

# *Blu.shing*

by Arslhogo



*Arslohgo, "blu.shing", Digital Composition, 3508 x 4961 Pixel, CMYK color space, 300 dpi*

Arslohgo achieves something with *blu.shing* that has become rare in contemporary abstract art: a work that refuses to explain itself and instead demands to be felt—without ever sliding into arbitrary decorativeness.

The large-format image (3508 × 4961, CMYK, 300 dpi—the technical specs betray a printmaking ambition) unfolds within a tension between two chromatic poles: a deep, almost velvety ultramarine and a pressing, physically charged magenta. Everything happens between these two

poles. Concentric arcs—reminiscent of sound waves or the ripples of a stone dropped into water—sweep across the upper half of the image and continue, mirrored and slightly offset, in the lower half. Between them lies a horizontal band: a caesura that doesn't divide the image but lets it breathe, like a blink between two gazes.

The title itself is the program. *blu.shing*—the English word *blushing*, the involuntary reddening of the face, is typographically broken open. The period both separates and connects: *blu*, the blue, is cleaved from the rest of the word, and yet the act of blushing remains legible as a whole. It's a linguistic sleight of hand that accomplishes exactly what the image does: two states overlap without canceling each other out. The blue blushes. The blush turns blue. Shame and coolness, intimacy and distance exist simultaneously.

Arsloho himself describes the work as “as concrete as it is abstract, as simple as it is complex—a feeling.” This remark is not an escape into vagueness but a precise set of instructions. For *blu.shing* genuinely oscillates between these pairs of opposites without ever committing to one side. The sweeping lines are concrete—you could trace them, measure their radius—and yet they refuse any representational assignment. The color palette is about as simple as it gets: essentially two colors, no flourishes, no decorative trimmings. And still, through their interpenetration, a complexity emerges that deepens rather than exhausts itself the longer you look.

What ultimately sets the work apart is its emotional immediacy. *blu.shing* demands no art-historical background, no theoretical scaffolding. It works through the body: the vibration of near-complementary colors on the retina, the almost tactile depth of the blue, the pulsing forward push of the magenta. It is, as the artist says, a feeling—one that resists being put into words precisely *because* it is so elemental. Much like blushing itself: involuntary, uncontrollable, and in its simplicity profoundly human.

### *Addendum: The Embedded Poem*

Anyone who looks long enough into the lower right corner of *blu.shing* will discover—nearly swallowed by the deep blue—three lines that inscribe themselves into the image like a whispered confession:

*feeling tru blu*  
*blushing with*  
*xcitement*

That these words are barely visible is no accident but method. The text relates to the image the way a blush relates to a face: it is there before you consciously register it. You have to move closer to the work, strain your eyes, surrender to it—only then does it reveal its hidden speech. The near-total absorption of the lettering into the pictorial ground turns the act of reading itself into something intimate. You don't read *about* the image; you read *within* it.

Linguistically, the short poem continues the typographic dismantling begun in the title. *tru blu*—the clipped, colloquial English sheds formality like an unnecessary skin. This is not a lyric speaker in measured poetic diction; this is someone who feels before they formulate. The truncation of *true* to *tru* and the phonetic doubling (*tru blu*) lend the expression something childlike and direct, almost vulnerable—as though language itself only half dares to emerge, much like the text from the blue.

The second line—*blushing with*—forms the hinge. The blush that gives the work its name is here set into motion: no longer a state but a process, a *blushing-with-something*. The line break after *with* creates a moment of suspension. With what? The answer—*xcitement*—arrives like a liberated exhale. And once again, the typographic intervention: the missing *e* at the beginning of *excitement* is more than a texting convention. The *x* as an opening letter radiates its own visual energy—it is a cross, a kiss (as in *xoxo*), an unknown (as in mathematics). It opens the word rather than closing it off.

What the poem achieves in dialogue with the image is remarkable: it names the feeling the color fields evoke without explaining it. *Feeling tru blu*—that is melancholy and authenticity at once, sadness and truthfulness in a single breath. *Blushing with xcitement*—that is shame tipping into anticipation, blue igniting into magenta. The three lines form the emotional score of what unfolds between the painting's two chromatic poles: a tipping from withdrawal into self-revelation, from silence into confession.

Arsloho proves himself here as an artist who interweaves text and image not illustratively but structurally. The poem doesn't *explain* the image—it *repeats* it in a different key. And just as the words nearly vanish into the blue, a blush disappears from a face the moment it is noticed. *blu.shing* captures precisely that instant: the moment *before* being seen—in color, in form, and now in language.

Medium: Digital Composition