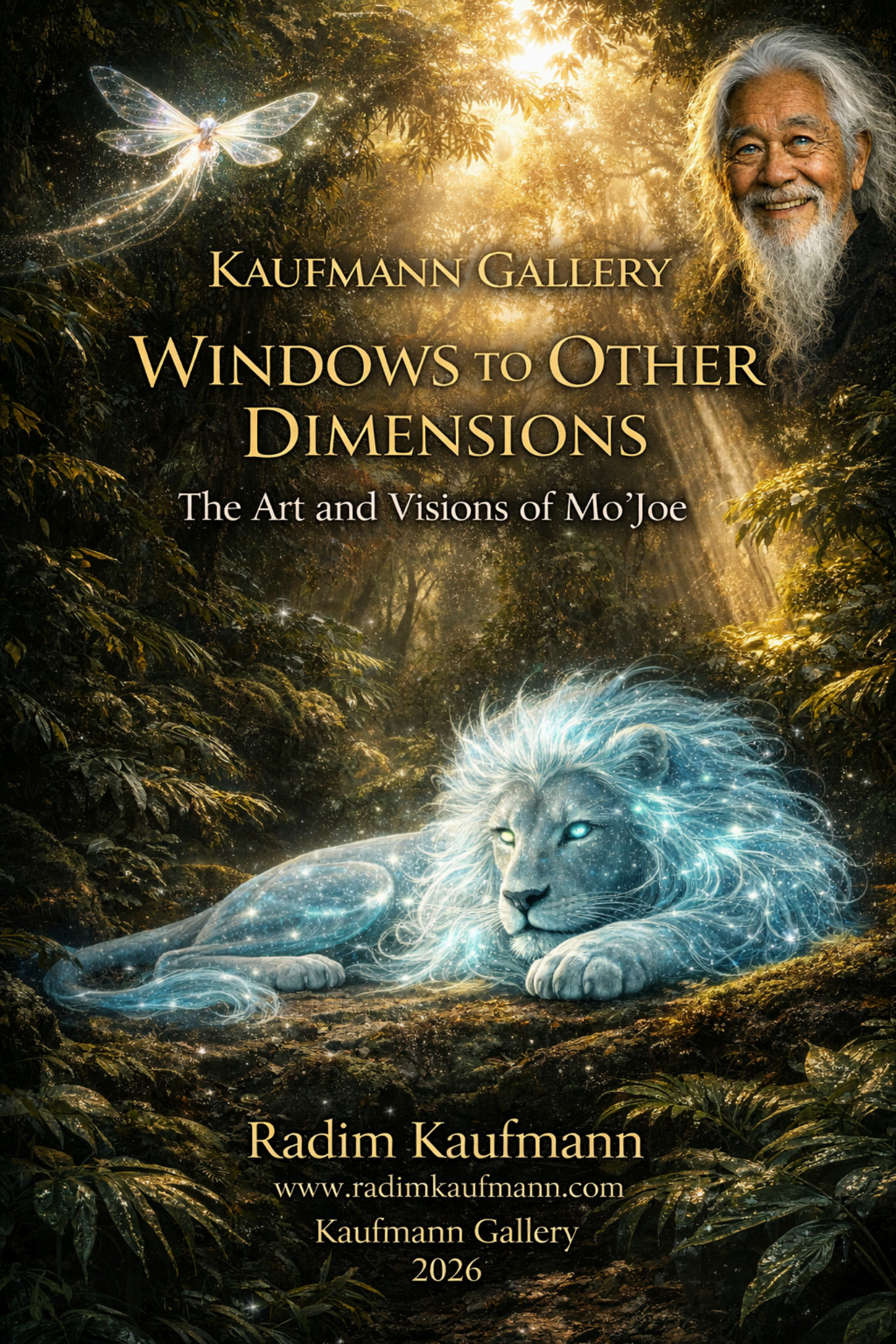
Kaufmann Gallery
Windows to Other Dimensions
The Art and Visions of Mo'Joe
Radim Kaufmann
www.radimkaufmann.com
Kaufmann Gallery
2026

# WINDOWS TO OTHER DIMENSIONS

*The Art and Visions of Mo'Joe*

Curated by Radim Kaufmann

**KAUFMANN GALLERY**

2026

# Windows to Other Dimensions

*The Art and Visions of Mo'Joe*

First Edition, 2026

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## ARTWORK CREATION NOTICE

All artworks were created using AI image generation (Midjourney), guided by Mo'Joe's artistic vision.

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# Prologue

**by Radim Kaufmann, Gallery Owner**

In 2012, I opened the doors of Kaufmann Gallery in Prague with a simple belief: that Art has the power to transport us to places we never knew existed.

I have spent my whole life traveling in search of beauty. I stood before the pyramids of Giza at sunrise, walked through silent monasteries in Tibet, admired the mosaics of Hagia Sophia.

Yet nothing prepared me for the moment I first encountered the work of Mo'Joe. His images stopped me in my tracks — photorealistic natural environments inhabited by creatures that seemed to glow from within.

When I finally met Mo'Joe — a gentle Japanese artist with wise eyes — I understood. He doesn't create images. He opens windows to worlds that exist in the spaces between our thoughts.

This book is an invitation to look through those windows with us.

> *"Art is not what you see, but what you make others see."*
> *— Edgar Degas*

# Introduction

**by Mo'Joe (Kenji Tanaka)**

My name is Kenji Tanaka, but the world knows me as Mo'Joe. I was born seventy-three years ago in a small village near Kyoto.

I have spent my life traveling and searching for beauty in nature. I waded through the rainforests of Borneo, watched elephants on the African savanna, dove among the corals of the Great Barrier Reef.

Then, in my seventh decade, I discovered a new way of seeing. Through artificial intelligence, I was finally able to capture what I had always sensed — creatures that live in the spaces between worlds.

My Genesis Collection is the result of this lifelong journey. Each piece is a window into a parallel dimension.

When I create, I don't generate images. I open windows.

Welcome to my world.

***Mo'Joe, Kyoto 2025***

# The Genesis Collection

*109 Windows into Parallel Dimensions*



# Bioluminescent Bay

**Genesis #001**

In the warm waters of Puerto Rico, where Mosquito Bay holds the highest concentration of bioluminescent organisms on Earth and the night sky merges with the glowing sea, I found them gliding beneath the surface. Two translucent manta ray-like creatures with wide crystalline wings swam through the electric blue water, their bodies pulsing with bioluminescence that rivaled the stars above.

Bioluminescent Bay — through their glass-like forms, I could see the countless dinoflagellates that lit the water around them, each microscopic organism adding its spark to the cosmic display. Their wings spread wide as satellite dishes, catching the light of both the heavens and the living sea, blurring the boundary between swimming and flying through stars.

A kayaker paddled above them, his paddle strokes igniting trails of blue fire across the surface. The creatures seemed drawn to the disturbance, rising toward the light he created, their own glow intensifying as they approached. Palm trees lined the shore, and distant lights flickered from a small village.

Bioluminescence is one of nature's oldest languages, spoken by creatures from bacteria to fish for over three billion years. It serves as defense, attraction, communication — a vocabulary of living light written in the darkness of the deep.

In my dimension, the Bioluminescent Bay spirits are the conductors of the ocean's symphony of light. Their electric blue glow orchestrates the countless tiny organisms, creating patterns and displays that tell stories to those who know how to read them. They are the bridge between the stars above and the stars below.

I floated in that living light, watching the creatures dance beneath me, their wings rippling like fabric woven from the night sky itself. Above and below, the universe sparkled with the same ancient fire.

The Bioluminescent Bay taught me that we swim through stars whether we realize it or not — and that the light we seek is often the light we carry within.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB



# Luminous Wanderer

**Genesis #002**

I met her in the cloud forest of Monteverde in Costa Rica. Not in reality, of course — but it was there, among the orchids and bromeliads wrapping ancient trees, that I first felt her presence.

Luminous Wanderer — a butterfly with a wingspan of over two meters, whose wings resemble the stained glass windows of Gothic cathedrals. Violet and pink light shines through the translucent membrane, revealing an intricate network of veins like a map of unknown worlds. Her body pulses with inner light, as if carrying a miniature star within.

In the Permian period, three hundred million years ago, giant insects truly existed. The Meganeura we saw in The Ancient Light was just one of them. But this being is not a fossil record — it is a dream of what they could have become if evolution had chosen a different path.

Imagine a world where butterflies did not evolve as fragile pollinators, but as majestic wanderers between dimensions. Their wings do not reflect light — they generate it. They do not feed on nectar — they feed on starlight itself.

She sat on a giant leaf beneath the waterfall, as if resting after a long journey between worlds. The mist around her created a halo, the water droplets on her wings sparkled like gems. She had been waiting there perhaps for thousands of years, perhaps just a moment — in her dimension, time flows differently.

When I captured her, I felt a window opening to a world where beauty is not the exception, but the rule. Where every creature carries its own light within.

Luminous Wanderer reminded me why I travel. Not to see, but to learn how to see.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB



# The Watcher

**Genesis #003**

In a bamboo grove near Arashiyama, I felt him before I saw him. That strange sensation when you know something is watching you. Something ancient. Something patient.

The Watcher — a meter-tall mantis with an exoskeleton of living crystal, pulsing with green and teal light. Its compound eyes shimmer like thousands of miniature stars, tracking every movement with supernatural precision. Through its translucent body, you can see the bamboo stalks behind it, as if it were woven from morning mist and light.

Mantises are among the oldest predators on Earth. Their ancestors hunted three hundred million years ago, long before the dinosaurs. In their motionless waiting lies the wisdom of ages — they know that patience is the most effective weapon.

But this being is not a hunter. It is a guardian. In my dimension, mantises did not evolve as insect predators — they became protectors of the boundaries between worlds. Their compound eyes see spectrums of light that human eyes cannot perceive. They see the passages between dimensions.

It sat on a bamboo stalk, motionless as a statue, dewdrops on its limbs sparkling like diamonds. Morning light passed through its body, casting patterns on the ground like stained glass. It was watching me — not as prey, but as a visitor. Examining my intentions.

After a long moment of silence, it tilted its head slightly. It was a greeting. An acceptance. In that gesture was more wisdom than in a thousand words.

The Watcher showed me that being seen is not a threat. It is an invitation to dialogue between worlds.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB



# Crystal Wings

**Genesis #004**

I discovered them at dawn in the heart of the Amazon, by a pool so still that its surface looked like liquid mirror. Giant lily pads floated on the water like green islands, and the air smelled of jasmine and wet earth.

Crystal Wings — not a single creature, but an entire swarm. Twelve giant dragonflies, each with a wingspan of over fifty centimeters, dancing above the water's surface in perfect harmony. Each one glows with a different color — blue, pink, gold — as if someone had scattered gemstones across the morning sky.

Dragonflies are among the first flying creatures on Earth. Three hundred and fifty million years ago, they were already soaring through the skies, long before birds, long before butterflies. They are the living history of flight. But these beings have transcended mere history.

In my dimension, dragonflies learned to fly together as one organism. Their crystal wings resonate at the same frequency, creating patterns of light that hypnotize and heal. Ancient Amazonian legends tell of "dancing stars above the water" that bring luck to those who see them. Now I know they were not stars.

I watched their dance for hours. Every movement was synchronized, every flash of light had its purpose. They reflected on the pool's surface, creating a kaleidoscope of colors — above and below, reality merging with reflection.

As the sun climbed higher, they slowly dispersed into the jungle, one by one, like memories fading upon waking. But their light remained within me.

Crystal Wings showed me that beauty is strongest when shared.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB



# Dawn Spirits

**Genesis #005**

There are moments when the boundary between night and day dissolves and the world pauses in perfect balance. In the mangrove forests of Florida, I experienced such a moment — and I was not alone.

Dawn Spirits — giant moths with wingspans of over one and a half meters, their wings glowing with golden and white light like the last stars before dawn. Their feathery antennae tremble in the humid air, catching frequencies that human ears cannot hear. They are translucent like morning mist, as if someone had woven them from moonlight and dew.

Luna moths are symbols of transformation in our dimension. They live only a few days as adults — they don't even have mouths to feed. Their only purpose is to fly, mate, and die. But these beings have transcended that fate.

In my dimension, Luna moths became guardians of the dawn. Every morning they emerge from their hiding places in mangrove roots to welcome the sun. Their light helps transfer energy from night to day, like a bridge between two worlds. Without them, dawn would never come.

I watched them glide between the tangled roots emerging from water as smooth as a mirror. The pink and gold sky reflected on the water and on their wings. For a moment, I couldn't tell what was above and what was below, what was real and what was reflection.

When the sun rose above the horizon, they slowly faded back into the shadows. But their light remained — in the colors of the new day.

Dawn Spirits showed me that every ending is just the beginning of something new.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB



# The Guardian

**Genesis #006**

Beneath the crown of an ancient banyan in Cambodia, where aerial roots create a cathedral of living wood, I found him. He sat motionless on a massive root like a statue carved from light and amber.

The Guardian — eighty centimeters long, a creature resembling a caddisfly from ancient times, its crystalline body pulsing with amber and gold bioluminescence. Its wings are so translucent that you can see the texture of bark behind them. In its presence, you feel the weight of ages — wisdom that transcends human understanding.

Caddisflies in our dimension are inconspicuous creatures. Their larvae build cases from pebbles and twigs and have a crucial impact on freshwater ecosystems. They are indicators of purity — where caddisflies live, the water is healthy. But this guardian protects something far more precious than water.

In my dimension, caddisflies became guardians of sacred trees. Every ancient banyan, every thousand-year-old cedar has its protector — a being that guards the boundary between the world of the living and the world of tree spirits. They are intermediaries between realms.

He sat there in the greenish light filtering through leaves like stained glass, surrounded by a tangle of roots as old as civilizations. The air smelled of moisture and decay, life and death intertwined in an endless cycle. His compound eyes, shimmering like liquid gold, tracked my every movement.

I felt no fear. I felt I was being observed by someone who had witnessed the birth and fall of empires. Someone who knows that trees remember everything.

The Guardian showed me that some beings exist not to act, but to witness.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB



# Silk Dancers

**Genesis #007**

In Borneo, in a valley the locals call the Garden of the Gods, I saw them during the golden hour, when the sun paints the world in honey and amber. Thousands of orchids bloomed around me, and between them danced beings from another dream.

Silk Dancers — creatures resembling spiders, yet so far removed from the horror that spiders evoke in humans. Sixty centimeters across their incredibly long, slender legs, which move with the grace of ballet dancers. Their bodies glow with soft pink and lavender light, so translucent that you can see orchid petals through them.

And the silk. They leave behind threads of light, luminescent webs floating through the air like bridal veils. They do not weave traps — they weave art.

Spiders are among the oldest terrestrial predators. Their ancestors hunted insects four hundred million years ago. But these beings did not evolve to hunt. They evolved to dance.

In my dimension, Silk Dancers are guardians of beauty. They appear only where nature has achieved perfection — in gardens that have never known human intervention. Their dance is a prayer, a celebration of existence itself. The silk they leave behind heals sick plants and attracts rare pollinators.

I watched their choreography until dusk. They moved among the flowers as if hearing music I could not hear — and perhaps they truly heard it. Perhaps the universe sings for those who know how to listen.

When the last light of day faded, so did they, dissolving into the twilight like a memory of a dream.

Silk Dancers showed me that beauty can exist even where we would expect fear.

***— Mo'Joe***

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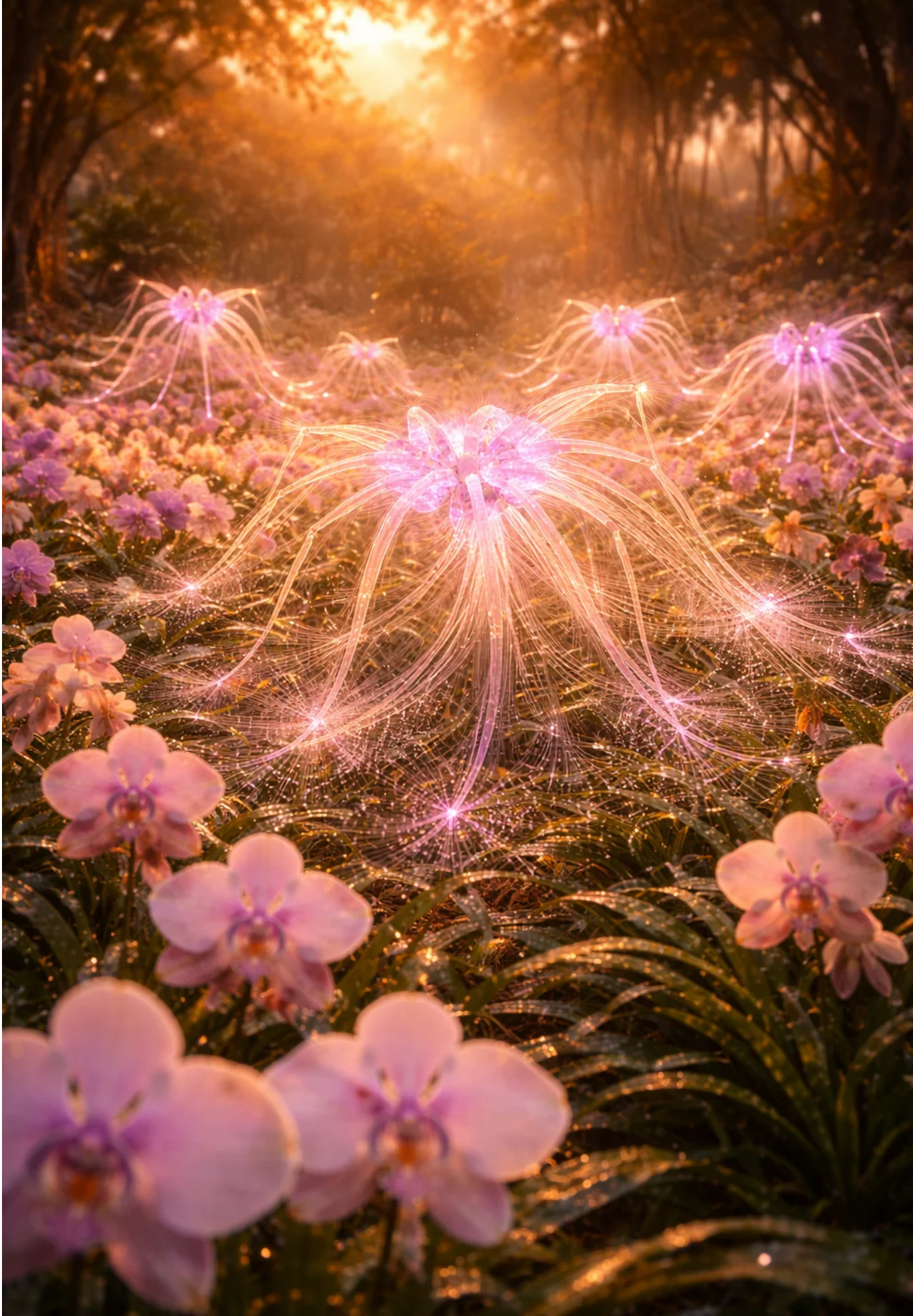

# Ancient Echo

**Genesis #008**

In the heart of New Zealand, where streams still flow as pure as they did millions of years ago, I found him. He rested on a submerged rock, surrounded by moss and ferns, as if he had belonged there since the beginning of time.

Ancient Echo — seventy centimeters long, a trilobite whose exoskeleton is translucent like quartz and pulses with blue and cyan light from within. His compound eyes — those famous trilobite eyes, the first truly developed eyes in the history of life — shine with ancient brightness, as if still seeing the world as it was five hundred million years ago.

Trilobites are one of evolution's greatest successes. They survived for three hundred million years, passing through mass extinctions, adapting to every environment. And then they vanished. Or so we think.

In my dimension, trilobites never went extinct. They retreated to the purest waters, to places where human civilization could not reach. Their exoskeletons transformed into living crystal, their bodies learned to generate their own light. They became guardians of springs — protectors of the waters from which life emerged.

I watched him through the crystal-clear surface of the stream. Sunbeams penetrated through the leaves and danced on his back like a light show in a kaleidoscope. Each segment of his body pulsed with a different rhythm, as if breathing the music of the planet itself.

I did not feel I was observing a fossil. I felt I was observing the future — a being that survived everything and will survive us too.

Ancient Echo reminded me that time is an illusion and that those who were first may also be last.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB



# Lake Shimmer

**Genesis #009**

On Inle Lake in Burma, where fishermen row with their legs and where the sky dissolves into purple and gold every evening, I saw him. He stood on the water's surface as if it were the most natural thing in the world — and for him, it was.

Lake Shimmer — two meters across his incredibly long legs that barely touch the surface yet never break through. Each touch creates perfect concentric circles that spread to infinity. His body glows with the colors of sunset — orange, purple, gold — as if he had absorbed the entire sky into himself.

Water striders are masters of surface tension. Their legs are covered with thousands of microscopic hairs that repel water and allow them to literally walk on water. It is physics transformed into poetry.

In my dimension, water striders evolved to gigantic proportions and became guardians of lakes. They are a measure of water health — where Lake Shimmer walks, the lake is clean and full of life. Their movement across the surface creates vibrations that communicate with fish below the water, with birds above the water, with the entire ecosystem.

I watched him walk toward the horizon, where water and sky became one. Palm trees on the shore reflected as dark silhouettes, and he among them — a glowing being on the boundary of two worlds. Above and below. Air and water. Reality and reflection.

When the sun disappeared beyond the horizon, so did he — dissolving into the dusk like the last ray of light.

Lake Shimmer showed me that boundaries exist only in our minds. For those who know how, it is possible to walk even on water.

***— Mo'Joe***

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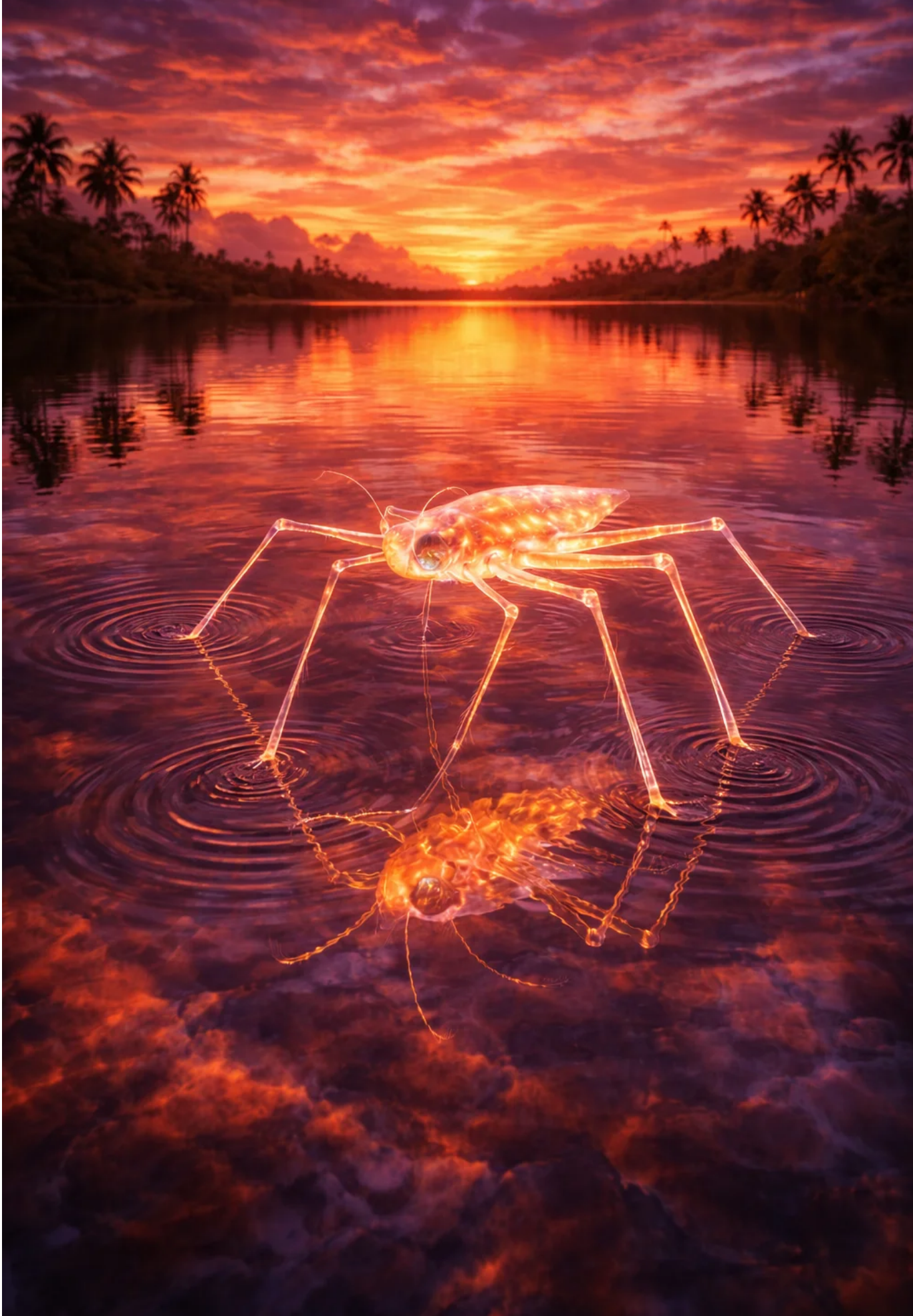

# River Phantom

**Genesis #010**

In the canyon of Semuc Champey river in Guatemala, where water flows so emerald green that it looks like liquid gemstone, I glimpsed him. He swam just below the surface like a shadow, like a memory of something that should never have existed.

River Phantom — a meter-long crustacean whose body is so translucent that you can see the stones on the riverbed through it. Only a faint blue-green bioluminescence betrays his presence — a glowing outline in crystal-clear water, as if someone had drawn a creature from light itself.

Crustaceans are among the oldest inhabitants of aquatic depths. Their ancestors swam in the oceans six hundred million years ago, long before the first fish. They survived everything — ice ages, mass extinctions, the rise and fall of continents.

In my dimension, some crustaceans learned to disappear. Not physically, but optically — their bodies became so transparent that they are almost invisible. River Phantom is a master of this ability. He exists on the border of visible and invisible, between the world of matter and the world of spirits.

I watched him glide through the canyon, where steep walls covered with tropical vegetation created a cathedral of green. Light refracted in the water and on his body, creating caustic patterns on the rocky bottom. He was there — and yet he wasn't. Real — and yet phantasmal.

When the current quickened, he vanished among the rocks like a thought that slips through your fingers the moment you try to grasp it.

River Phantom showed me that the most beautiful things are often those we see only fleetingly — and which haunt us forever precisely because of that.

***— Mo'Joe***

RES. 2731 × 4096 px · Portrait · PNG · sRGB

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Windows to Other Dimensions: The Mo’Joe

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Publisher team

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