

# ***IQ Nexus Journal***

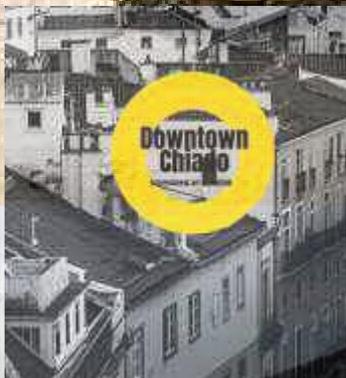
Vol. XVIII, No. 1; March 2026

<https://iqnexus.org/journal/>



***Featuring:***

*Are the Old Tombs of  
Kaole, Tanzania,  
Really Able To Heal?*



***Inside*** 7 Fine Arts  
Downtown Chiado catalogue  
Essays & Philosophy

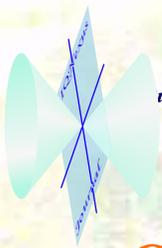
Online Journal publishing the works of the members of IIS & ePiq Societies, members of WIN

## ***IQ Nexus Journal editorial staff***

*ublisher/Graphics Editor & Web Administrator.. .....Stanislav Riha*

*English Editor.....Jacqueline Slade*

*IQ Nexus founder.....Owen Cosby*



***Contact us at [infinimag@gmail.com](mailto:infinimag@gmail.com)***

***Website; <https://iqnexus.org/journal/>***

*Non-members' contributions are welcome and every new contribution has to be accompanied by an introduction from the contributor.*

## ***IQ Nexus Journal***

*was created to publish creative endeavours for members of the IIS and ePiqs, web based societies as well as guests of other societies and invited non members..*



***This issue features creative works of:***

*Listed alphabetically;*

***Alena Plíštilová***

***Anja Jaenicke***

***David Udbjorg***

***Edgar Allan Poe***

***Jaromír M Červenka***

***Stanislav Riha***

***Xavier Jouve***

## **COVER PAGE**

## **Are the Old Tombs of Kaole, Tanzania, Really Able To Heal?**

Situated on the beautiful east coast of Africa, Tanzania is a fascinating country with a rich culture and no shortage of historic sites on its Indian Ocean coast. Kaole, an abandoned town and archaeological location, is one of the most significant of these sites due to the development of Islam and commerce in the region.

Republished from Ancient Origin Unleashed to promote the magazine.

<https://www.ancientoriginsunleashed.com/>



*Special thanks to **Jacqueline Slade** for her great help with English editorial work and **Owen Cosby** For reviving and restoring Infinity International Society and establishing IQ Nexus joined forum of IIS and ePiq and later ISI-S Societies for which this Journal was created.*

*"Even though scientist are involved in this Journal, I and all involved in the IQ Nexus Journal have tried to keep the content (even though it is a Hi IQ Society periodical) on an ordinary human level as much as possible. In fact, is it not the case, that - to be a human being is the most intelligent way of life?"*

*Stanislav Riha*

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Edgar Allan Poe*

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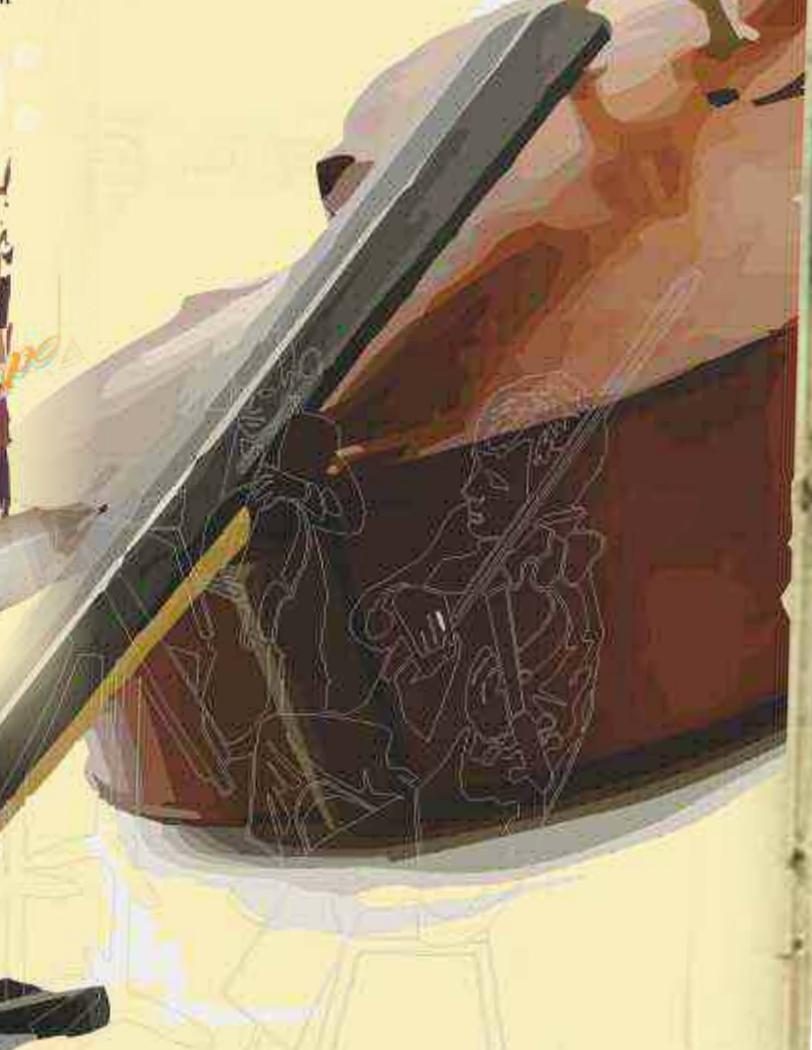
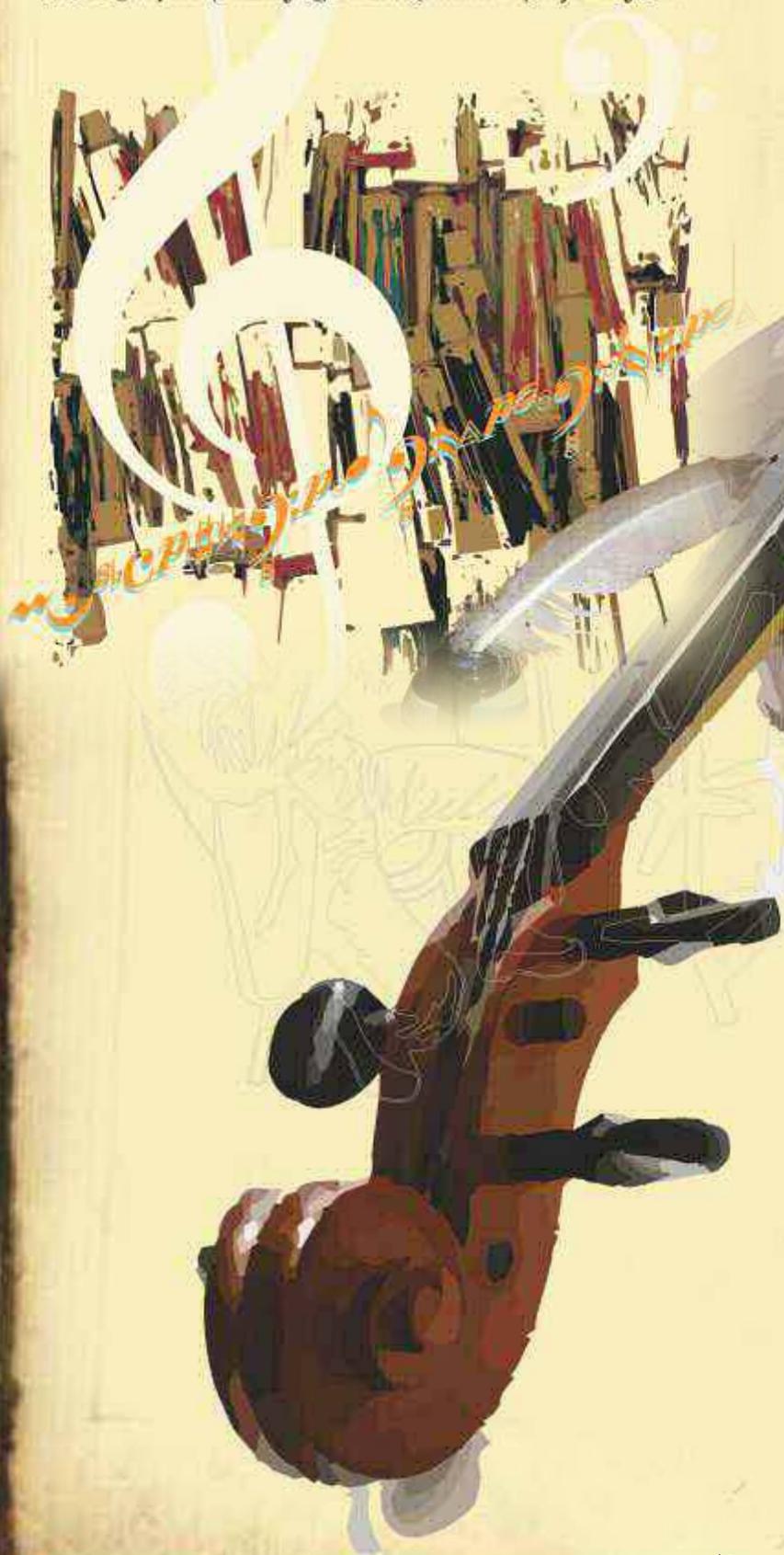
**IQ Nexus**

TR41



# 7 Arts

Music Sculpture Painting Literature Architecture Performing Film



From a creative pen

Lao-Tzu 500bce

If a country is governed with tolerance,  
the people are comfortable and honest.  
If a country is governed with repression,  
the people are depressed and crafty.

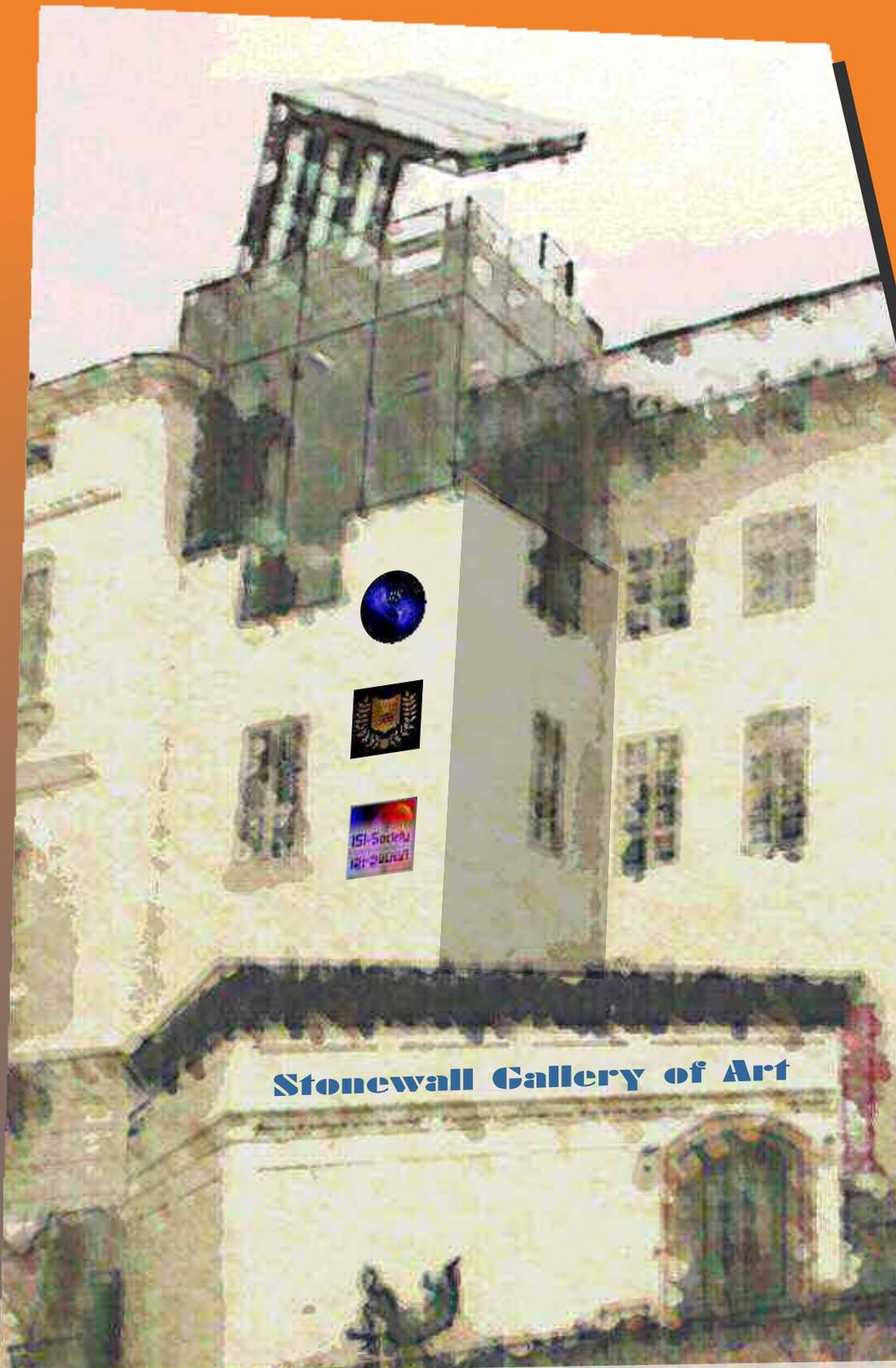
When the will to power is in charge,  
the higher the ideals, the lower the results.

Try to make people happy,  
and you lay the groundwork for misery.

Try to make people moral,  
and you lay the groundwork for vice.

Thus the Master is content  
to serve as an example  
and not to impose her will.  
She is pointed, but doesn't pierce.  
Straightforward, but supple.  
Radiant, but easy on the eyes.

# SGA

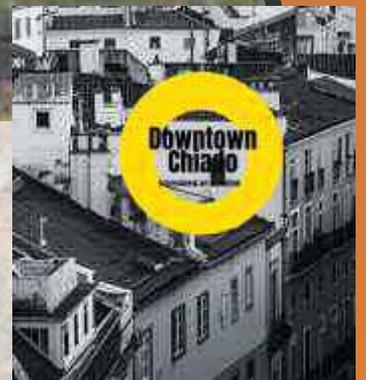


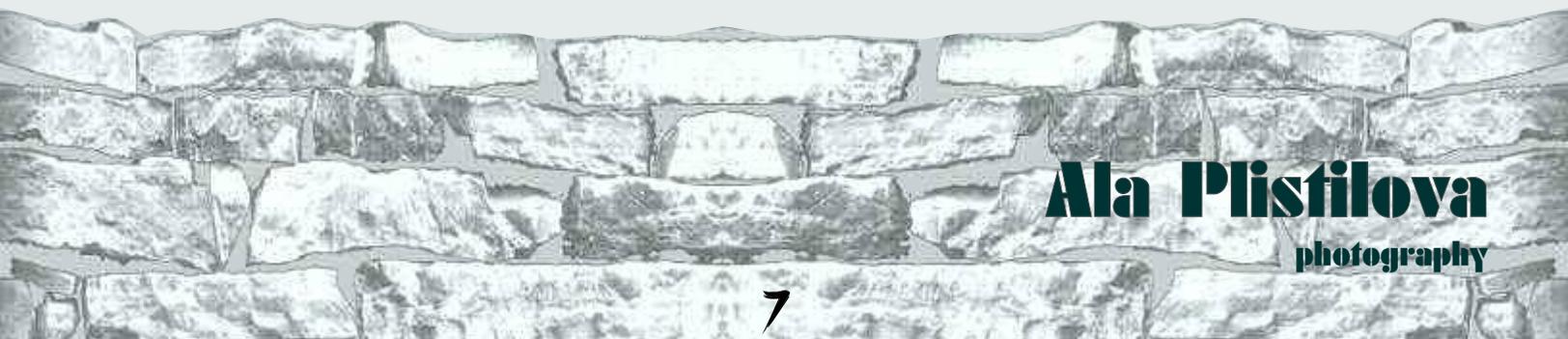
**Stonewall Gallery of Art**

**The Artists**  
alphabetically

**Alena Plisilova**  
**Anja Jaenicke**  
**David Udbjorg**

**J M Cervenka**  
**Standa Riha**  
**Xavier Jouve**





**Ala Plisilova**  
photography



**Ala Plisilova**  
photography



„Il Gattopardo“

**Anja Jaenicke**  
painting

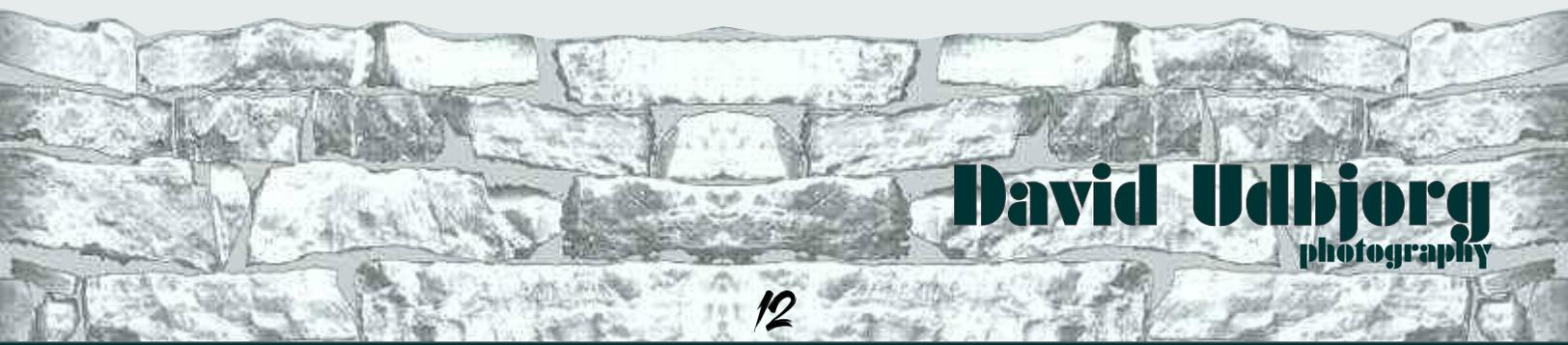


„The Violin Lesson“

**Anja Jaenicke**  
painting



**David Udbjerg**  
photography

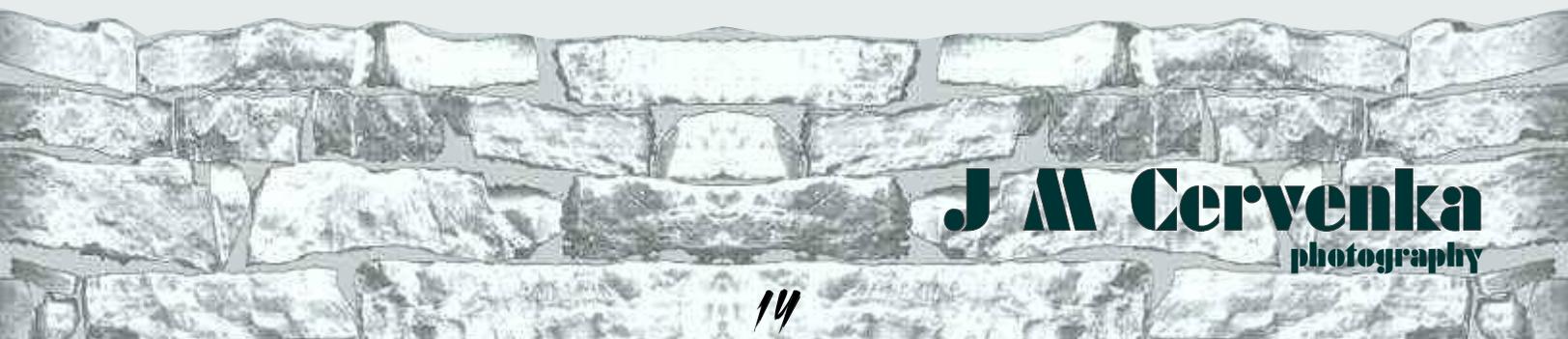


**David Udbjerg**  
photography

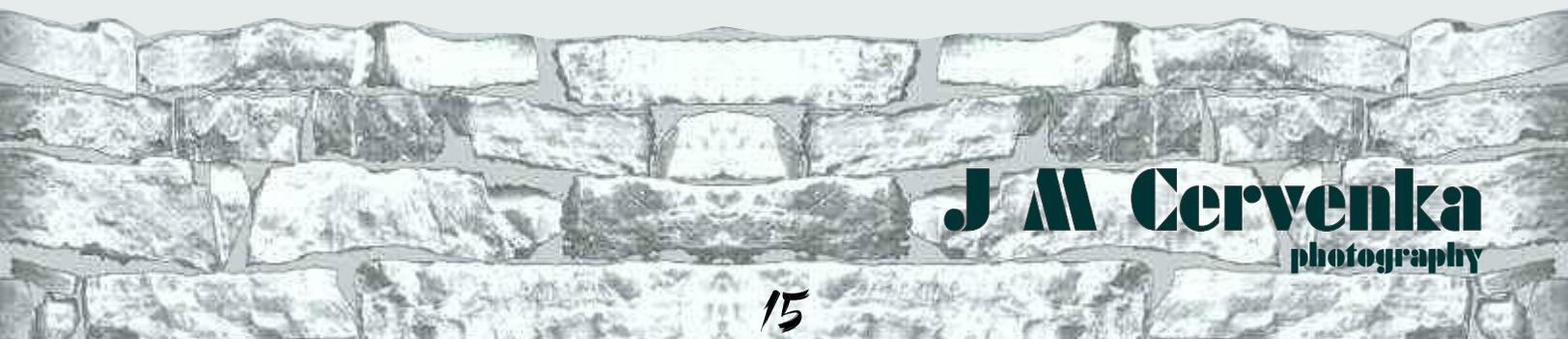


Las Meninas by Velasquez

**Art from the past**



**J M Cervenka**  
photography



**J M Cervenka**  
photography



2012/11

Winter fields

Standa Riha

Riha  
2012

**Standa Riha**  
mixed media



*Persepolis 1992*

*P. Fuzesi*

*Standa Riha 1992*

*Riha*

**Standa Riha**  
mixed media



**Downtown  
Chiado**  
international art exhibition

# ADVOCACY FOR CREATORS

This exhibition is supported by SPS-Barrilero, a leading Iberian law firm created through the 2025 strategic alliance between Portugal's SPS Advogados and Spain's Barrilero. With more than 30 years of history and over 350 professionals across Portugal and Spain, the firm provides highly specialised, innovative, and client-focused legal services throughout the Iberian Peninsula. Our practice areas:

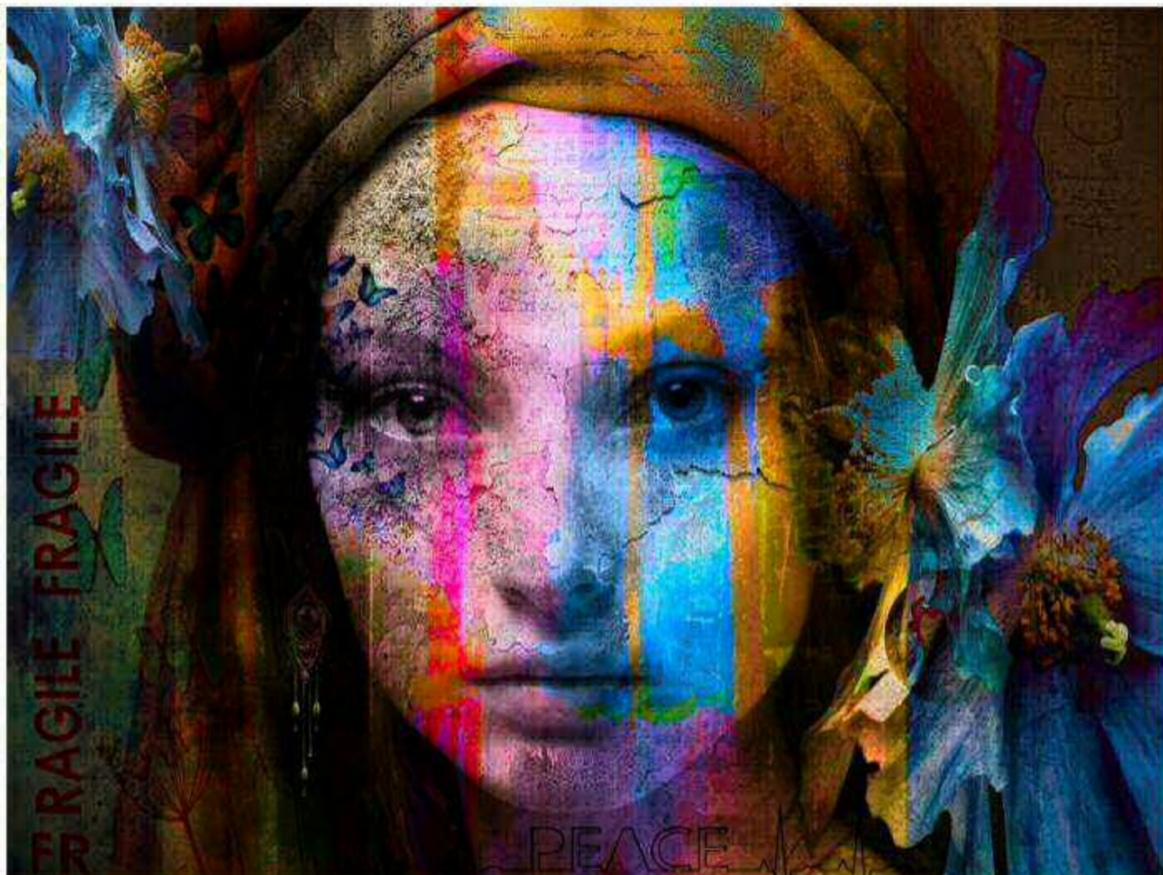
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Adélia Clavien  
Ana Malta  
Aranka Székely  
Beatriz Canivete  
Carsten Bund  
Daniela Guerreiro  
Daphne  
Endre Bartos  
Gabriela Sosa  
Gill Welland  
Howard Harris  
Inês Prats  
Joaquim Gromicho  
Kayo Sato  
Leonor Ribeiro  
Liliana Silva  
Luísa Petiz  
Mafalda Gonçalves  
Maria Isabel de Lince  
Mariana Santos  
Metka Vergnion  
Natália Gromicho  
Noelle Kalom  
Patrícia Mariano  
Pedro Charters d'Azevedo  
Rui Pereira  
Santerre  
Šárka Darton  
Stanislav Riha  
Tamara Alves  
Tommi Viitala  
Vasco Maio



Adélia Clavien

The Lady & Perfection XII | Mixed Media | 75x100cm



Aranka Székely

Winter loneliness | Acrylic on canvas | 40x50cm



Ana Malta

Perfume da Terra | Watercolor | 33x25cm



Tommi Viitala

Unfinished Sympathy | Hahnemuhle Photo Rag® Satin 310gsm | 60x40cm



Maria Isabel de Lince

En el cielo 1 | Oil on canvas | 90x140cm



Tamara Alves

In my dreams we are the wolves | Watercolor on paper with layers of paint and resin on wood | 70x100cm



Daphne

Limiar | Mixed media on canvas | 70x60cm



Daniela Guerreiro

Calliandra | Oil on canvas | 70x70cm



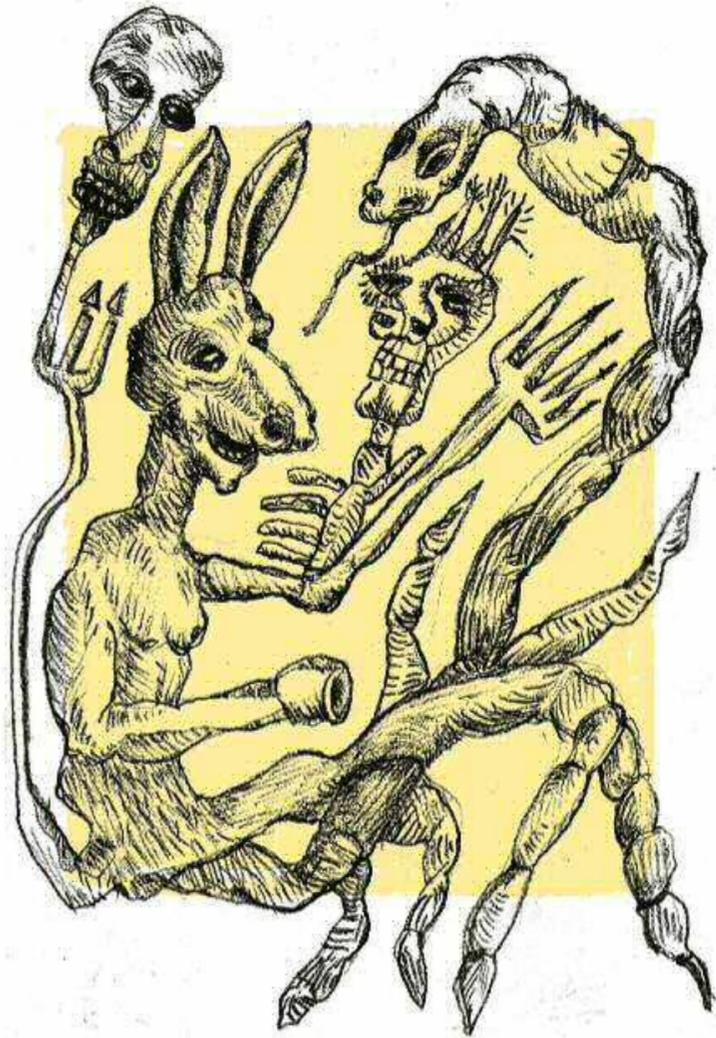
Metka Vergnion

NY from series "Passers-By" | Mixed Media | 100x70cm



Patrícia Mariano

Gaia | Mixed Media | 59X47cm



Rui A. Pereira

Gentle touch | Linocut | 84x59cm



Santerre

Foxy mama | Acrylic on canvas | 100x91cm



Mafalda Gonçalves

Maria | Acrylic on marble plate | 35,5x15x1cm



Natália Gromicho

Nocturno | Mixed Media | 150x100m



EST<sup>o</sup> 1953

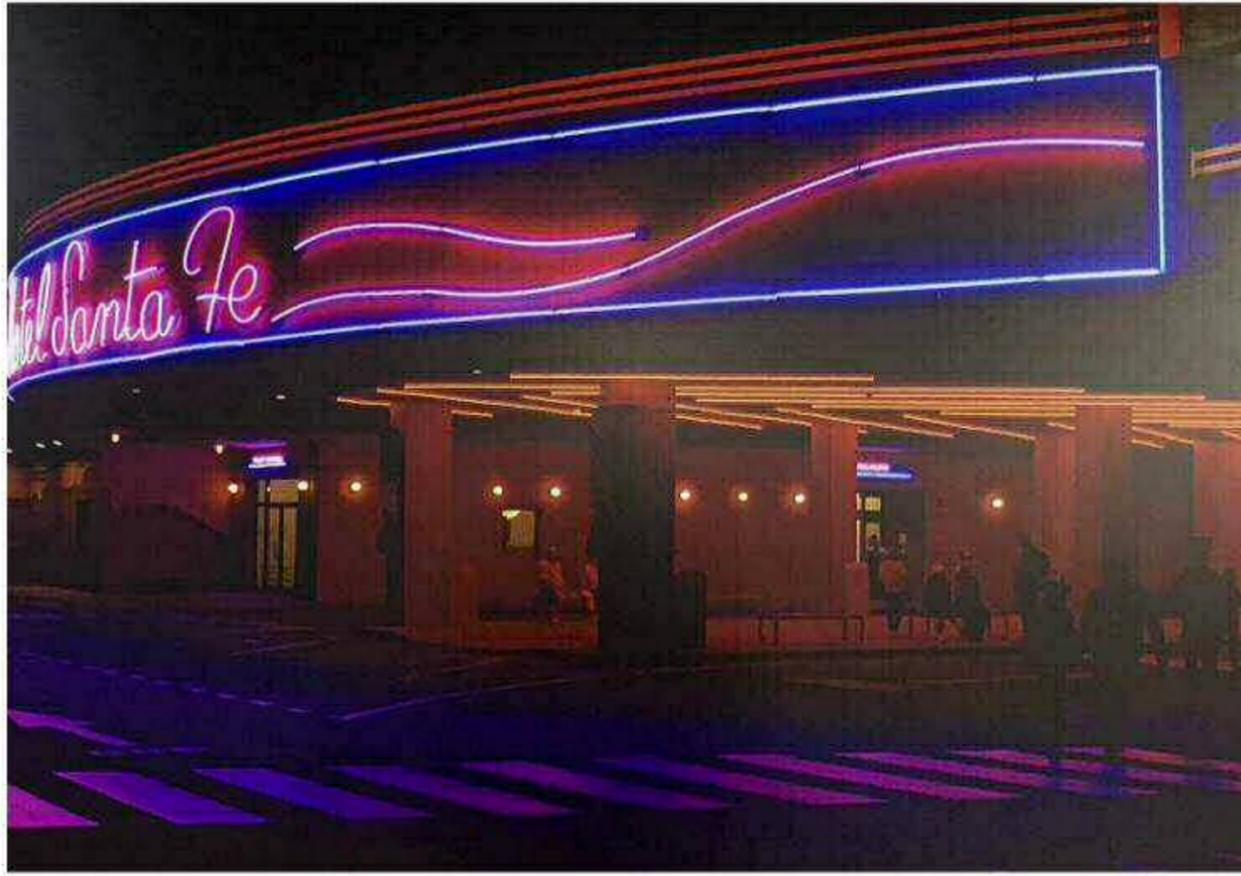
ASL.TOMÉ

FAMILY WINES



Leonor Ribeiro

This Bitter Earth | Digital Photography | 100x70cm



Joaquim Gromicho

#series action III | Fine Art Print | 78x120cm



Mariana Santos

In the Face of the Unknown | Acrylic on canvas | 80x120cm



Sarka Darton

Lightness of Being VII | Cast and carved jasmonite, black marble, enamel and eggshell, 40x15x20cm



Gabriela Sosa

Tempo | Acrylic on canvas | 40x40cm

Graphic

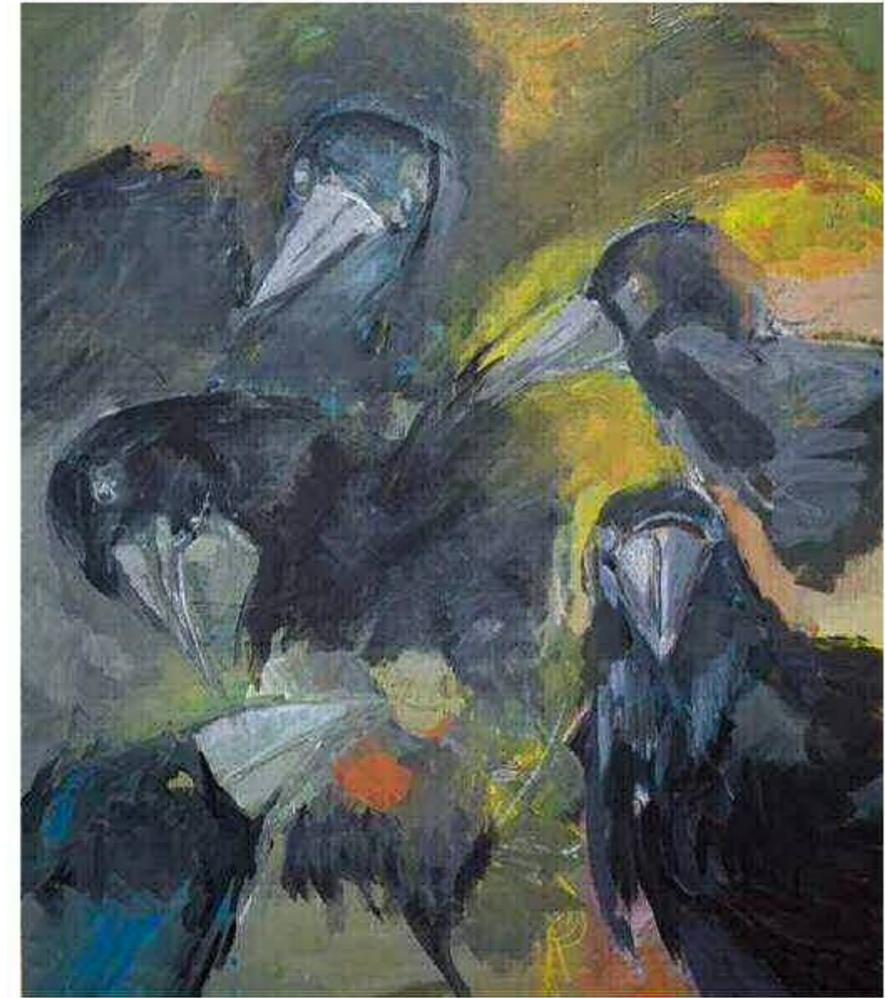
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Pedro Charters

Atenção Permanente | Acrylic on canvas | 120x100cm



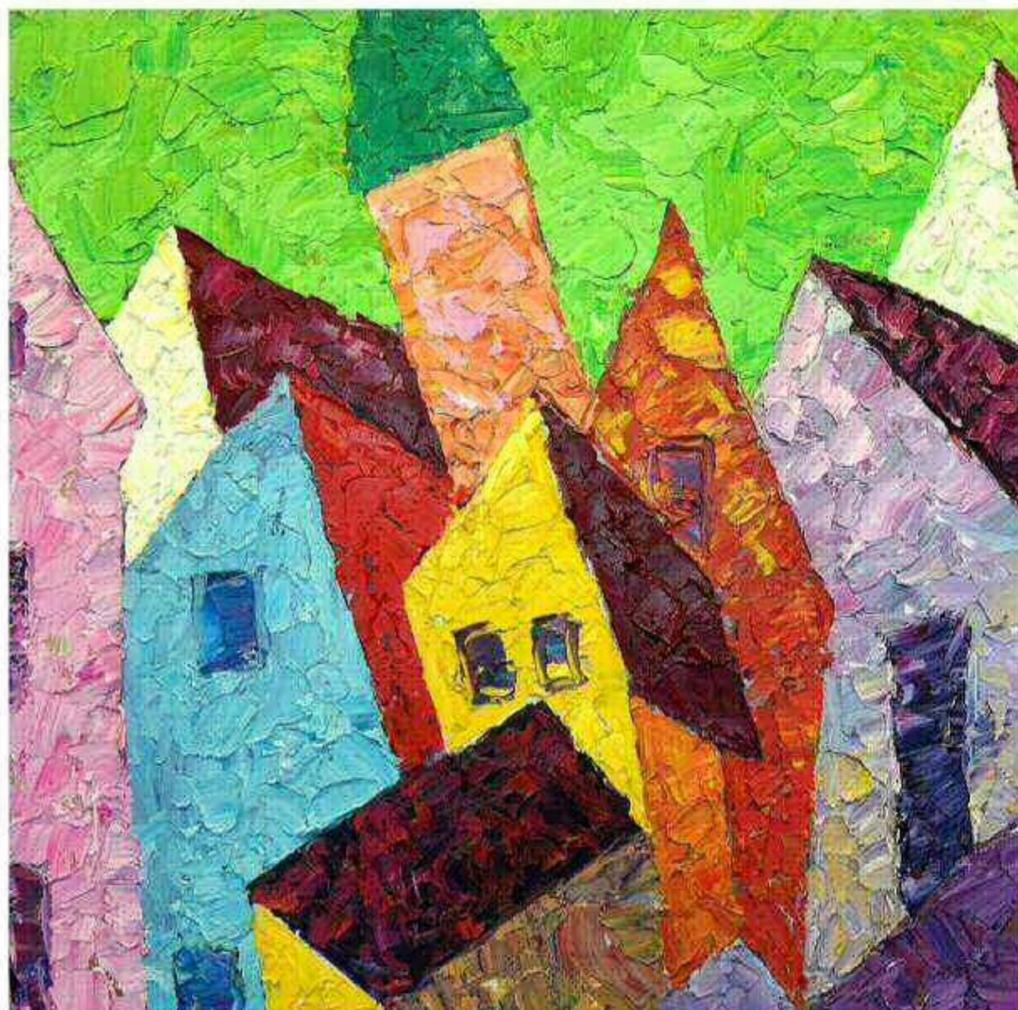
Carsten Bund

Portrait | Oil on wood panel | 61x51cm



Vasco Maio

Mata dos Medos | Mixed Media on wood panel | 75x55cm



Endre Bartos

Untitled (1979) | Oil on wood | 100x100cm



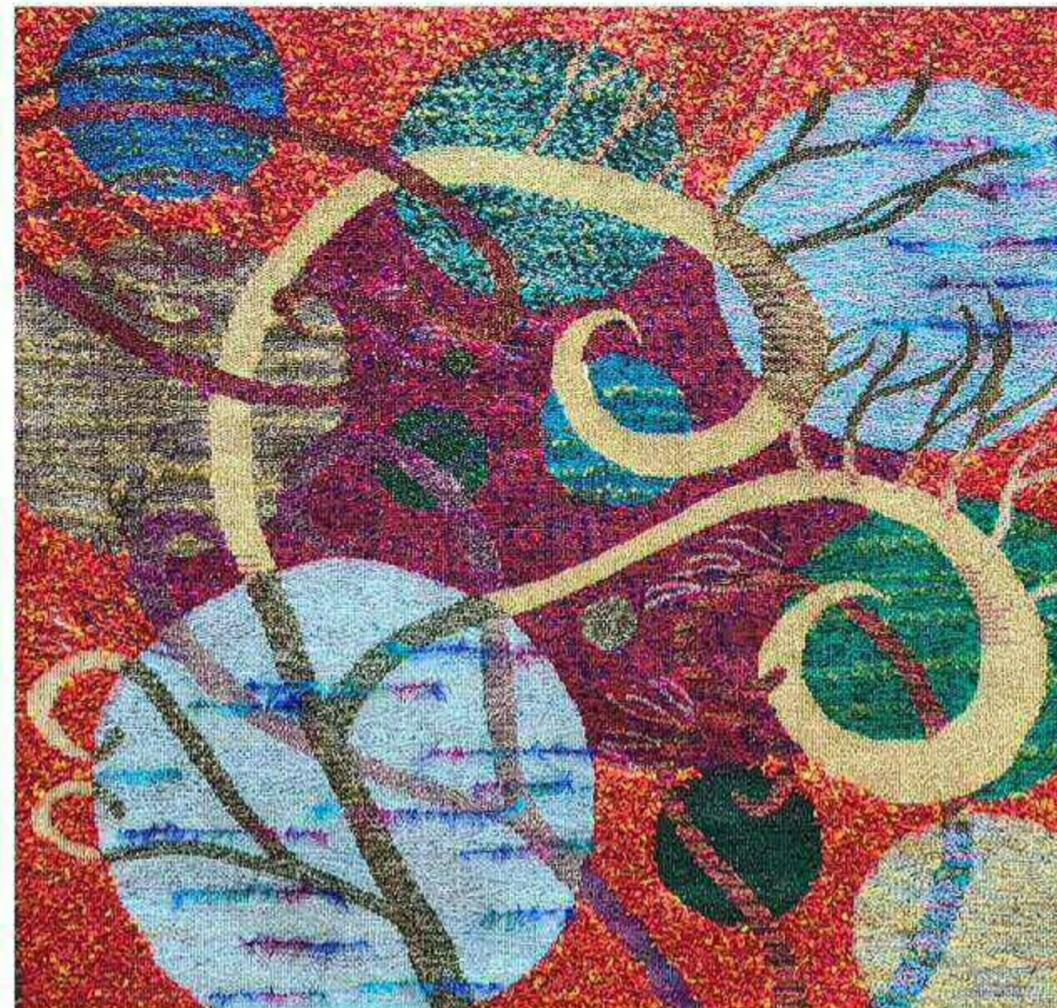
Inês Prats

Barro negro vidrado a baixa temperatura | 34x40cm



Gill Welland

XO One Voice | Mixed Media on canvas | 60x60cm



Kayo Sato

Seaweed Dreams | Tapestry | 100x100cm



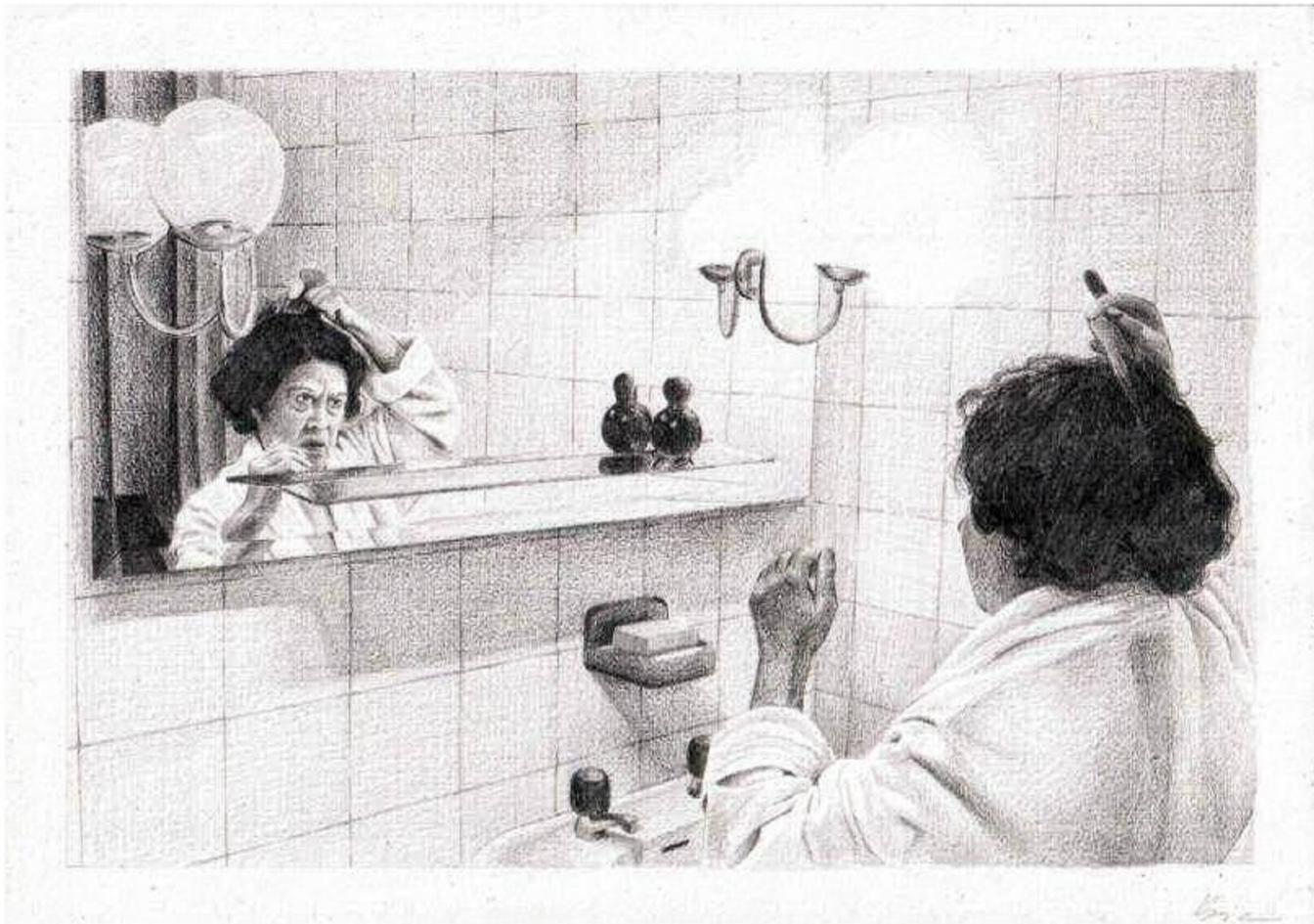
Stanislav Riha

A fiery sermon | Mixed Media | 46x74cm



Liliana Silva

Sweet Pop-corn | Ceramic | 28x38cm



Beatriz Canivete

Self-encounter | Graphite on paper | 21x29x7cm



Luísa Petiz

Joalheria do Carmo | Aquarelle | 18x13cm



Noelle Kalom

Holding | Mixed media | 61x61cm



Howard Harris

Man of the Moment | Sublimation on Aluminum with an Acrylic Overlay | 91x76cm





## Are the Old Tombs of Kaole, Tanzania, Really Able To Heal?

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Situated on the beautiful east coast of Africa, [Tanzania](#) is a fascinating country with a rich culture and no shortage of historic sites on its Indian Ocean coast. Kaole, an abandoned town and archaeological location, is one of the most significant of these sites due to the development of Islam and commerce in the region.

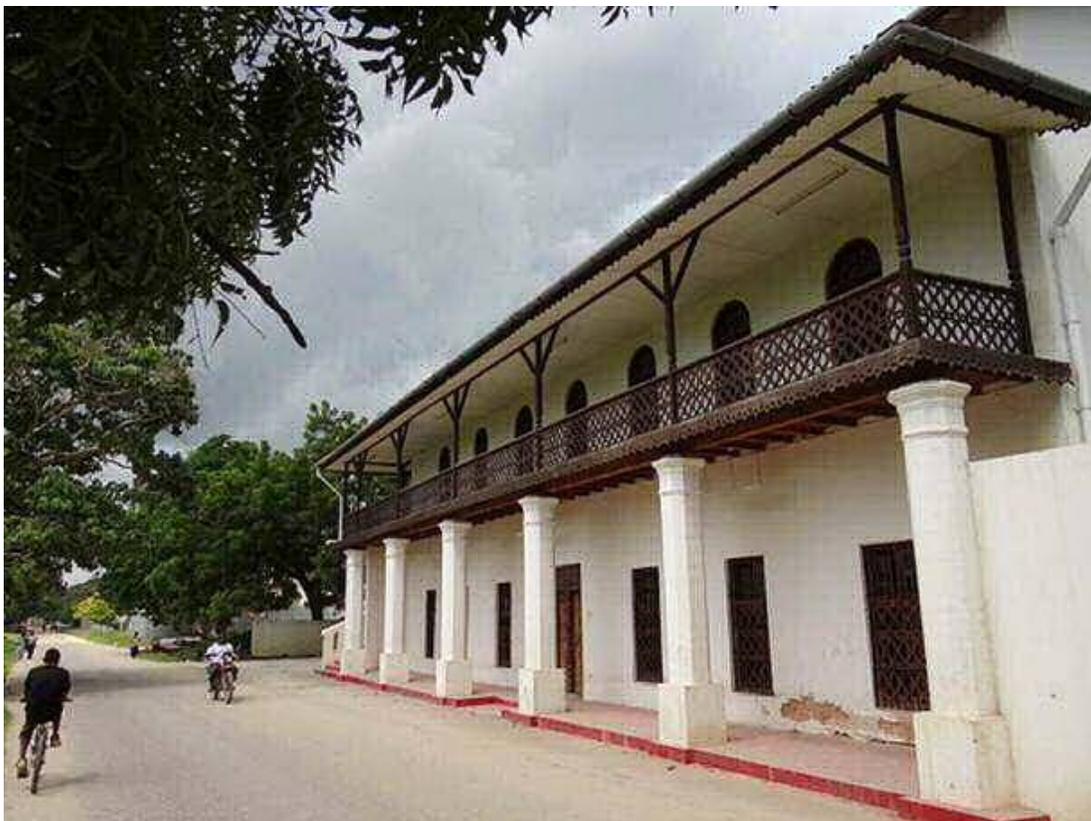
### **The History of Kaole, Tanzania**

Kaole is located near the historic town of Bagamoyo and, based on archaeological research, we know the area was first settled by local tribes as early as the 8th century,

drawn to the region's resources. Unfortunately, because it was made of wood, most of the first settlement no longer exists.

The tribesmen traded extensively with seafarers, including [Arabs](#) and [Persians](#). In fact, the eastern coast of Africa has been decisively influenced by Arab-Persian traders and merchants who brought Islam to the area, which in turn led to the development of the unique Swahili culture.

Still the predominant ethnic group in the region, the Zaramo people settled in Kaole around the 10 th century. During the Middle Ages, roughly 13 th century AD, the town of Kaole was occupied by both Arabs and a [Swahili](#) population. The town was diverse and had extensive trade connections both by land and sea; pottery and other artifacts which have come from as far afield as [China](#) have been found.



*Old Arab Teahouse, Bagamoyo (Jones, A / [CC BY 3.0](#) )*

The town was ruled by local sheikhs who had immense political and religious authority. One of the best known was Sheikh Ali Muhamad al-Hatim al-Barawi, an important figure

in the region who is still revered by local Muslims. At some point in time, however, Kaole was a dependency of the power city-state of [Kilwa](#). The town was controlled by Muslims, often of Arab origin, who taxed the local population.

In the 18 th century settlers from Oman came to the area. They moved the markets to the small settlement of Bagamoyo, three miles north of Kaole, due to the fact that the harbor upon which the prosperity of the town rested had silted up and was no longer suitable for merchants' vessels.

## The Timeless Ruins at Kaole, Tanzania

There are significant archaeological remains at the site dating from the Middle Ages, including houses, wells, and walls. At the center of the old town stand two mosques. The first is from the period of the Sultanate of Kilwa and dates to the 13 th century, the oldest on mainland Tanzania. A paved pathway, which is one of the finest examples of Medieval paving in Africa, leads to the second mosque which dates from the 15 th century. Approximately 22 graves of foreigners who resided in the town during its heyday have been found.

- [Cave Provides 78,000 Years of Cultural and Technological Evolution in East Africa](#)
- [East African Invasions in South America: Tracing Cultural Clues and Artifacts Left by Early Travelers](#)
- [The Rich Mythology and Megalithic Culture of the Ancient Berbers, Lords of the Desert](#)



*Mausoleum of Kaole* ( [CC BY 3.0](#) )

Several Shirazi style tombs with distinctive pillars which are almost certainly the graves of local religious leaders grace the area. These tombs are thought to be of Persian inspired design and indicate the level of influence the culture had on the east coast of Africa. Many tombs found around the old town which have no inscriptions are those of children.

## **The Spiritual Significance of Kaole, Tanzania**

This site retains a great deal of religious significance for communities in the area and pilgrims still visit the tombs of the religious leaders or sheiks. It is widely believed in this part of Tanzania that certain tombs have magical healing powers, so many people looking to be cured of evil spirits come to this site that overlooks the magnificent Indian Ocean. Another option is hammering iron nails into a sacred tree which is believed to transfer bad luck or illness into the wood.

## **Getting to Kaole**

The Kaole ruins are five kilometers (three miles) southeast of the town of Bagamoyo from where you can hire a taxi. Accommodation near the archaeological site is plentiful.

Top image: Old mosque of Kaole. Source: Hinrichsen, L / [CC BY 3.0](#)

By [Ed Whelan](#)

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## THE IMP OF THE PERVERSE



IN THE consideration of the faculties and impulses—of the *prima mobilia* of the human soul, the phrenologists have failed to make room for a propensity which, although obviously existing as a radical, primitive, irreducible sentiment, has been equally overlooked by all the moralists who have preceded them. In the pure arrogance of the reason, we have all overlooked it. We have suffered its existence to escape our senses, solely through want of belief—of faith;—whether it be faith in Revelation, or faith in the Kabbala. The idea of it has never occurred to us, simply because of its supererogation. We saw no need of the impulse—for the propensity. We could not perceive its necessity. We could not understand, that is to say, we could not have understood, had the notion of this *primum mobile* ever obtruded itself;—we could not have understood in what manner it might be made to further the objects of humanity, either temporal or eternal. It cannot be denied that phrenology and, in great measure, all metaphysicianism have been concocted *a priori*. The intellectual or logical man, rather than the understanding or observant man, set himself to imagine designs—to dictate purposes to God. Having thus fathomed, to his satisfaction, the intentions of Jehovah, out of these intentions he built his innumerable systems of mind. In the matter of phrenology, for example, we first determined, naturally enough, that it was the design of the Deity that man should eat. We then assigned to man an organ of alimentiveness, and this organ is the scourge with which the Deity compels man, will-I nill-I, into eating. Secondly, having settled it to be God's will that man should continue his species, we discovered an organ of amativeness, forthwith. And so with combativeness, with ideality, with causality, with constructiveness,—so, in short, with every organ, whether representing a propensity, a moral sentiment, or a faculty of the pure intellect. And in these arrangements of the *Principia* of human action, the Spurzheimites, whether right or wrong, in part, or upon the whole, have but followed, in principle, the footsteps of their predecessors: deducing and establishing every thing from the preconceived destiny of man, and upon the ground of the objects of his Creator.

It would have been wiser, it would have been safer, to classify (if classify we must) upon the basis of what man usually or occasionally did, and was always occasionally doing, rather than upon the basis of what we took it for granted the Deity intended him to do. If we cannot comprehend God in his visible works, how then in his inconceivable thoughts, that call the works into being? If we cannot understand him in his objective creatures, how then in his substantive moods and phases of creation?

Induction, a posteriori, would have brought phrenology to admit, as an innate and primitive principle of human action, a paradoxical something, which we may call perverseness, for want of a more characteristic term. In the sense I intend, it is, in fact, a mobile without motive, a motive not motivirt. Through its promptings we act without comprehensible object; or, if this shall be understood as a contradiction in terms, we may so far modify the proposition as to say, that through its promptings we act, for the reason that we should not. In theory, no reason can be more unreasonable, but, in fact, there is none more strong. With certain minds, under certain conditions, it becomes absolutely irresistible. I am not more certain that I breathe, than that the assurance of the wrong or error of any action is often the one unconquerable force which impels us, and alone impels us to its prosecution. Nor will this overwhelming tendency to do wrong for the wrong's sake, admit of analysis, or resolution into ulterior elements. It is a radical, a primitive impulse-elementary. It will be said, I am aware, that when we persist in acts because we feel we should not persist in them, our conduct is but a modification of that which ordinarily springs from the combativeness of phrenology. But a glance will show the fallacy of this idea. The phrenological combativeness has for its essence, the necessity of self-defence. It is our safeguard against injury. Its principle regards our well-being; and thus the desire to be well is excited simultaneously with its development. It follows, that the desire to be well must be excited simultaneously with any principle which shall be merely a modification of combativeness, but in the case of that something which I term perverseness, the desire to be well is not only not aroused, but a strongly antagonistical sentiment exists.

An appeal to one's own heart is, after all, the best reply to the sophistry just noticed. No one who trustingly consults and thoroughly questions his own soul, will be disposed to deny the entire radicalness of the propensity in question. It is not more incomprehensible than distinctive. There lives no man who at some period has not been tormented, for example, by an earnest desire to tantalize a listener by circumlocution. The speaker is aware that he displeases; he has every intention to please, he is usually curt, precise, and clear, the most laconic and luminous language is struggling for utterance upon his tongue, it is only with difficulty that he restrains himself from giving it flow; he dreads and deprecates the anger of him whom he addresses; yet, the thought strikes him, that by certain involutions and parentheses this anger may be engendered. That single thought is enough. The impulse increases to a wish, the wish to a desire, the desire to an uncontrollable longing, and the longing (to the deep regret and mortification of the speaker, and in defiance of all consequences) is indulged.

We have a task before us which must be speedily performed. We know that it will be ruinous to make delay. The most important crisis of our life calls, trumpet-tongued, for immediate energy and action. We glow, we are consumed with eagerness to commence the work, with the anticipation of whose glorious result our whole souls are on fire. It must, it shall be undertaken to-day, and yet we put it off until to-morrow, and why? There is no answer, except that we feel perverse, using the word with no comprehension of the

principle. To-morrow arrives, and with it a more impatient anxiety to do our duty, but with this very increase of anxiety arrives, also, a nameless, a positively fearful, because unfathomable, craving for delay. This craving gathers strength as the moments fly. The last hour for action is at hand. We tremble with the violence of the conflict within us,—of the definite with the indefinite—of the substance with the shadow. But, if the contest have proceeded thus far, it is the shadow which prevails,—we struggle in vain. The clock strikes, and is the knell of our welfare. At the same time, it is the chancicleer—note to the ghost that has so long overawed us. It flies—it disappears—we are free. The old energy returns. We will labor now. Alas, it is too late!

We stand upon the brink of a precipice. We peer into the abyss—we grow sick and dizzy. Our first impulse is to shrink from the danger. Unaccountably we remain. By slow degrees our sickness and dizziness and horror become merged in a cloud of unnamable feeling. By gradations, still more imperceptible, this cloud assumes shape, as did the vapor from the bottle out of which arose the genius in the Arabian Nights. But out of this our cloud upon the precipice's edge, there grows into palpability, a shape, far more terrible than any genius or any demon of a tale, and yet it is but a thought, although a fearful one, and one which chills the very marrow of our bones with the fierceness of the delight of its horror. It is merely the idea of what would be our sensations during the sweeping precipitancy of a fall from such a height. And this fall—this rushing annihilation—for the very reason that it involves that one most ghastly and loathsome of all the most ghastly and loathsome images of death and suffering which have ever presented themselves to our imagination—for this very cause do we now the most vividly desire it. And because our reason violently deters us from the brink, therefore do we the most impetuously approach it. There is no passion in nature so demoniacally impatient, as that of him who, shuddering upon the edge of a precipice, thus meditates a Plunge. To indulge, for a moment, in any attempt at thought, is to be inevitably lost; for reflection but urges us to forbear, and therefore it is, I say, that we cannot. If there be no friendly arm to check us, or if we fail in a sudden effort to prostrate ourselves backward from the abyss, we plunge, and are destroyed.

Examine these similar actions as we will, we shall find them resulting solely from the spirit of the Perverse. We perpetrate them because we feel that we should not. Beyond or behind this there is no intelligible principle; and we might, indeed, deem this perverseness a direct instigation of the Arch-Fiend, were it not occasionally known to operate in furtherance of good.

I have said thus much, that in some measure I may answer your question, that I may explain to you why I am here, that I may assign to you something that shall have at least the faint aspect of a cause for my wearing these fetters, and for my tenanting this cell of the condemned. Had I not been thus prolix, you might either have misunderstood me altogether, or, with the rabble, have fancied me mad. As it is, you will easily perceive that I am one of the many uncounted victims of the Imp of the Perverse.

It is impossible that any deed could have been wrought with a more thorough

deliberation. For weeks, for months, I pondered upon the means of the murder. I rejected a thousand schemes, because their accomplishment involved a chance of detection. At length, in reading some French Memoirs, I found an account of a nearly fatal illness that occurred to Madame Pilau, through the agency of a candle accidentally poisoned. The idea struck my fancy at once. I knew my victim's habit of reading in bed. I knew, too, that his apartment was narrow and ill-ventilated. But I need not vex you with impertinent details. I need not describe the easy artifices by which I substituted, in his bed-room candle-stand, a wax-light of my own making for the one which I there found. The next morning he was discovered dead in his bed, and the Coroner's verdict was—"Death by the visitation of God."

Having inherited his estate, all went well with me for years. The idea of detection never once entered my brain. Of the remains of the fatal taper I had myself carefully disposed. I had left no shadow of a clew by which it would be possible to convict, or even to suspect me of the crime. It is inconceivable how rich a sentiment of satisfaction arose in my bosom as I reflected upon my absolute security. For a very long period of time I was accustomed to revel in this sentiment. It afforded me more real delight than all the mere worldly advantages accruing from my sin. But there arrived at length an epoch, from which the pleasurable feeling grew, by scarcely perceptible gradations, into a haunting and harassing thought. It harassed because it haunted. I could scarcely get rid of it for an instant. It is quite a common thing to be thus annoyed with the ringing in our ears, or rather in our memories, of the burthen of some ordinary song, or some unimpressive snatches from an opera. Nor will we be the less tormented if the song in itself be good, or the opera air meritorious. In this manner, at last, I would perpetually catch myself pondering upon my security, and repeating, in a low undertone, the phrase, "I am safe."

One day, whilst sauntering along the streets, I arrested myself in the act of murmuring, half aloud, these customary syllables. In a fit of petulance, I remodelled them thus; "I am safe—I am safe—yes— if I be not fool enough to make open confession!"

No sooner had I spoken these words, than I felt an icy chill creep to my heart. I had had some experience in these fits of perversity, (whose nature I have been at some trouble to explain), and I remembered well that in no instance I had successfully resisted their attacks. And now my own casual self-suggestion that I might possibly be fool enough to confess the murder of which I had been guilty, confronted me, as if the very ghost of him whom I had murdered—and beckoned me on to death.

At first, I made an effort to shake off this nightmare of the soul. I walked vigorously—faster—still faster—at length I ran. I felt a maddening desire to shriek aloud. Every succeeding wave of thought overwhelmed me with new terror, for, alas! I well, too well understood that to think, in my situation, was to be lost. I still quickened my pace. I bounded like a madman through the crowded thoroughfares. At length, the populace took the alarm, and pursued me. I felt then the consummation of my fate. Could I have torn out my tongue, I would have done it, but a rough voice resounded in my ears—a rougher grasp seized me by the shoulder. I turned—I gasped for breath. For a moment I experienced all

the pangs of suffocation; I became blind, and deaf, and giddy; and then some invisible fiend, I thought, struck me with his broad palm upon the back. The long imprisoned secret burst forth from my soul.

They say that I spoke with a distinct enunciation, but with marked emphasis and passionate hurry, as if in dread of interruption before concluding the brief, but pregnant sentences that consigned me to the hangman and to hell.

Having related all that was necessary for the fullest judicial conviction, I fell prostrate in a swoon.

But why shall I say more? To-day I wear these chains, and am here! To-morrow I shall be fetterless!—but where?

**Circle Foundation for the Arts, Lion France,  
interviewing Standa.**

<https://circle-arts.com/interview/standa/>

# Standa

**Born in:** 1952, Czech Republic

**Lives in:** North Vancouver, BC, Canada

**Describe your art in 3 words:** Surreal, Abstract, Contemporary

**Primary Media:** Digital Photography, Mixed media



Diarist's Box - Mixed media 66 x 41 cm

*Inquire*



Abandoned Beach House - Mixed media 81 x 51 cm

*Inquire*



Whale Watching - Mixed media 153 x 92 cm 913

*Inquire*



Snorkeling A Reef - Mixed media 91 x 58 cm

## *Inquire*



Oppositions - Mixed media 74 x 46 cm

*Inquire*



Lavender Field - Mixed media 66 x 41 cm

### *Inquire*

***"My approach is the same as in a written story: readers have space to create their own image. In a visual image, I like to leave room for viewers to create their own interpretation."***

***Read a Q&A with Standa***

***Talk to us about your work featured here.  
What are the main themes and ideas explored?***

My main themes and ideas come from the emotional influences we are exposed to and our reactions and adaptations to them. It is a combination of real (surreal), mental (abstract), and emotional (wave)

reactions, one can say, surreal-abstract. Just as importantly, I am striving for the given space, colours, and depth composition.

### ***Describe your creative process.***

In most cases, I start with an idea already in my mind, but through realization, my mind can twist it into a final realization. Usually, I spend ten minutes or so on actual work and then take some time to visualize the best next step. Which can, sometimes, take a day or two. If, after a few days of scrutinizing the artwork, no uncomfortable parts are found, I consider the artwork finished.

### ***What are the main influences and inspirations behind your art?***

My influence comes from different art disciplines, since it is not an actual art style but an attitude of being themselves, innovative and progressive.

The style I decided to follow.

Painters like Hieronymus Bosch, Sandro Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Salvador Dalí or Pablo Picasso. Musical masters like Antonín Dvořák, Peter I. Tchaikovsky, Ludwig van Beethoven or Pink Floyd and architects like Frank O. Gehry.

### ***What is unique about your art? What do you consider the strongest aspect of your work?***

There are two main aspects I like to use: the real precious and semiprecious metal leaves and foils, which I use not just for their beauty, but to prevent plagiarism as well, and I incorporate the mood aspect, the waves over the art, as if music is accompanying the artwork.

### ***What message or emotion do you hope viewers take away from experiencing your art?***

The message I am trying to convey to viewers is that there is more to our apparent reality than we perceive; it is just a matter of finding it and being comfortable with the emotions that accompany the experience. I believe that it is important in society to see everything not just from one position, but also from another and sometimes others' views as well.

## ***What is the biggest challenge for an artist?***

### ***What is the hardest part of your job?***

Since my art is unconventional and thus uneasy to accept by the general public, my biggest challenge, and at the same time, the hardest part of my job, is selling it. As for the creative part of the process, the bigger challenge and harder job make the work, and the final result more enjoyable.

### ***What is the most rewarding part of being an artist?***

The most rewarding part of my artwork is having a channel to share my thoughts with others. When even one person expresses pleasure in my work and wants to keep it, that's enough for me. Naturally, the more interest and appreciation my work receives, the more rewarding it becomes.

### ***How do you balance tradition and innovation in your work?***

The balance is based on the decision of which approach is most appropriate for expressing or interpreting the visual idea I am trying to convey.

### ***What does "good art" mean to you?***

### ***What makes a piece of art great?***

If someone can look at art for a long time, day after day, and enjoy it every day and in every situation, that, I believe, makes art great.

### ***What is the role of the artist today?***

The artist's role today is. I believe that supporting and opening viewers' creativity, and showing that there are other views of everyday objects and situations. To see life from different points of view than the seemingly obvious one. Mainly to take them away from the stressors of daily working life.