



**&F**

**ENG #7**

**Lost & Found Mega\*Zine**



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Cover photo by Lorelyne

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**The L&F MEGA\*ZINE is a non-profit art magazine prepared separately in Polish and in English.**

Aged of 23 years old, Lorelyne has lived in the Alps for most of her life. Surrounded by the majesty of nature, she always found inspiration within it since childhood. Creativity was always about her own fantasy world but later, she found in photography the balance she sought for : combine the environment, people and her ideas. By extracting fragments of cherished memories, various relationships, and characters from readings, listenings she's in its infancy to show her work to the vast World of image.

“Photography has become a way to make an homage to beloved people who crossed my way, by collecting, somehow, the beauty I saw and then enhance it. It's a rough journey through the chase of making everything more real and consistent. The image has this amazing power of taking roots in everyone.”

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Homage to Mother Moon



Shamanista



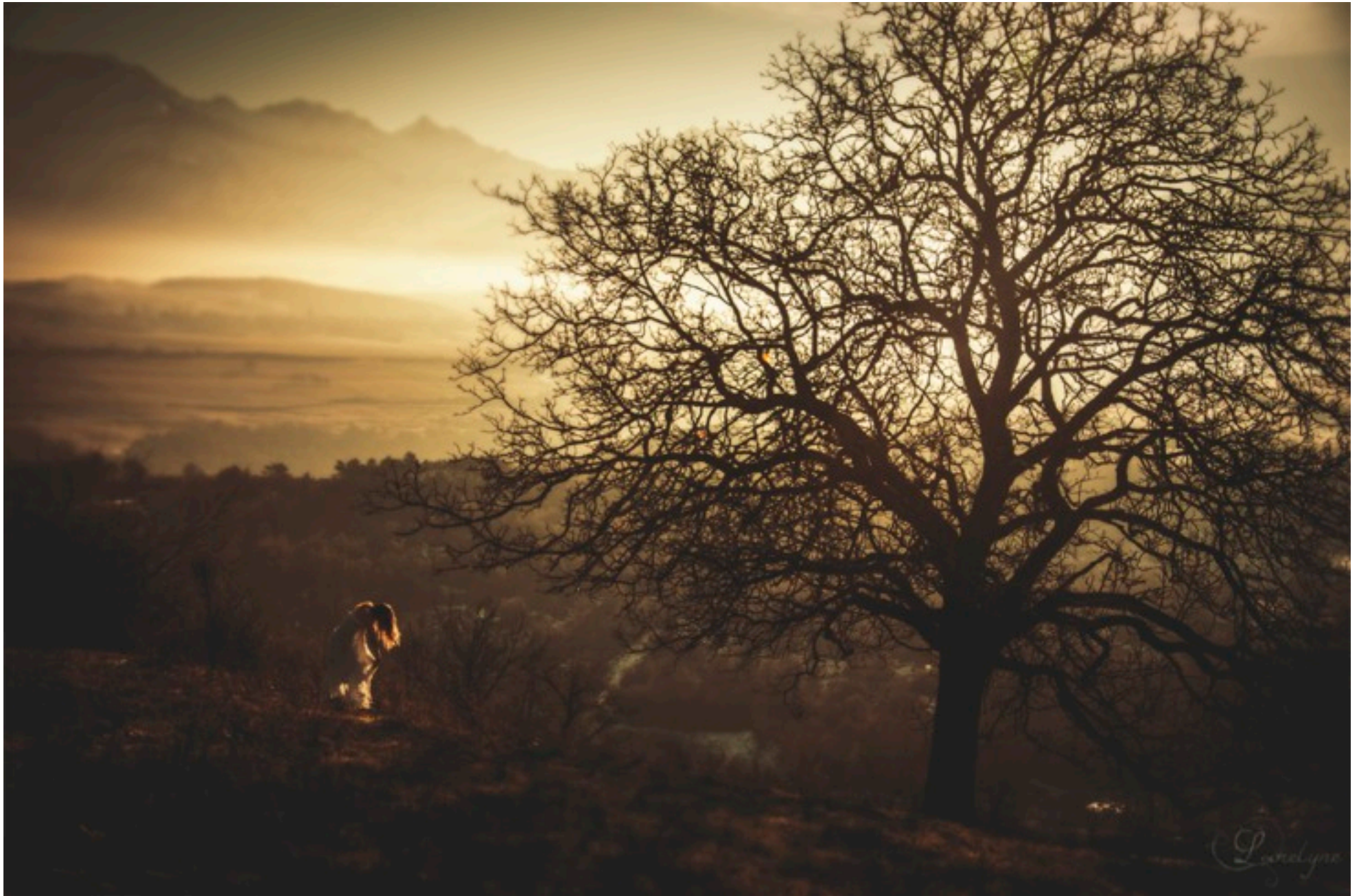




A Hecate and Her Dog

Lorelyne





## Bow to Yggdrasil









Fur & Gold





## Surrendering to Gravity and the Unknown



Tyto Alba Metamorphosis







Herne



Bleeding Autumn





Alcove's Incantations



Maneide















## Soleil d'Hiver

Rainbow

It all depends on where a rainbow will appear,  
if like a peacock's tail outstretches in the sky  
in the triumphal arch,  
you can see there, in the depths, calling the finger of  
God;  
then go,  
Go to the gate by Saul,  
Go to the other side by Paul,  
receive a chance  
do not waste it.

But the reflection of the rainbow in the ground  
ceases to be a rainbow.  
Here, over the divine azure, dominates  
Dante's black mixed with vermilion of Bosch  
rainbow turns upside down  
its hemispherical bottom is a grave,  
in which you fall as Judas  
cut from the rope.

Trust in the Myth,  
there is either good nor bad,  
there is a rainbow,  
braided tail of a comet,  
a streak of all-meaning.

Tragic character

is one of us

we pass her in the crowd,  
squat to her on the train  
or tram, on a bench in the park,  
anywhere

do not pay attention to her

but when you look closer - she is easy to recognize,  
is similar to Antigone, Electra, Oedipus,  
blows her a distant antiquity zephyr,  
her face is dark as bitumity  
at the Dead Sea,

motionless, petrified,  
with empty eyes,  
in the corners of the mouth - wormwood

our simple life path  
are the maze for her

standing still, not looking for a light,  
sometimes asks the Oracle:  
why me?





Moontown

Katarzyna Blacha 3.05.1976

Sociologist, arteterapeuta. Postgraduate studies at the Faculty of Painting and Graphic Art in Academy of Fine Arts of Strzemiński - specialization: Painting and Drawing. I work as a freelance illustrator. In my art, I try to give the fragility of human life, the sensitivity of the individual, and loneliness. I'm running in a fantasy world. I'm trying to look at reality through the eyes of the child. I create mainly work with borderline surrealism, character proportions of children's faces with big eyes, in which I try to show the soul.

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Snow White





Maciek



Little Red Riding Hood and Fox





Fish Hunter

Who are you

Who are you really  
why do you look so gloomily  
without a shadow of a smile  
on something others do not see

which tailor made your dress  
with which you are talking about spring  
though in the eyes shines November  
frost on leaves  
and this autumn premature at the temples

from the meeting with you  
my eyes are back stealthily  
carrying a bulg purse

like a thief I escapes  
I go back to the here and now  
I'm chased by the wind moving the curtain  
of Brabant lace

I smell laudanum  
and your arms  
on the edge of a cliff  
ready for departure

Apple by Plato

you  
from your shore  
waving to me with Plato  
call to his cave  
with Mozart concerts  
and Durer prints  
you pave my way

and I  
with a knife for vegetables  
hesitate and freeze up  
I think:  
an apple, or maybe I peel  
pick of the idea?

into the spiral of peelings  
the moments tangled

in a place where thought  
passes into fruit  
There we meet  
therethrough flows  
the idea of juice





Ukryte wejście

She is the student of Artistic Education at the University of Opole by total accident, most of the life she worked out her skills. The most important for her is a vision, fleeting moment in which she can include a long story. This may be an unusual dream or a moment of reflection at the bus stop. She loves everything unreal and impossible. In her works, trying to grasp the mystery, something you cannot see at first glance. She loves to paint and tries to achieve the mastery in it.

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Lodowe







## Nekropolis





Brama do Shellei









Mgła













Wędrownica





## Zielona Toń





Shellea

children and fish

children and fish

she  
watches for sure  
he  
will he find the courage and desire?

anguish of life  
and being  
a child

they  
therein and thereon next to them  
children

image  
painful in its veracity  
teaches  
because it is painful

such  
sweet mystery  
painful to swallow

and to wash it down  
by the taste

up

up we look  
in the sky  
at infinity of the streamers  
we count  
lifes among the stars abundance  
and slowly on that  
we will return  
to the source





Magdalena Berny - born in May 1976. A graduate of the Poznań University of Physical Education, self-taught photographer, passionate, every day mother of two children. Winner of numerous awards in national and international photographic competitions. Over the years, she managed to create her own quite distinctive style. Works by Magdalena were published in Polish and foreign press devoted to photographs, images used as guides to photographing children, and for the book covers projects.

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**The sounds of imagination.  
Or what can be heard, even if it does not exist.**

‘Each of you can hear me.  
This voice is in each of you.

This voice is in loudspeaker.  
This voice has nothing to do with the loudspeaker.

This voice is where the loudspeaker is.  
This voice is where you are.

This voice is reaching your ears.  
Your hearing is reaching out to this voice

This voice comes into being before you hear it.  
This voice lasts after you have heard it '[1]

Music is the art of time manipulation. Of nonexistence which we hear, which we live through and which forces us to replay the past based on the present, while keeping the possible futures in perspective. What is the recording's relations to the original, to the moment in which it was created? Do we really hear what existed back then? As Radovanović says in his *Voice from the Loudspeaker*: 'This voice is quieter, but the meaning is unchanged. The voice getting quieter can mean something else'. These two sentences were recorded in the same timbre of voice, but electroacoustic manipulation makes them sound like a whisper, changing the words' meaning, even though they were uttered loudly and clearly!

Music is full of time play. For centuries, people have been debating its meaning, its functioning in different dimensions. If we see the picture, it is here and now, we can touch it, see it from different perspectives, but it will still be in one place, as a thing, as a functioning constant value [2]. Music does not possess such clarity. Sheet music is not music yet, it is merely a record of sounds. An imperfect record. No piece will be ever performer the same way twice. We recognize that it is a piece by Bach or Beethoven, but it must be performed, notes are only orderly signs, put together by these authors. Performance is, in turn, a particular interpretation of the music by the band, is it really the music of Bach or Beethoven, or perhaps Gould or Barenboim? Perhaps it is not music yet? When does it exist, the moment we hear the sounds? What about pauses? Can silence make a sound? After all, without silence we would not know when the song starts or when it ends. Is what we encounter a true silence? After all, there's always something we hear, even if it's just blood flowing in our veins.

Back to the performers, can the recorded song already be considered an existing music? After all we hear the same thing every time. Or do we? Unlike listening to music on headphones in the subway or otherwise on the speakers in the studio does the context not affect the reception of what we really want to hear? When we do not want

to see something we close our eyes, when we do not want to say something, we shut our mouths; but when we do not want to hear something.. our ears don't 'close'. We are constantly surrounded by an all-encompassing noise, which we can also listen to as if it was the melody of our life. Recording is a past that will not return. We try recreating and reviving it in new contexts, transferring it to the present, but after all this, it is not the same.

It seems that there is no clear answer to all these questions. We must be guided by our intuition and our auditory experience. In my opinion, music is both on paper, in the score, in execution and in the recording, but also in our heads when our brains remember what they want to hear. All factors related to our subjective perception of sound in the world is something we can include in one word: music.

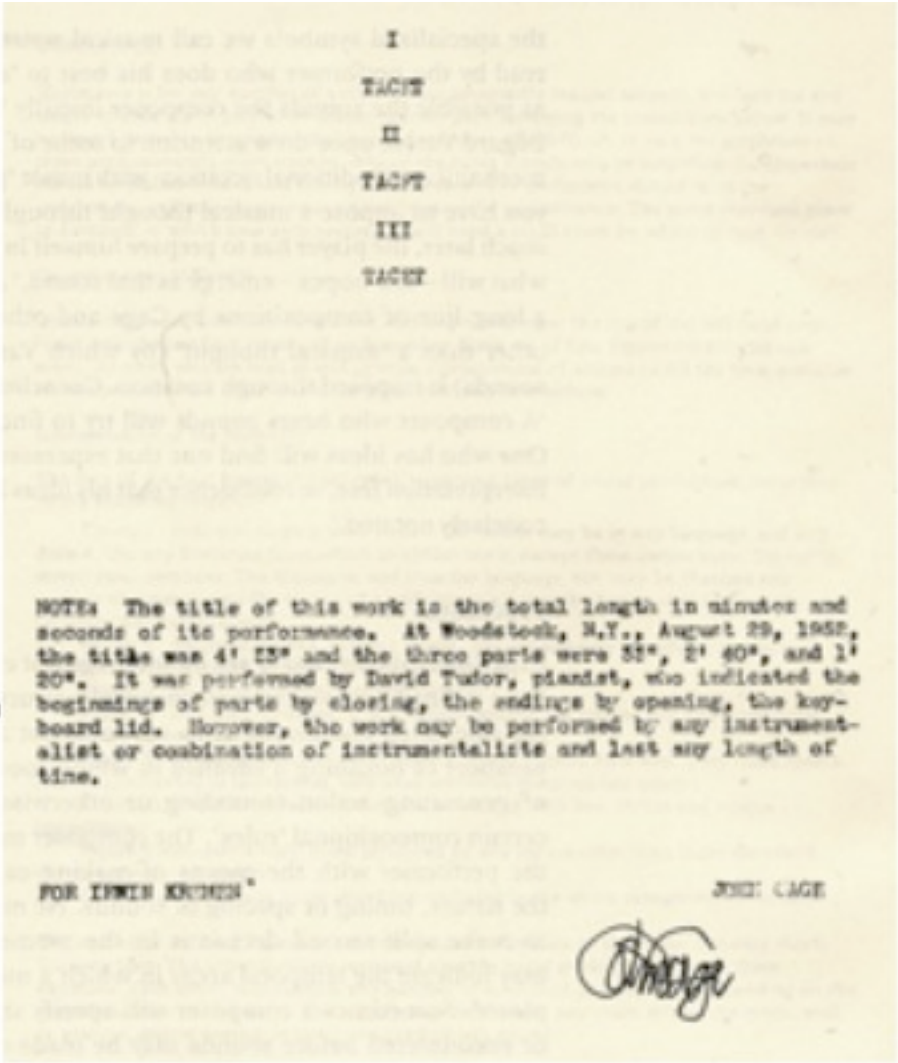
We need to be able to experience it and try to find its essence, which is important to us, and we may find its greatest mysteries. [3]

Contemporary music is now on the verge of such a discovery. Composers have long since ceased to be interested in conventional schemes, which equaled composers and craftsmen. The study of sound and noise led to the discovery of new properties.

In the twentieth century came the reevaluation of musical aesthetics, ranging from the dramas of Richard Wagner and the impressionistic symbolic achievements of Claude Debussy.[4] It turned out that music not only can please us, it may also be interesting, shocking, downright unpleasant or even inaudible (4'33" by John Cage).

Another delusion and mind trick, which must once again contend with the barrier of our perception of music, is the popular conclusion that music is only a pleasure, associated with beauty, and beauty is universal... Leaving aside the philosophical digressions, do we really know what we like? Don't we start liking (or at least know well) a popular song after hearing it on the radio for a hundredth time? The whole system of advertising and marketing was built on this principle! Anyone to whom mother sang lullabies would say that she sang it beautifully and recalls the experience as pleasant. Only mom knows that, tired after a long day of work, attending to the whole family, making supper, changing diapers, she sang a song barely hitting the notes, or even mumbling off key (not always of course, this is only an example). We may not remember, but those were the most beautiful songs in the world.

Then, in the history of contemporary music, new systems of organizing sound emerged. Starting from the new Viennese School (dodecaphony, serialism), through Oliver Messiaen to solutions inspired by music quarter-tones of the East (La Monte Young's 'The Well Tuned Piano')



Ilustracja 1: 4'33" Johna Cage'a. Cztery i pół minuty ciszy. Na pięciolinii zapisane są jedynie pauzy i czas trwania ciszy w poszczególnych częściach utworu.



and the harmonic (with Alois Haba as a forerunner).

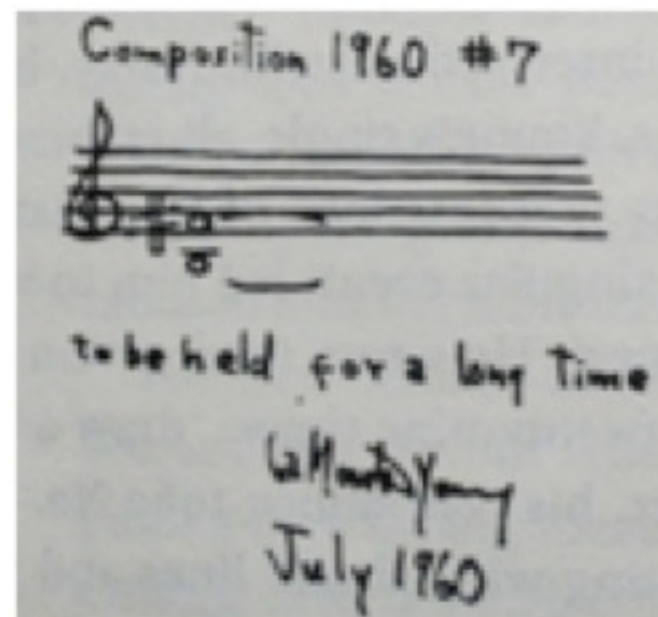
Many Europeans are unaware of the existence of the vast musical culture of the East. Even in most Asian languages, it is the intonation that determines the meaning of the word. Music composed there is in quarter-systems and smaller (average European hears only half-tones, quarter-tones sound false to us). Our traditional folk melodies came from five-sound systems (pentatonic or even smaller) and were certainly not pure intervals. Natural temperament is still present in each. Only at the end of the seventeenth century was the so-called equal temperament created, which today operates primarily on the piano keyboard, dividing the octave into twelve equal tones.

Time in music has gained a new quality in the experiments of the minimalists (including Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Zygmunt Krauze), aleatoric (eg, Witold Lutoslawski, John Cage) and mobile structures (Roman Haubenstock-Ramati) and in graphic musical and so called musical theater.

Time in music, which has already been mentioned, can grow in many ways. In the linear approach, duration of a music track, a lot has changed in our times. Again, music inspired by the East, allowed us to re-read the significance of this axiom. Recurring structures accompanied the primitive religious music of Asian countries for centuries, but we may find a few examples in our culture as well. Repetitive structures can be observed in the Rosary prayer. Recurring structures that bring us into a kind of mantra, during which we cease to perceive the passage of time and the assumptions we enter a new level of the sacrum, approaching God. Albert Einstein stated and proved that time is relative. It is easy to see in the music of the minimalists. 'We go' in time, and by its repetitive structure, the time slows down or even stops, as if we were looking at a great image. It causes us to stop perceiving time as linear, but as a process, a fixed and unchanging value which confronted with the European way of life is almost unimaginable.

Finally, the development of instruments, first the new technique of extracting sounds from traditional acoustic instruments (Krzysztof Penderecki, Helmut Lachenmann), and the whole range of so called electric instruments (including Theremin, Martenot Waves). Recently, a computer became both the instrument and the instrument sound, and, by its endless possibilities, it performs many functions, making music in the era of highly interdisciplinary arts. Using the computer failed to thoroughly investigate the characteristics of the sound spectrum (Gerard Grisey and his spectralism), to create programs that in any way create a sound and noise from the ground up combining it in various ways, not only musical (a typical program based on expanding the scope of the impact of the resulting music features is MaxMSP), and even the computer itself has become an instrument on which one can play, perform and play music.

In this case, one should wonder what an instrument is. It can be said that it is every 'thing', generating sound or noise. The instrument may even be our body. Everything depends on our imagination. The violin can be a percussion instrument, a piano can sound like church bells on Sunday afternoon. We can connect to a computer, insert the probe

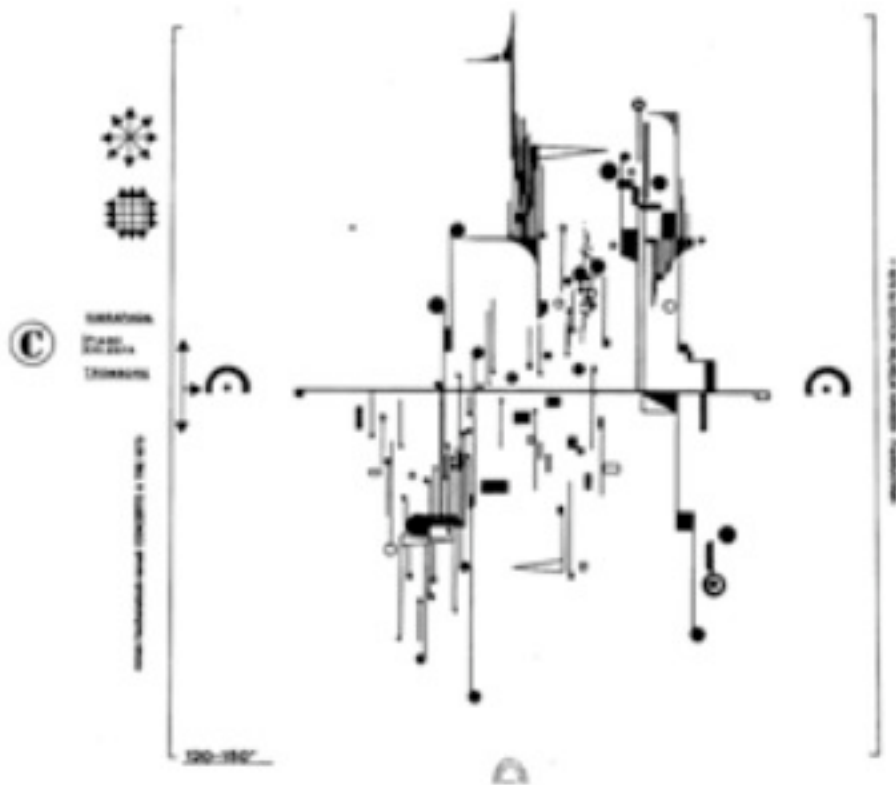


Ilustracja 2: La Monte Young Composition 1960 #7  
'trzymać dźwięk [bardzo] długo' instrumentarium dowolne.

with a microphone into the stomach and speakers using the amp will generate sounds of an approaching storm, or a jet taking off.

We do not hear all of this, we do not feel it, then does it exist? Yes and no: everything depends on the level of our perception. So let us listen to music and let it listen to us.

- [1] A fragment of 'Voice from the Loudspeaker' by Vladan Radovanović. A 1975 recording.
- [2] K. Guczalski 'Znaczenie muzyki znaczenia w muzyce' roz. 'Symbol dyskursywny versus przedstawieniowy' i inne, Musica lagellonica, Kraków, 1999r.
- [3] 'I'm sure you have to think, speak and write about music. I do not believe that anyone will ever explore its essence, but even wandering around a phenomenon unraveled, impossible to fully understand, but wandering approximating, sensing that guess - has a deep meaning' W. Lutosławski, ibidem
- [4] See: A. Jarzębska 'Spór o piękno muzyki Wprowadzenie do kultury muzycznej XX wieku' Wyd. UW, Wrocław, 2004r.



Ilustracja 3: 'Concerto a tre' Roman Haubenstock-Ramati

**Figure 1:** 4'33" by John Cage. Four and a half minutes of silence. On a staff are only stored pauses and the duration of silence in different parts of the song.

**Figure 2:** La Monte Young Composition 1960 # 7  
'stick sound [very] long' instruments arbitrary.

**Figure 3: 'Concerto a tre' Roman Haubenstock-Ramati**





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Designer of garments and masks: April Peters of The House Gallery Boutique

Models: Dani Barnes, Karlee Deacon, Lavanya Hire, Mihola Terzik, Olena Venidiktova, Jacqueline and Arianna Ryan









































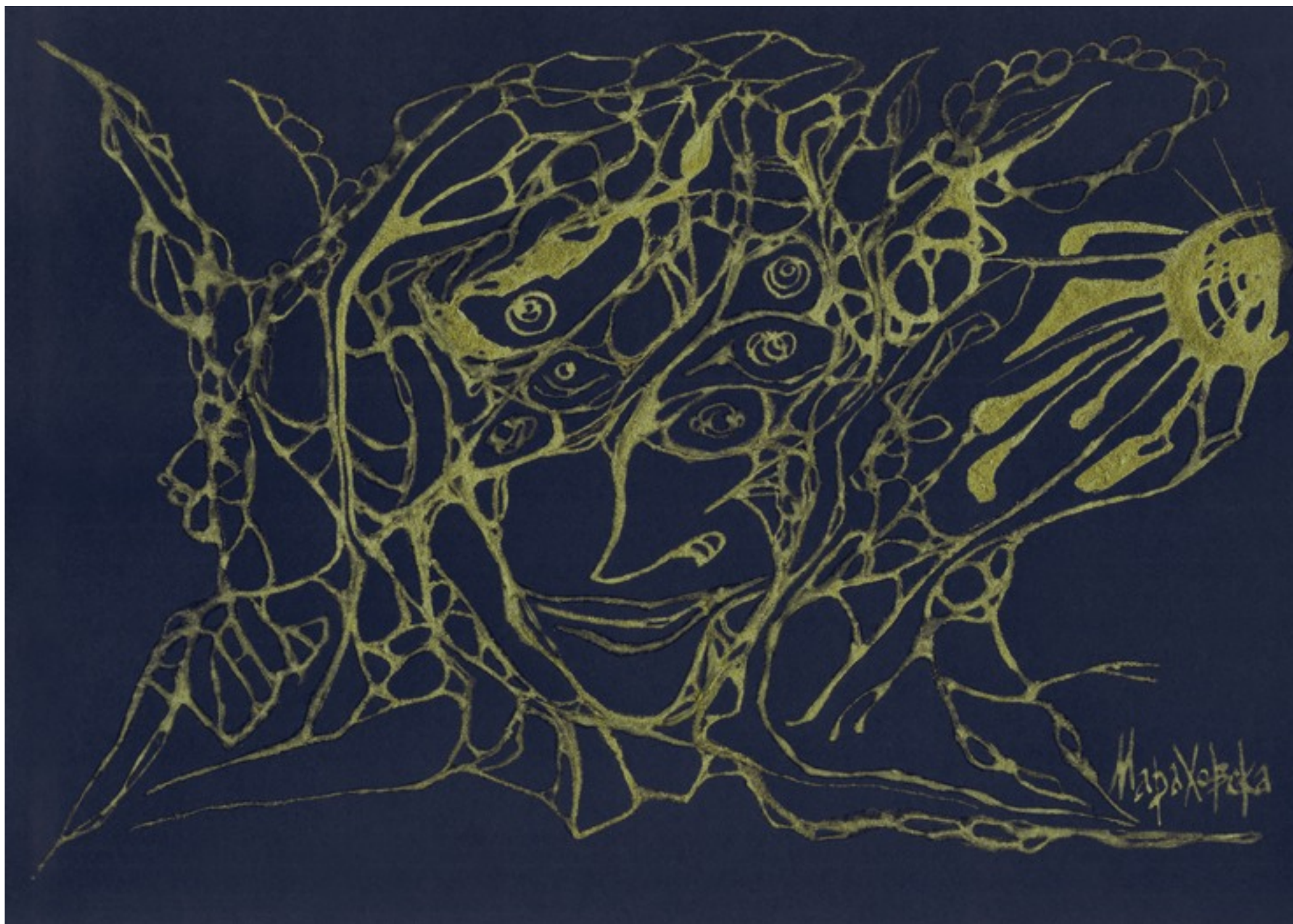




**The last letter**

hope burning at the stake of truths  
when you hold in your hands the last letter  
in the heart you curse - "whose fault is it"  
that someone dear, just disappeared  
people over the grave, all in silence  
time is over, picked up her  
and you with sadness and suffering  
by murder to the king, someone takes the throne  
stone urn in the ground will rest today  
with tears of the lonely will fill up  
nothing will come back, the gear does not change  
words like volleys, would give honor  
and when you come back to the difficult everyday life  
in this gray, sad, gloomy day  
still asking God for one thing only  
"Lord, I beg you, let me handle it"  
all around like the sky is crying  
ravens sing the last song  
again from the Cliffs the soul, blithely jumps  
baggage of life doesn't have to carry





gold portrait

21.07.1980 - born in Omsk/ Siberia

Works as a freelance artist both in the fields of art and music in Berlin, various paintings are contained in private collections in Germany, Europe and Russia; she conceives cross-genre art events/ whole art works with multimedia projections of her paintings combined with her music, sound and light effects and staged exhibition spaces.

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blue forest

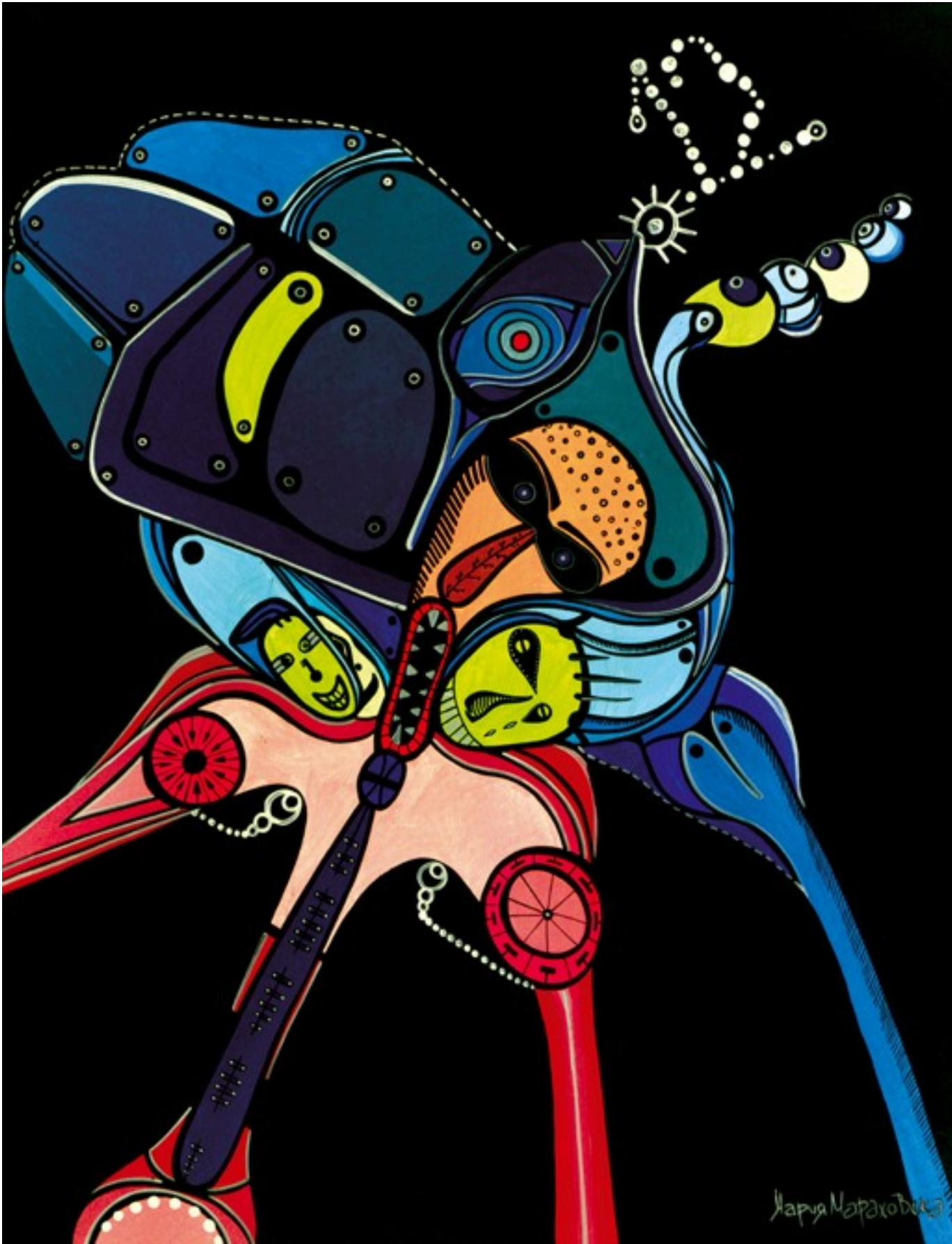




blue world



born







cello



color of sadness



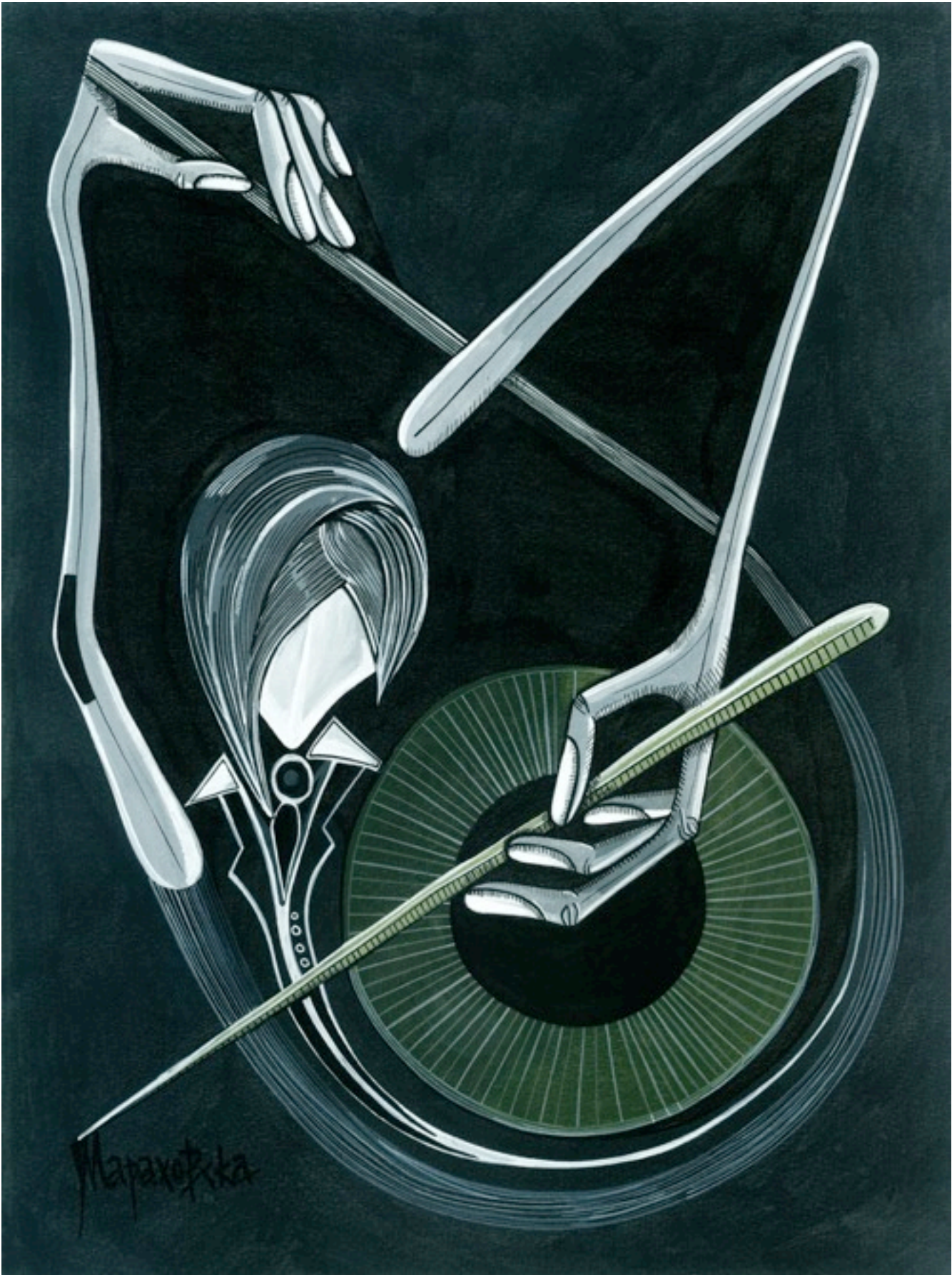




countess



faceless musician







knight





melancholia





mystery tree



nixe







plasticin





window





witches

**without reflection**

I have no reflection in the mirror

apparently it is a rare case the children laughed at me and the doctor  
he wanted even to report it to the Ministry

psychologist in turn advised not to cause unnecessary sensationalism -  
not to visit the hairdresser to avoid shop windows and puddles on the road

if caught in the act - not admit, deny  
try to turn everything into a joke

in the locker under the floor I hold the gun and the Bible

**the end**

TV replays themselves - she just screamed  
I love You I love You

and he just walked away so much for all that he had heard even  
himself

trees grizzled Nightingale was petrified like in a fairy tale prompter said something not  
about the subject

and he still only walked away so far that he could be  
mistaken as a funny dot on the horizon

made by a child in the middle of the sentence that no one understands



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When encountering people, I focus on getting to know them very well, as each person is a mystery. Marcin, a man who lives on passion, love and art, is no exception. He is without a doubt able to greatly impact others - his enthusiasm is truly contagious and no pessimism vaccine can fight it. I present you a creative mind, a musician, bodypainter and culinary experiments fan - Marcin Urzędowski.

[L&F] How would you describe the eeriness of your life?

[Marcin Urzędowski] It's all about taking notice of and celebrating small things. I love what I do and this love gives me wings. I'm surrounded by incredible people who create something beyond beautiful and indescribable, and I happen to be a part of it.

[L&F] Have you ever been forced to do something that brought you no satisfaction?

[Marcin Urzędowski] No, and I sincerely hope I never will.

[L&F] These passions that are also your way of life; where do they stem from?

[Marcin Urzędowski] Life in itself is a passion! I encounter small miracles every day, I have this grand pleasure of noticing them, but the greatest miracle is the fact that I can do things I love for a living, I can support myself, fulfill my dreams and hobbies...

[L&F] Can you tell us about your passions??

[Marcin Urzędowski] Music is the most important one... I've been playing the drums since 2000. My musical experiences can be summed up in one word: SEARCH. My insatiable hunger for creating, constructing, exploring and



acquiring knowledge keeps pushing me to undertake many a new quest. Playing traditional instruments is no longer enough, though I collect them and I'm always looking out for a new exhibit. Searching for sounds in the world around me is highly satisfactory. I have the nature of a seeker, which makes it impossible for me to pass by junk yards or flea markets without investigating them. I attempt to highlight the soul of a seemingly useless object, to turn it into an instrument, to make a can, an old drawer or a rickety bike I've found gain a new meaning, a new life. With a little patience, and a lot of love, one day they may speak to us, rustle or creak, be it softly and gently or loudly and dynamically. I play drum music from every corner of the world. My love of rhythm makes it easy to combine various types of percussion from a range of cultures. I don't approve of overgeneralizations and pigeonholes, and as a result I have hard time defining my music. Percussion theatre fascinates me, as well as music sculptures and constellations; I love taking over public space and adjusting it to the needs of the rhythm creation. When I'm fed up with music, I paint, and I relax best while cooking, especially for my friends.

**[L&F] Let us talk about music some more before moving to other things; I know that you play on many occasions and accompany many musicians. Which experiences of this kind you find the most fruitful?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** I regularly play in Kasia Sochacka's band and I've been involved with Grupa Tamtamitutu for many years, playing experimental percussion music; a percussion theatre, if you will. I also take part in club DJ - musician collaborations, in which a well-played live act is something incredible and energetic. I am also a member of a band named Sorrir Por Favor, which plays Brazilian batucada. I have various musical experiences, I get invited by

various artists, jazz, rock, metal - you name it. My drums can be heard on a couple albums where I made guest appearances. I'm not afraid of experimenting, improvising, I love challenges and playing live is particularly dear to me. The more you play with various musicians, under different conditions, the greater your ease in moving across styles, the more natural it is to accept challenges and to get along with your associates. This approach opens your mind, liberates and makes you strive for something new instead of repeating the same patterns over and over.







**[L&F] You lead a fulfilling life. Did you have to sacrifice something for it, or maybe not?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** Maybe not. I generate good energy and the more I give to others, the more I receive in return. The music I can play, people I can cook for, paint I can change the reality with, books I can read; none of this is a coincidence, it's an essence of what I love the most in life. That is the time I was given, why shouldn't I use it? No one is going to live my life for me, no one is going to die for me, therefore I create my fate according to my own scenarios of happiness.

**[L&F] Is there still something like one's 'own scenario' in postmodern reality? Or is it a compilation of earlier versions?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** For me the world is made up of countless threads, like an intricate tapestry. And I have my own version of this tapestry; in other words, I make sure it is comfortable to tread on.

**[L&F] Clever. But everyone has bad days, everyone trips, everyone's tapestries get riddled with holes - how does Marcin the optimist react to that?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** I have a fantastic fiancée I can always rely on, and I tend not to focus on the problem, not to generate bad thoughts; instead I turn my falls and screw-ups into valuable experiences and shoo the black dog away with a smile and an inborn optimism. Works perfectly so far...

**[L&F] Back to your passions. Painting is one of them. Tell us more about it, please.**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** I've been painting for years. I worked with oil at first, dreaming to be a second Van Gogh. I outpoured crazy visions of an adolescent growing up in a rebellious anarchic world. When the drums took over my mind, the easel got covered in dust and the oil paints dried in the opened tubes. As I learnt more about ethnic drum music I thought about using my old skills in body painting. And so I started to gather knowledge on ritualistic embellishments and modifications of the body, on patterns and colours. I am an expert in ethnic tribal painting, using natural dyes, clays and sand, but I am not afraid to try other forms of expression, so I strive to learn as much as possible. I'm familiar with all aspects of body painting - from traditional methods and Polynesian, Japanese or Hindu

inspirations, through Celtic or Mesolithic make-up, contemporary styles and various animistic African patterns, as well as purely futuristic visions.

**[L&F] You do realize that most people have no idea what you are talking about when you mention Celtic or Mesolithic make-up? What is it all about?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** It's a make-up inspired by a certain era, its conditions, cultural context, colours characteristic of a given culture, the type of ornament, the way of applying the dye... the word 'Mesolithic' comes from Greek mezos (middle) and lithos (stone), and so refers to the stone age that ended approximately 5 thousand years before our era. As far as appearance is concerned, this age is a mystery to us, but based on archaeological research we can learn how the people of this era lived and dressed, and that is enough data to try to turn into a prehistoric make-up artist..

**[L&F] What do you consider the greatest mystery of life?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** Love. It's thrilling, ineffable, unpredictable, it cannot be counted, measured, weighed, it influences everything, defeats everything and is stronger than death. I love love. I love it for being with me and within me.

**[L&F] And what is your mystery of getting along with yourself?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** If I told you it wouldn't be a mystery anymore...





**[L&F] What are you working on at the moment?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** Self-improvement and a new fish soup formula.

**[L&F] And the old one is...?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** JOne of my dreams is opening a nice, friendly, tiny little restaurant with live music... I'd serve my fish soup there, so the recipe has to stay a chef's secret.

**[L&F] Then perhaps you could share some less mysterious recipe? For some (obviously) mysterious dish? Or at least with a secret ingredient?**

**[Marcin Urzędowski]** There is but a single culinary secret: 'be open-minded'! there is nothing more debilitating for a chef than stereotypes and habits, fear of new things, of trying something different. You need to try new tastes, experience them, experiment, cross the boundaries, try different cultures and cuisines, explore, sail the oceans of unknown flavours. You need to be a traveler, because there could be an adventure of a lifetime waiting around every corner, just like a pinch of an unknown spice can trigger a miracle before your very eyes. This miracle will be the taste of your life.

**[L&F] Then all we have to do is stay open for new experiences and perhaps this way we will learn secrets we are afraid to even dream of. Thank you for this inspiring conversation and I wish you an enduring passion for life!**

FACEBOOK: <https://www.facebook.com/tamtamitutu.drums>

[all photos come from the archives of Marcin Urzędowski]





Deer Lady 1

Audrey Piguet is a young professional photographer (1989), graduated from the school of photography of Vevey/CEPV. She works in Switzerland, mainly in fashion and commercial photography. She loves to work in studio, sometimes outdoors, but always with the addition of artificial light, which allows her to get a warm and reflective ambiance. The images presented here are from her personal work. The topics she discusses are often associated with imagination, dreams and fantasy. She tries through her work to recreate another reality, a sort of “dream world” sometimes close to reality. The aesthetics of her images supports this choice; she wants them beautiful, smooth and rigorous, sometimes almost “plastic”. These are fictional characters, both strange and magical. By the formal rendering of the picture they have a soft and luminous side, and a dark intriguing side by their attitude and appearance. This dual vision is very important for her; mainly because it’s her way of seeing things, of perceiving the World, imaginary opposed to the reality...

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Deer Lady 2



### Deer Lady 3





Deer Lady 4



Funeral Bride





Funeral King



Funeral Princess





Funeral Queen



The Forgotten Mermaid 1





The Forgotten Mermaid 2



The Forgotten Mermaid 3



**Is the sky,**

to call the storms?  
Wind tore green thoughts,  
on the lap purring cat  
silence resounding in the ears.

## mirages

when I did not know you  
I was looking at the moon  
with delight

gleamed mysteriously  
nestled in the arms  
of the night

Now I see differently

lonely  
in the vast galaxy  
although at the fingertips  
misses  
for the stars

paradoxically  
we like mirages

without them the poems pale

## butterflies

I'm not judging boiling femininity  
race of colored butterflies  
of which the fear is choking throat

for brief moments of relative  
happiness  
whisked to perdition fleeing  
unstoppable avalanche of grains  
in the hourglass  
shine and inspire the delight

It's nothing that break the wings  
you can always glue them  
nothing worse than to be pinned  
not having known delights of blue  
and the sun  
sweet taste of sinful night

today froze  
I listen to the grass that grow

I used to be a butterfly



Beyond the Realms of Death

Josan Gonzalez, born and based in Sabadell, Barcelona (Spain)

Studied arts but never finished it, I decided that going self-taught and a stray from the academical path was better for me. I started as a professional working for different fashion suppliers, as a graphic designer and illustrator, working for different fashion brands and like Zara, Bershka, Next. After six years I decided to stablsh myself as freelance, and started working for more alternative clothing brands like Too Fast Clothing. It was also then that I began my career as a comic book colorist for publishers like Dynamite or Boom! Studios.

Besides that I always showcased and published my more personal illustrations in different medias. My pieces are dark and sketchy, mixing pop culture icons and simbols with alchemical, magical and obscure motifs, sporting a very figurative and stilized approach.

FACEBOOK: <https://www.facebook.com/josanfix>

HOMEPAGE: <http://www.fsix.es/>





Delphi 2025



Hellwraith







New Faith



Nightmare





Schism



The Pale Rider





The Pale Squires

## **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, a shocking confession!**

**“I share freemasonry’s views regarding art and social life.”**

**In an exclusive interview for L&F Mega\*Zine!**

**[L&F]: Welcome to the post mortem interview in our beautiful chapel on Smutna Street, how are you feeling, Herr Mozart?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** I am not feeling at all. To be fair I am not even sure where exactly I am buried, which as you can clearly see can be troublesome... (laugh)

**[L&F]: Yes, very sad indeed. Have you read anything of Dan Brown’s, by any chance?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** No. It would be rather difficult, given my current situation.

**[L&F]: Illuminati, secret societies, initiation rituals lit by black candles, does it ring a bell?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** A cheap commotion, peasants’ delight, a way for the idle rich to spend their money. My Vienna is no Italy, full of excessive sentimentalism for quirky, useless things.

**[L&F]: On December 14<sup>th</sup> 1784 in the ‘Zum rothen Krebsen’ house on 464 Kienmarkt Street you became a member of the ‘Zur Wohlthätigkeit’<sup>[1]</sup>Lodge. Isn’t this the stuff of sensational legends?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** That is totally different. There were no more than fifty freemason brothers meeting in this small lodge. We all paid the yearly fee of 250 gulden....

**[L&F]: It was all about money, then?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** No, it was about ideals, opinions and the fact that we are all brothers. Freemasonry is a philosophical as well as philanthropic, progressive organization on a quest for truth, propagating moral virtues and spreading the idea of solidarity. Its members strive for material and moral growth of an individual as well as intellectual and social development of mankind. The highest tenets we live by are mutual tolerance, respect for both oneself and one’s fellows and the freedom of conscience. The masons’ duty is to embrace all members of human race in brotherly ties.  
<sup>[2]</sup>

**[L&F]: Lofty words, but isn’t it strange that you, a composer, a serious and respected man, decided to join this, so to speak, ‘mysterious’ organization?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** On the contrary the 18th century was freemasonry’s golden age. Famous and respected people belonged to the lodges. This included the fifty signatories of the Declaration of Independence in the so-called United States, as well as many of my music brothers: Paul Wranitzky (an acclaimed violinist, conductor and composer), Christoph Gluck, Joseph Haydn. Of course many eminent scientists, professors, politicians and patriots were members, too.



**[L&F]: What was the Church' opinion of freemasonry?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** The Church was very skeptical and critical (the In eminenti apostolatus specula decree and the ones that followed condemned the masons). From what the recently deceased pope told me, the excommunication of the order was only lifted in 1983.[3] Back in my days the Church was going through a deep moral crisis. Freemasonry filled the void left by the Church that grasped for political power with utter disdain for morality. The question of survival in the world became a great problem. Other than that, masonry guaranteed the freedom of religion, provided the members believed in God the creator, no matter what form He took on in people's minds.

**[L&F]: What was your main reason for joining the mason lodge?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** I share the freemasonry's views regarding art and social life. Also, being a lodge member gave me the possibility to interact with aristocracy and intellectual elites on equal terms, as well as the company of friends I shared a brotherly tie with.

**[L&F]: You wrote music for your lodge, including Maurerische Trauermusik, cantatas and songs, but I am mostly interested in the opera (or singspiel) The Magic Flute. Can it be called the first mason opera?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** By all means. This piece is an initiation to the era of enlightenment, humanities and fraternity. It is one great metamorphosis, a metaphor of passage and enlightenment of the main characters, as well as the audience. Just like Papageno, a comic mirror of Prince Tamino, this piece creates a top-bottom (or master-student, knight-squire) relationship between the author and the audience.

**[L&F]: It is known that the masons liked symbolism, which mason symbols made its way into the opera?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** First of all the symbolism of the number three. The signals sounding the beginning of the trials. The three ladies, the three boys that accompany Tamino and Papageno. Tamino plays the flute three times, and each time the music helps him overcome difficulties. Three Temples: of Wisdom, Ordeal and Nature, three questions: When will the veil disappear - When will my eyes see the light - Is Pamina still alive? 'Among the dramatis personae one can notice three couples representing three social classes'.[4] There is a copperplate on the title page of the first edition of the libretto, depicting the symbols of three lodge stages (steel square for the first one, five-armed star and a letter G for the second and an hourglass for the third). The key implies the number three (Es-dur), the theme appears three times in the overture.

**[L&F]: What message did you try to convey through this opera?**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** First of all I wanted to contrast two worlds: the one of laymen and the freemasonry. Your world, full of danger, atrocities, traps, and ours, full of trust, ceremonial but not religious, solemn but not pompous; a world noble and sublime. I wanted my music and Schikaneder's [5], theatre to make the audience, who witnessed numerous attacks against the freemasonry, to let go of their biases, to show us tolerance and understanding. [6] At the same time it advocates liberalism, especially towards women (just listen to Papageno's songs filled with, or Monostatos' aria, brimming with the grief of a man who shall not be).

A message of love, that was the most important part.

(...)

Pamina is all my female characters put together: she is a woman not only worthy of coming to the temple, but also worthy of accompanying her man in his quests, acting as his guide. ‘Love is not just looking at each other, it’s looking in the same direction..[7]

**[L&F]: It’s a beautiful but ambiguous answer...**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** Because there cannot be one answer to such a difficult question. Opera speaks for itself enough to be understandable, in the end everyone comes to their own conclusions. And this was most important for me.

**[L&F]: Thank you for agreeing to this interview for Lost&Found and finding some time in eternity, Herr Mozart.**

**[W.A.Mozart]:** Thank you, till we meet again - very soon! (laugh).

An interview conducted on December 13<sup>th</sup> 2013 in the chapel on Smutna Street.

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[1] Later on the lodge disbanded, causing Mozart to join ‘Zur gekrönten Hoffnung’, which member he remained until his death in 1791.

[2] P. Naudon, La Franc-Maçonnerie, Paris 1967, p. 18.

[3] Even so the Catholics are still forbidden to join.

[4] R. D. Golianek ‘Zrozumieć operę’ ch. ‘Troisty kosmos. O świecie bohaterów Czarodziejskiego fletu Mozarta’ AM Łódź, 2009.

[5] The main author of libretto.

[6] G. Wagner Brother Mozart, ch. ‘The Great Song’, Vienna 1996

[7] A. Saint-Exupéry, Wind, Sand and Stars





Studium I

Piotr Tadeusz Mosur, born 07.04.1990  
Student of Academy of Fine Arts in Gdansk  
specialization: painting.  
“The essence of most of my projects is to continuously  
strive to fulfill the images with relevant events. The  
events of life.”

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Studium II





Studium II



Studium II fragment I





Studium II fragment II



Studium II fragment III





Studium III





Studium IV





Studium V





Studium VI





Studium VII



Studium VIII



**undiscovered**

views towards tears - of sadness - of joy  
as weather forecast towards dumb clouds  
stopped me at the moment  
as contrasts in the painting  
drew attention to the differences  
of human sensitivity  
I walked between the graves  
pleasant coolness  
landscape of passing  
everything was just an excuse  
to the existence of  
daily care of planetary motion  
in each moment seen differently  
the mysterious space of future

Marianna Stelmach born in 21.11.1984, in Warsaw

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DEVIANT:

<http://vuzel.deviantart.com/>



B 2013





fiery hair 2012





green 2012





C37H41N2O6 2012

Cat 2013







F 2013

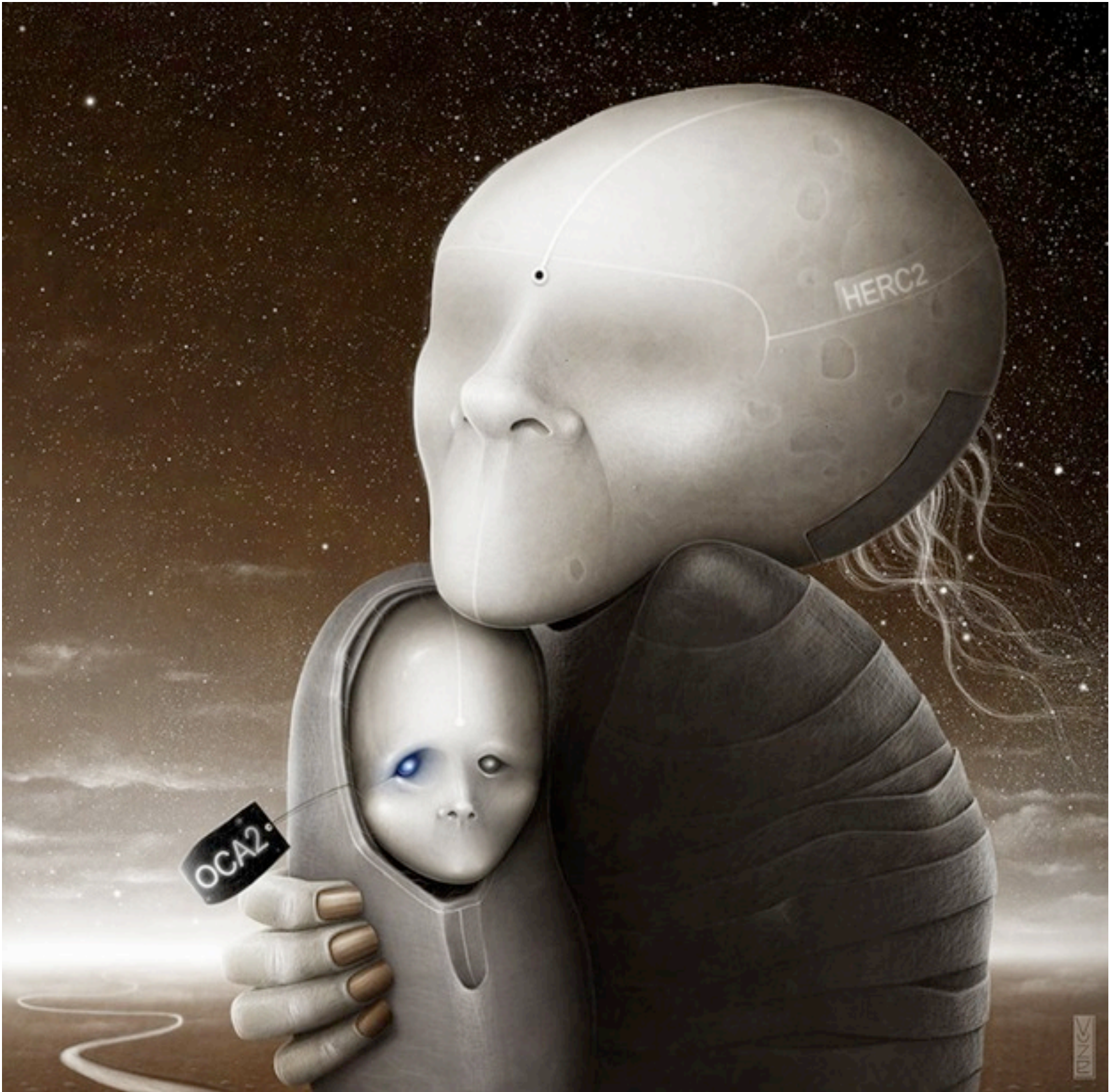


languages 2011





noise 2011



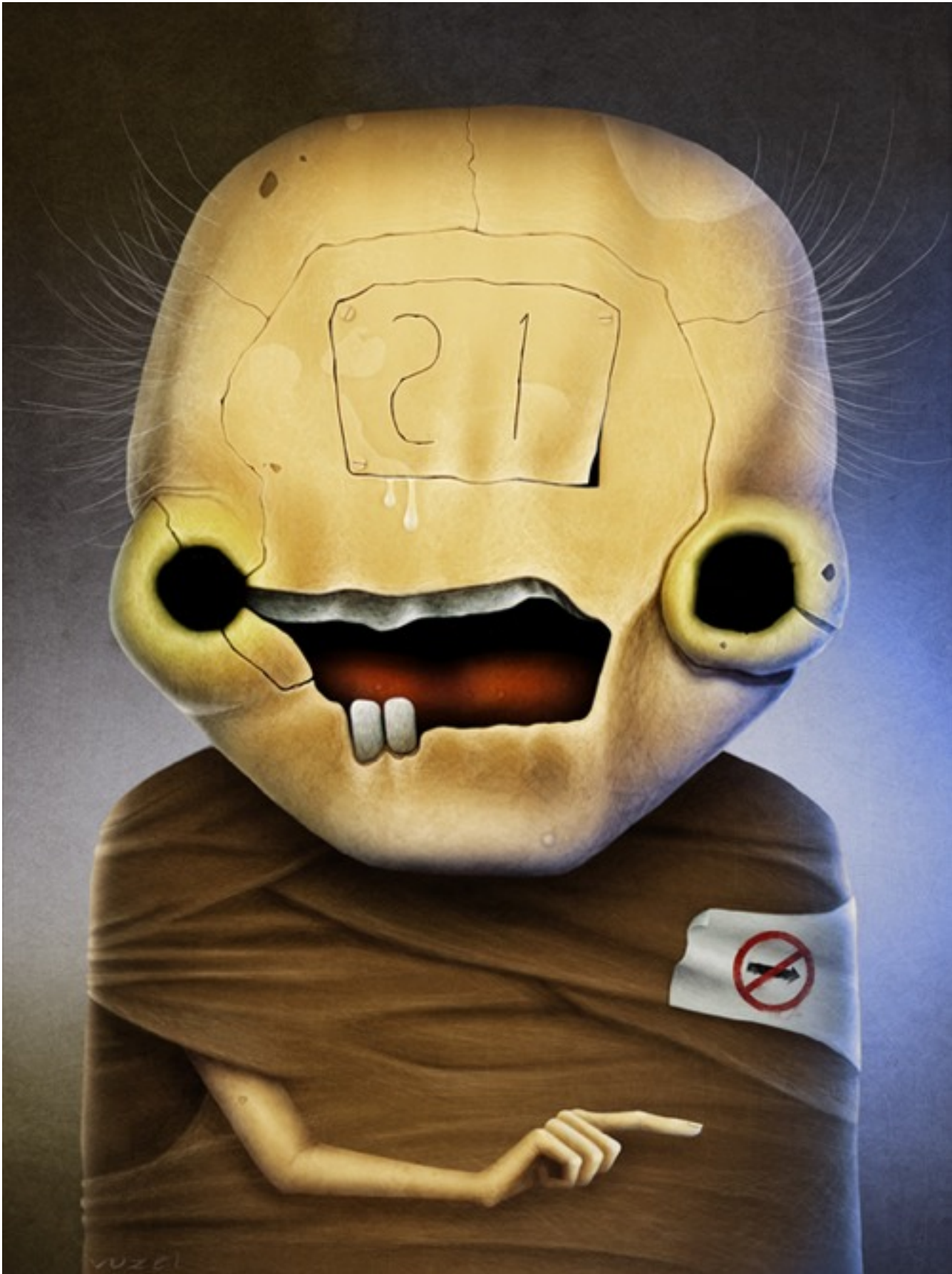
OCA2 2013





sparks 2012

tip 2011







Tuareg 2011





windows 2013





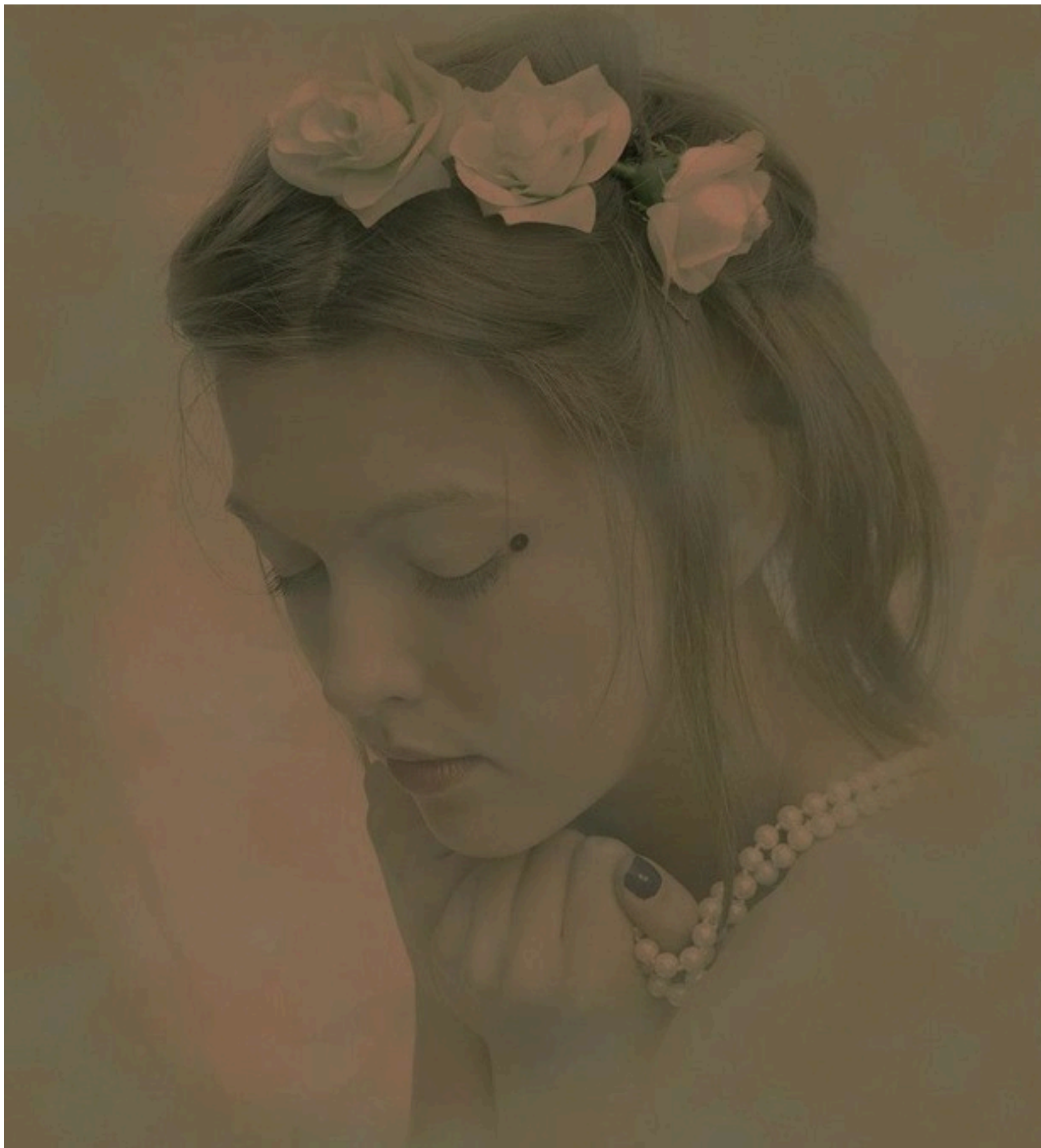


FACEBOOK:  
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model: Angelika Wojciech, make-up and stylization: Madame Dentelle





model: Agnieszka Gbiorczyk, make-up and stylization: Madame Dentelle



model: Joanna Kończewska, make-up and stylization: Madame Dentelle





model: Martynka Bodziona,  
stylization: Madame Dentelle

model: Maria Wasiak,  
make-up and stylization:  
Madame Dentelle







Modelka: Hania Duczmal, wizaż i stylizacja: Madame Dentelle







model: Magdalena Zawada,  
make-up and stylization:  
Madame Dentelle

model: Magdalena Zawada,  
make-up and stylization:  
Madame Dentelle







model: Agnes from Garbledville,  
stylization: Madame Dentelle

**black & white**

palette of days painted subconsciously by our ego  
on the silent faces of awareness  
so much of us  
so much without subtext  
and audacity  
want to live in spite of  
the walls behind the window

in the tower of conjecture  
to see clearly  
through the bars  
white with white  
black with black  
in the state of transition in gray  
allow colors  
4.10.13

\*\*\*

in the depths is born what visible  
without image there is no history  
stone shall bear suffering

take  
throw  
into the river  
will drown

image  
is not enough  
/12.12.12/

**Dagda**

I'm the queen  
of sex  
celtic wind in the hair  
wandering of the soul  
druids mark  
by the threads of dreams I crumble  
in the green glances  
Dagda's hammer effectively cuts  
infinity of desires  
peeled from the bark I'm still alive  
from the roots of unspeakable  
I derive strength  
I create ogham  
to understand  
closeness  
of the earth  
/3.12.12/

\*\*\*

I tear wordless silence that it wouldn't scream  
dagger tucked behind the back does not hurt  
wings over me ready to fly  
I arrange face with smile in three mirrors  
not to see  
sacrifice to fulfill the blue on the pavement  
dance Hereticus  
with crumpled daisy I close chapter  
of not-borrowed book  
Only butterflies still circulate  
in warm night the spring of wonder  
/May.2012/





prh

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<http://www.behance.net/bognakowalczyk>









demon





las





o dziewczynie, która nie czuła bólu

**friend**

From a shattered mirror I arrange a friend  
of fine particles of crystals I arrange him like a puzzle...  
piece by piece...  
arms... legs...  
whole body... and inside of him a heart that that could love a little

With a broken mirror I made a friend  
I was putting him together day and night...  
and I made a...  
Such a dead glass....

The crystals are, however, not enough....

**The last leaf**

Been so long since I have seen You...  
  
day two... and perhaps it was for months...?

And here already autumn...  
and the last leaf outside the window...

I wrote on him a few words,  
insignificantly...

Look - fall outside the window...  
then winter...

and now even that leaf is gone...

Do you understand...?  
everything is gone...  
came quickly...

in the heart, the life, the window... a real winter...





Year '85. Trained as an teacher and economist. From passion and profession a freelance photographer. Self-taught. The art of capturing pictures seriously interested him in 2008. From the view of his education: focused on people, because of the love to fairy tales: he leans towards conceptual photography. In his works he tries to combine simple stories, exaggerated designs and painterly aesthetics. His series 'Senne Mary' has also appeared in the magazine 'Foto' and had individual exhibition.

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# THE RETURN OF ADAM

„- You shall spread my truths - first voice.  
- But I am not Moses - second voice.  
- No one said I am God, you oaf - first voice.”

- Grzegorz Drukarczyk

The water in the electric kettle began to boil with a suppressed gurgle. Unhurriedly, slightly leaning on the slippery wooden cane, I brought a cup from the living room, I took out a dry tea bag clinging to a porcelain wall and put a fresh one in. A brown sludge that remained after the last drink mixed in with boiling water, which slowly began to radiate light, then darker ribbons of brewing leaves.

\*\*\*

I remember when I was less than ten years old, my parents bought me a beautiful, tiny St. Bernard. It had such wonderful fluffy hair with colors of Carpathian cake cream and milk with honey. Saliva was always dripping from its wondrous, sweet mouth, and when it lay on its back, loose muzzle skin on both sides of the jaw curled to the other side, presenting the ever-white teeth.

She loved to play, so dad and mom agreed that we would call her Crazy. I liked the name, I knew suited her, although back then I had no idea at all what it meant. Father repeatedly explained its meaning to me, but the translation would fly out of my head every time.

Crazy was getting taller with each day. She grew much faster than me, so after a year she reached almost to my chest. She was wonderful.

I loved to play with her, chasing her through the yard, dragging rope. Sometimes she would even fetch. Usually, however, when I threw her a ball or a stick, she would just lay down on the ground and wait for me to start petting her wonderful, chubby belly.

In winter, she slept almost all the time on a couch in the hallway, sometimes going to the living room. But then father would shoo her back into the hallway, because saliva dripping from her mouth got the floor and the walls dirty. Crazy spent most of her time in a large pen outside.

Once when we have already owned her for a year and a half, something bad started happening. She swayed like a drunk, fell on the doghouse and the fence. Rheumy eyes with strange misty pupils looked longingly about. It turned out to be a highly advanced cataracts. The vet said that there would be no problem

with its removal. The dog was healthy and not in any direct danger. The only obstacle was money. Or rather, lack thereof. The surgery could cost as much as two thousand.

The doctor said that sight is not as important for a dog as for a human, and that blind dogs can do well in life. He instructed us to take her to a place where she would later spend most of her time to become accustomed to her surroundings and remember them as accurately as possible.

Less than a month remained till the complete loss of vision.

We decided to take Crazy home for good. Dad claimed that he could not imagine living with such a huge and constantly drooling dog for the next ten or so years.

In the end, however, he gave in to pressure me and mum put on him, and accepted our arguments, often quite strange and nonsensical.

It was already evening when we got home. We brought Crazy home, dad cleaned the mattress and put it next to the fireplace in the living room. Crazy sniffled loudly, delighted to be inside the house she had been away from for so long, and happily circled the room, repeatedly knocking the table and chairs. In the end, she lay down on the wrinkled, round mattress and began to breathe deeply.

When everyone went to bed, and I could not sleep, I went into the living room and sat down on the floor next to the snuggling pet. I leaned against the still warm brick wall of the fireplace and stared at Crazy's big head. She suddenly turned to me and looked at me with big, gray and slightly bloodshot eyes.

I cuddled her, my arm embracing a thick neck. My cheek clung to her wet nose and fingers of my right hand began to slowly wipe the white mucus accumulating on her eyelashes.

Her eyelids were closing. I pressed them gently to the eyeballs. Suddenly Crazy snored loudly, and her head fell to the side. I kissed her overgrown forehead tenderly and went back to bed.

In the morning I was awoken by my mother's crying. Crazy lay by the fire, not moving, not breathing, dead...

\*\*\*

I took a sip of tea. It was still too hot to sit comfortably on the terrace holding the cup in my hands and admire the magnificent view.

I decided to wait a few minutes.

Slowly, tapping my cane on the hard floor, I shuffled into the living room and to my bookcase. The room was small, just enough space to fit four shelves filled with books and a heavy desk, where I used to read both the old and new volumes.

Above the desk, a picture hung on the wallpaper-covered wall. It was a meter high canvas half a meter wide, covered with careful brush strokes dipped in exclusively dark shades of paint. In the foreground stood the grim reaper, wielding a huge scythe, dressed in black disshelved robes, with tousled, thin hair on a dry skull.



Its hands were terribly wrinkled, unnaturally long fingers were adorned by sharp claws reflecting the moonlight just like the blade of a scythe.

The painting was truly horrifying. I often dreaded to look at it after dark. But I never stopped hoping that one day I could grow accustomed to this image of physical death.

Inside my feeble mind, I knew that I could not hide or destroy the picture. It had to hang in the very place where I did IT.

\*\*\*

A few days before my twelfth birthday, my mother presented me with the long-awaited gift. My tiny, pink, smooth-skinned baby brother, with whom she came from the hospital after several weeks of confusion.

He was really pretty, but as an adolescent boy I was not that charmed by an infant, even if he was my brother. Sometimes I even tried not to think about him at all. At heart, however, I came to love him, and the feeling swelled within me every day.

I played with him more and more, reading him fairy tales whenever I only had a little time in the evening. Whenever I did not want to sleep, and he woke the whole house with his crying. I would often replace my mum in the time-consuming task of putting him back to sleep at night. I ended up feeling sleepy at school, my eyes shutting.

After a few months I sadly started playing with him less and less, but never neglected our fraternal feelings, which had not weakened. On the contrary they grew firmer and strengthened.

In the summer I went to a sports camp at the seaside. I was absent from the house for almost two weeks. When I came back, I almost burst into tears when the bus driver stopped on the road outside my house, my parents and my growing, four-month-old brother waiting for me on the porch.

He looked up at me with those adorable, big blue eyes. It was him I kissed first, only then I greeted with parents.

When the night came I could not sleep, and inevitably went to my little brother's room. I lowered one of the walls of the crib and lay down on the edge of a soft blanket, my head pressed to the vertical wooden bars. A hard slat was poking me just off the mattress, but that did not bother me enough to keep me from falling asleep.

I shifted so my lips and left cheek would touch the top of my brother's head. When I cocked my leg so as not to slip, he woke up with a sigh.

He blinked. I closed his eyelids with two fingers, falling asleep myself.

In the morning my mother woke me up, gently shaking my arm. I did not want to get up, but her terrible scream quite knocked me out of sleep when she saw that my brother was not breathing.

\*\*\*

There is one death roaming this world who takes people with her when they reach their end. No one knows where nor when. In early adulthood I began to be aware, however, aware of the fact that it does not have to be like this. It is possible for death not to come after me. She could leave me forever in the world of material life. With each day of being aware of this I increasingly wished for eternity on earth, and the fear of any difficulties or adversities was going out of my mind.

What harm could befall me if death did not come after me? What can I fear from the so-called providence which is merciful, and "punishes evil"?

But as I grew older, the fear grew as well. I could not dare to do anything else. Right now, I savored the thought that death painted on a plain canvas no longer existed. I killed it, destroyed it. Just when it was finished, I leaned over her and repeatedly dragged my deadly fingers through a dark outline of Reaper's eyes. Then I could not see the effect, I was not sure if death really left humanity for good.

When one thirtieth winter of my life came, I was completely fixed in the belief that I was right. And above all, that my touch of death did not affect just the earthly creatures.

\*\*\*

I returned for the cup, in which the dark liquid already steamed less. Rising from the inside, a light gray trickle paled, became heavier, and instead of floating in the air, fell on the table and spun until completely dispelled.

I grabbed the porcelain ear firmly and walked toward the door, pieced together from thin wooden frame, mosquito nets and the old, colorful curtains with sunflower print.

I opened it carefully so as not to spill a single drop of tea, and I sat on a long porch. I put the cup on a small table located in the corner along with a wicker chair, and went to the thick railing and leaned on it with a sigh.

Spring was running away from this part of the globe. Autumn started moving in with greater haste, cleaning and repainting the world. She dropped the leaves from the trees, some she also deprived of many branches, courtesy of the strong winds that had recently appeared in the area.

The grass yellowed, the birds flew south, the animals have been hiding in their burrows, although it was still warm. There was only a slight, cool breeze, which I really liked, to be honest.

I loved the feel of the autumn breeze on my face, mostly at night, but now I wanted to catch at least a glimpse of sunlight, which slowly ceased to produce heat, and began to herald the approaching cold weather.

A sip of hot tea nicely warmed my mouth and throat.

I put his hands in the pockets of old tattered trousers and sank heavily on a creaky chair. I rubbed my hands against the chilling cup. I will have to go back inside after finishing my tea. I liked this early autumn



cold, the last rays of the sun, but with each passing year my body let me know that it did not share this sentiment.

I stared blankly at the solitary trees and empty fields that stretched in front of my house.

Once again, I began to think about the next step. Every day awareness of its correctness, nay, almost coercive in its implementation, I realize that it will be not only adequate, but subconsciously desired by every thinking person.

It is known that a person is becoming wiser with age, more responsible and less likely to commit hasty acts or make stupid mistakes.

When my hand was stained with the first victim, I knew nothing about it. When I killed my brother, I began to suspect something: even more so as many corpses were left in my wake, often unknowingly. Most were accidental animals - clueless victims.

It took me years to realize the essence of my gift.

I would not call it a curse. Although I did a lot of evil, I often acted so that the world could become a better place. For mankind to live better. One manifestation of this charity was my last victim - death herself, who could have easily taken what I desired - immortality - away from me. As she has taken from so many.

If I had not made myself immortal, I would be probably spinning in my grave instead of thinking right now.

My wife had been dead for years. She died before I did IT. Her death made me think things through thoroughly. I have a son, though. As well as two grandchildren, great-grandchildren and their offspring. I am not quite sure exactly how many of them there are.

But I could not forget about the youngest child who, to the surprise of the whole family, took on the divine path of life. Not for me to judge what is appropriate in one's life and what is not, and even that is not the subject of my midday and evening meditations. It is the sculpture that he gave me once. It stands now near the porch stairs and stares at the sun bending towards the western horizon. I vividly remember the expressions of two characters in the sculpture. The first person is an old man with a long beard, supposedly gray. With large, clever, but sunken eyes.

The second one is a middle-aged, emaciated man. With visible ribs and sharp cheekbones.

Their clothing, the tattered pieces of cloth wrapped around their hips and forearms, is one of the similarities between them. The other is a pair of thin halos suspended above their heads on barely visible wires.

Such a beautiful sculpture.

I knew that killing death was right.

Preparing for the next deed, I hoped that by committing it, I would act not righteously, so beneficially and mercifully.

Towards mankind.

My name is Adam.

I AM THE ADAM.

Or so I believe, stronger than anything else.

I am him, I know it.

I came back here. I came to repent, hoping for the gift until now possessed only by Him who banished me from His House. Him whom I hated greatly.

God promised humanity immortality, but I did not want to listen and turned to someone else.

Now he who put me on my new path is offering me a second chance.

I ask you for forgiveness, and by exterminating those who hurt us, I surrender to the one who meant well.

\*\*\*

I am feeling worse every day. My body is riddled with illnesses, I can no longer live. I am dying, even though it is impossible. I am dying, even though I cannot.

And so the one hundred and fiftieth winter of my life passed.

I am seeking Eve, hoping for her to possess the gift of resurrection. I wish to make the next step, knowing all too well that there would be none...



FACEBOOK:  
<https://www.facebook.com/fotosoul>































You don't  
look normal..

Look at  
you..

Why are you  
like this?

be like I want  
you to be..

"and the  
REWARDS"

"it will be..

"YOUR'S."











I CAN STOP  
BEING NICE!  
I CAN BE  
REALLY  
CRUEL..



Like a  
BEAST!



While I'm still  
dreaming..



Homepage: [www.sunnysmile.pl](http://www.sunnysmile.pl)



model: Kasia Seniuk























**Proclamation of immortality 05/10/1933**

So far, I thought that the only way of life is going to death.  
Supposed that cognition is the guarantee of memories.  
damping fear of the future  
I believed in the past sense.  
Meyrink mentions two paths  
running parallel next to each other  
into the distance. Path of life and the path of death.  
If a man was given for a moment  
a look in Ibbur book, his soul becomes pregnant  
by potency of life so the death will not be given to him  
even if he wanted it.  
Meyrink books were burned at Opernplatz  
along with thousands of others.

**A charming fragrance of the curse**

Consubstantial, for themselves  
The background being. Started by coffee  
Mutually we predict  
The daily views.  
Pitchers full of scented water  
We carry to the river. From silver  
Pitchers the water into the rapid stream,  
After dusk.  
It smells of saffron and tears.

FACEBOOK:  
<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Michał-Cygan-Malarstwo-Grafika/104311843108065>





















**the memory**

it is the early evening, after the rain  
such a very nice time of a day  
the sky is clear, deep blue with shades of violet  
brings the smell of autumn,  
on the rainbow stroll two black suits  
unusual picture, passers stop by  
look, laugh cause the theater is for free  
street theater arrived to town!  
Go ahead! to the performance, let them play, let them play  
while the circus is for free...!

and they walk,  
not hearing anything beside their breaths and words thrown in the air  
ignoring the glances  
declare their terrible secrets

(how do I know that there are any secrets ? Cause I'm their author... )

watching them, we see how they are moving their hands  
oh! what sort of beautiful dancing silhouettes  
their bodies balance on the edge of life and death  
playing tango mortale

touches his face  
gently caresses holding it in his hands  
the other feels that the earth removes from under his feet, trembling  
- Come with me - whispers - this row is already over,  
in a moment no one will remember  
we will disappear

in their place there are two nightingales

FACEBOOK:

<https://www.facebook.com/fabrykabaniek>



model: Cristina Romanyk  
dress: Lady Elbereth





model: Aleksandra Antas



model: Katarzyna Pietrzykowska





model: Aleksandra Sierkowska



models: Anielka and Zuza



model: Katarzyna Sajewska





model: Magda Latosiewicz





model: Zuza



model: Bell Lupa







# Mysteries of the desert

BezKostusze

WE ARE GOING FOR I DO NOT KNOW HOW MANY DAYS AND THERE IS NOTHING BUT SAND AROUND US!

WHY DIDN'T WE TAKE VEHICLES, I'M ASKING YOU!

BECAUSE YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT MY SISTER HAS DESTROYED ANY OF THEM...

SO YOU COULD HAVE ORDERED SOME KIND OF SHIPMENT! THIS WOULD SAVE US WALKING THROUGH THE DESERT!

IT HURTS MY EYES...

BUT NOOO. BECAUSE THEN YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ENOUGH LEFT FOR A COFFEE!

I HAVE AN IRRESISTIBLE NEED TO BURY THOSE TWO ALIVE...

SHUT UP AND CALM DOWN, WOMAN! YOU ONLY MAKE THIS WHOLE JOURNEY WORST!

YOU HAVE MY BLESSING







EVERYTHING  
ALL RIGHT?

YES!  
THE SAND TASTES  
EXCELLENT!

AND  
WHAT  
IS THIS?

BAG? IN  
THE DESERT?

MAYBE SOME  
LIZARDS GOT  
IT LOST?

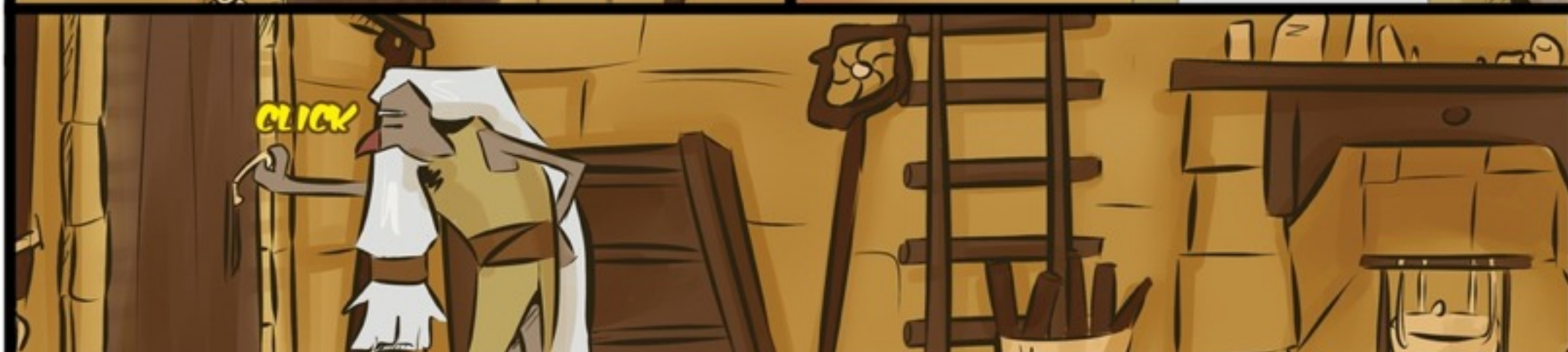
LET'S SEE  
WHAT WE HAVE  
THERE

O O O O O W !

















THIS IS AN ARTIFACT  
FROM A PREVIOUS ERA!

THAT MUCH WE HAVE  
NOTICED OURSELVES!  
MAYBE SOMETHING  
MORE?

NO NO,  
THAT  
ONE ALSO?

GIVE ME THAT BAG, AND  
I WILL TELL YOU MORE!

HERE YOU  
HAVE

**GRAB**

HA  
HA  
HA  
...



AND NOW  
GET OUT!



NOOOO!

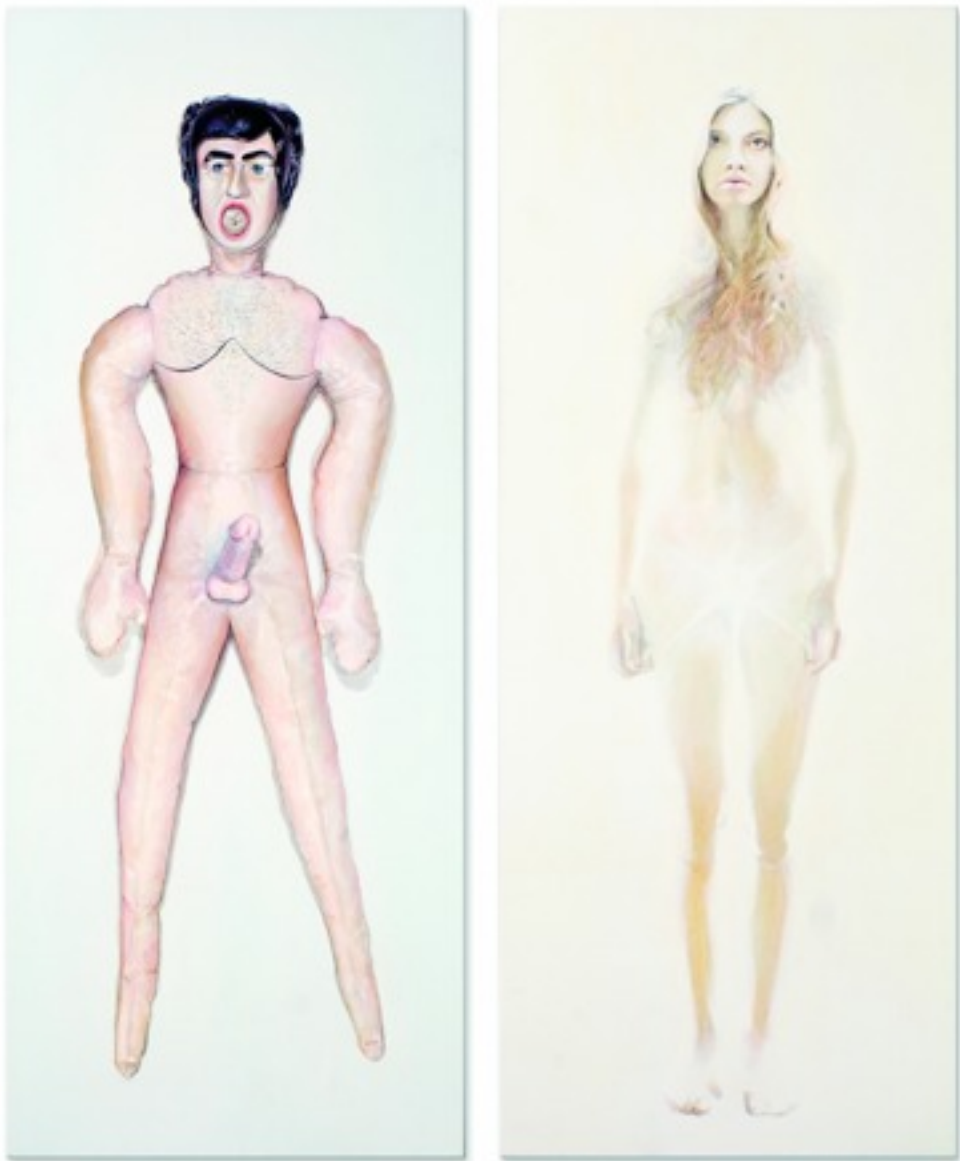
YOU  
SCUMBAG!

**F U C K**









Adam, Hawwa

Born in 1984 in Warsaw.  
She graduated from the International School of Costume and Fashion Design (Warsaw).  
Graduate of the Academy of Fine Arts (Warsaw).  
In 2007, she studied at University College Falmouth BA Hons majoring in Fine Arts (Cornwall, UK). Currently student of the National Academy in New York.  
In 2012 joined the team of lecturers of the International School of Costume and Fashion Design and is an assistant to one of the most interesting Polish fashion designers - Mariusz Przybylski.  
Her paintings can be found in private collections across the country (Poland), the United Kingdom and the United States.

FACEBOOK:

<https://www.facebook.com/roza.artist>





White& Black, Black&White



Hermaphroditos



Mermaid





3 Graces



Lilith





Twins



**“The Community of races and nations”**

The bottom has many faces ...  
Whispered to a passenger

so close ...  
... So far away  
on the same couch.

Suffering does not despise any victim.  
So, dear Lord ...

The passenger next to me reads a book  
about a community of races and nations,  
to wait out the silence in compartment.  
Secretly exchanged glances.  
With love  
and uncertainty.

The last act of the drama biting lip  
beating need.

They passed through.  
At the station,  
at the train,  
at the compartment.  
Not recounted destiny of man.

Would talk to each other.

But how? Just like that?  
After all, no one does that anymore.

**“Guide”**

For you I will fight to the very  
Beginning.  
Where it all began, I'll take you,  
though I couldn't counted ordered champagne.  
In the darkest of the houses,  
in the coldest of long days,  
the longest of dead nights,  
next to paralysis fears  
and pain of guts,  
of each,  
with all  
half-seriously, half-seriously.

Because, you know ...  
... Maybe you're the answer.

Probably you  
were ment for me.  
A long time ago,  
someone had to wait at the bottom,  
in order to  
escort you back today.



FACEBOOK:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Alexandra-Evang-Photographie/137134249692024>

Homepage:

<http://www.alexandraevang.de/>

model JULIA

hair&make up NADINE KASTEN

design MICHÉLE CASPERS









































There are so many people with amazing passions, dark and bright once. There are so many secrets and mysteries that sleep in us and are never shown to others... Virginie Ropars is one of those people with wild and amazing imagination. I admire her art and her creativity. I hope You will love her too...

**[L&F] What inspires You to create?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** It can be anything, from a color, an element of nature, the colors and feel of nature around me, a fabric, the mood of a painting, to a character in a book, something that strikes my imagination. It is just a start, then I always combine several things in order to create an image of the future work. I found out that inspiration and imagination are pretty much the same for me, as everything can be a potential idea to start a work with, imagination does the rest, and is at work 24 hours every day of the year. It very much follows the mood of the things I'm reading, watching, and how I feel at this moment, it's a sort of a need to stop on an idea, like I need to make something darker or more mysterious than before or something lighter in the color and theme, because I feel it is what I want to say at this particular moment. I always work with associations of ideas, colors, moods, I like mixing some inspirations from nature, with historical costumes or some fabric that create a sort of resonance between the elements I chose to work with.

**[L&F] What is most important for You in Your art?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** Without hesitation the freedom to create whatever I want, and to go wherever I want. That means I have no idea of what I'll do in several months, even if I have projects and things to do, preparing shows and things like that, I can't say what will be the kind of work I'll be working on, it's a flow or a wave of imagination, and the work is always at its best if I follow this flow thing, and it became very painful to go against it. That also means some things are complicated to manage or handle, commissions for instance, it can be painful to have to work on something dark for instance if I feel the urge, when it's the moment to start the work, to work on some colorful stuff, or to test things and challenge myself on something I never did before. I need to be excited by the work I'm doing, and this excitement is probably the most imperative thing I have to handle, and if I can't let it be I feel extremely unhappy, and if I'm unhappy, I don't like working on my stuff, and so the work is less good, and nobody is satisfied, nor me, nor the collector. It's a vicious circle. And I'm sure a lot of artists have to deal with this too.



AcanthophisIII



**[L&F] So You feel that the nature of Your creativity is the best to be followed?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** Yes I think it's essential. To create new things you have to keep your imagination and energy fresh. That means you need time to experiment, and fill up your brain with new things, new ideas, new concept, time to read and see new things. If you don't follow your creativity, you just random things you've already done and said with your work. And when it happens I'm doing something I've already done, the danger is to get bored. How can any type of work be good for anyone if the worker is bored doing it ? Of course it's not easy to do, because you have bills to pay and it's so easy to feel secure by doing the same things again and again, but the question is always why did you chose to do what you do? Or what is the most important thing in your work ?

**[L&F] I hope Your nature now likes to take part in this interview. Tell us something about You, and Your everyday life outside the world of Your art? Is there anything left?**



**[Virginie Ropars]** Yes I'm happy to take part to this interview, thank you for the interesting questions !

As I said in the previous answers, freedom is the most important thing, but being able to be free enough in order to be happy, means choice. I have to deal with some private choices, no kids, a partner who is able to understand you. So I'm with someone who live the same things, and my best friends are living the same kind of life too. Even if this are choices, those choices are all natural, it's not in despite of something else. I need a lot of time to get into my work, alas, it's a problem, but like many artists I like to be in a certain state of mind to work. So I need to spend several hours a day reading, thinking about new works and how to make this or that.

Another part of my life is dedicated to friends and art association activities. I live in a village where 37 artisans and artists have their studio and shops open to public, and I'm taking part to the local activities. I also take part to an art collective with my best friends, all artists and artisans, we share things, exchange a lot, and do some common projects several times a year, and love to spend time all together for several days. And I leave some space for my family too.

**[L&F] Paintings, Dolls and Costumes - what do You like to create to most?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** I've been back to painting recently, after ten years of sculpting, I guess something was missing in some way, and paintings and drawings allow me to say different things than sculpting. I hope to be able to go on with some painting in the future, it's a good balance with sculpting works. I like very much the global approach sculpting gives, that's also why I do mixed media works, there is always something new to learn, to experiment, and to mix such a variety of different materials is challenging and gives endless possibilities. I don't like much the word doll, to me it seems a misinterpretation most, I prefer mixed media sculpture, which is more accurate to what I'm actually doing. Costuming is part of the job, and it probably satisfies the teen I was who wanted to be a fashion designer. I've always loved fabrics and needle works, it's big part of my works, there is always some new things and material to explore. Well I enjoy paintings and sculpting and working with all those materials in order to create something. It takes time and it takes what it needs, everything goes so fast those days, it's sometimes good to sit down and do the things the way they deserve to be done.

**[L&F] Do You have Your favorite character?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** Not a favorite one, but a general idea of the femme fatale that I really much enjoy to work on. It fascinates me. It's above all a pretext to some fantasy and fantastic female characters.

**[L&F] What is Your recent work? What can You tell us about it?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** I can talk about the work I'm doing now if you like. I'm working on Morrigan, it's probably for a show in January, the theme is « Quoth the raven », even if the reference is from Edgar Allan Poe, I thought Morrigan was a great subject to work on, it's linked to the raven theme, I'm from celtic origins and culture (Brittany) so it was pretty obvious. I'm working on a very epic piece, I mean the subject is epic and the work itself is epic, I like very much to challenge myself sometimes and this piece is very challenging technically. I don't want to spoil the effect by describing it here but I'm trying to include a lot of movement and details. I'm also making some embroideries for this piece, and it's been a long time since I haven't been doing it to include on a work, because it takes a lot of extra time, but there are incredible celtic patterns from the book of Kells that can be used for embroideries.



Bleue





Sneedronningen

**[L&F] What is mystery for You?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** Everything that forebodes everything, unexpected, unknown, but never explicit and always ambivalent. A melt of attraction and repulsion, danger and adventure, beautiful things but you feel that are slightly twisted in a odd way you can't define. Something you don't quite understand because you are not part of it, and you never will. But the only thing you know is that you are definitely attracted by it even if it frightens you. I guess mystery definitely must stay something unsolved or it becomes common and loses its matter, and dies.

**[L&F] So You don't feel the need to discover "the truth" that lays beneath the surface of mystery?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** Well not really, mysteries are better when left to imagination, except if the truth is even more incredible than the mystery itself. But it depends on what you call a mystery, if it's a mystery in fiction, book, movie, painting, the truth is not necessary, as I said something dies, the effect, what was interesting about it. But in real life it's totally different, of course truth is something we must seek, because I think nowadays mystery is too many times too much closer to a lie. There is also « mysteries » of nature; the explanations are most of the time even more amazing than the mystery itself.

**[L&F] Is there any mystery in Your art that could be explored by us now?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** Well if there is mystery in my art, I just put it there because it's a mystery to me too, and I probably would like to see and explore it myself, so I think you and I are at the same point, not sure I know more about the characters I make than you do, I leave the thing to the viewer.

**[L&F] Do You feel more as a creator of the characters, or just a body that will be filled in with emotions and stories by the viewer or new owner?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** I give personnality to the characters I'm doing, while working, there is always an intention behind, but this intention is not obvious for everyone and I don't mind if people have a different feeling from mine. We see things differently because we are different, what is very exciting to me can be very frightening to someone else etc... It's impossible to speak the same voice to everyone, you can't expect any viewer or owner to have the same emotion

as you have in front of your work, or to clearly see what you have put inside it. But that's great to let the work give unexpected emotion to other people.

**[L&F] Have You ever given a personality to created character? If yes, which one was it? Could You introduce it to us?**

**[Virginie Ropars]** When I work I always try to make things coherently, so I use this and that in order to create an image that works, even if it's only visual and not about a story.

There is often a kind of story behind of course, but most of the time it's more a glimpse at something that could exist in a story, I let the viewer imagine it by giving him a feeling, an invitation, to do so I work on the personality of the character, I don't want to make empty things, a woman one day told me that my work was inhabited, that's probably true. To me it's like a character in a book, you can make connection, recognize your own personality in a character, but this character is something of its own.

Sometimes I work on character of mythology, legends, etc... I try to imagine what this character would look like, what I would love to see, I generally focus on what this character could feel or think and I make one proposition of this character, for instance the Snow Queen or Mélusine, both are in a story of their own, I use this story as a support for the work. The details, like the costume, elements of the story, the general mood of the character, gives me clue to tell something of what they could feel inside. But I do that for me only, sometimes the viewer get it perfectly right, and sometimes people project their own feeling on it and it can be completely different from my first intention and I don't mind. It seems dimensional works have something special when people are facing them, it's different from a painting, a movie, those are windows to a world, a sculpture is an object that exist in front of you, that makes all the difference, even if it's after all another type of window to a different world. I've never worked on a character I would make again and again, in order to tell a story of my own, I'm afraid I feel already exhausted in front of the task.

FANPAGE:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/VIRGINIE-ROPARS-OFFICIAL/284873666086>

HOME PAGE:

<http://vropars.free.fr/index.htm>

[all photos by Virginie Ropars]



Zebra Lobster





awake my soul

I'm a fifteen years old dreamer, currently living in Romania. Photography taught me to express myself with more than words four years ago when I discovered how wonderful is to capture everything that attracts your attention. I think that this passion came from the infinite desire to inspire people and to express feelings and...to tell stories to be more accurate. I don't know where I'm going but I will get there someday. I think in photographs. I believe photography is my connection with the world.

FACEBOOK:

[https://www.facebook.com/pages/  
Bianca-Melinte-Photography/  
307064885997272](https://www.facebook.com/pages/Bianca-Melinte-Photography/307064885997272)



about change

“Days passed by, weeks passed by, months passed by, years passed by. She became that beautiful girl she was on the inside. She carried magic secrets in her eyes and her smile could light up anyone’s day. And you know... sometimes you just need someone to remind you who you really are.” - fragment from my personal diary, one year ago.





broken mind

“Life passes by now like the scenery outside a car window. I breathe and eat and sleep as I always did, but there seems to be no great purpose in my life that requires active participation on my part ... I do not know where I am going or when I will get there. But I know I will.”  
But we are humans. And sometimes, we change.



chaos





shift



wild youth





Gloomy feminine mysteries: pregnancy, abortion, cancer, prostitution, betrayal

# OUTroduction

What is the mystery? Or what is not? What are the secrets we hide? Seventh issue is just an attempt to deal with the subject of mystery. The starting point may be Anaïs Nin words: "I am a woman of the future and therefore misunderstood today. Some critics get attacks of rage in the face of mystery. Mystery is simply a dark corner of the world unexplored and surprisingly we might step in its meaning." Or first thought that comes to mind about the mystery. Wealth of mysteries which we present may be an inspiration for your own research. I hope that time spent by you on this release, will not be wasted.

Number 7 is the result of work of the new team. We have a new music department led by the composer, who passionately captures the music and the dissemination of knowledge on it. We have a new proof reader for Polish version, a writer, which also takes care of (although she doesn't want to admit it) prose section. She is also very creative support and has a lot of ideas that I hope will be slowly implemented. "Piotrowie and I" still liable for the same areas (presentations, poetry, comics), but always looking for new artists to get the widest possible spectrum. For English version there are still the same invaluable people, who I am very grateful for the professionalism and time spent on translations and proof reading. So many of internal secrets of L&F.

Thankfully it is not a great mystery that the next issue will be released in April. The subject of this issue is EMPTINESS. How You interpret it? What conclusions will lead Your thinking? We look forward to Your words and images till March 15th. On the occasion I would like to announce that all the knowledge needed to send the work is on our side. There you will find the titles of next issues and the dates of their release. Special issue in 2014 will be released in September (so, just like last year), and its theme is - TIME MACHINE. By mid-August we are waiting for materials.

We invite you to contact us and to participate in upcoming issues.

See you in the emptiness...

All essential info You can find here:

[http://lostandfound\\_megazine.vipserv.org/?page\\_id=5](http://lostandfound_megazine.vipserv.org/?page_id=5)

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