

DYLAN ANDERSON / SAM LINGUIST

WINDOW WEATHER

AUGUST 22 - OCTOBER 3, 2025

It's the body of a cinnamon-furred dog, curled so that you cannot see its teeth. Its eyes—irises mismatched—are hidden, as the dog gnaws at its paw, or maybe rests. If the dog faced you, perhaps even then you could not tell its intentions. Because play teeters just on the edge of being bitten.

It's a capful of nuts and a t-shirt hung to dry. Inanimate, temporal—items so regular that they are rarely perceived in daily living. But when the players—the people—are removed, all becomes artifact. What is banal swells in prominence, is now evidence to be fully regarded. And thus a bar snack takes on a clinical quality; a t-shirt, disembodied and hardly clinging upright, suggests some spectral absence.

Or perhaps it's not all so brutal. Perhaps the tableau is absurd, and thereby disarming. Perhaps it's funny, really—these almonds and popcorn cast in Lucky Charms' hues, a hi mom on the floor, its hand-made gravel gathered into loose Calibri.

And the dog's gaze could be adoration. Or else indifference. The primal stare of a loyal and beloved pet, its teeth only ever bared in a good-natured scrap. But this is speculation; we cannot know the dog's eyes entirely. And the instant in which the thing has been captured could have preceded any number of events—a howl or a yawn or an absentminded, hindlegged scratching of the dog's own neck. Or, god forbid, a mauling.

The snow, too, evades any hard characterization. In the dark, butter-colored hills of it are bruised with mythic green. And hours later, in dim sun, the same mounds are made dishwater gray, a cresting alien tide. But we cannot precisely decipher at what hour any one was photographed, nor can we accurately determine their stature. All is a trick of light; what looks warm could freeze fingers black.

And such severity, at a remove, is palatable. Is pleasant, even. Is gorgeous. And such elusivity, from a proper distance, is not so disconcerting; fluidity—of color, motive, context—mimic the fickle nature of life itself.

But such phenomena are best witnessed through a window, insulated against cruel winter.

And it is best not to stare a dog in the eyes.

- Natalie Power

Sam Linguist (b. 2001 Waxahachie, TX) lives and works in New York. He has recently exhibited at Laurel Gitlen, New York; Stowaway, Los Angeles; White Columns, New York and Nature of Things, Dallas. He received his BFA from the New School in 2024 and attended the Yale Norfolk school of Art in 2023.

Dylan Anderson is a New York City lens based artist who primarily makes analog photographs. He received BFA in Photography from Parsons School of Design in 2023. He attended the Gil Artist Residency in Akureyi, Iceland in December of 2024. Dylan has been published by PhMuseum and Booooooom Magazine.