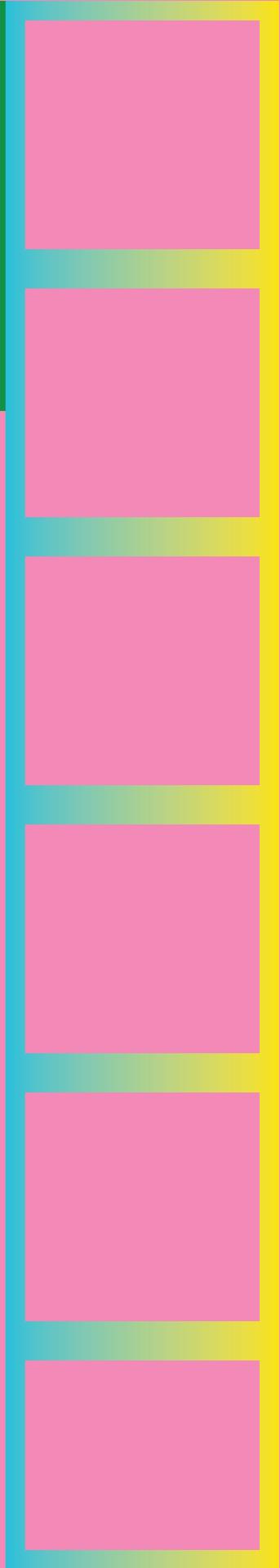
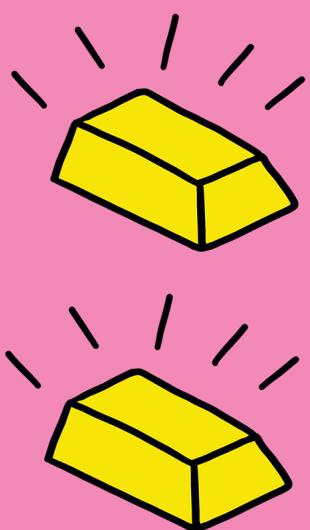


henryd magazine

Issue

2



To me, part of being an artist
is to keep on creating, even when

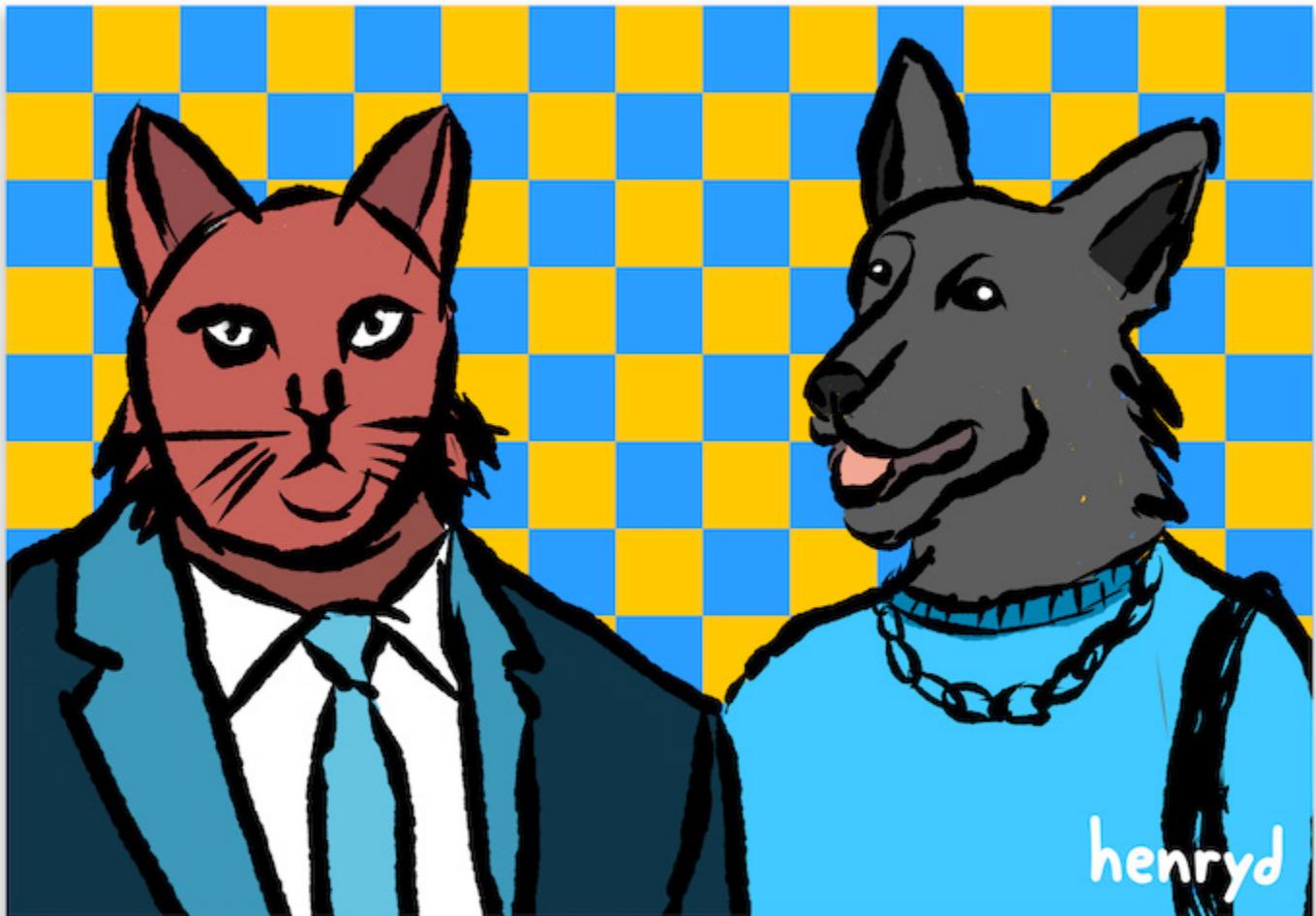
Even if you created something



ist means that you have to
en you don't feel like it.

hing that sucks, it's still
something you created.

There's something valuable about hand-produced goods that no mass-produced good could ever hope to match.



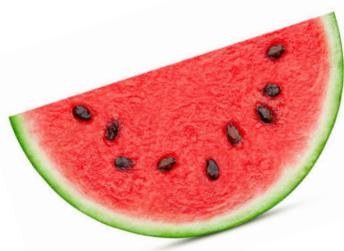
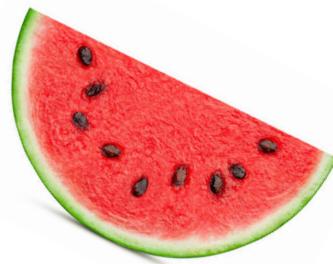
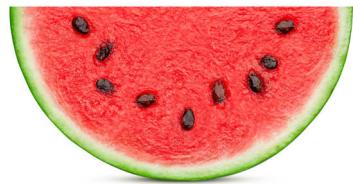
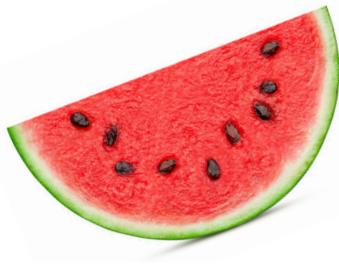
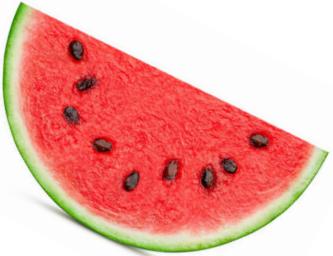
“Cat and Dog”
Digital Poster

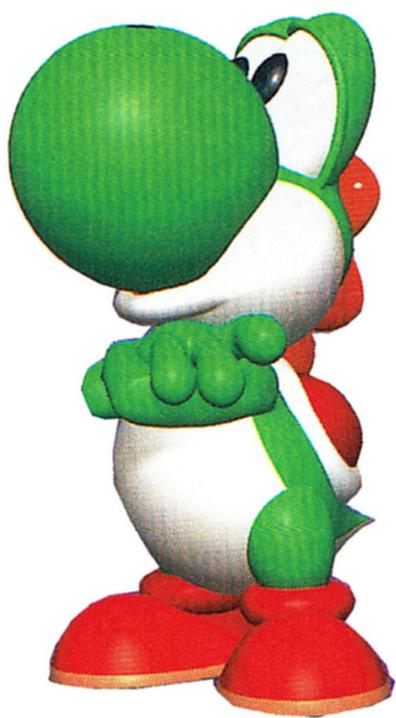
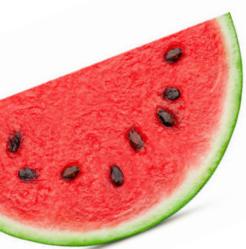
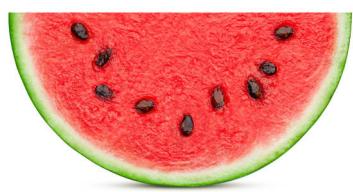
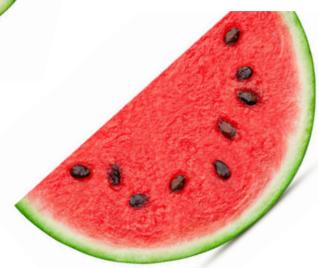
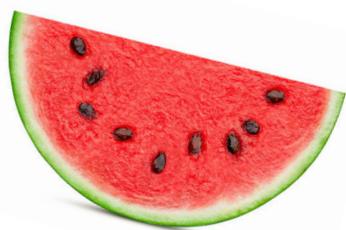


A view of my apt building in Philadelphia, PA with the sunset reflecting off of it.

nally left green.

This page - intention





I read an article this week in the (ugh I know) New York Times that quoted a book titled “The Disappearance of Rituals” regarding the topic of creating art, and the role that the artist plays in our modern-day capitalist society. Here’s an except I liked:

“The work of art is flagrantly unproductive, even anti-productive. Poems disavow language as merely a means ‘to communicate information’.”

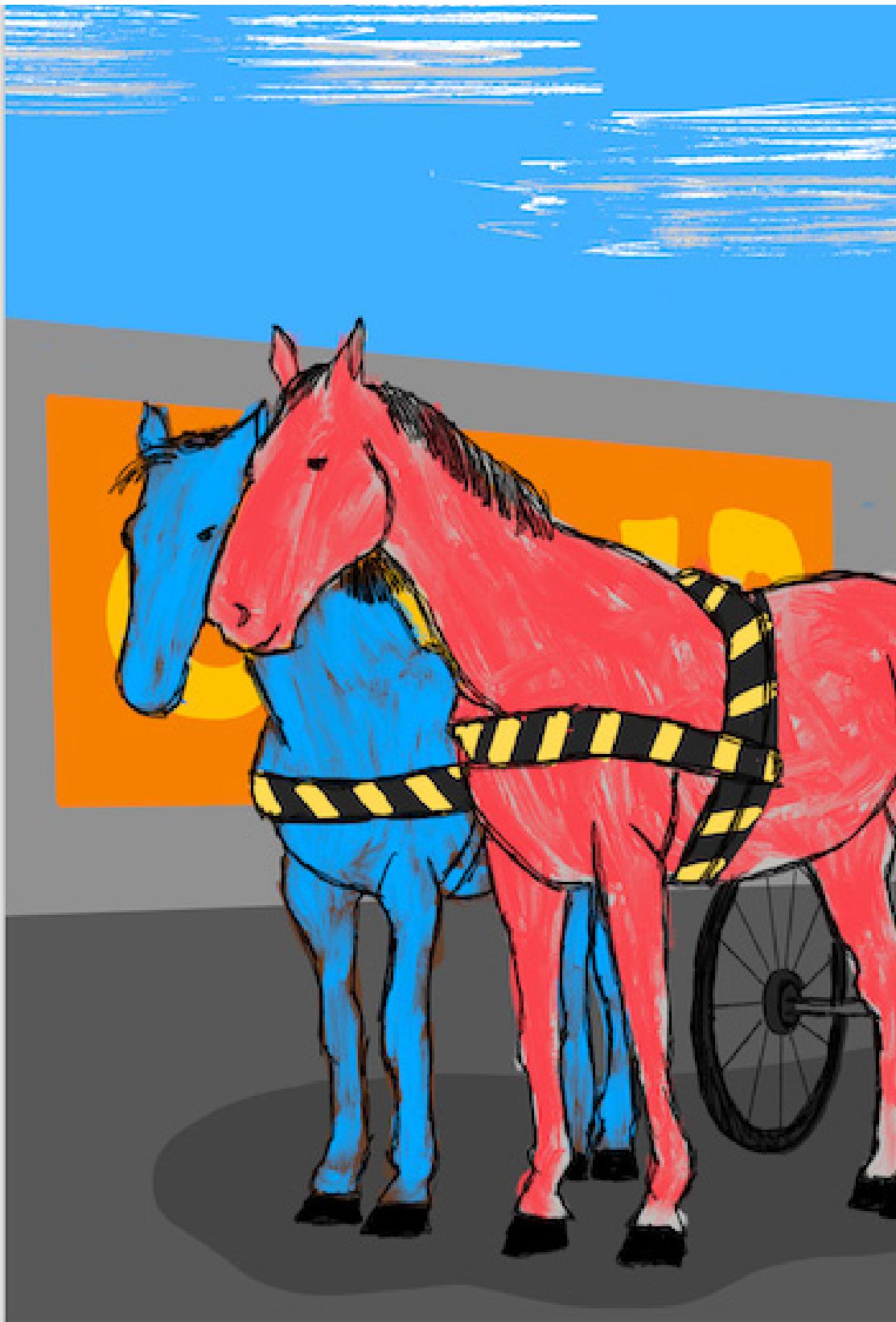
“There are two kinds of players in any given game. An achievement player plays to win, a striving player temporarily acquires an interest in winning for the sake of the struggle. Art makes an argument for creation, for struggle as an end in itself. The artist strives not to collect the most tops, rack up virtual kills or race to the jackpot,

but simply to be in the game.”

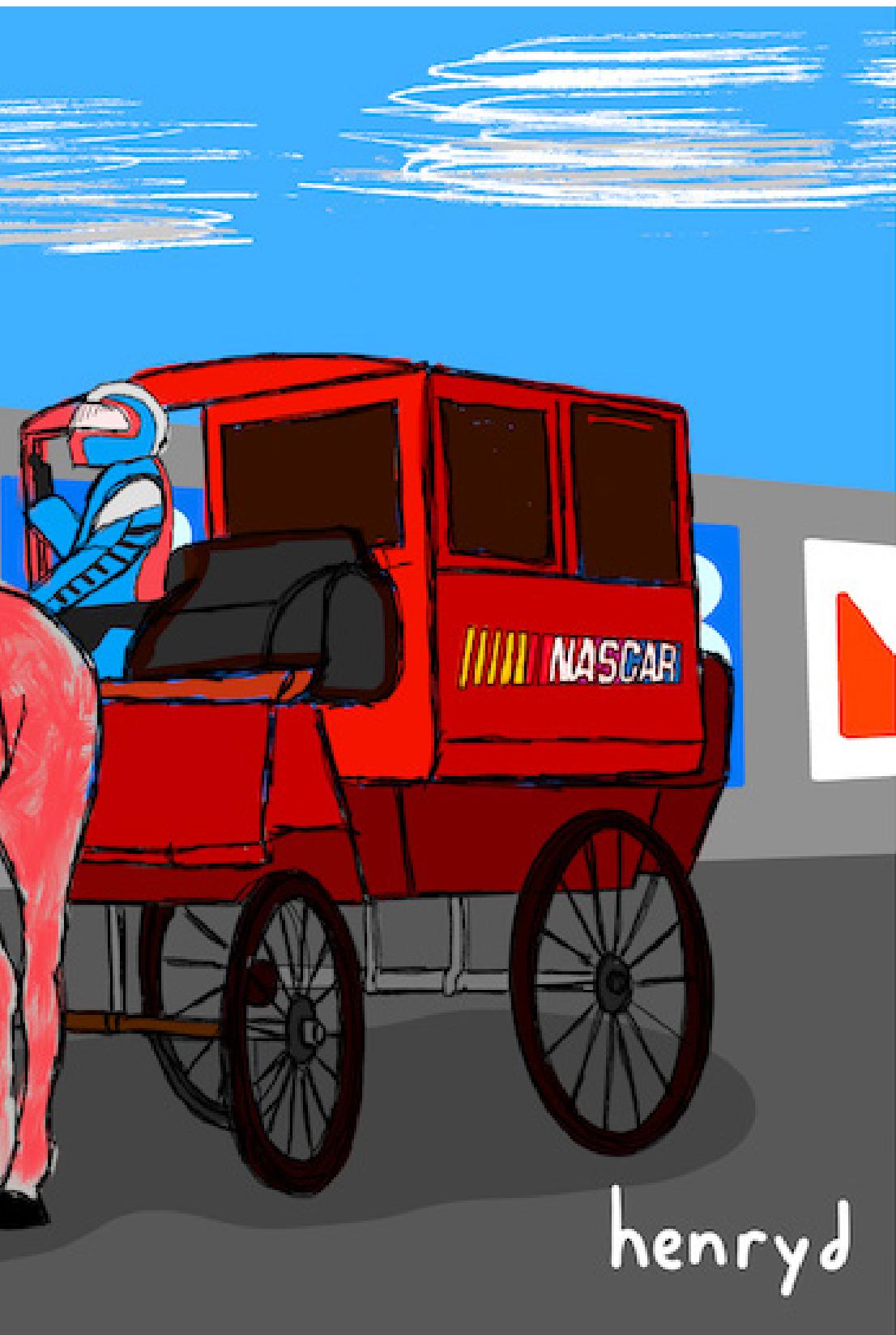
-Ligaya Mishan April 21, 2022 NYT

Art exists because it exists. Beauty is subjective, yes - but I believe that “true beauty” is something much greater, something inherent, something that is objective.

Maybe nature/chaos itself is the root of all beauty. Perhaps when you produce anything with the intention of it being art, just the fact that you’re creating something for art’s sake the most beautiful thing.



**“Horse Race”
Digital Poster**



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Table and chair in Queens, NY

I feel admiration and awe toward nature. As I write this I'm sitting in Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia, PA. The weather is a perfect 72 degrees and sunny

I've heard that in the far future, future archaeologists looking back on our time period won't see this necessarily as the "age of humans", but rather the "age of birds." I believe it, especially as I look around and see all the different types of birds coming and going here in the park. There are sparrows, little black starlings,

and of course my favorite bird, the pigeon (which is surprisingly just another name for a dove?). Any-way, somehow all these birds have been able to absolutely take over cityscapes around the world and thrive in them.

Though I suppose that in saying “somehow”, I’m not giving nature and instinct the reverence they deserve. Watching these birds, it’s striking how hyper-observant they are. Any little sound, movement, or perceived threat, and they are out of there. It’s this kind of



Pigeons in Brooklyn, NY



in-tuneness with the world that has gotten them to where they are.

I feel I'm always in a constant state of reaching for this type of in-tuneness and focus, and rarely ever able to fully achieve it, a "walking meditation". Nevertheless, sitting here in the square, in the grass, I feel this sense of focus arising.

It comes and then it goes, I won't try to hold onto it, but allow for it to arise on its own. Like a bird would. In-tune with the world around it. On this sunny 72 degree day.

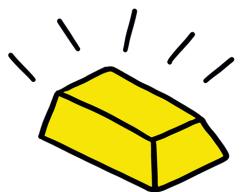




Apartment building in Brooklyn, NY



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