



Periorbital Lines

Not A Matter Of Age

Arslohgo. Digitale Bildkomposition. 4200 x 5940 Pixel. CMYK, 300 ppi

The image hesitates at first. A foggy field, trees barely outlined on the horizon, an atmosphere caught somewhere between memory and dissolution. Into this gray, Arslohgo has placed a figure — or rather, the figure presses itself into the gray, half translucent, half material. It's a pictogram, a logo-like creature with arms outstretched, its reflection seeming to open downward, as if the ground itself were doubling the act of seeing.

“Periorbital Lines” — the lines around the eyes. The title first calls up a clinical, cosmetic vocabulary, the kind of language we know from skincare ads and dermatology pamphlets. But the subtitle pulls the rug out: “Not A Matter Of Age.” The lines around the eyes, then, not as a measure of years, but as something else — as traces of seeing itself. Stare long enough into fog and you start to squint. Try to coax a shape out of the diffuse, and the effort writes itself onto your face. Read this way, the image tips into an allegory of perception: wrinkles aren't the work of time, but of looking.

Formally, Arslohgo trusts a remarkable restraint. There's no punchline, no center in the classical sense. The figure sits just below the middle of the frame, slightly off-axis, almost modest. Its transparency is its statement: the logo — the mark that ordinarily insists on being seen — is here pulled back, nearly dissolved. It doesn't wrestle with the landscape; it settles into it. The “lohgorhythms” the artist's name points to suggest exactly this: rhythmic, rule-bound logo operations that don't shout but tune themselves to what's already there. Ars and algorithm, hand and procedure — the tension the work plays out on the picture plane is already written into the pseudonym.

This is where the piece's quiet provocation lies. While contemporary visual culture pushes toward visibility, sharpness, and instant recognition, Arslohgo sends its own mark into the fog. To see it, you have to strain — and in straining, you produce the very lines the title names. The work becomes elegantly self-referential without tipping into irony: it makes seeing the precondition of its own legibility. The viewer enters the composition not because they're mirrored in it, but because their effort is what brings the image into being.

The doubling of the figure — the shadow or echo that seems to grow up out of the ground — adds a temporal depth. What stands there isn't a moment but a resonance. And maybe that's the real subject: lines made not of years but of repetitions of seeing. “Not A Matter Of Age” comes to mean: not a question of time, but of attention.

What's left is a quiet, almost melancholy invitation. Look harder. And accept that the looking leaves its marks — not as decay, but as proof.

Medium: Digital Composition