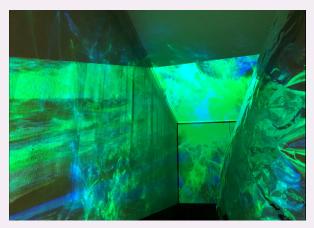
MOTATION

Being & Feeling (Alone, Together) - ex(i/ha)le (2020)

https://vimeo.com/416993899

I was invited by the Director/Curator of the Lamont Gallery in Exeter-NH, Lauren O'Neal, to design an on-site, neuro-diverse installation, ex(i/ha)le, for their exhibition Being & Feeling: Alone, Together (March-June, 2020). It was installed. Then, Covid happened before the show opened. We came up with the idea to instead have a virtual surrogate (aka, a video), as a partial remedy to the public not being able to engage in-person.





Rather than trying to only document or depict the physical installation of BoPET pneumatic structure, sauna-like temperatures, oblique-angled projections, haptics and sonics, the video further ventures loose threads and fractures that the physical installation's creative process availed.

As the exhibition remained in a virtual state thru this summer, a strange relation with both the physical installation and the video arose: both have come to feel like ghost presences or dream figures -- haunting, lost selves and untethered souls that continued to exist yet feeling very much out-of-reach -- circling in some derealized mindether, defamiliarizing (to me) as the months passed.

The components of the physical-aural-optical site-specific installation – each were separate projects that were not initially conceived as belonging together – came to form something approaching a whole only after Lauren's commission. (Barely) fitting within the confines of a 16w' x 12d' x 11h' room, ex(i/ha)le then became a work exploring gradients of friction between the various parts, and an ob-

session that "the whole would be less than a sum of its parts" (echoing Timothy Morton).

The sonics of ex(i/ha)le feature the poetry of my friend and colleague, Willie Perdomo, including his recorded renditions of them from my composition, elegies-axon-asterismal.

Stills from Being & Feeling (Alone, Together), 2020









Title: *Let me in*Medium: Acrylic on Panel
Dimensions: 24"x18"
Year: 2020



Title: *I miss*Medium: Acrylic on Canvas
Dimensions: 10" x 8"
Year: 2020



Title: *The End Of The World, Metasequoia*Medium: Acrylic and oil on Canvas
Dimensions: 8" x 8"
Year: 2020



Title: Tic Tac Toe Medium: Acrylic on Canvas Dimensions: 8" x 10" Year: 2020

During the pandemic I stayed with my boyfriend at his place. We thought it would be over quickly and that we would be ok. But as time went by, I felt anxious and stuck. We have been staying in the small room together for two months.



More than this, we didn't know how much longer the coronavirus outbreak would last.

I was becoming more sensitive and emotional. My anxiety of being stuck in this place for who knows how long made my boyfriend more nervous and we started fighting a lot. Even after fighting, we couldn't have alone time.

After we fought one night as was the usual course of events, I stared at the house plant on the corner in his room.

Before I fell asleep, I felt that I could identify with the plant as a pathetic and passive being. I dreamed that I became

the plant and tried to leave my boyfriend and kill him, but I could not.

Title: *I am fine*Medium: Acrylic on Canvas
Dimensions: 8" x 10"
Year: 2020



Chunghee Yun is a painter from Seoul, South Korea who currently resides and work in New York City.

Transitory Space

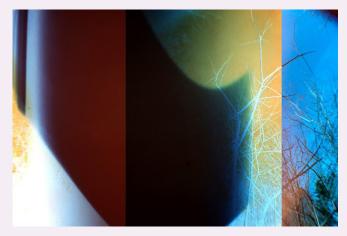


The *Transitory Space* series deals with urban and natural locations that are transforming due to the passage of time, altered natural conditions and a continual human imprint. In everyone and in everything there are daily changes and this series articulates fluctuation in the photographic image and captures movement through time and space.











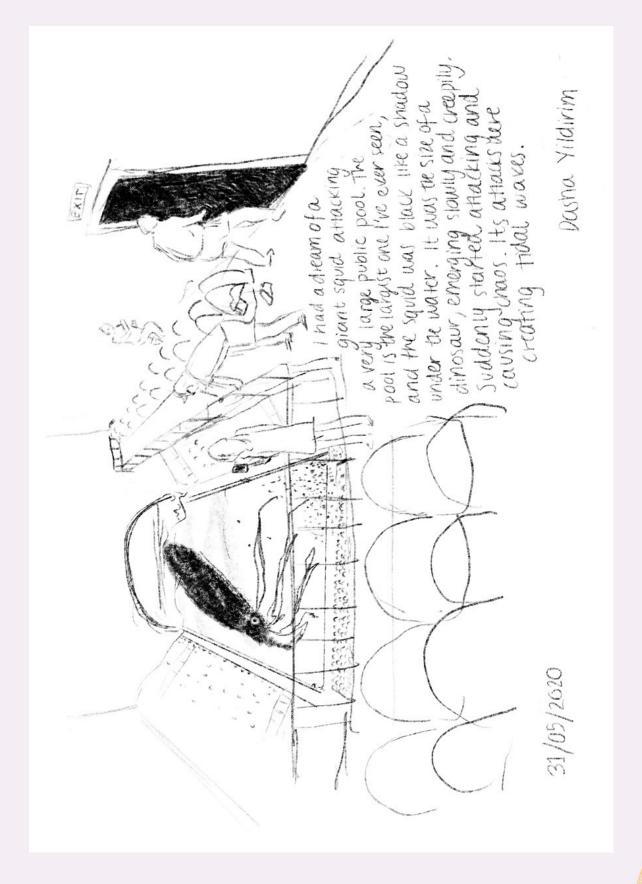
Transitory Space deals with flux and constant change, which has come into sharper focus during the pandemic. In reality, time and the future have always been in play and open to any outcomes. People resist this as it can be uncomfortable. They choose comfort and routine as it is easier, even though it can be a hypnotic trap.

The pandemic just tore that apart and disrupted life.

My work is about that disruption as it pertains to the environment, which is also in the early stages of climate change disasters i.e., fires, flood, and so on. It also deals with a schism in time, space, and perception in the way people view reality, as in each moment there are many numerous things happening.



Leah Oates has a B.F.A. from the Rhode Island School of Design and a M.F.A. from The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. She is a Fulbright Fellow for graduate study at Edinburgh College of Art in Scotland. Oates has presented in groups shows in Toronto at The Gladstone Hotel, Gallery 1313, Propeller Gallery, Papermill Gallery, Arta Gallery, Neilson Park Creative Centre, Gerrard Art Space, Connections Gallery and at Wychwood Barns Community Gallery. Oates has had numerous solo shows at NYC venues including Black Cat Artspace, Susan Eley Fine Art, The MTA Lightbox Project at 42nd Street, and The Arsenal Gallery in Central and locally at Tomasulo Gallery in New Jersey, Real Art Ways in Connecticut, Sara Nightingale Gallery in Water Mill, Long Island and the Sol Mednick Gallery at the Philadelphia University of the Arts. Oates has had solo shows nationally at Anchor Graphics, Artemisia Gallery and Woman Made Gallery in Chicago and internationally at Galerie Joella in Turku, Finland.



I am a Turkish-Kazakh illustrator and porcelain artist based in British Columbia, Canada. Mostly working with materials such as watercolour, graphite, and ink for my illustrations. I graduated from Emily Carr University of Art and Design in 2020 with a BFA in Illustration. This is where I also discovered my love for porcelain and ceramics media. When not drawing, I craft delicate porcelain dolls and jewelry that are designed with high quality materials, fibres, and metals.



A NOVEL MUTATION

In the early stages of COVID-19 lockdown I had several related dreams, one of which made quite an impression on me. It took place roughly in the beginning of April 2020 in the early phase of the lockdown in Toronto, Canada.

It is evening. The weather is pleasant for a walk with a friend through a park where some sort of gathering will take place. We emerge from between the trees onto an open field where dozens of people are mingling and chatting. It is unclear what the meeting is all about; maybe it is a music concert we are awaiting, or it is simply some sort of an outdoor party we are attending.

I am unsure and can only guess.

The atmosphere and mood are one of ease, enjoyment, and joviality. This all changes quickly. Suddenly people are in a state of frenzy and begin dispersing in all directions, fleeing from the park as fast as they can. Some are screaming, others shouting. There is palpable fear and panic in the air. We are unsure what is happening until we hear: "Someone has a gun!"

We notice the man carrying the weapon.

Terrified about this threat, we swiftly make our way out of the park onto a deserted narrow street where we feel we have rediscovered some safety. The street is walled up by buildings on both sides and dimly lit. Though it is unclear where we are headed or where we are, we are relieved to have escaped and no longer feel as frightened.

As we continue making our way, we encounter a dark alleyway that captures my curiosity. As I move toward it, there begin to emerge from darkness all sorts of alien animals; none are recognizable. They appear to be newly emerging beings. They are strange shapes and sizes—their bodies are blob-like with lanky, elongated, limbs, and asymmetrical protruding organs. These alien creatures do not appear threatening, however. There is something friendly about them.

It occurs to me that they are seeking to approach and interact with us. In what way? Unknown. As one of the animals moves toward me, reaching to make some sort of contact, I am unsure and push the mysterious animal away. This surprises me. The animal misses me and hits the concrete wall behind me.

The moment is lost.

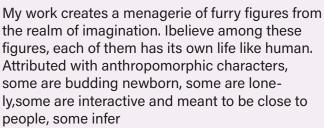
Alarmed by yet another unusual event, we begin to run; this time from the strange animals emerging from the dark alleyway. I wake up recalling the dream. The encounter leaves me wondering why I would turn away a creature that met my eyes, and, in that meeting, did not present danger. It feels unlike me not to embrace an animal addressing me. It feels unlike me to run away.





The moonlight shines on my tummy with a big belly (2020) is inspired by an uncanny man with buzzing voice who appeared into my dream, who has a long mouth with teeth on his face like a mosquito. I named this man "Mosquito Man." The slightly elegant arc reflects the thoughts in my brain with the angle of truth. I sneered with a wink. Compared to some people with flat, ugly toes, yet very unlike the rest, my lover and I have formal and square fingernails.





hyperactivityand anxiety.

Inspired by ridiculous and absurd in everyday life, these amorphousfigures with long necks are reflections on people's inner self. They meant to actfree, humorous, romantic, whimsical, disturbing even indecent.

The using andtransforming the materials are one of main source of constructing the figures'identities and personalities. By changing the visual forms and re-identifying thefunctionality of scavenged products, my work acquires re-defined social andpsychological meanings.

When I choose scavenged material, I intend to choose readymade consumerobjects that directly relate to the body. For example, fabrics (clothes, pants,underwear, socks) and other daily objects. I believe these materials can enrichthe organic life aspect of figures while relating them with human personas.

By abandoning material original functionality, I treat the materials intuitively depend on their imaginary character representations to generate new body out of personalities.

I am interested in re-defining found objects on abstract form ofbody with playfulness, humor and references to generate new physicality andmaterial conversations. I propel the ambiguity in each work to make each one ofthe creatures live in the world as complicated individual.



MUTATION

Yirui Jia was born in 1997 in China and moved to the United States in 2015. Yirui is a current MFA Fine Arts candidate at the School of Visual Arts in New York where she currently works and lives. Yirui received her BFA dual degrees in Studio Arts and Management Studies from Gettusburg College, PA. In 2018, she exchanged to an art program at Marchutz School of Arts in Aix-en-Provence, France for half of year. Yirui Jia works in a multitude of mediums between organic materials and found objects to channel emotions and anthropomorphic characters through the relation with objects and object imaginary features.



DREAMING

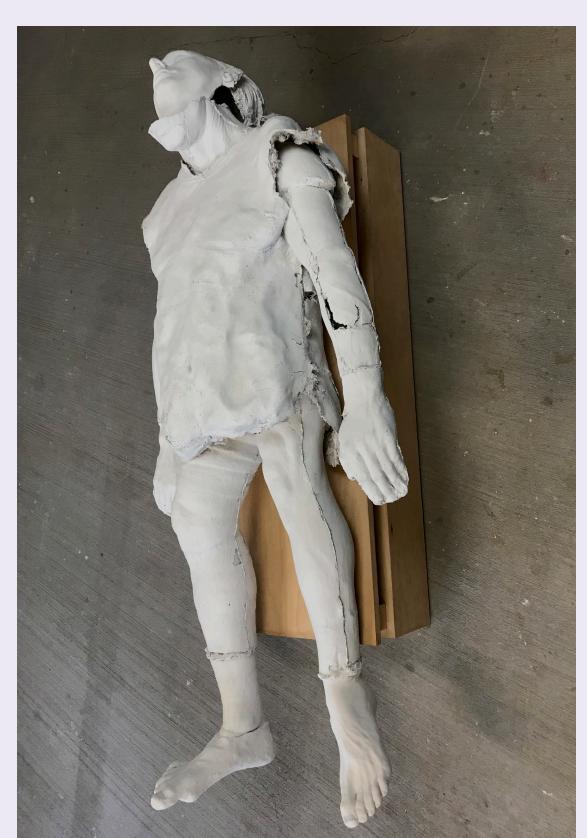
The arrival of Covid-19 abruptly brought about an enforced self-isolation for so many of us this year. This meant time alone with one's thoughts, anxieties and vices, detached from our routines and left in a solitary state of limbo.



The sculpture DREAMING embodies this idea, fluctuating between real and other as if the dreamer is broadcasting his subconscious out over the surface of his recumbent body. The figure may be resting, but clearly it is not at ease.

DREAMING is made from Forton MG (polymerized gypsum), Fiberglass, silicone caulk, feathers and paint on a customized plywood base. It measures 21" high (including base) x 28" wide x 61.5" long.

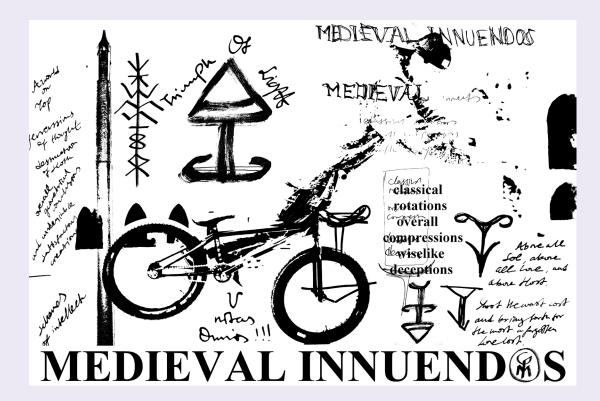




Dreaming, Sculpture, 2020

Benjamin Phillips is a mid-career sculptor based in Ottawa, Ontario. His art practice focuses on portraying the human body with a style that merges Classical form with contemporary themes of vulnerability, embodiment and change. Raised in rural Nova Scotia, Benjamin Phillips graduated from Acadia University (BA), the University of Victoria (BFA) and Arizona State University (MFA), he is a two-time winner of the international Elizabeth Greenshields Foundation artist grant for representational art. Phillips has exhibited primarily in the United States, most recently showing at Udinotti Gallery in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Medieval Innuendos 'ARIPATSEK'



Medieval Innuendos was a spinning word in my mind as soon as the quarantine started. The well-known medieval plague pandemic and my fascination with the Middle Ages, forged this wordplay. The fear, the mass extinction, the survival, the questions about its origins, all arouse. It was apparent to me that this was a reanimation of medieval scenery in modern terms.

True or forged who could say? But the trails were there...



THE SANDMEN

This piece is inspired by a journal entry that reflects on the use of medication for my anxiety disorder whilst at an inpatient psychiatric care unit. It also sheds light on the positive impact nurses have on vulnerable patients' well-being. When I forgot how to take care of myself, nurses stepped in and held my hand as I began my recovery process.



The piece as a whole, journal entry included, can be viewed as a thank you to the support staff who ensured that I was safe and comfortable despite recovering from an intense panic attack that broke my heart into pieces. They helped me put myself back together and reminded me that it is not selfish for me to take care of myself mentally and physically.



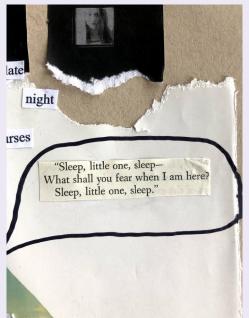
The Sandman takes form as the late-night nurses that take care of the

guests in the Grand Hotel, among them the mystic twins that go by the names Loraze-pam and Clonazepam. One of the Sandmen, Angel, starts his shift at 11pm, and speaks with a deep, yet, gentle voice.

On nights where I can't sleep because of the screaming from the guest's room on the other side of the wall, Angel introduces me to the twins. He tells me that the twins won't help me unless I cooperate by letting my head rest on the pillow.

I think that the twins are complicated, but the other guests tell me that they are kind and help them sleep sweetly. I decide to

give them a chance. I feel my thoughts swirling around my head, like water going down a drain, while the waking world slowly reduces to nothing.



Parts of me try to fight the twins, especially when Angel walks past the doors with his flashlight to see if I am dreaming and I feel my eyes flutter in response. Angel's eyes tell me to rest.

When the twins whispered in my ear that they would take care of me, I swear I saw Angel's wings. He smiled as I slowly drifted off into Dreamland.



LUCID

I have been struggling with sleep for a very long time. My issues with sleep got much worse after I had my mental breakdown in April 2020.



I have nightmares. I experience sleep paralysis. I wake up crying, and I see terrible images of my past traumas and the hardships people in my family have been through.

The definition of a lucid dream is a dream where you are aware that you are dreaming, and, as a result, your dreams are very vivid. Some may even experience that they are able to control their dreams.

Though my experiences are far from lucid, I gain control over the situation by sharing my struggle through collage, which is why "Lucid" is the title of this collage.

I am not where I want to be in terms of my mental health, but a

collage like this reminds me how far I've come and how close I am to reaching my goal of recovery.



Branka Cavar is a second year student at Emily Carr University of Art + Design, majoring in Critical and Cultural Practice. Some day she would like to become a registered art therapist for kids with disabilities, and an art history professor. Branka is currently working on a series that focuses on the importance of mental health and the positive ways that art has impacted her life. Her greatest hope is to share her stories with others and help youth in Canada recognize that art is a valid form of therapy that has the potential to change lives in a healthy way.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH December 10, 2019

I find myself outside with my sister, Lourdes. Stepping onto sand, I realize we're not on the beach at the end of our street but walking across a desert. To our left, there are very tall sandbanks ascending almost vertically. I would like to explore that other side of the desert, but it doesn't seem possible. Then I notice that a few feet away there's a narrow opening between the walls of sand we can slip through.

As we enter the other side of the desert world, to my right I perceive, far away in the distance (yet I can see it clearly because it's enormous) the front facade of an elevated temple. Quickly grabbing a blue camera from my sister so I can zoom in on the temple, I realize I didn't imagine this temple of death, its outer walls composed of horizontal silvery-white skeletons lying one on top of the other. Then I become aware of a huge male lion which, from my perspective, is to the left of the temple as it climbs purposefully up toward it. And I see through the lens that the lion is also aware of my sister and I, which is not good!

Immediately, I get rid of the camera and declare, "We have to bury ourselves!" I know that's our only hope, because there's nowhere to hide, and Arthur (my little Shih Tzu) is with us. The only hope we have is to bury ourselves beneath the sand as quickly as possible, and as best we can. Picking Arthur up, I hold him against my heart, and lying down proceed to cover myself. My sister does the same, but I know it's taking way too long, and that the lion is already almost upon us. I worry about my hair being visible, but we must do the best we can to try and save ourselves. Yet I know the lion knows we're here and that there's really no hope... already I feel him walking directly on my left... he's right there at my head... now he's at my feet... But then suddenly I sense that even though he knows perfectly well we're here, he has consciously made the decision not to hurt us... As I feel him turning away and walking back toward the temple, I wake.

FIGHTING THE COVID-19 VIRUS?

Was I blessed with help in healing myself or someone I love? I have never experienced such realistic physical effort and exhaustion in a lucid dream.

March 17, 2020: West Virginia reports its first COVID-19 case, meaning the disease is present in all 50 states.



Maria Isabel Pita was born in Havana, Cuba. Her family moved to the U.S. when she was eight months old, and she grew up in Fairfax, Virginia. Reading, writing and history have been her abiding passions ever since she can remember. In college, she majored in World History, with minors in English Literature & Cultural Anthropology.

Before lucid dreams led her back to the Catholic faith in which she was raised, Maria wrote erotic romances. She has presented at two International Association For the Study of Dreams psiber conferences, and is a featured contributor to the Lucid Dreaming Experience Magazine.

LUCID DREAM OF MARCH 17, 2020

I'm slipping some shiny new quarters into a machine which abruptly disgorges a generous amount of other quarters, spilling them behind the counter. As I step behind it to pick them up, a man in black appears. He has come to take me somewhere, and immediately sensing he is a figure of authority I can trust, I follow him... The next thing I know, I'm outside on a very dark night sitting in the passenger seat of a car. There's another person with us now, a man who, like me, is a passenger. The driver tells my companion and I that we have to go back. Immediately, he turns left onto a bridge and begins speeding across it in reverse. It's a narrow bridge stretched over a chasm, and the tires seem to be following only two wooden planks, which makes it pretty scary how fast we're moving. But I can't really be too afraid, because I know this man is fully in control.

We make it off the bridge, and as the car slows down, then stops, I find myself looking out at what appears to be an old graveyard with hazy golden-brown monuments I can barely see. This is when I partially wake up and experience hypnagogic imagery resembling images of the Covid-19 Virus. Then, fully asleep again, I find myself sitting surrounded by other people. We've been led to this place resembling a waiting room, but it's not; it's more like a lounge where we're silently relaxing after some experience. I'm drinking red wine, and the man who brought me here tells everyone what wine he served us. As he speaks, I see a vision of a red-and-white box of this wine sitting on the edge of a stone bridge that curves over a stream, and rising, I think—Well, why not have a little more for the road?

Turning left in the direction of this bridge where I know the wine is, because it's a really good wine—this man wouldn't have served anything else—I pass through an archway-door leading out to where this bridge and natural area is. Immediately, I spot a large midnight-sapphire-blue butterfly with something akin to a sperm-like black tail flowing behind it, which is a bit unusual. But it's a beautiful butterfly, and I'm delighted that it's clearly flying straight to me. When I raise my right hand, it promptly alights on my index finger. (It's a very special experience, for I describe a midnight-blue butterfly in my book of poems to our Lord.) I keep walking with the butterfly perched on my finger, then it flies off again when I reach the bridge, where I realize the wine is gone. Maybe the man removed it temporarily?* Then suddenly, a little brown dog starts barking at me as though I'm endangering its owners, a couple sitting on the edge of the bridge, so I simply rise up off the ground to get away from it. But the dog flies aggressively up toward me, and having no desire to fight it, I make it understand I'm a friend, which makes me realize I'm dreaming.

I want to go home, but I'm still high in the air, and when I turn in the direction I know is home, I'm confronted with the white wall of a structure so immense, I can't see around it. I'm floating alongside an opaque round window set in this white wall high above the world. The spherical window is large enough for me to decide that I'm sick and tired of dream barriers, so I'm not going to try and find a way around. I'm going to open the wall up by getting through this window! Thus begins the process of somehow opening up a panel so I can now see through, or rather into, the window.



It's several feet deep, as deep as I am tall (maybe a bit smaller) and sort of tunnel-like. I promptly begin manipulating the mostly red infrastructure within, which is outlined in black and very tightly coiled, like a machine in a gym that's really stuck combined with a triple folding deck chair that's also nearly impossible to open up. The strange thing is, I really need to make a concerted physical effort to deal with this "mechanism." Pausing, I spend some time floating directly outside the window studying the tricky and resistant infrastructure, lucidly aware I risk waking up, and yet I also know that I'm not going to wake up, that I can't wake up, because I'm intently focused on this dream task it's imperative I accomplish. I must get past this deadly hurdle.**

Gradually, I go deeper into this three-dimensional "cell" as I push "levers" and open up "sections" that seriously resist my efforts to create the space I need to get past this obstacle. As I find my dream body mostly inside the tunnel-cell, determinedly pushing and folding, I become aware that the back of it (behind me) is a spring-like mechanism evocative of a mouse trap, and for an instant I'm afraid that if I go deeper—like a mouse reaching for that coveted piece of cheese—I'll set off the trap and be crushed. But I'm determined, and as I position my bare feet on it, I realize I can simply keep my feet on the spring lever as I push through, for I'm nearly finished dismantling/ rearranging/ neutralizing this killer barrier.

What's truly amazing, and which I am very lucidly aware of, is how exhausting this process is proving to be. I can literally feel the strain on my dream body, as though I'm actually in my physical body making a supreme effort that demands all the strength I am capable of exercising. I've never felt this way in a lucid dream, and by the time I finally dive out through the other side, I'm tired, really tired. But I'm fine, and I'm free.

Traveling through a spacious inner passage in this inconceivably vast structure, I know I'm heading straight in the direction of home. Almost at once, I enter the kitchen of a house, where I make note of a distinctive light-green refrigerator, and a woman sitting at the table tells me, "You were right. I slept really well. I feel good." I'm glad to hear that, and sensing a man I'm close to lives here (the man I was with in the car earlier who was driven back across the bridge with me) I wake.

*I had this dream before Churches were closed and the faithful were denied the body and blood of Christ in the Sacrament of Communion. In my dream, the healing red wine had been temporarily removed.

**Usually, human cells are round, elongated or spherical. Once a virus gets inside a cell, it hijacks the cellular processes to produce virally encoded protein that will replicate the virus's genetic material. Viral mechanisms are capable of translocating proteins and genetic material from the cell and assembling them into new virus particles. Hence the impression I had upon waking that I had been fighting a virus.

In the early morning of April 30, I fell into a dream.

I am living with my new partner who was gentle and loved me for who I am. I walked into a room with two canaries that had somehow entered our apartment. One was yellow, and the other a slightly paler yellow. I wondered how they had made their way inside. I looked around for a screenless window, through which I could set them free.

I discovered that the double doors leading to the public hall had been left unlocked and slightly open. I wondered how long they had been like that, and if anyone had entered inside. Suddenly, a short older man who was animal-like in his innocence, walked towards me. And immediately after, a group of neighbours also formed inside our home. I needed for everyone to leave. So I gestured this wish by kissing the man's peppery curly hair.

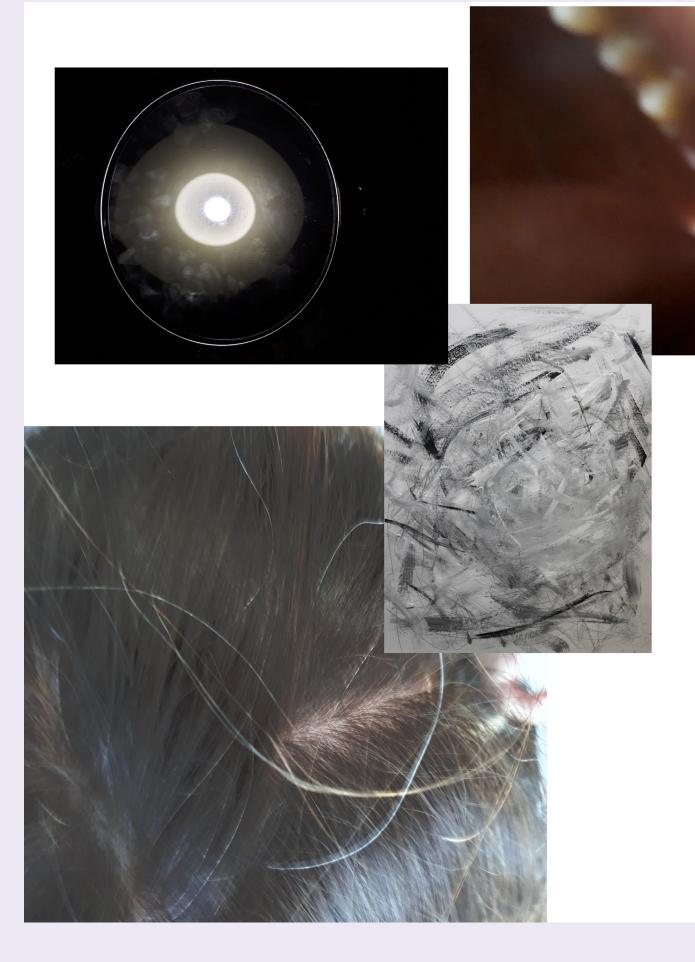
Once everyone disappeared, I closed and locked the doors. But I still had two canaries to set free, and was suddenly concerned because the house cats were inside all this time.

So, I drew out my large summer shawl.

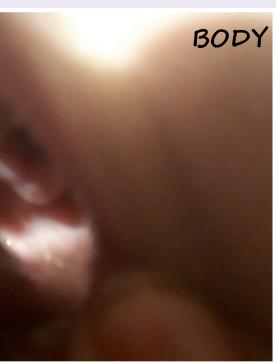
Holding it wide open and with long swooping motions I guided the birds to a large open window. As the birds flew into morning sunshine, I realized I had never been alone. My neighbours, the two canaries, two cats and my gentle partner, had been there all along.

MOGVID

Teresa Ascencao is a multimedia artist whose work toys with social constructs of body language, costume, customs, and inner corporeal experiences. Her folk and pop inspired artworks employ concept-related mediums and technologies that invite audiences to play with iconographies and scenarios involving gender, seduction, consumption, and class. Teresa was born in Brazil to Azorean parents, and immigrated to Canada at a young age. She graduated with distinction from the University of Toronto's Honours Fine Art Studio program and holds an MFA specializing in Media Art and Sex-Positive Feminism from OCAD University. Ascencao's work has been exhibited widely in Canada and internationally. She lives and works in Toronto and teaches at OCAD University and University of Toronto.







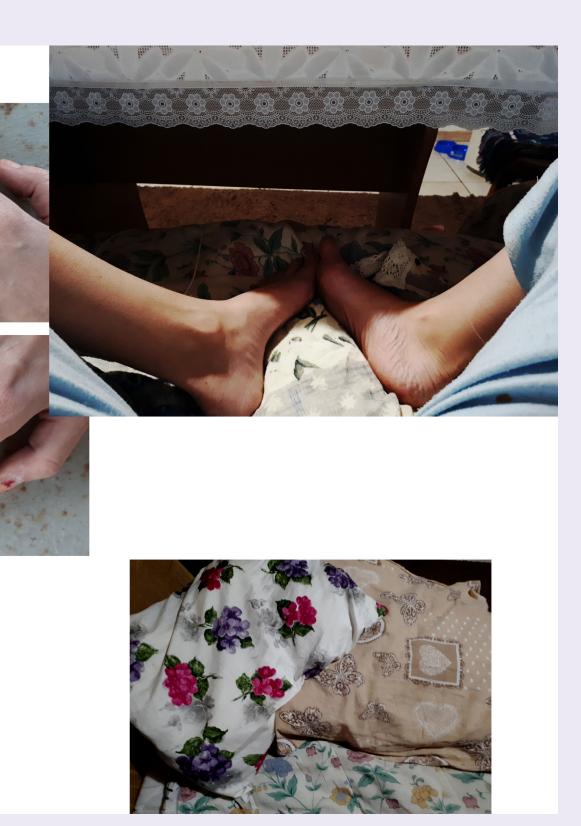
BODY Journal by Valeria Barbas

I hear noise
My ear has blocked
in silence
peace can be in a blockade
my coronary tooth fell out
I lost my crown
but it did not fall from Jesus
Jesus' corona a pain/ted image
of instapainters
instantly
I hear noise

white red white red

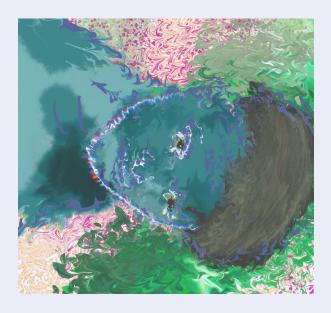
the piece is big it smells of stale meat H.C.A.B. sounds instantly blind light even if hide it on the windowsill I'm afraid the piece will fall prey bone eroded by the cat my green-grey forest - crown of miracles of the world's void of my noise, rattling, muffled shout somewhere in silence red white red white red w~ h + he listens to me instantly

I hear noise Same ear is blocked the movement is blocked in silence in my small couch that I can barely move and I can barely breathe I sleep and wake up again and again and all the same and this is timeless there is nothing specific in selfisolation specifically when you realize that it has been a condition of your own (non) existence for the last 15 years nothing unusual in loneliness nothing unusual in being in lockdown without people around just appearance of presence shiny lipstick a confortable mind lockdown cant stick the holes in the walls physically selfisolated body is reflecting exactly what mind is going through free from any appearance my grey strings in hair my red hole from the fallen tooth my right ear deafness with white noise window into more alive than ever i still A i finely M present



Valeria Barbas, (born 1984) is a multi-media artist, PhD, based in Republic of Moldova. She studied for a B.A. and a M.A. in composition, Moldovan Academy of Music, Theatre and Art, B.A. in painting, State Pedagogical University. Researcher at the Institute of Cultural Patrimony, Academy of Science. Collaborates with KSAK Center for Contemporary Art in Moldova. Selected projects: GHOST PAVILION campaign, part of ATLANTIS'11 and HEICO project at Venice Biennale (ed.54, 2011, IT); Claxymphonie film, selection of Cronograf Doc. Film Festival, RM (2014). 2020 – Group exhibition at Jawahar Kala Kendra Art Center, India; IMAF 22nd International Multimedial Art Festival, Serbia; AMURAL Visual Festival, Braşov, RO; RADAR New Media Art, Bucharest, RO; Clujotronic Electro Arts Festival, RO; Borderline Art Space, Iaşi, RO; SimultanFestival, Timişoara, RO; Brukhental Museum of Contemporary Art, Sibiu, RO; Diaries photo exhibition, org. by LoosenArt, Rome.







Encaustic Memory's of You at the Beach

Perfume in the Wires

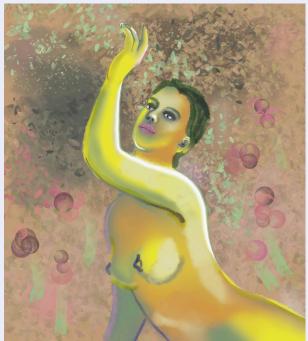
Digital Dreams and a Pinch of Dust is a collection of digital paintings created May to February 2021 during stay-at-home orders in Toronto. This work was created with Procreate, an app that simulates multi-media illustration techniques. Slater's style is produced by insatiable experimentation in mark-making exploring digitally defined stroke properties, rendering, and dynamics. Here, the representational method expressed is simulation. Like dreams, these digital paintings attempt to fuse reality that has become unbound without material effects; physics are transcended, allowing oil and water to mix.





Portrait Mysticism



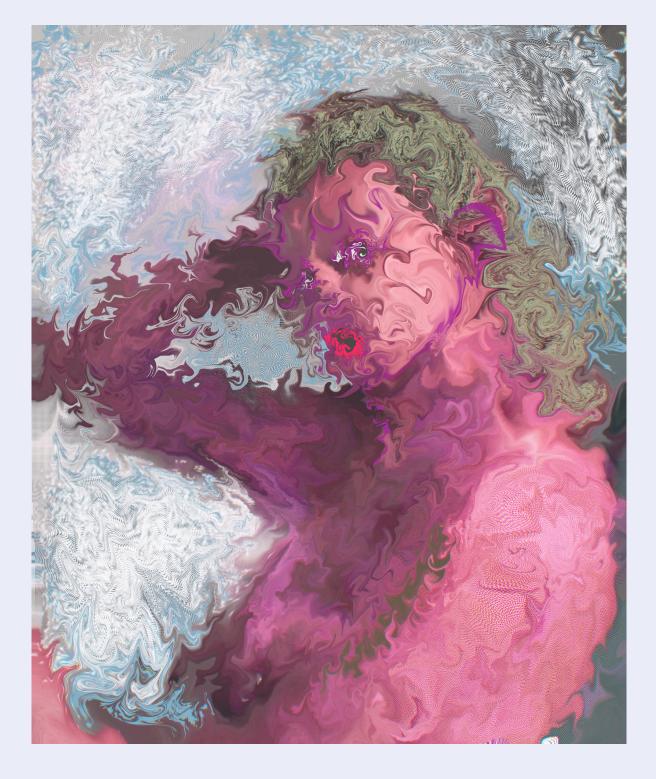


Above: Marble Vibration Left: Golden Serpent Right: Silk Trinity



COVID makes working with a material painting practice difficult, including the lack of IRL exhibition or the ability to work with live models. Naturally, the rush for online programming and URL exhibitions expands questions about the ontology and functions of paintings, and making work intended for the screen becomes paramount.





Theresa Slater (b. 1980) is an artist and writer who works with creative facilitation, new materialism, portraiture and the intersections of feminism and technology. She is an MA graduate of Contemporary Art, Design, and New Media Art Histories from OCAD University in Toronto, Canada (2016). They were awarded a BA, Department of Philosophy, with a minor in Applied Ethics from the University of Victoria (2013) and a graduate diploma in Art, Craft and Design, Majoring in Mixed Media from the Kootenay School of the Arts, Nelson, BC (2003). Learn more @slatertimes.





Pandemic Daydreams, series, acrylic on canvas, multiple sizes

This series, Pandemic Daydreams,

explores my subconscious in a time of profound anxiety. I sometimes drift off into sleep and upon waking remember clearly for a moment the scenario the dreamlet contained. A dream fragment during the day, or as I reframe it here as a daydream, allows my subconscious to float to the surface of consciousness.

What is revealed is not always easily understood, but now it is the plague that plagues my sleeping life. Strange ideas emerge; comical, nightmarish, filled with chaos and disruption, the invisible made visible, interpreted from brush to canvas. The paintings serve as a visual diary of my psyche during the coronavirus outbreak.

My quarantine cocoon strolls include Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn, where newly dug soil can be seen on numerous fresh graves as I make my way through the hills seeking fresh air and exercise. Rising smoke from the crematorium is a constant reminder of those we have lost. Migrating birdsong fills my ears, but death hovers in the whirlwind around us.



Who are we losing today? What will remain of our pre-COVID life and society when this is over? When can we hug each other again? As the pandemic hit, I felt the desire to connect and reflect with others about what we are all losing: our elders, our community members, our friends, our family, and our "IRL" connections with each other. I look forward to the day when this chapter is a distant memory, but for now I will investigate the discomfort of our present moment.

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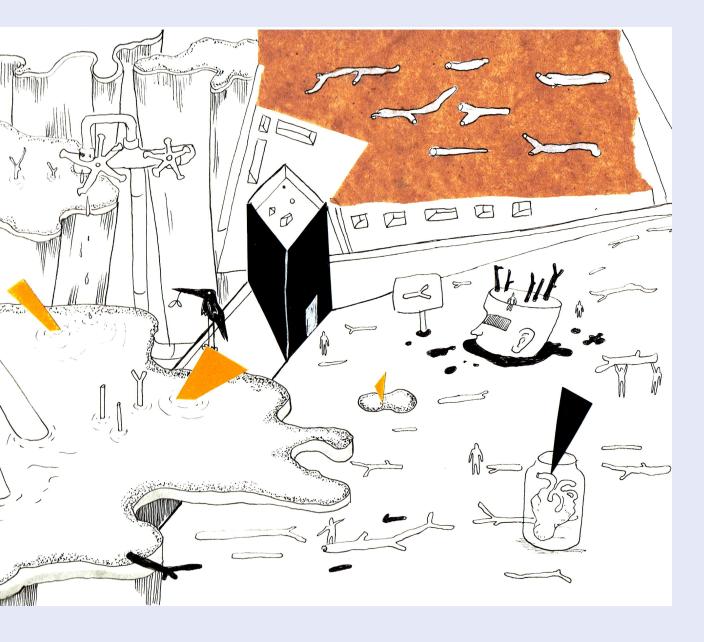
Hirsch comes from the mountainous area of Rockland County New York, and now resides in Brooklyn, NY. A sweet mix of wildlife and city life, the work speaks with lively energy and motion, numerous stories being revealed. Based deep in natural themes, each painting displays a thoughtful playfulness found in the honesty of seeking out mysteries, the unearthing of ideas. An appropriation of forest and trees, the earth's bountiful colors are brought to surface in the artwork. A variety of mediums are used and surfaces including inks on paper, oil on canvas, acrylic on mannequins, globes and found objects. She is adamant about bringing new life to discarded objects.



THE KINGDOM OF A LONG LONELINESS

Sometimes I find myself in another world, where there's a lot of white space, a lot of different small objects like branches, hearts in jars, a few small people, birds and odd creatures. And there is always a King. With his mysterious smile, half of his head, black thoughts and a whisper "I have got everything in here." As a lonely person I can perfectly understand him. I have got stories, visions, dreams, heroes. I can imagine whatever i want. Everything or nothing. And I have got everything in here – in my own head. Because of dreams like these, I created a series of small panoramic drawings and then added touches of animated elements in an attempt to demonstrate the mood prevailing in my dreams.





Magdalena Stachowiak is a graduate of Graphics at the Faculty of Graphic Arts in the Academy of Fine Art and Design in Wrocław. MA in Printmaking - In the orbit of the imagination realized in prof. Jacek Szewczyk's Creative Drawing Studio. From 2008 participant of Fine Arts Atelier "Reja17". Bachelor of Arts History at the University of Wroclaw received in 2010. Interested in drawing, experiments in traditional printmaking, object design and graphic design. Fascinated by geometry, technical drawing, impossible constructions, invented theories and the process of their creation. Patricipant of several exhibitions in Poland and abroad. Currently a PhD student and assistant in Creative Drawing Studio.



SUNSET

Inside the dream: the surface of my soul - sheen of bluish, translucent air.

I cannot traverse it and it mirrors nothing; unless it's a memory of snowdrops lighting up filaments of pain.

How do I recover from this spring of slanted words?

Are your own words parts of the reverie – or simply its sunset?

BAREFOOT LABYRINTH

What brought me at the door of the labyrinth?

I remember I was barefoot; I remember the caress of wooden planks under my feet. Clothes gliding off my body.

Although it was not summer; it may have been winter, or another distant, off-white season.

A season that fell through the window like snow, in search of a spark.





STRAVINSKY ACT

Hear me out: I am not Petrushka, always smiling, always dancing, no matter the music or my frame of mind.

Worse: I am not who I think I am, through the unwritten score of my Stravinsky act.



SOTTO VOCE

"Wisdom is measured with air scales," I heard you say.

This would-be sagacity is tattooed into my skin in black ink.

"Of lies, let's talk in sotto voce; of transparent lines, let's be tolerant."

Words of wax– spooked by a moon-light torch into the night.





LAZY EVENING

You'll find me under this evening's cascade - its light falls in quiet, lazy waves.

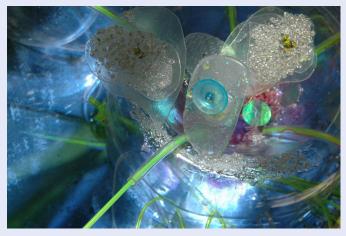
Waiting to fall asleep. Waiting for my eyelids to be sealed by this night's vision – the would-be dream that, unbeknownst to me, grows roots into the minutia of the day: what we said, what we fought about.

Dreams sit wall to wall, encasing reality – apertures of an old daguerreotype.

Tatiana Arsénie was born in a family of artists in Romania and became a dentist before emigrating to Berlin, Germany and working full-time as an artist. Her training includes techniques in printing, Byzantine art, drawing and painting and she was part of numerous individual and group exhibitions. A series of projects carried out from 2007 to 2016, among which "gezeichnet.Pankow" (drawn.Pankow) resulted in several collections of drawings that were well received by the public and led to the publication of Tatiana's two books: Pictopoems of Berlin and "gezeichnet.Pankow".



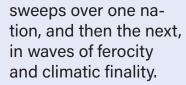
Irina Moga is a Toronto-based writer and member of The Writers' Union of Canada (TWUC). Irina's poetry collection, Sea Glass Circe, was selected for an official book launch through Toronto LitUp! and Toronto International Festival of Authors (TIFA) in 2020. Her work has appeared in literary magazines in Canada and the US such as Canadian Literature, carte-blanche, PRISM International online and The Chaffin Journal. Irina's latest book, a collection of poems in French, is forthcoming with Éditions L'Harmattan in France.



Our subconscious is a mystery. Dreams can help us only guess at what monsters or angels lurk there.

Covid has brought us fears, sorrow, freedom, escape, creativity, opportunity, isolation, detachment, changes in eating and clothing ourselves.

Some of us have suffered, and some have prospered, but no one knows what the future holds, as this mutating pandemic





It could expire, or never cease changing ever so slightly, leaving us in a

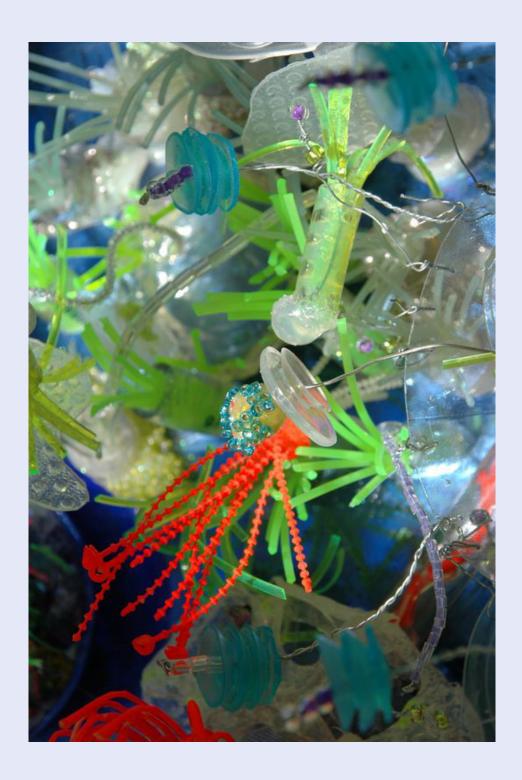
completely changed world.



I have chosen these images to reflect the dream state of trying to grasp the pure nature of this mysterious form, its biological state, and cellular activity.

My own dream life in covid is fluid, never frightened, but curious...always searching through a forest of inexplicable matter, seeking logic and understanding.





At 18, Bush emigrated to England because of the Vietnam War. After 10 years of perfecting her black and white documentary street photography, she returned to Buffalo. Bush earned an M.F.A. from S.U.N.Y. Afterwards she worked as photographer at local TV affiliates while pursuing her art. Bush worked as Photography Department Coordinator at Villa Maria College for 6 years. While her students won prizes, Bush won awards from Kodak, Polaroid, Nikon, etc. Bush has exhibited / published locally, nationally, and internationally.



Once in Las Vegas, Bush received 18 grants and a fellowship awards from the Nevada Arts Council. Bush's 2006 monograph, WARHEADS satirizes news censorship of the Iraqi War. Her latest work, a spin off called "ImBLEACHments" has morphed into performance work, using video, fiber art and photography. Currently, her USA ARTIST PROJECT, "The Big Cover Up" is seeking funds to distribute warm art blankets.

I FORGIVE MYSELF

The person tries to hug the fish, and the fish is cold, eely, and slips through the hands. It's unpleasant to hug a fish. You wouldn't want to do this. Heaven knows, why it's necessary.

The person needs to forgive themselves for the things, which happened with them. For the misfortunes, which followed one another. For the people, who abandoned them. Forgive themselves for everything. But forgiving yourself is similar to trying to hug a fish. And the fish slips through the hands.



I forgive myself, 57 x 48, acrylic on board, 2020

Olena Kayinska is an artist based in Lviv, Ukraine. She works with naïve or pure art techniques, paired together with deep philosoph ical and psychological senses. Her fields of research are finding of inner peace, post-trauma recovery, human inborn kindness, and love as the driving force of Universe. Artist's paintings-dreams take the observers inside, to the subconscious, to the core. Trying to find the inner self, the observer wanders through the imaginary world, fantastic forests, filled with symbolic images and archetypical symbols, inhabited with mysterious creatures, each of which provides a guide to the final destination – our heart. Olena's aim is to make people happier. The artist participated in 35+ exhibitions, contemporary art festivals and art residencies, and exhibited 3 personal projects. Her paintings are kept in museum funds and private collections in Ukraine, Germany, United States, and Turkey.

COVIDREAMS

One

A big house building is on fire. Fire people come to try and put it out. We are all trying to get out of the building and both sides of it are burning down to the bare architectural bones.

I'm talking to some people from the South, from Florida. Their family photos have dead people in them, with blue faces. This middle aged white man seems afraid. He tells me his government said that for every 100 people, 10 can be dead. He has some kind of position that the government non-consentually put him into that makes him afraid for his life. Pointing at photos he says, If you like this, vote for that one. If you like that, vote for this one. He doesn't want to be held responsible and killed.

This dream occured in late March, before Bernie Sanders had to step down as the democratic presidential candidate in the USA, after rumours circulated about how Floridians and spring breakers would be the next superspreaders.

Two

Another water dream. In Los Angeles. Alysia work at a waterpark type spot where she runs and performs in a Brazilian themed strip show in the waterfall part of the park. She stands nude at the foot of the falls. I consider joining the show, but I wonder if that would damage my currently ok psycho-emotional state and self-esteem. When I meet other dancers in the halls, they tell me the show is on hold now. I need a ride to the station place, but there's no public transportation. I want the ride, but I'm naked and vulnerable.

Three

These are not exactly COVID dreams. A few years after I left New York City, I started to have apocalypse dreams. Always I would be in Chelsea, on the west side of Manhattan, and water. Sometimes killer whales came in my New York apocalypse dreams, but in friendly ways. It is like my psyche knew something about the havoc New York would go through, even before the predicted flooding effects of my climate on that skinny island.

Post-script. I zoom into synagogue services in Brooklyn. When its time to say the names of loved ones who have recently passed away, the chat is filled with names. Parents, parents-in-law, siblings, partners, friends, colleagues. This is my most intimate experience of the death-toll, it feels like the heart of a pandemic.



