
4
furious pure

FURIOUS

MAGAZINE

PURE



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OCTOBER MIDNIGHT

I have always explored duality,
both personally and artistically.
Looking for the beauty
in the grotesque.
The broken pieces that make up
the perfect whole.
The glow in the darkness, and the shadow in
the blinding light.
The pain that makes the joy all the sweeter.

My work explores a perspective slightly askew.
The beautiful image that is shifted and reorganized to
make me question why it was beautiful in the first place.
I hope you enjoy it;
how wondrous it is if it makes you feel something.

— October Midnight (Aaron B)

























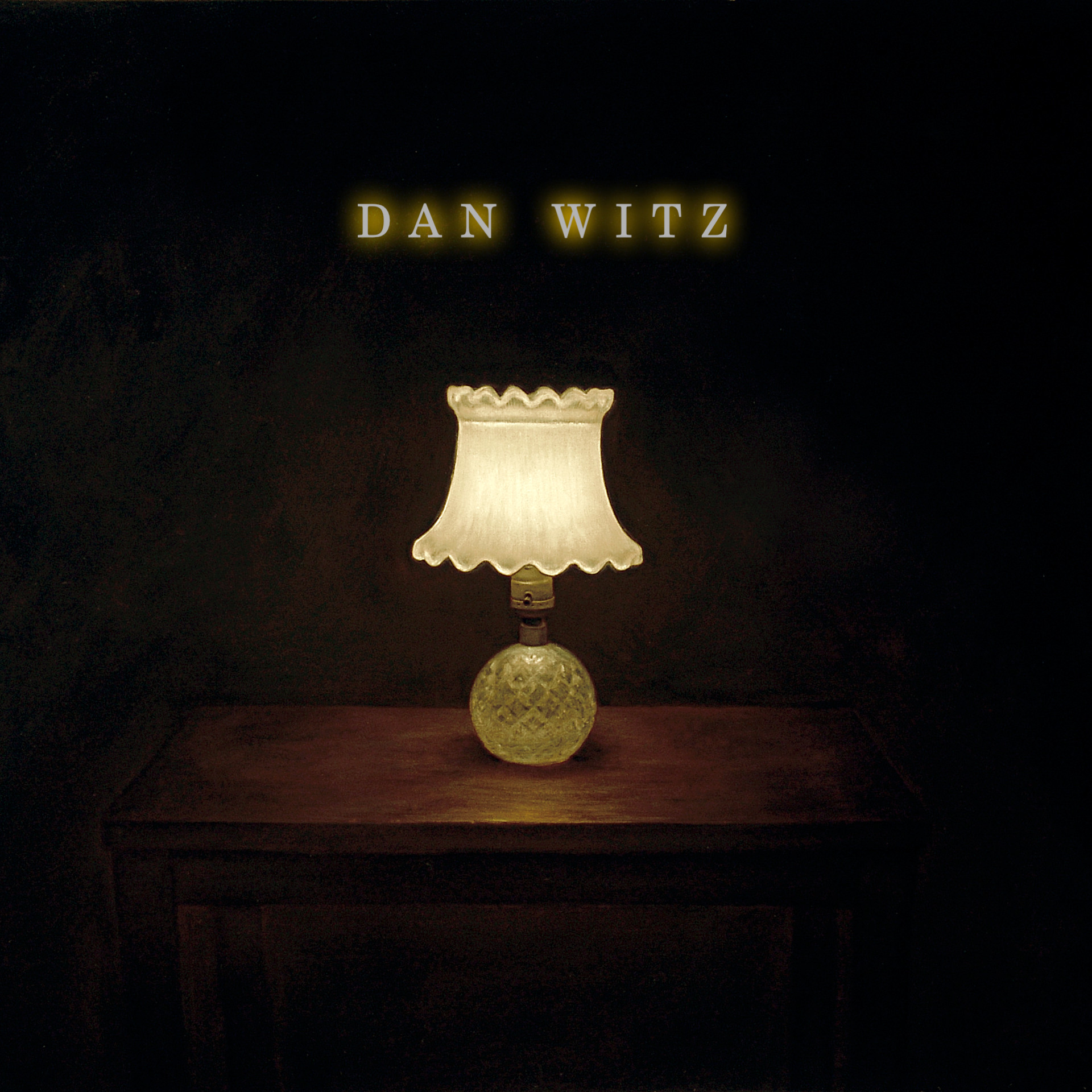








DAN WITZ






















WITZ




WITZ






GARDNER
MOUNCE

The first time I drove through eastern Arkansas I thought it was the bleakest place I'd ever been. Its bone-brown fields stretched to the horizon, its corrugated towns huddled under flat gray skies. Time seemed to stand purgatorially still. It was not a place I wanted to spend an afternoon in.

Years later, in nearby Memphis where I lived, I contracted a chronic illness that reduced me to a sort of living death. I was so fatigued that I couldn't take a shower without needing to lie down for hours afterward. Tachycardia, like a constant parade in my chest, prevented me from leaving my house. Brain fog diminished my mental chatter to a sort of muffled hum. I lived on my couch.

White it's true that illness can strip your life of the things that make it meaningful, it can also help you discover new meaning in things you previously overlooked.

It had been a decade since I picked up a camera. It was only housebound that I started to crave wandering the streets in a cloud of creative potential, to feel that heightened awareness that comes with arranging compositions.

I had spent the previous ten years writing fiction, but ambiguity and hidden meaning no longer interested me, and mining my life for them stressed me out.

No one likes to imagine us, the chronically ill, trapped on our couches, helpless in our midday beds. I hated imagining myself. There was nothing about the illness I wanted to say. I wanted only not to be ill.

Two years later, after seeing a dozen specialists and trying treatments both minor and extreme, I discovered a study that led me to the root cause of my illness, and the treatment that could cure it. Within a few months of starting the treatment, I was tumbling from the rabbit hole, abruptly well.

The journey through illness reshaped my perspective on life and what I want from it. Rather than return to writing, I embraced photography.

Rediscovering this art form hasn't been just about capturing images. It's about reclaiming a piece of myself that I had forgotten.

Through the lens, I'm finding a way to re-connect with the world outside my confined space and to express myself without words.

My favorite subject has become, ironically, the purgatorial landscape of eastern Arkansas.

I feel now what I didn't when I first drove through this place: a deep appreciation for the forgotten, for the neglected, for the things that become extraordinary when you've faced their loss.

– Gardner Mounce





























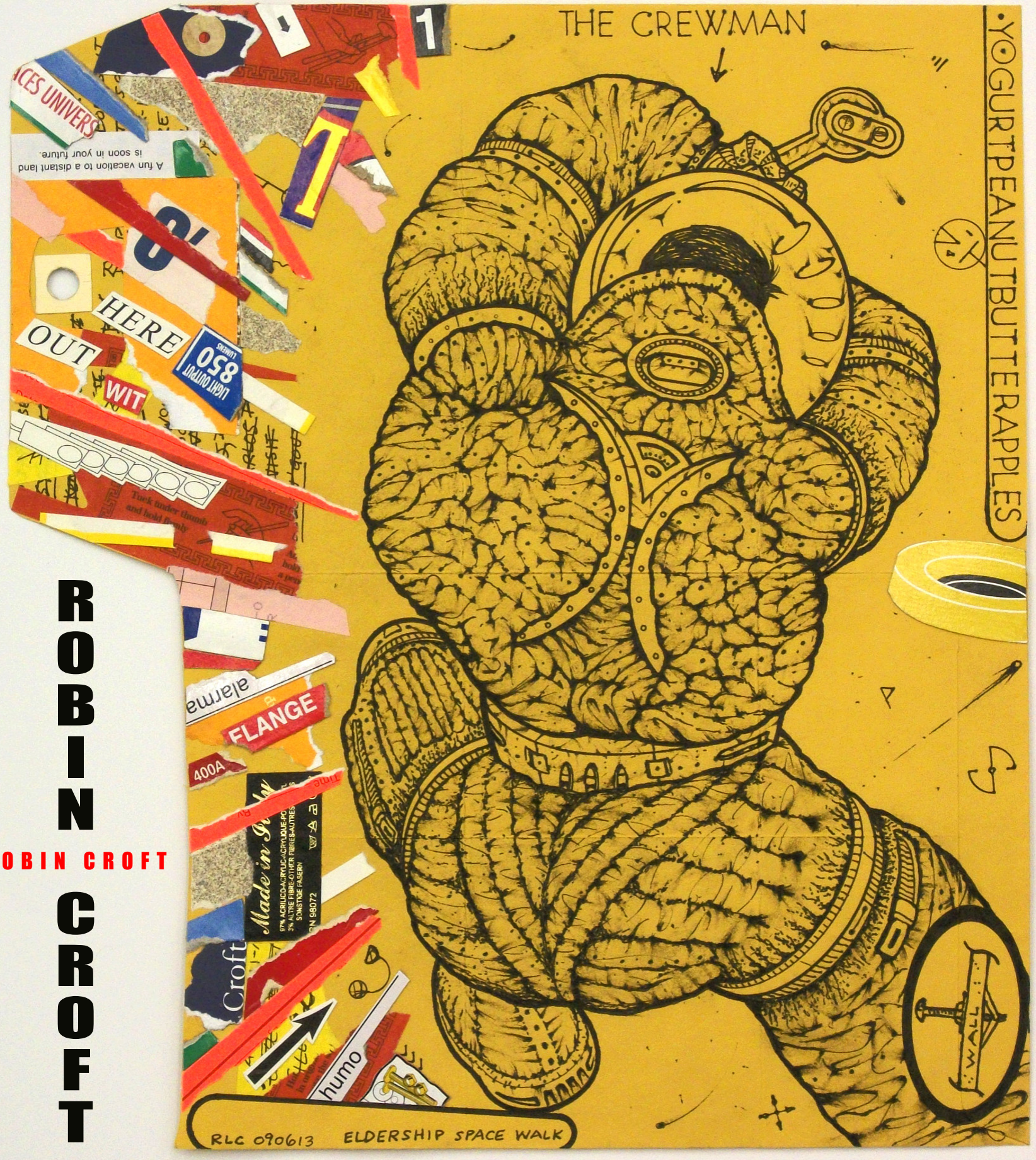












ROBIN CROFT

ROBIN CROFT


WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
HELLP
HELLP
HELLP
• yogurt
• sun-dried tomatoes
• peanut butter
ARMCHAIR
RLC 030216 ON THE NIGHT WATCH

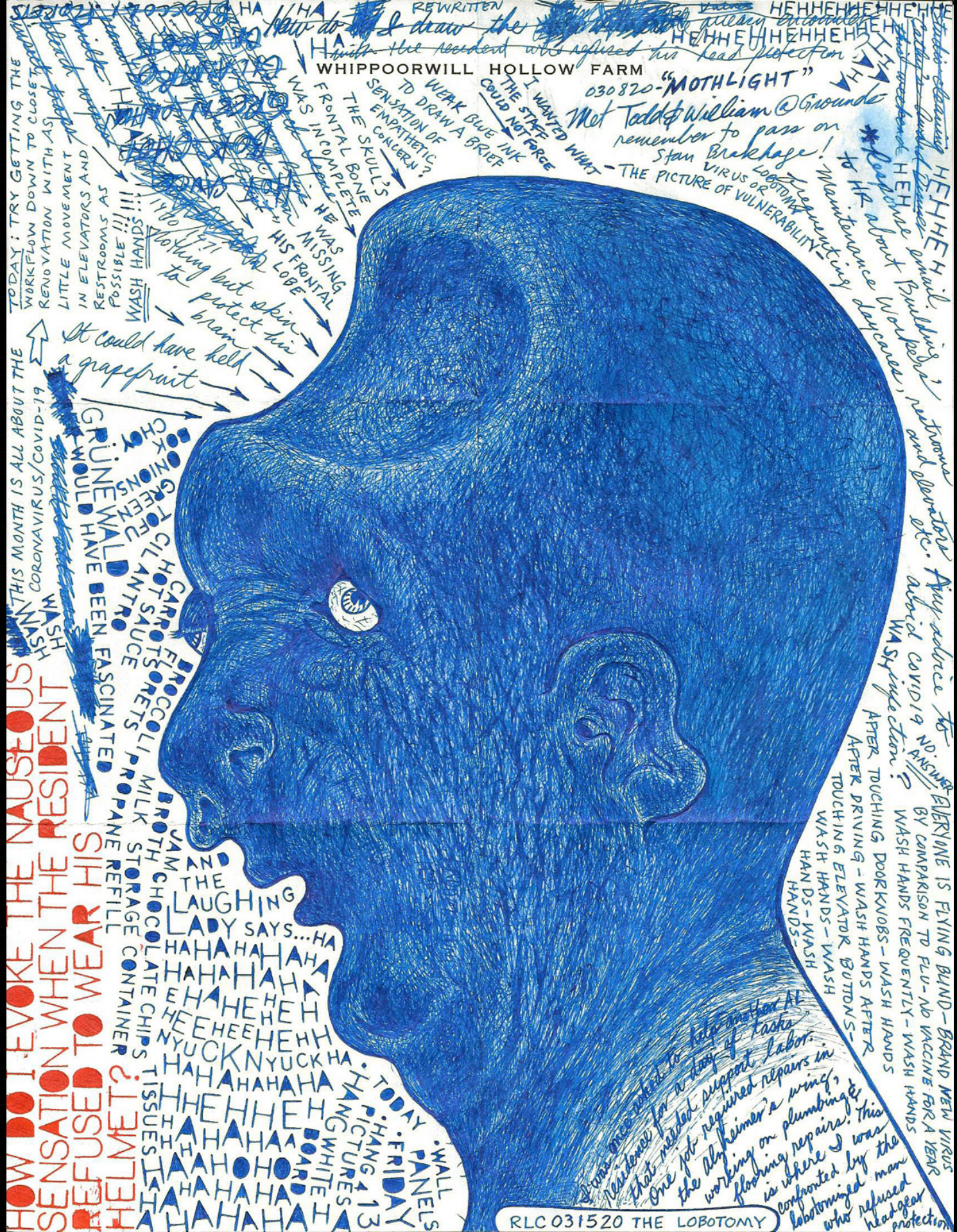

BRAIN WAVE ATTACK!
PORTRAIT OF A MAN WEARING A TIN FOIL HELMET
RADIO WAVE ASSAULT
BRAINWORM INTRUSION
KAFKA'S 135TH PASSED
AFTER VINCENT'S
SELF-PORTRAIT WITH
BANDAGED EAR (1889)
BUKOWSKI'S 98TH
APPROACHES, 8-20
AUG. 16, 1920
WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
RLC 082918 TIN MAN



RLC 081219 SELF AS A TWIN POP IN JULY

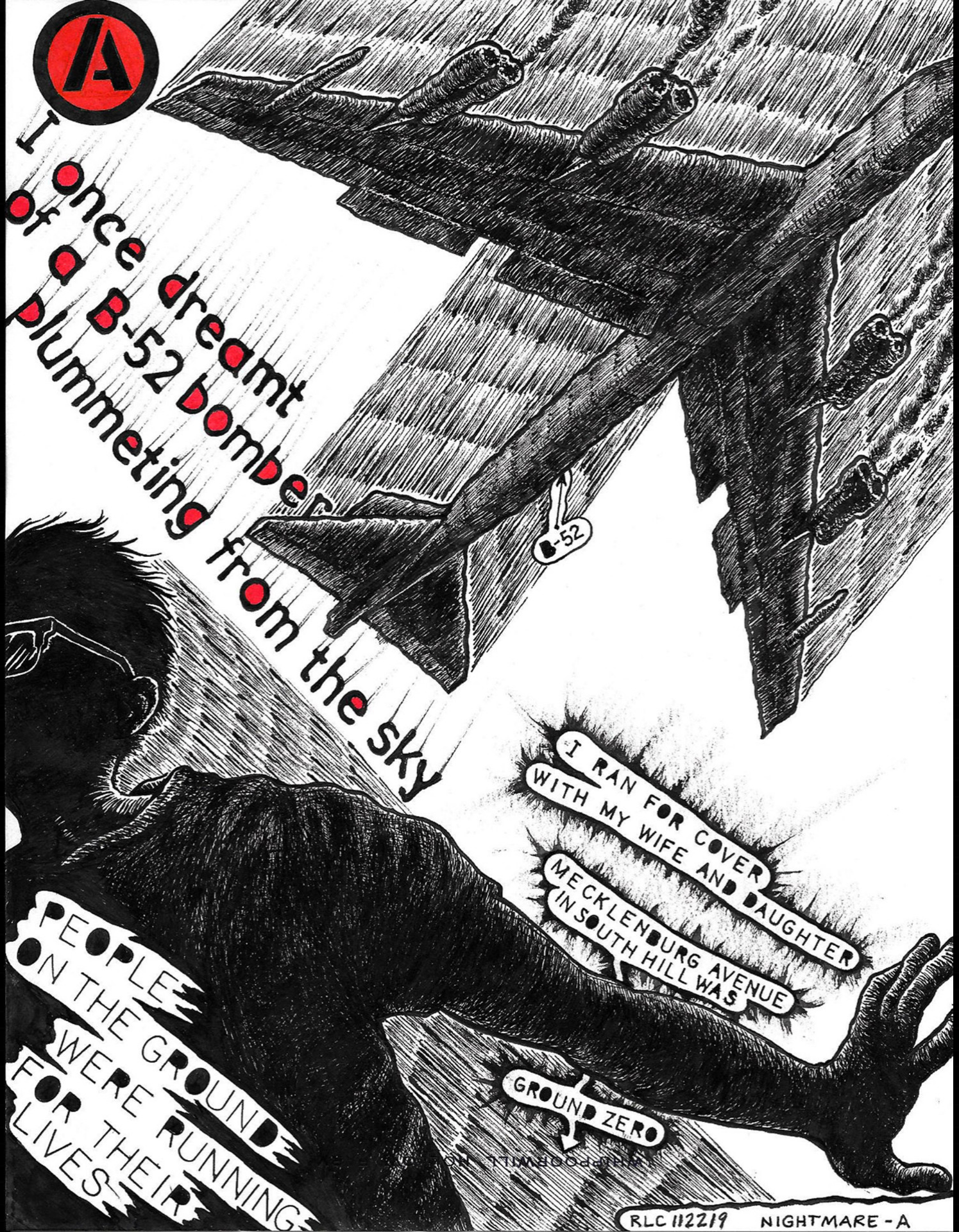

I DREAMT OF MY FATHER LAST NIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY YEARS
TOY KNIFE
WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW
RLC 100622 STILL LIFE WITH ABSURD OBJECTS & TRACINGS


BOOKS ON RUBE GOLDBERG?
" " SAILING SHIP CONSTRUCTION?
Call Pole
1992 - 1967 25 YRS.
add AVIGDOR ARIKHA
check for books by:
ADD TO "LIST"
READ MORE POETRY?
PORTAL
#220
EXITED HER PORTAL TODAY - 1/21/14
DEPARTURE
LONGITUDE-FORTITUDE RATIO
ON
OFF
VAN GOGH
DUCHAMP
H.C. WESTERMAN
GUSTON
#311 PORTAL PREPARATION
CHECK WINDOW LOCKS
ON HOLD
VARIABLE RECALL PORTAL CONT
PAST
REALITY HI-LO MIXTURE RATE
25TH ANNIV
Boiler 2
4/21/1992
SOUTH HILL UFO INCIDENT
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT BEINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD STOPPED IN SOUTH HILL FOR A PACK OF SMOKES AND TO TAKE A PISS???
PORTAL #102 IS THE NEW PRIORITY!
HEADLANDS NOTES:
• MIKE? • WINGED SEED ???
• SHIPWRECK VS. ELDERSHIPWRECK
• STONE (& OYSTER SHELLS)
• SIGHT LINES (BRIDGE/CITY)
• PHOTO VANTAGE POINT
RLC 010914
THE ELDERSHIP CREWMAN REVISITS THE PAST

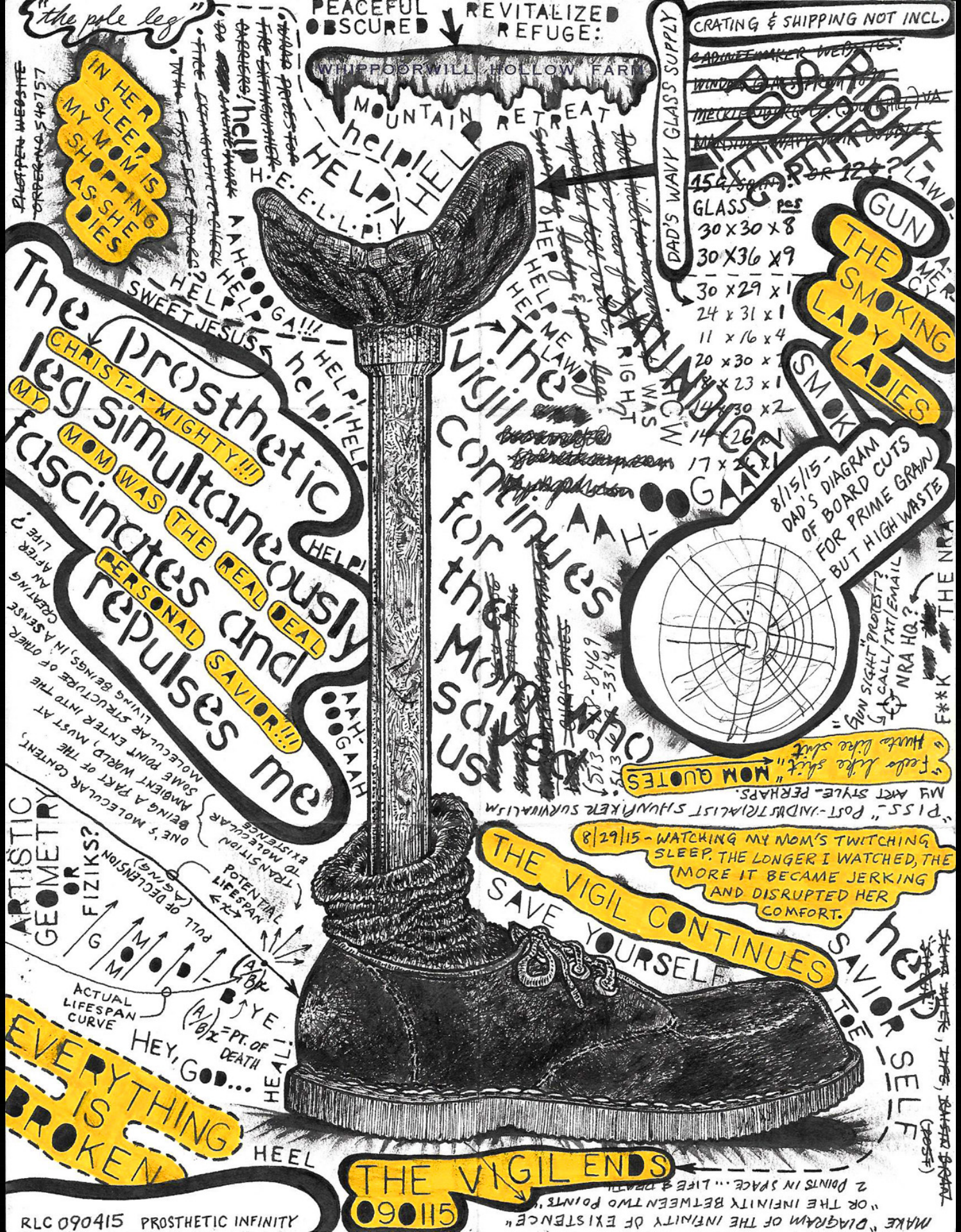

WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
030820-"MOTHLIGHT"
Met Todd & William @ Grounds
remember to pass on
Stan Brakhage!
THE PICTURE OF VULNERABILITY
I WANTED WHAT I COULD NOT FORCE
WEAK BLUE INK TO DRAW A BRIEF SENSATION OF EMPATHETIC CONCERN?
THE SKULL'S FRONTAL BONE WAS INCOMPLETE
HE WAS MISSING HIS FRONTAL LOBE
TODAY: TRY GETTING THE WORKFLOW DOWN TO CLOSE TO RENOVATION WITH AS LITTLE MOVEMENT IN ELEVATORS AND RESTROOMS AS POSSIBLE!!!
WASH HANDS
It could have held a grapefruit
nothing but skin to protect his brain
THIS MONTH IS ALL ABOUT THE CORONAVIRUS/COVID-19
WASH HANDS
HOW DO I EVOKE THE NAUSEOUS SENSATION WHEN THE RESIDENT REFUSED TO WEAR HIS HELMET?
BROCCOLI FLORETS
CARROTS
HOT SAUCE
CHEESE
GREEN ONIONS
CHOCOLATE CHIPS
MILK
JAM
BROTH
PROPANE REFILL
STORAGE CONTAINER
GRUNEWALD HAVE BEEN FASCINATED
AND THE LAUGHING LADY SAYS... HA HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHA HAHAHEHEHH HEHEHHA NYUCK NYUCK HA HAHAHAHAHA HEHHEHHA HAHAHAHA HAHOHOHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHAHA
TODAY
FRIDAY
WALL PANELS
HANG 13 PICTURES
WHITE BOARD
TISSUES
HEHHEHHEHH



THERE EXISTS A WIDER AUDIENCE FOR MY WORKS OR WILL IT
MIDNIGHT
A WAY TO VIEW THE CLEWMAN'S LOG
ANGST RULES
GNATS LURES
#311 HOT!
BATH CAULK
BASE CAULK
PAINT DOORS
FINISH WALL FILL
PAINT TRIM
PAINT WALLS
ADD DOOR STOPS
WORK WEEK
REMAIN
BELIEVE
METICULOUS CHAOS
THE NASA VETERAN IN
#303 has departed his Portal
A PAST IME
AWAITING CONVENIENT DISPOSAL?
IS IT A SIGN OF DEMENTIA TO
NOON
RLC 011114 THE ROCKET SCIENTIST BLASTS OFF

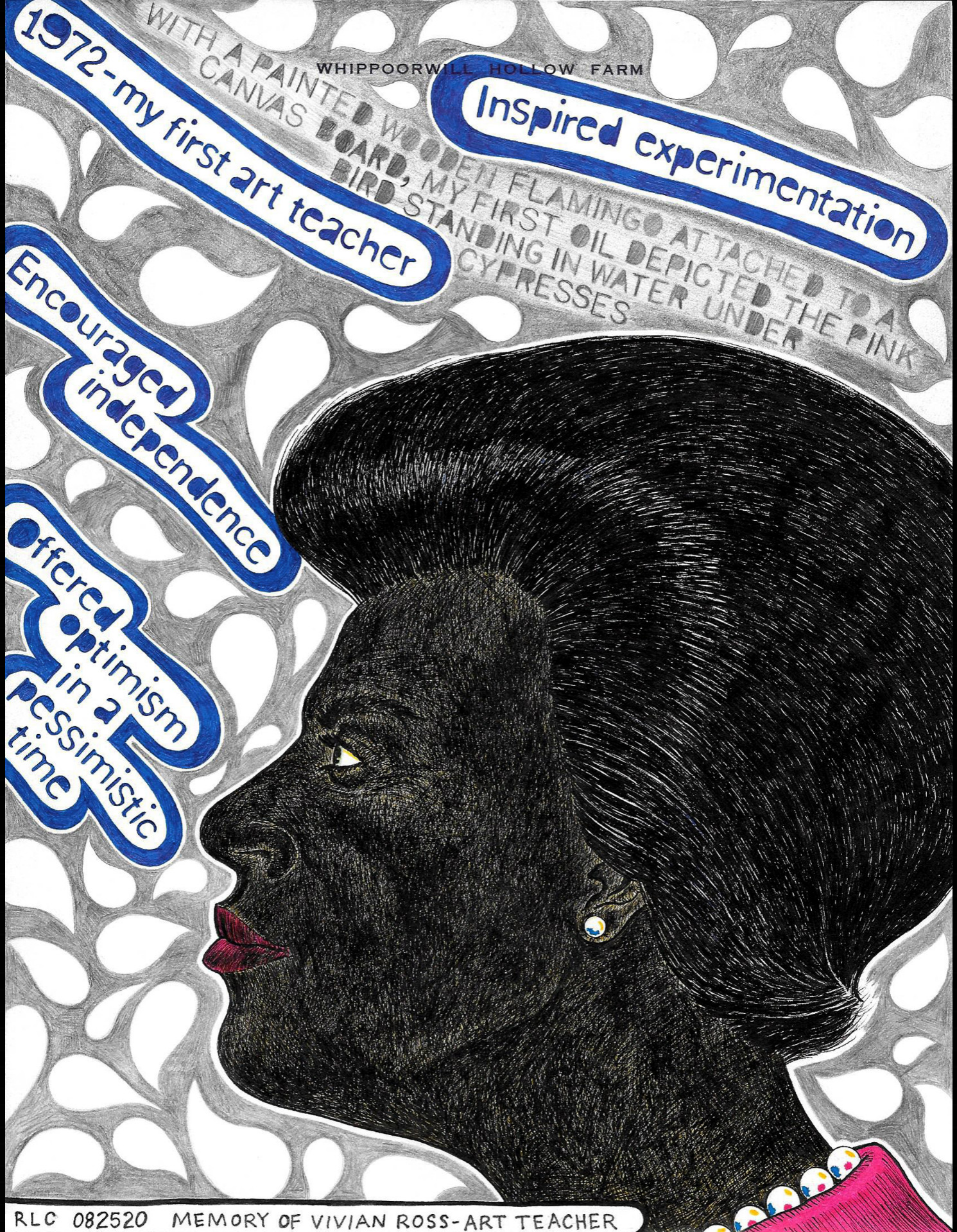

I once dreamt of a B-52 bomber plummeting from the sky
B-52
I RAN FOR COVER WITH MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER
MECKLENBURG AVENUE IN SOUTH HILL WAS
PEOPLE ON THE GROUND WERE RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES
GROUND ZERO
RLC 112219 NIGHTMARE - A

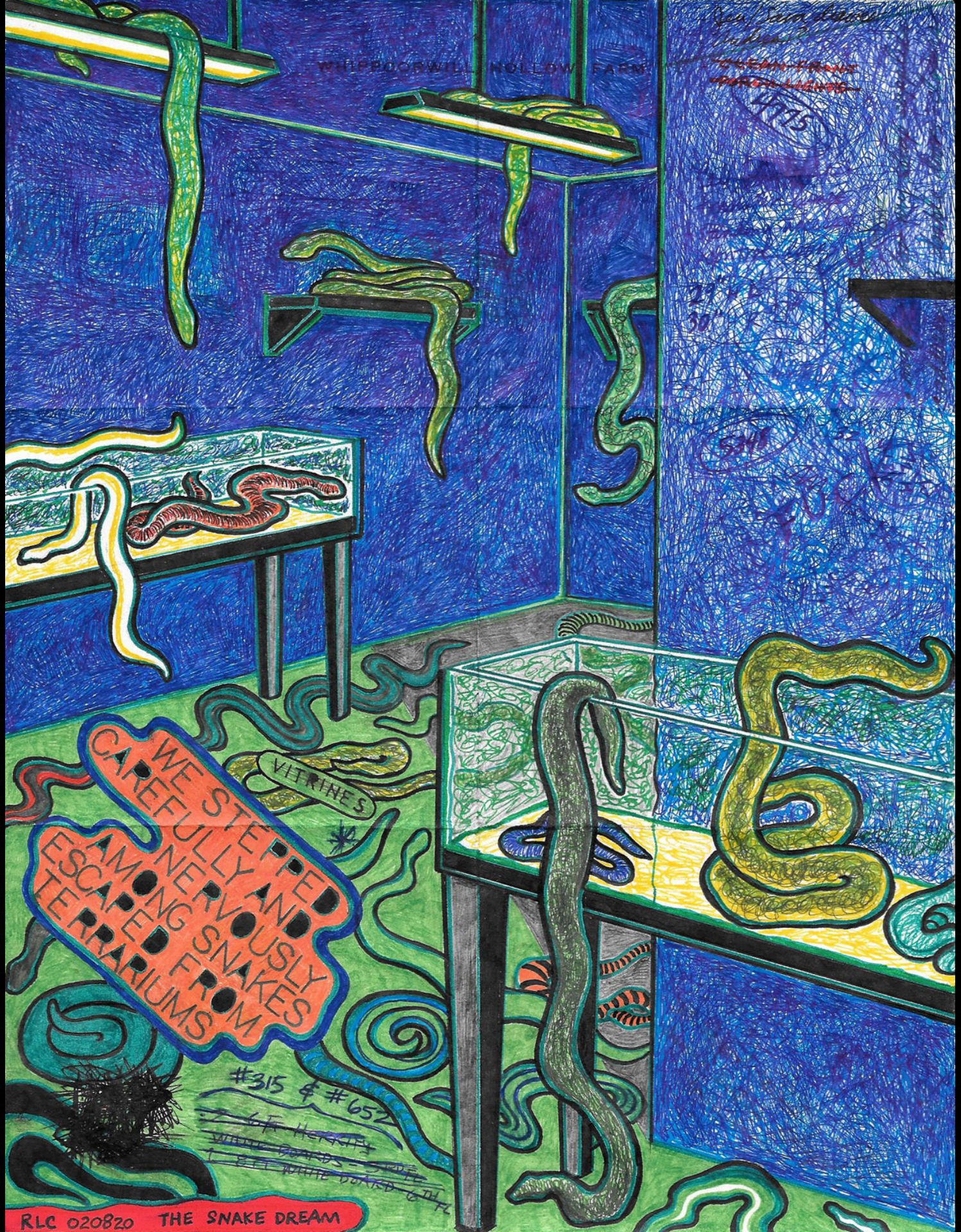

GET FUEL
DENTIST 2:30
PAUL'S FAREWELL SERVICE 021822
DIED TODAY
"BENCH"
8923-PAUL B. IS IN CRITICAL CARE
RLC 022022 STARING OUT A PORTHOLE

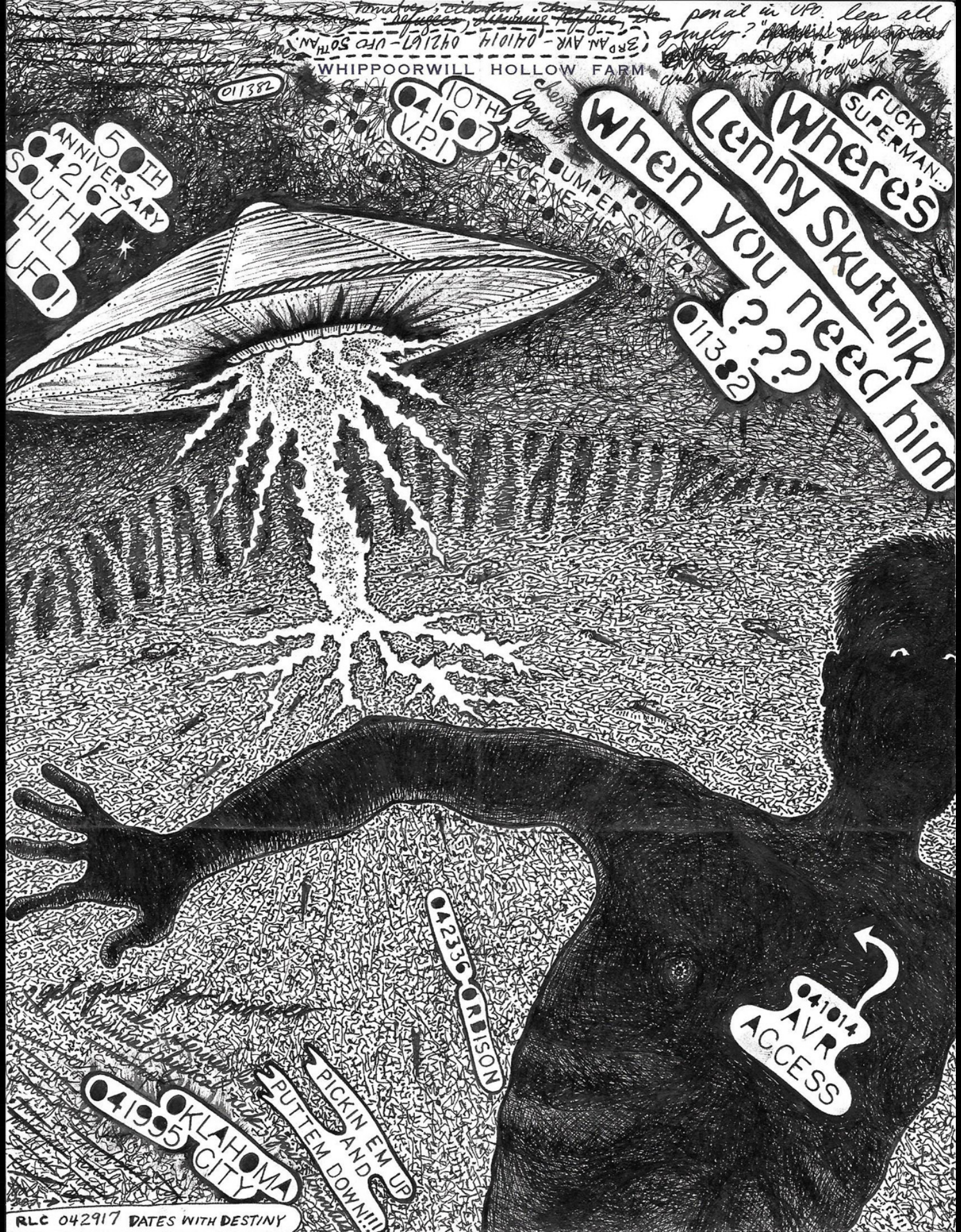

"the pole leg"
PEACEFUL OBSCURED
REVITALIZED REFUGE:
WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
MOUNTAIN RETREAT
help!
HELP!
H·E·L·P!
IN HER SLEEP MY MOM IS SHOPPING AS SHE DIES
AAH-HELP!
HELP!
SWEET JESUS
GA!!!
help!
HELP!
HELP!
The Prosthetic leg simultaneously fascinates and repulses me
CHRIST-A-MIGHTY!!!
MOM WAS THE REAL DEAL
PERSONAL SAVIOR!!!
MY
AAH-GAAH
The vigil continues for the mom who saved us
HELP ME LAWD
HELP ME
AAH-GAAH
CRATING & SHIPPING NOT INCL.
DAD'S WAVY GLASS SUPPLY
GLASS pcs
30 x 30 x 8
30 x 36 x 9
30 x 29 x 1
24 x 31 x 1
11 x 16 x 4
20 x 30 x 2
14 x 26
GUN
THE SMOKING LADY LADIES
SMOK
8/15/15 - DAD'S DIAGRAM OF BOARD CUTS FOR PRIME GRAIN BUT HIGH WASTE
GUN SIGHT "PROTEST?" CALL/TXT/EMAIL NRA HQ?
F**K THE NRA
"Hello Lilo stitch" "MOM QUOTES" "Hello Lilo stitch"
"PISS" POST-NIDDITRIALIST SHAMANIZER SURVIVALISM
MY ART STYLE- PERHAPS.
8/29/15 - WATCHING MY MOM'S TWITCHING SLEEP. THE LONGER I WATCHED, THE MORE IT BECAME JERKING AND DISRUPTED HER COMFORT.
THE VIGIL CONTINUES
SAVE YOURSELF
help
SAVIOR
SELF
TOE
HEEL
ARTISTIC GEOMETRY OR FIZIKS?
ONE'S MOLECULAR CONTENT BEING A PART OF THE AMBIENT WORLD, MUST AT SOME POINT ENTER INTO MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF OTHER LIVING BEINGS, IN A SENSE CREATING AN AFTER LIFE?
TRANSITION TO MOLECULAR EXISTENCE
POTENTIAL LIFESPAN
POLL OF DECLENSION (AGING)
G
M
M
(A/B)x
(A/B)x = PT. OF DEATH
ACTUAL LIFESPAN CURVE
HEY, GOD...
EVERYTHING IS BROKEN
THE VIGIL ENDS
09115
MAKE "DIAGRAM OF THE INFINITY OF EXISTENCE" OR THE INFINITY BETWEEN TWO POINTS" 2 POINTS IN SPACE... LIFE & DEATH
RLC 090415 PROSTHETIC INFINITY

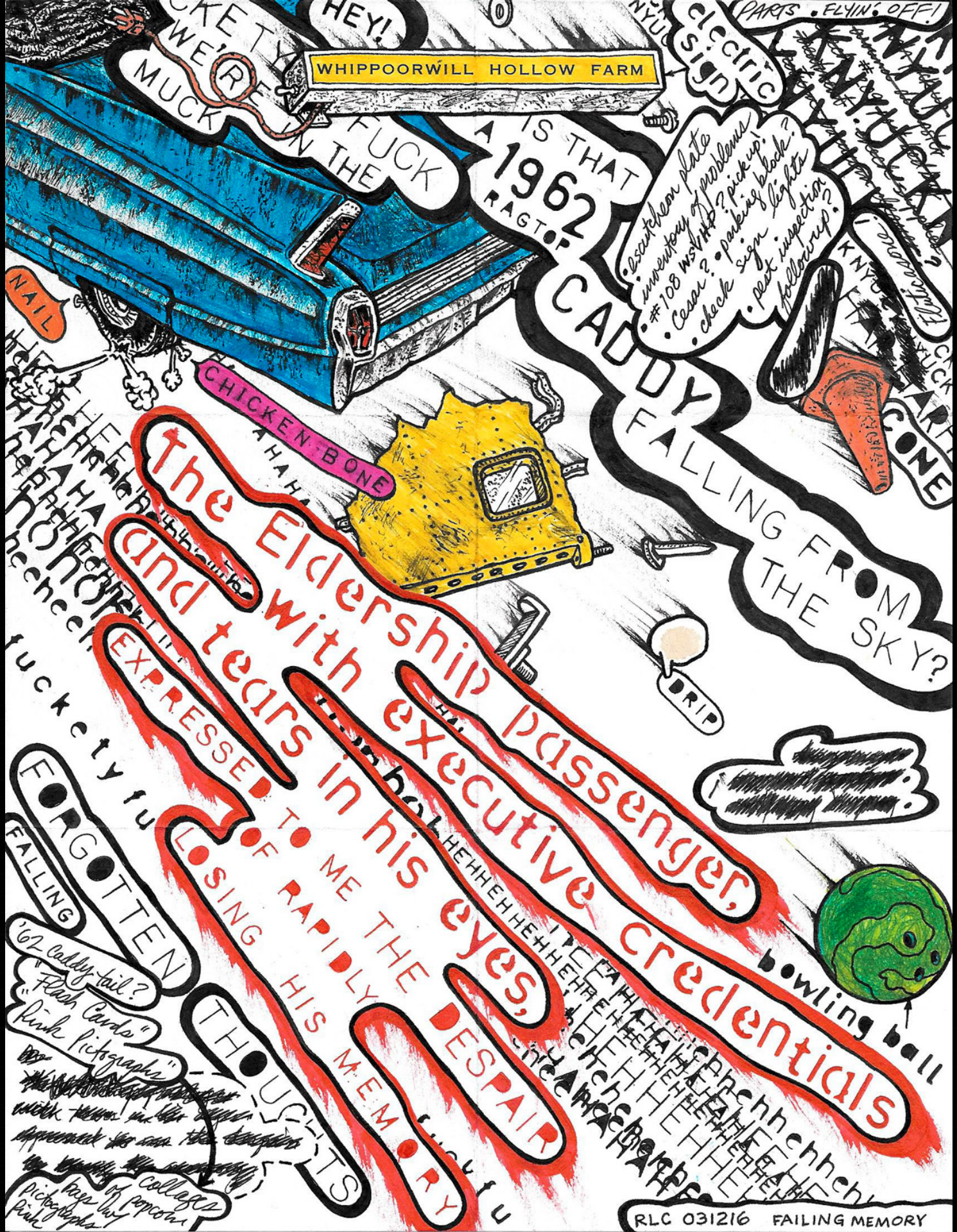


SO FAR, MY PARADIGM'S NOT WORTH A PAIR O' DIMES
MIDNIGHT
HELP?
SHOWING SIGNS OF DEMENTIA #219 ASKED ME FOR A RIDE HOME.
ANGER LACED WITH FEAR.
6 AM
Eldership
CREW MAN
CATHETERIZATION
FAIREAX HOSPITAL!
THE CIVIL RIGHTS ADVOCATE IS LOSING GROUND TO DEMENTIA
angst
RLC 030914 HAIKU CLOUD
HAIKU CLOUD
6 PM
KILLS,
THE DIMINUTIVE ASIAN-AMERICAN LADY, WHOSE DAYS WERE FILLED WITH SLEEP, DEPARTED HER PORTAL.
FUCK, SHIT, GOD DAMMIT!
LEAKING VALVE AND WINTER


1972-my first art teacher
WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
WITH A PAINTED WOODEN FLAMINGO ATTACHED TO A CANVAS BOARD, MY FIRST OIL DEPICTED THE PINK BIRD STANDING IN WATER UNDER CYPRESSES
Inspired experimentation
Encouraged independence
Offered optimism in a pessimistic time
RLC 082520 MEMORY OF VIVIAN ROSS-ART TEACHER

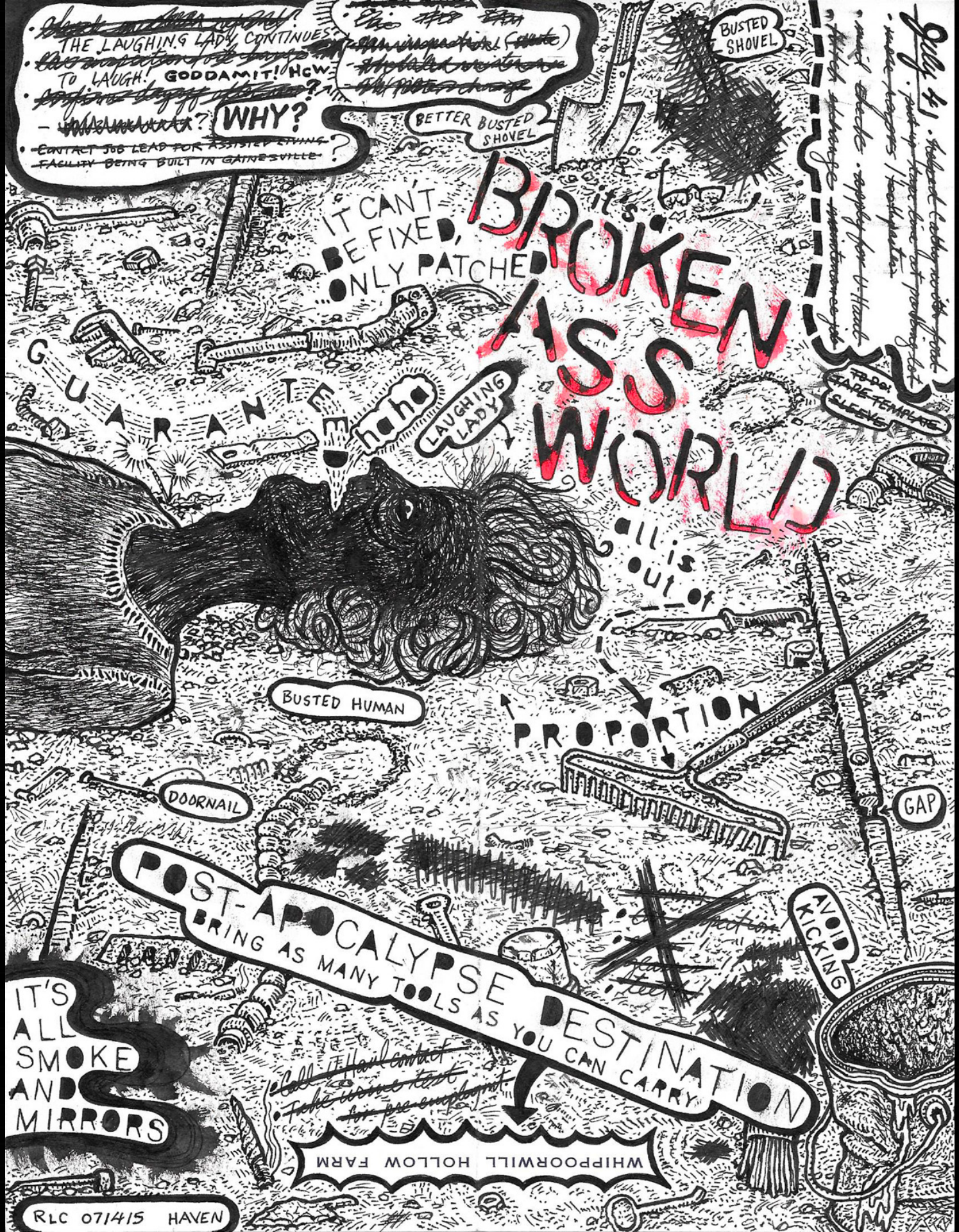

WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
WE STEPPED CAREFULLY AND NERVOUSLY AMONG SCARED SNAKES ESCAPED FROM TERRARIUMS
VITRINES
#315 & #652
RLC 020820 THE SNAKE DREAM


WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
3RD AN. AVR - 041014 042167 - UFO 50TH AN.
pencil in UFO. legs all gangly?
011382
10TH 041607 V.P.I.
50TH ANNIVERSARY 042167 SOUTH HILL UFO!
FUCK SUPERMAN...
Where's Lenny Skutnik when you need him ???
011382
042336 ORBISON
041014 AVR ACCESS
PICKIN EM UP AND PUTTEM DOWN!!!
041995 OKLAHOMA CITY
RLC 042917 DATES WITH DESTINY


WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
HEY!
PARTS . FLYIN' OFF!
electric sign
MUCK
FUCK
IS THAT A 1962 RAGTOP
escutcheon plate
inventory of problems
#108 WSVHP? pick up!
Cesar? parking block?
check sign lights
pest inspection
followup?
CADDY
FALLING FROM THE SKY?
NAIL
CHICKEN BONE
AHAHA
CONE
DRIP
bowling ball
The Eldership passenger, with executive credentials and tears in his eyes, EXPRESSED TO ME THE DESPAIR OF RAPIDLY LOSING HIS MEMORY
fuckety fu
FORGOTTEN
FALLING
'62 caddy tail?
"Flash Cards"
"Rink Pictographs"
THOUGHTS
collages
bags of popcorn
pictographs
RLC 031216 FAILING MEMORY


ANXIETY
HEART
COVERAGE FAILURE OF IMPASTO GOUACHE
ZONED OUT
POOR INK COVERAGE OVER ZINC WHITE GOUACHE
FUCK!
WHY?
56 YRS
18 YEARS TISSUE VALVE WARRANTY?
BLOT
THE CREWMAN LANGUISHES DURING CONFINEMENT TO SICK BAY...
I ASPIRE TO THE INTUITIVE ENERGY OF VINCENT'S INK DRAWINGS
AND WONDERS ABOUT JOB SECURITY
BLOOD FLOW
TISSUE VALVE DIAGRAM!
FLAP
FLAP
FLAP
AORTIC VALVE
ABSURD IS THE WORD
HARD WORK IS NOT ANY LONGER A KEY TO SUCCESS
Parts flying off!
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE PUMPS & VALVES!
RENEW RL
GOUACHE FAILURE
PAIN POINT
HURT
RLC 050514 GRAFFITI AROUND A PORTHOLE


RLC 113019 NIGHTMARE-B
B
• continue wet/cat closet renovation
• remember meeting with Ken at 10am Sat.
• groceries
SMIRCH
WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
DO A TOOL CHECK FOR VOLUNTEER WORK AT BRUU IN DECEMBER
Check for these colors:
Y-BOLD
O-FINE/BOLD
R-MICRO/BOLD
11/25 - WATERFALL HIKE WITH HART & PETE ON SEVIER DR.
Odd coincidence- I saw an article in the news that was about how the structural stress of flight wrinkles the skin of B-52s
• B2-324 LIBRETTO
• INSTALL FRP
DONE
• MUD FOR NEW DRYWALL
It exploded in a terrifying ball of fire
A VIVIDLY BRIEF DREAM-LIKE PHOTOGRAPH
GROUND ZERO WAS VIVIDLY BURNED INTO THIS DREAM
REREADING KAFKA IS A FRIGHTENING REMINDER OF HUMANITY DOOMED TO ABSURDITY
• Ichac Caplan for sections
• clean Hyatt out of cabinets
• clean Hyatt out of closet
• clean LUAC cabinets
• Ikea Capten for sections
at Ikea
• Ikea Capten for sections
• Ikea Capten for sections
• Ikea Capten for sections


THE LAUGHING LADY CONTINUES TO LAUGH! GODDAMIT! HOW
WHY?
BETTER BUSTED SHOVEL
BUSTED SHOVEL
IT CAN'T BE FIXED, ONLY PATCHED
it's
BROKEN ASS WORLD
GUARANTEE
haha
LAUGHING LADY
all is out of
PROPORTION
BUSTED HUMAN
DOORNAIL
GAP
POST-APOCALYPSE DESTINATION
BRING AS MANY TOOLS AS YOU CAN CARRY
AVOID KICKING
IT'S ALL SMOKE AND MIRRORS
WHIPPOORWILL HOLLOW FARM
RLC 071415 HAVEN


A pleasant dream spent discoursing with a fellow student on the best approach to teaching studio art
PIG DREAMS
SHENANDOAH?
HOW DOES ONE END A DRAWING?
INTUITIVE FATIGUE?
UFO
APRIL 21, 1967
AVA
APRIL 10, 2004
HOW DOES ONE DRAW ANGST? IS THIS IT?
FROM CHILDHOOD, I STILL RECALL THE SOUND OF MY FATHER'S PENCIL ON PAPER AS HE DREW ME PICTURES.
NOON
"SINCE GOD WAS COMPLETELY UNKNOWN AND ETERNALLY SILENT, HE COULD BE ENDOWED WITH WHATEVER TRAITS ONE ELECTED TO HANG UPON HIM."
-ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
I'M SORE AS THE DEVIL, AND THE DEVIL IS SORE AT ME!
RLC 052314 PLEASANT DREAMS, CREWMAN


JIMMY
VEGA

are we like somewhere in sacramento

today i saw a chrysalis & thought of you
waiting for my algorithm to digitize my
own nostalgia, way i feel invisible in july
christmas—there is a tree inside a room
somewhere in los angeles—have you seen
them, behind the curtain of the firework
sky lawn, behind the tongue-tied solo cup
martini impression—sucks being the cool-
est kid in the room but when i entered the
fred meyer for my taxes & a lobotomy
there was something about denial that i
refused to chew, yet everyone watched me
lacing up my surveilled body inside fiber-
glass container, guilty of everything

i am no longer a list of attachments

i am no longer a list of attachments
a sensory amalgamation as combustion
neurosis / i am my mother's quiet prayer
transient flicker brief as causality, hazy
amber videotape hue, unexcavated me-
mory / i am the formal cause of an un-
found poem, weightless & yearning
in rimbaudian solitude / now that i'm
i'm in love & no longer a poet / instead
hummingbird singing all of my grand-
mother's secrets, one who's ashes
are kept in non-cobweb-ancient-church
archival box revolution / i keep thinking
about who you'd be if i'd never left / how
the desert can't hold you or how all flowers
beg for rain / i keep reading in the dark
to hide my lizard brain in the form of licking
my own wounds / if pain is everything—
my tongue becomes my sacrificial ofrenda /
yearning to meet you within golden hum
there is a streetlight lost inside all of us
how else could we radiate past midnight
if you've ever been followed inside
fluorescent isles of a convenient store
raise your hand & repeat after me when
my grandmother died i lost a lot of every-
thing but not just anything, one who'd
pray for me rushing towards slate streets
i can hear her voice when i focus on the action
of photosynthesis or in the liminality of sleep
lids chasing moon cycles, elegiac & round &
cylindrical in a way that carries how
else did i ever fall asleep without you holding
my hand & now that i'm in love
& no longer a poet the ending is refrain

new romantic or can’t you smell the world burning

i wanna be unsubscribed within my digital
vertigo of transient escalator rendezvous

when will my teeth rot out if not during mi-
rror shock or their fake ass pseudo art phase

i’m on compton blvd & it feels good to know
you’re ready to dismantle heteronormative

norms—when do we realize that our parents
are not only the ghost light inside us but smell

after rain, a homeward frontier etched in cracked
asphalt—there is an emptiness that scratches the

god in my throat when i remember that i’ve once
hurt you—i said there is an emptiness that scratches

the god in my iris when i recall how much i’ve lost
you—los angeles only feels this cute with you

new romantic hood skyline pigeon flutter concrete
where else—

CARL COREY





Furious Pure Ditty:

Making photographs has been the most important activity in my life for almost 60 years. Yes, I am THAT old. It's how I made my living and all I have ever done professionally. It never occurred to me to do anything else. I don't think much about why, but if forced to give a reason it's because I enjoy observing people, culture … what we do good and what we fuck up. My foolish vanity must be the reason why I share these observations. I hope they inspire, inform, entertain, and somehow call to action.

– Carl Corey




6324
LTD


Shoes in front of Counter
$49.99 a pair!




Grip Rite
Grip Rite








ZENITH
EYECOM 1000
ZENITH


16
17






14




OPERATE
EQUIPMENT
WITHOUT
SAFETY GUARDS




It's not that I forget...
It's just that I don't care




CHEESE




NO
CHARGING!

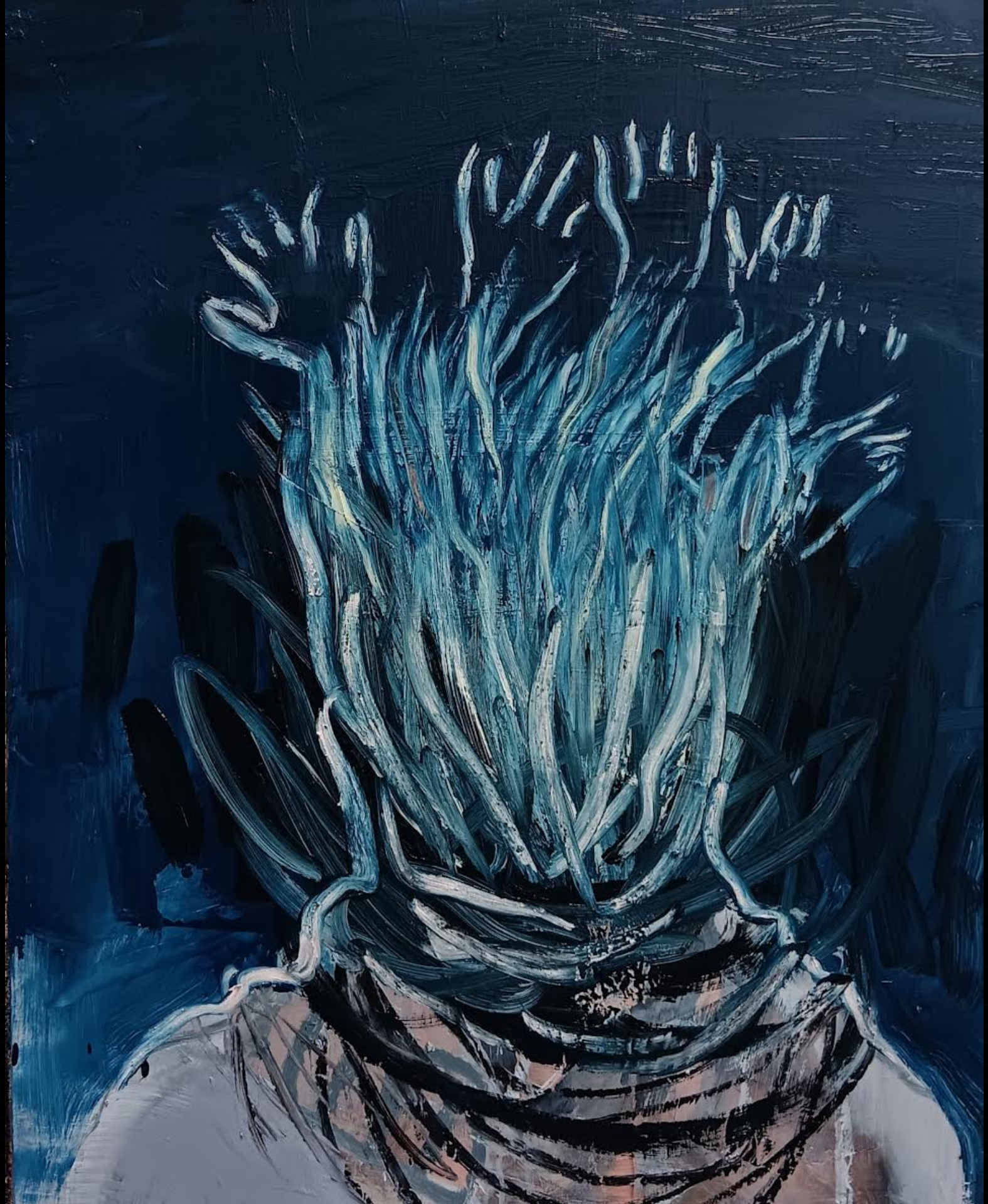

HEATHER WILCOXON

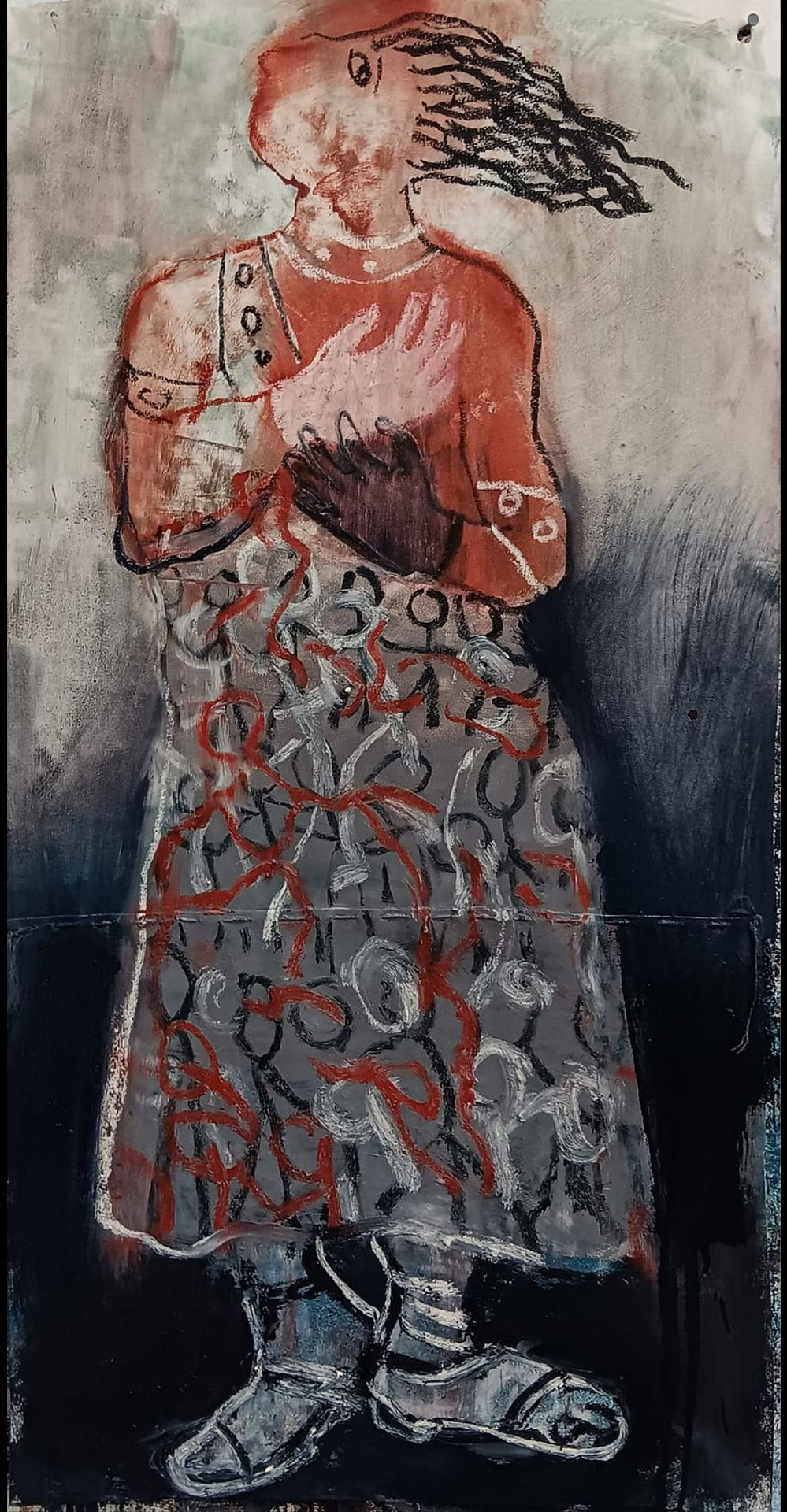
My styles have changed over the years. From quirky cartoon forms to boats, houses, ladders, heads, figures or abstract forms. My works have always been an emotional reaction to how I see the world around me. From political issues, too, environmental, social or sometimes a personal experience. Without these feelings my work is dead or a waste of time. I am also attracted to decay and the history of what's underneath a boat or a house or leaving some of the history of the many works that I have painted over. However I don't like to tell people what each painting is about, because I do like my audience to find their own story.

I used to collage onto canvas. I applied many of my drawings plus transferred images or just drew onto the canvas. Now I just paint. I pour, scrape, or use my hands and other tools. I still draw on the canvas using oil sticks. I am always looking for new ways of using paint. After painting for over 30 plus years it still surprises me.

It's been my journey and I still have years to explore.

— Heather Wilcoxon








WHO THE FUCK ARE WE?

















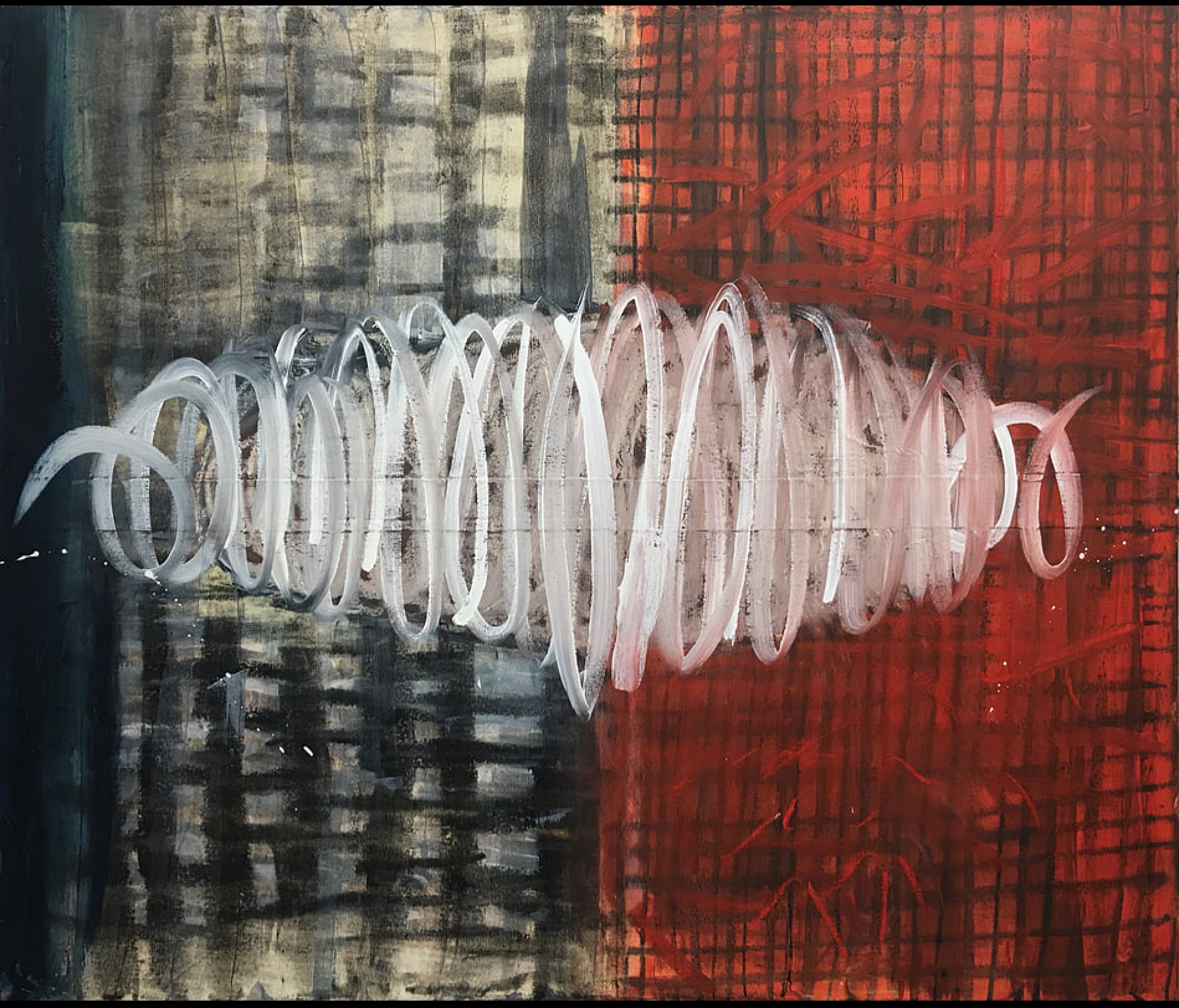


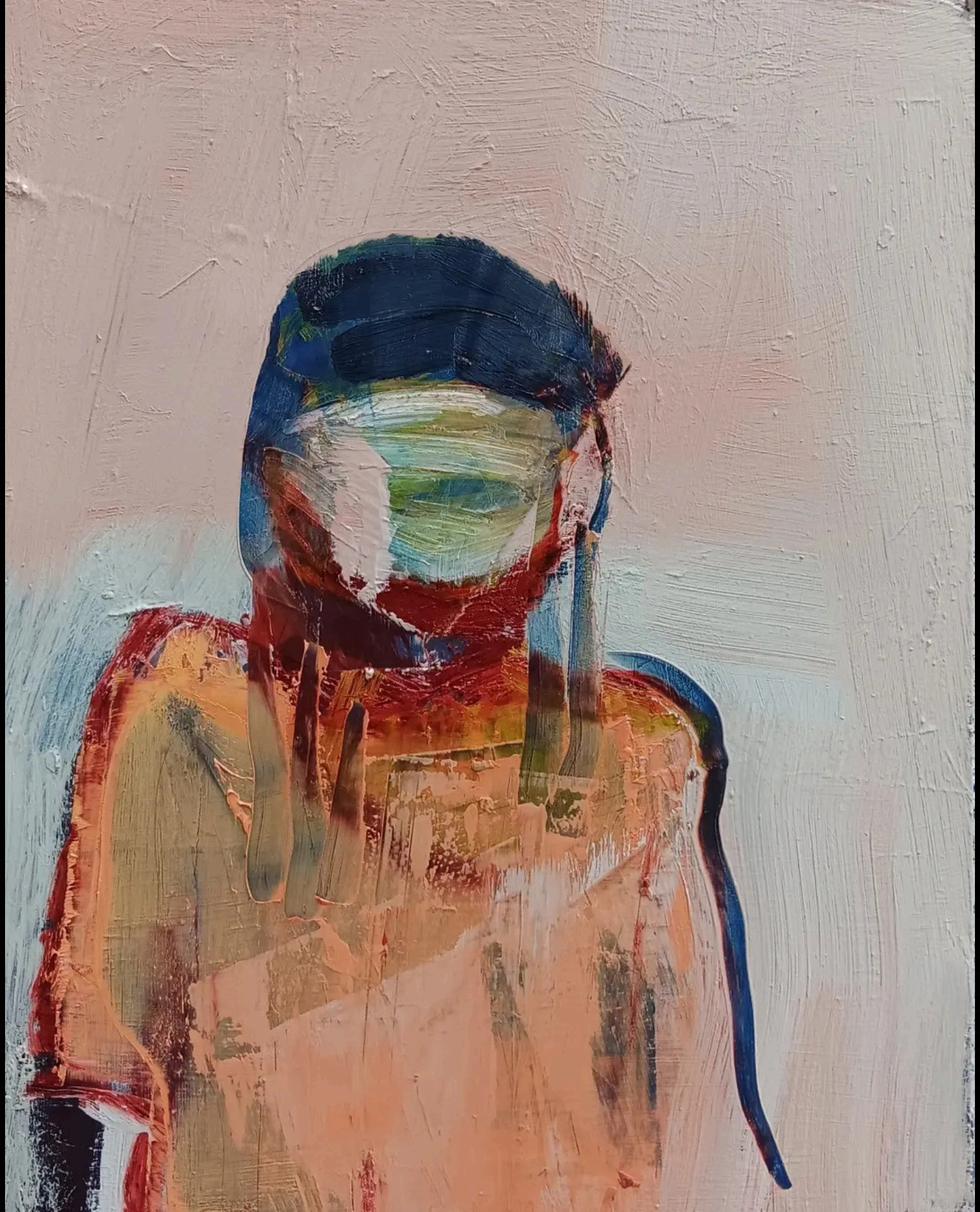





PINK IS FOR HA
PAY PAINTINGS
DARK DOES NOT
FUK IT PAINT WHAT YOU WANT









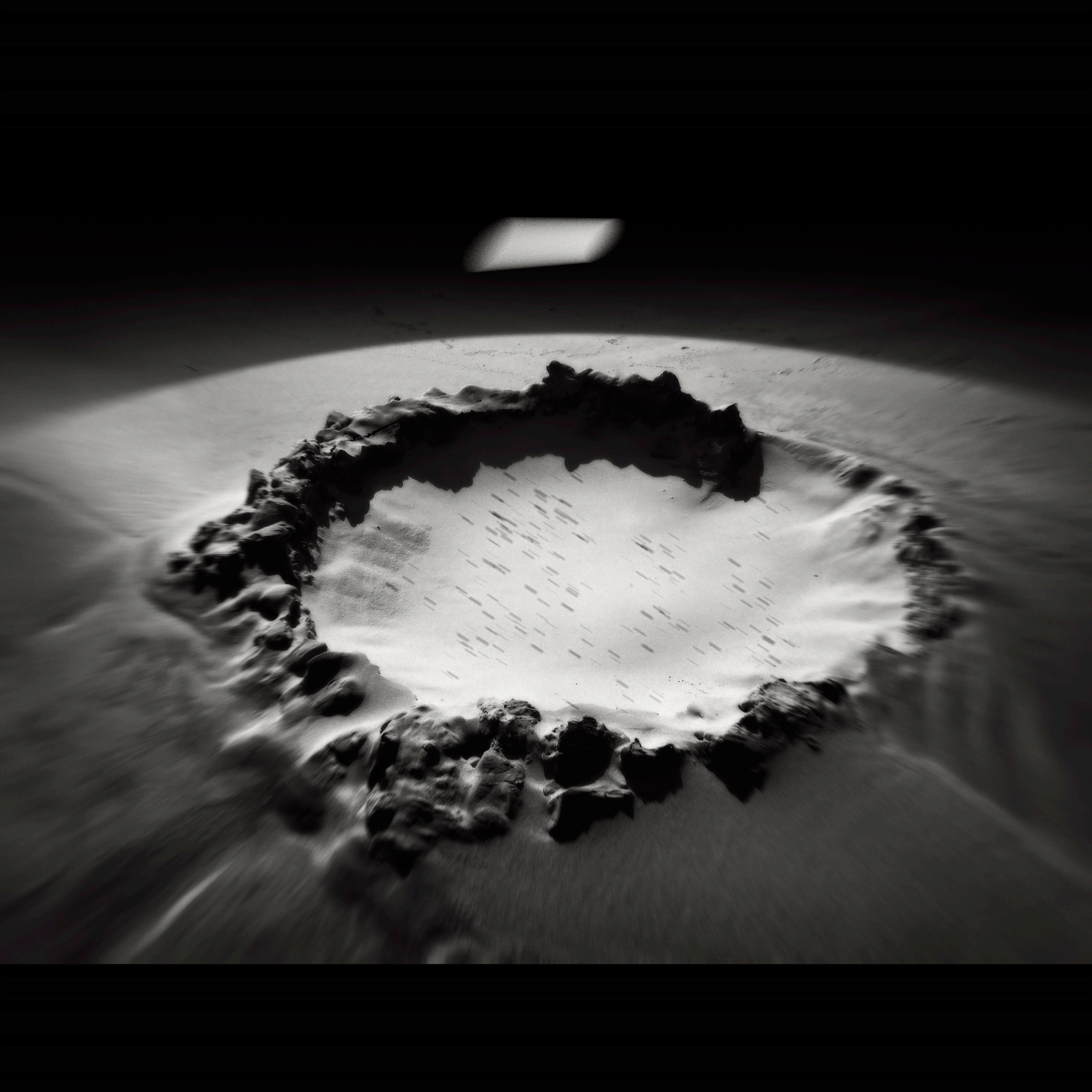



ROBERT SULKIN

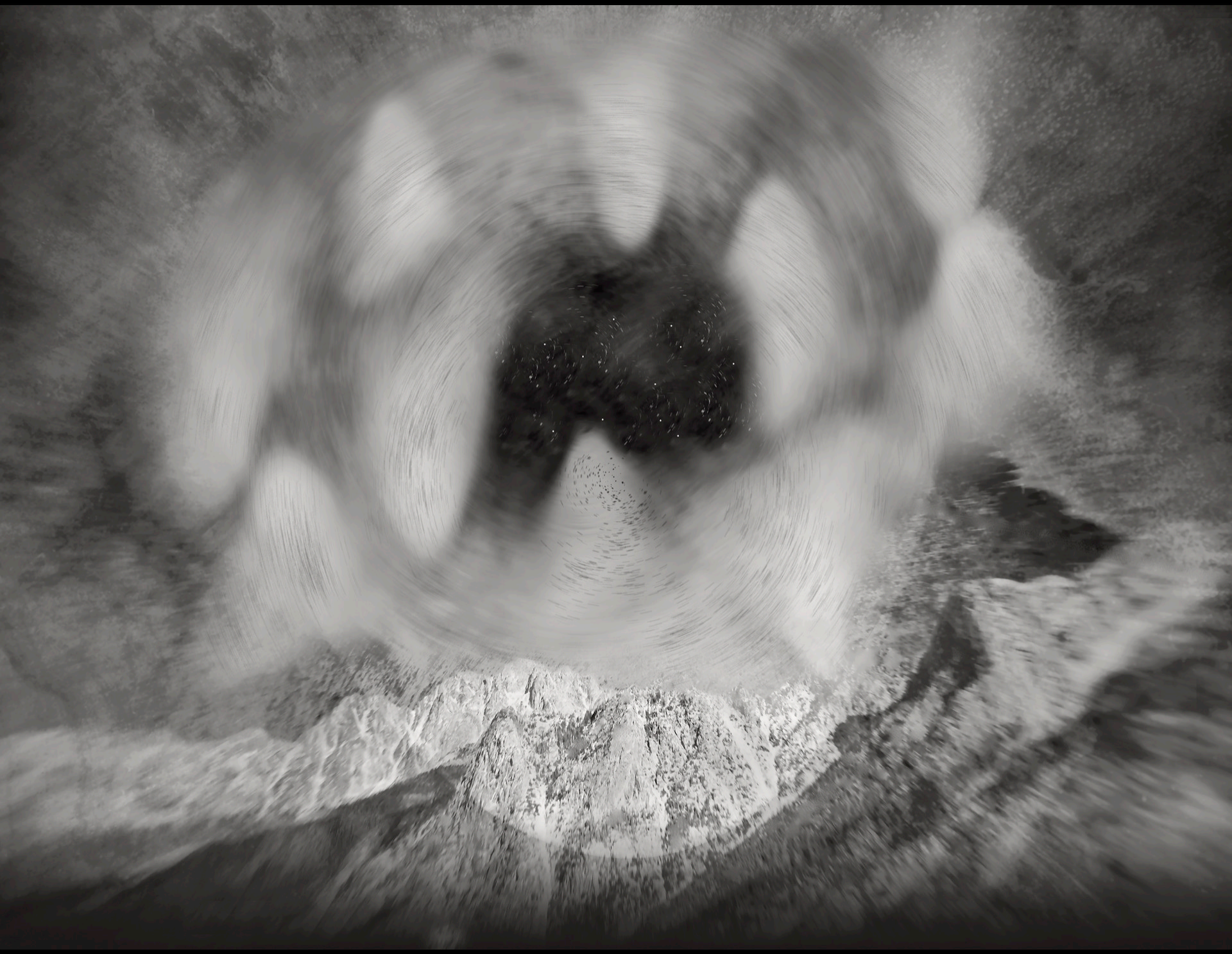








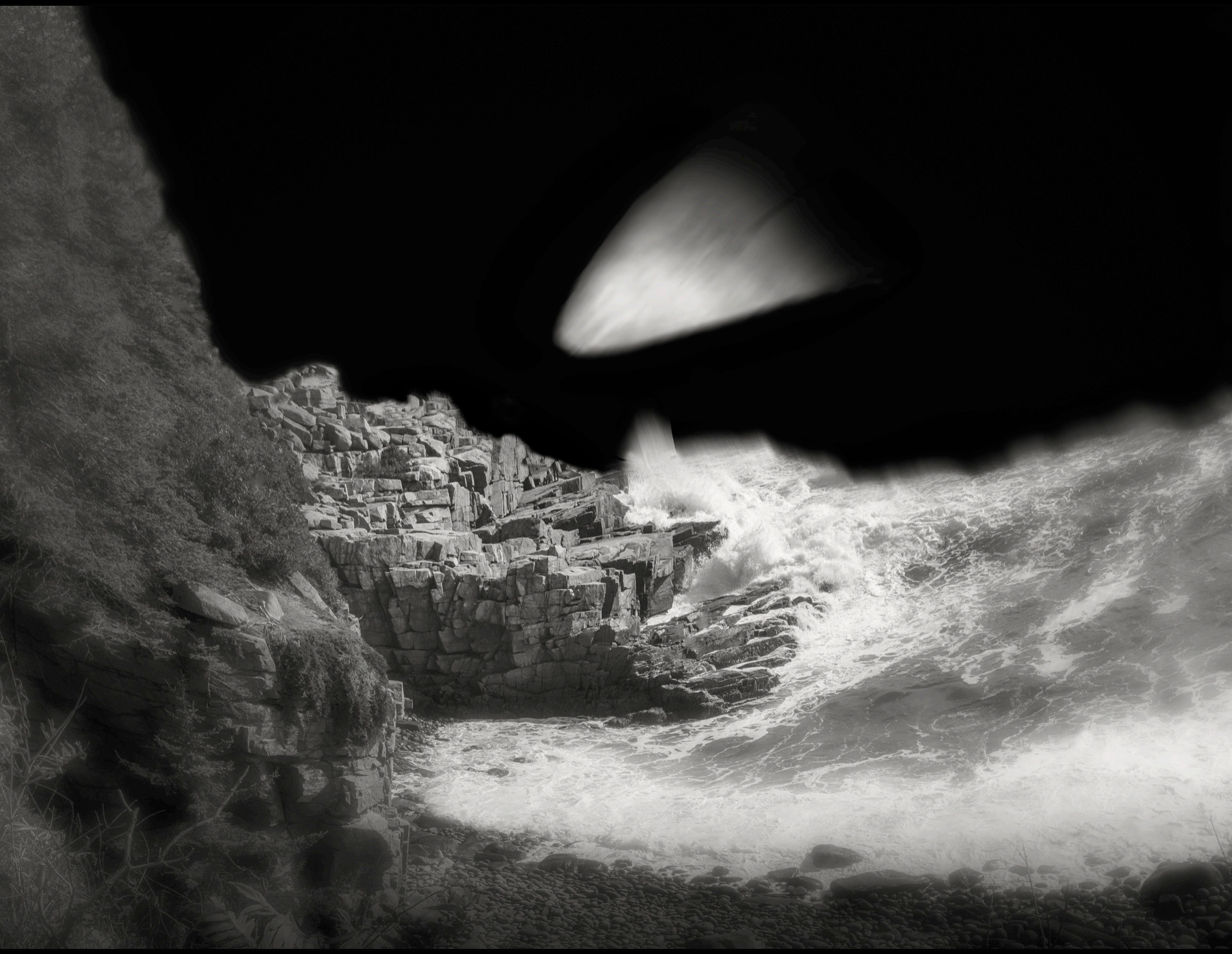












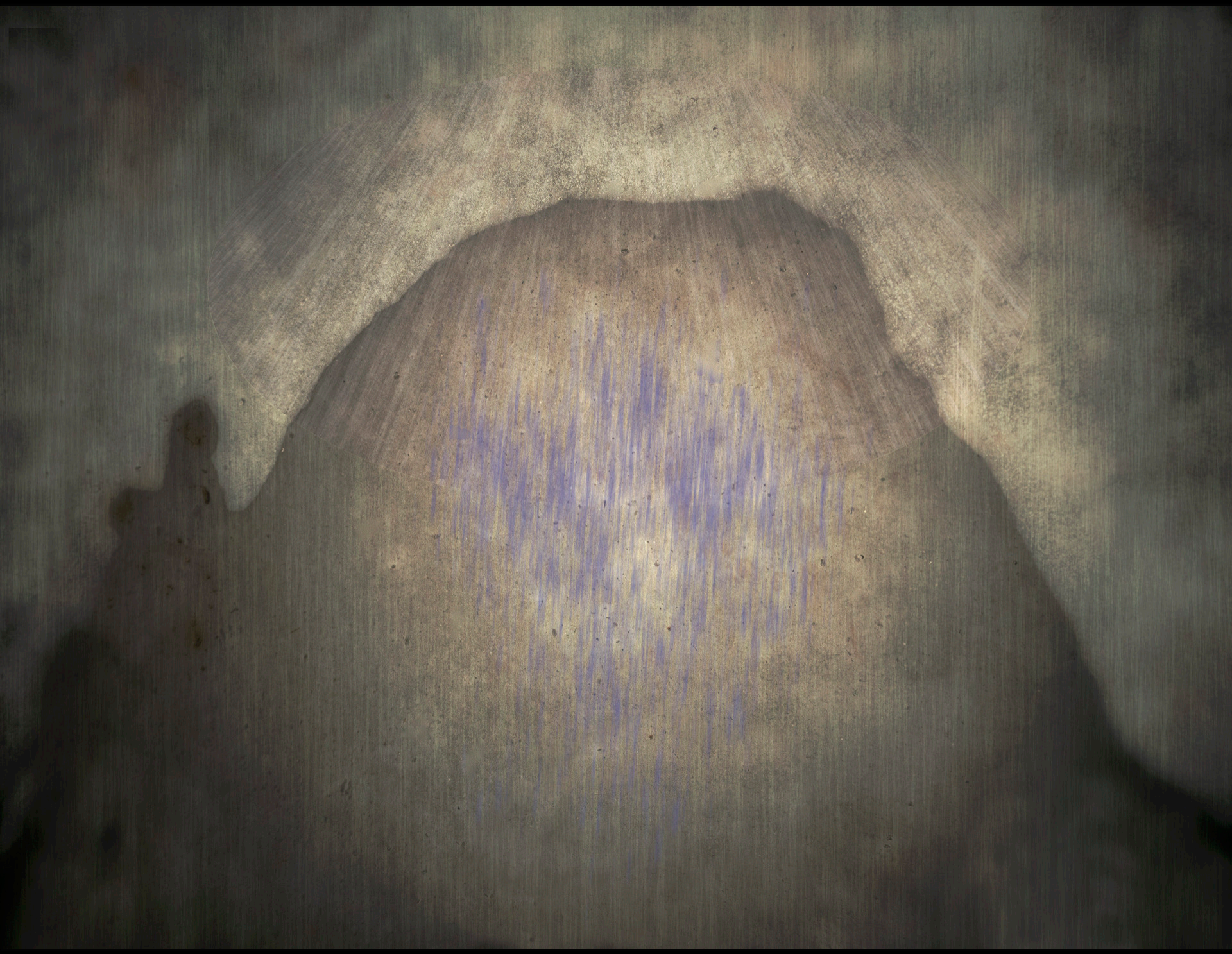


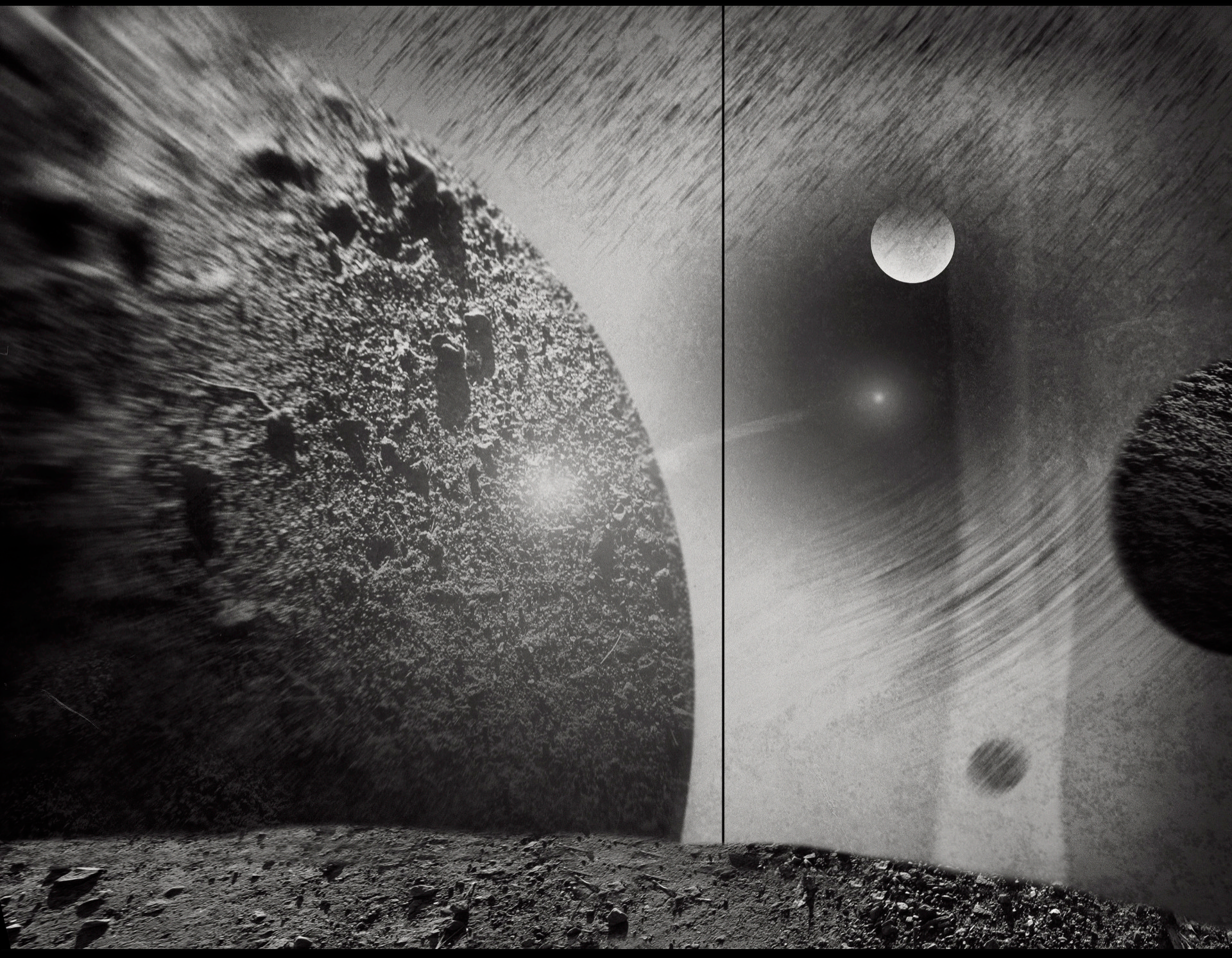















OBVIOUS FORMS
FRED FREE

i create

because i grew up in the everything looks the same suburb of Levittown New Jersey.

because my mom drew floor plans on random scraps of paper before she rearranged the furniture.

because my dad wrote poetry when he wasn't behind a desk at an office far away.

because my older brother made the coolest posters.

because my oldest brother had numerous personal and mental challenges.

because my grandmother took snapshots like her life depended on it.

because my grandfather was a table-pad salesman and gave me his extra sheets of large paper.

because my other grandfather edited the Philadelphia Almanac and knew the strangest facts.

because my childhood dog caught Frisbees and sneezed on command.

because at our Secret Santa party in kindergarten a kid gave me a poorly wrapped used pair of underpants which my teacher Mrs. Rosen immediately replaced with a big box of new crayons.

because i painted blue clouds on a class mural in first grade and got laughed at.

because when we moved in fourth grade i finally got my own bedroom which had peeling glossy red paint so i got to draw and tape things onto the walls.

because in middle school i got bullied and used the art room as a safe haven.

because in high school i had the coolest drafting teacher and got to design buildings.

because i watched a lot of seventies game shows sci-fi and Monty Python.

because we had wall-to-wall green shag carpeting.

because my first concert was Devo.

because as a sophomore at RISD a teacher said "nice drawings but you didn't think".

because i worked at a bookstore in a mall.

because i did space planning for a large retail chain.

because i quit a dull architecture job and backpacked around Europe instead.

because i regularly played pool at a bar where a random old man told me to just shoot straight.

because i went on my first and only blind date.

because i found a bunch of old technical slides in a laundromat trashcan.

because i had a dream on April 28th 1994 about coming upon a group of people artistically transforming everything in my childhood home then running out the back window and into an awaiting school bus.

because i pulled up to a tollbooth on the garden state parkway
and the toll keeper said "see what i mean" and nothing else

because i opened my dictionary to a random page and saw "Frederica / freelance" at the top.

because i found transparencies about cloning and numerous flat rats while walking the alleys of Boston.

because "Mmm...Skyscraper I Love You" by Underworld and Tomato blew me away.

because i bought the game SimCity 2000.

because my 4 year old son said random cowboy instead of ride 'em cowboy
and grew up to be a comedy writer.

because i set up an account at DeviantArt.

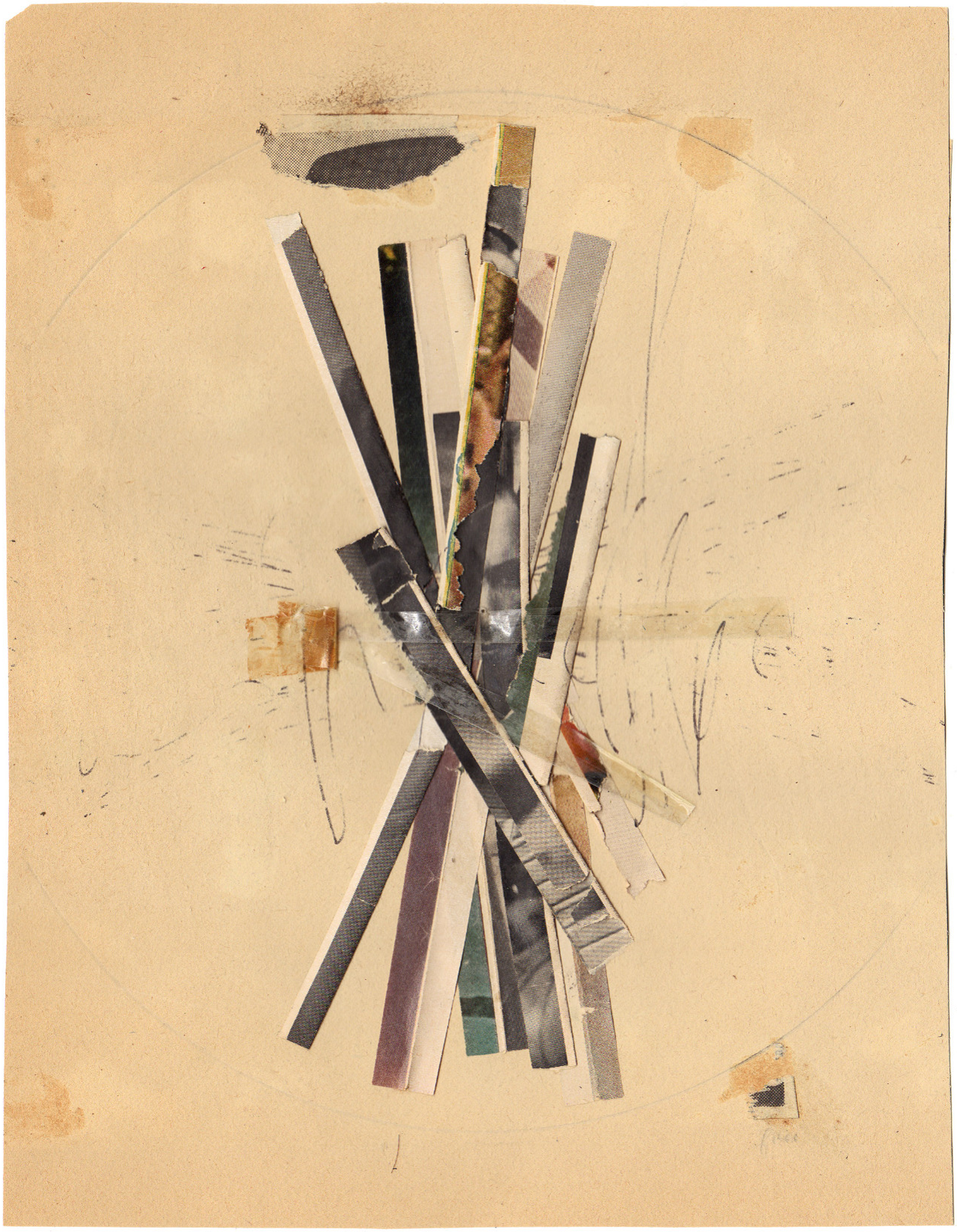
because a guy named Charlie bought several of my collages.

because a guy named Charles created a book called Index A.

because "This is the Day" by The The just played.

Because I am asked why

i create.

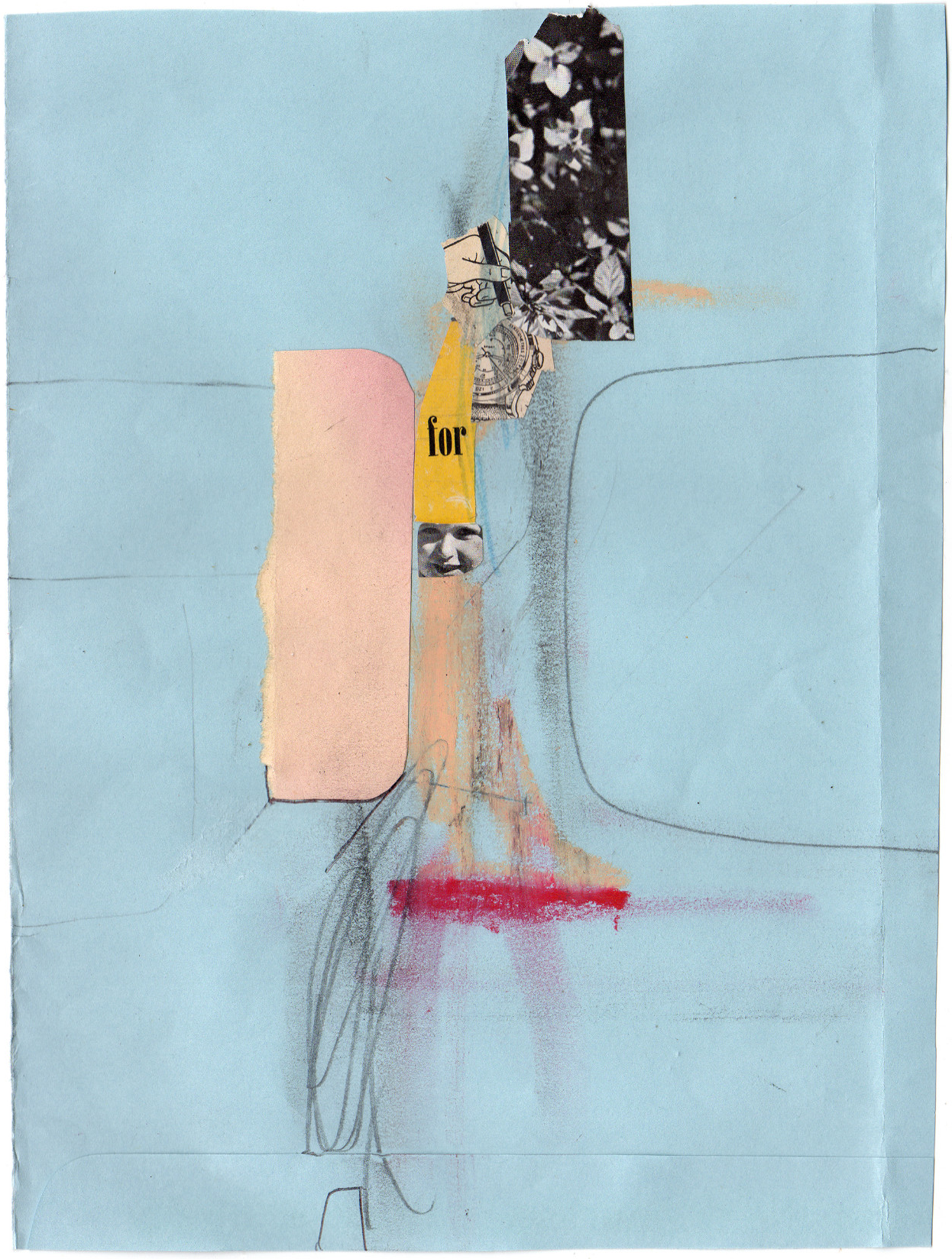




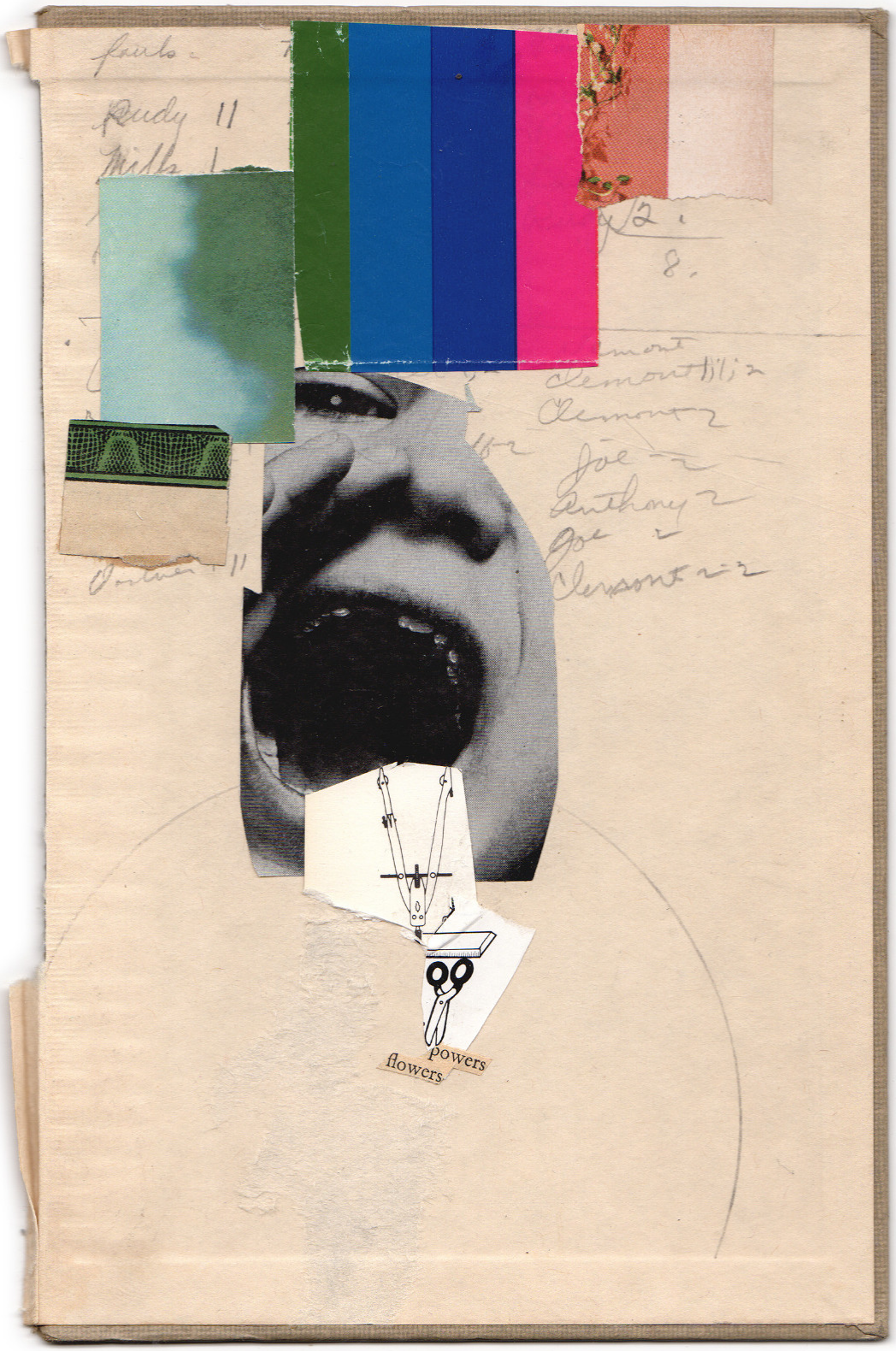



View
Exhibit
END


Carol #1


for

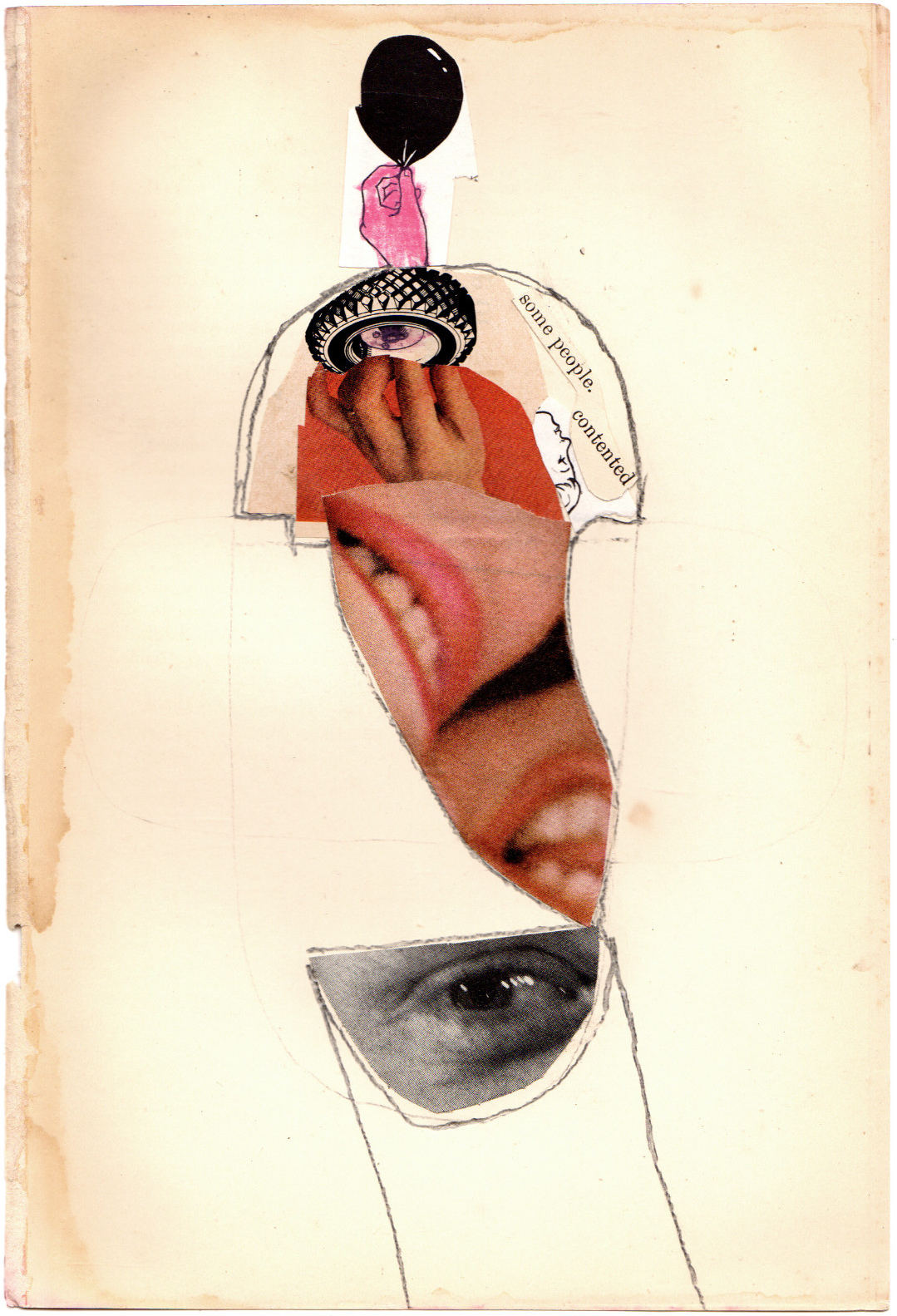

CUT


powers
flowers


DIRECT


of
Art


need on his journey to another world.


some people,
contented

[redacted]

[redacted]

I SAW you [redacted]

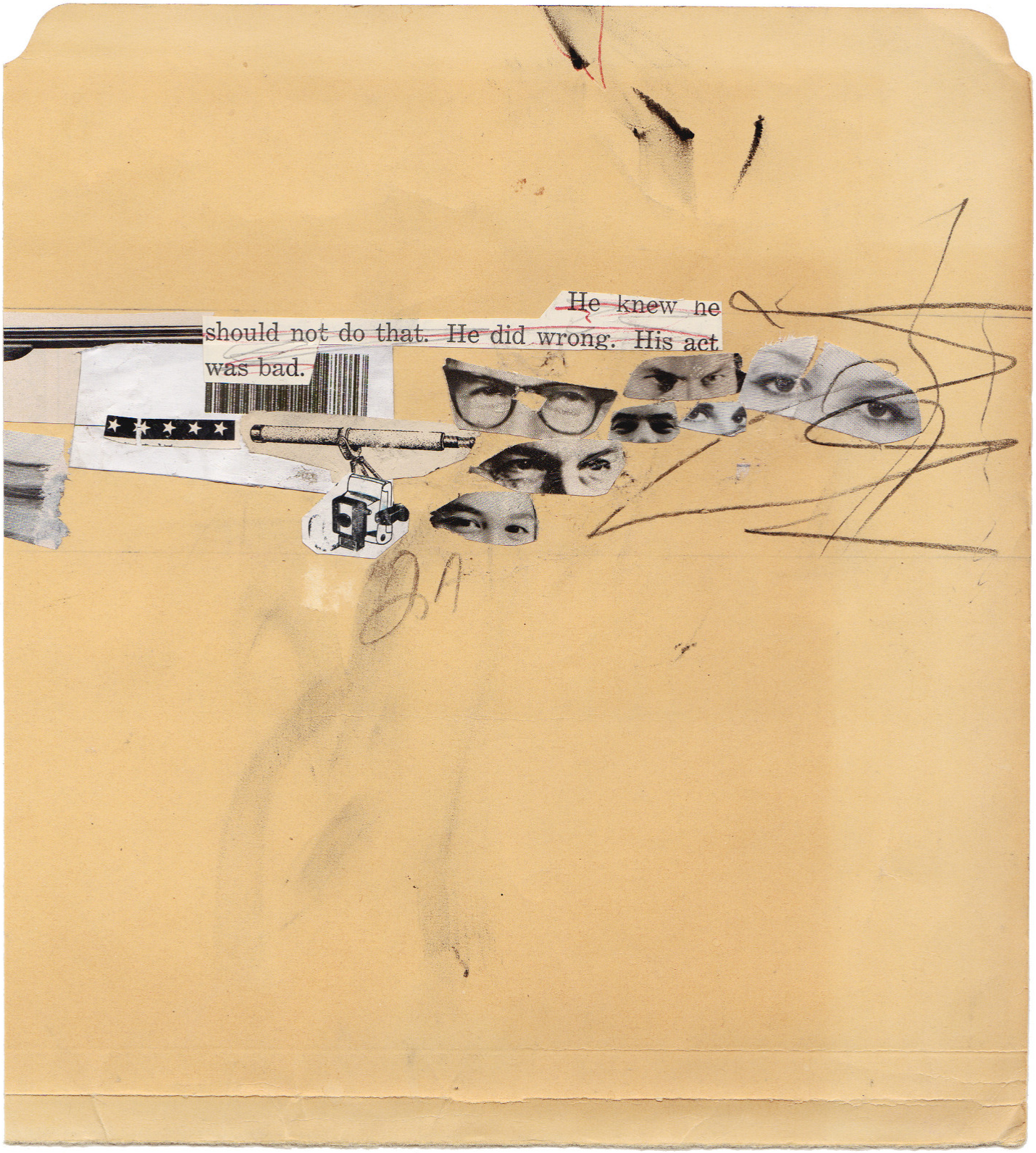
I saw the different things you did

[redacted] all day long

[redacted]!


wonder about




He knew he
should not do that. He did wrong. His act
was bad.

ROZ

LEIBOWITZ



I WORK WITH MY EYES CLOSED

The minute I found Midjourney I knew I had found something that matches me. It works from the inside out. I work from the inside out. That is to say the entire history of the world is in a great soup of darkness and I have to pick pick pick to bring some remnants to light. It's that simple.

The Midjourney ai is nicknamed Midge. Over the last 2 years we have developed a wonderful partnership, Midge and I. I enter some pictures from my digital archive (that's the "prompt" part) and Midge blends them into new images. I look for surprises because that is what Midge does best: surprises, often ridiculous. I don't want perfect renditions of preconceived ideas; I want something that moves me down the proverbial rabbit hole. As in: oh! there's something I can work with here... Then it's time to keep blending images until I simply give up and say this one's ok and it's time to let it go. They're never perfect. I don't even try. Better to work with Midge than fight with her. And in all my years making art, I found giving up to be essential.

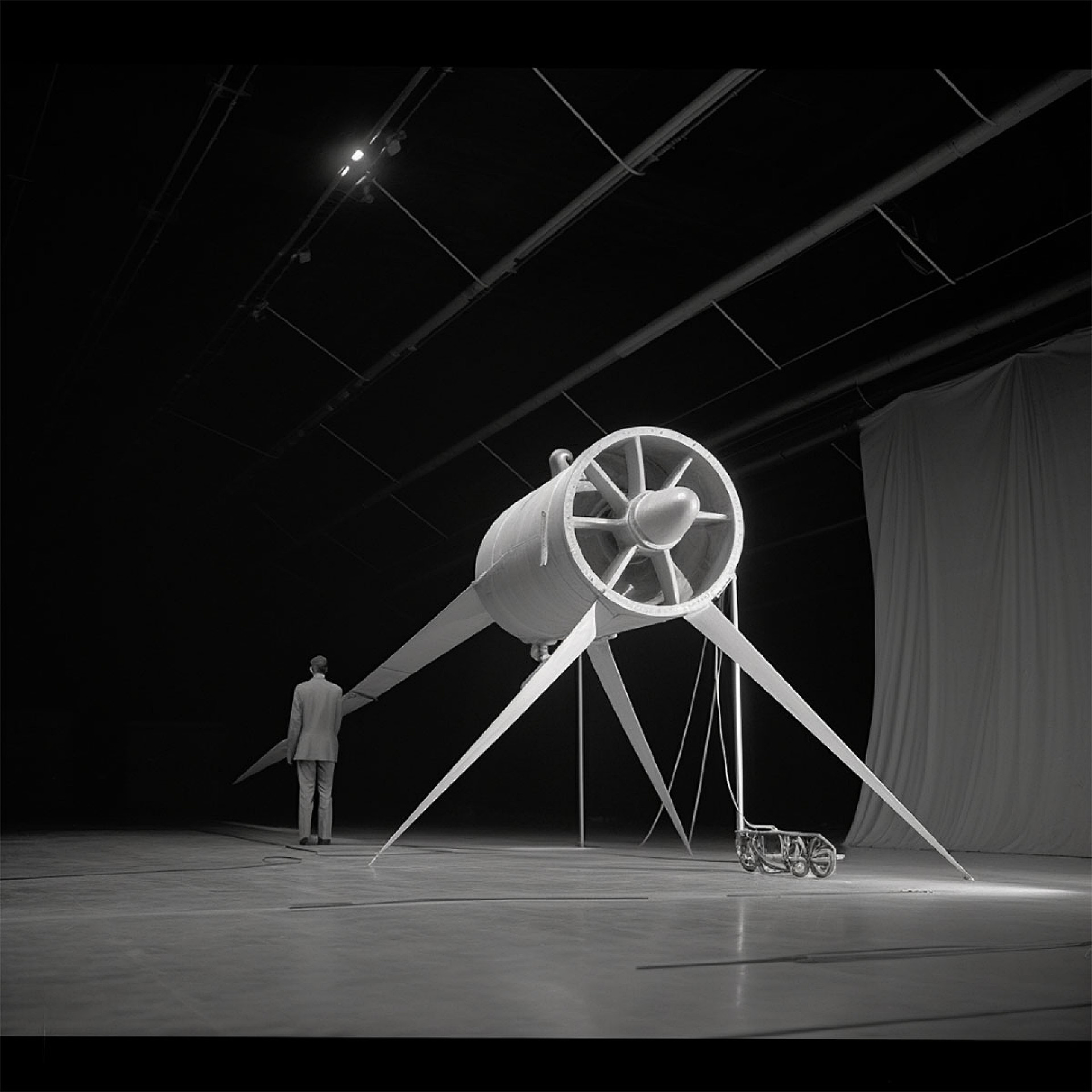
My images are odd and weird because I am odd and weird, and no matter how sophisticated ai image-making becomes, it too will always be odd and weird. Where do all these images come from? Algorithms? If so, then the algorithms have some pretty strange magic in them.

I don't know what to call these pictures. They've been given various names: generative art, post-photography images, or simply ai. I do know I'm still the artist in this wonderful collaboration. I still make the decisions. But this is new. Midge isn't a camera, paintbrush or chisel. This is new. We haven't figured it all out yet and I hope we never figure it all out. Going from inside to outside is sometimes the way we move forward. I'm doing that and all the while I work with my eyes closed.

— Roz Leibowitz



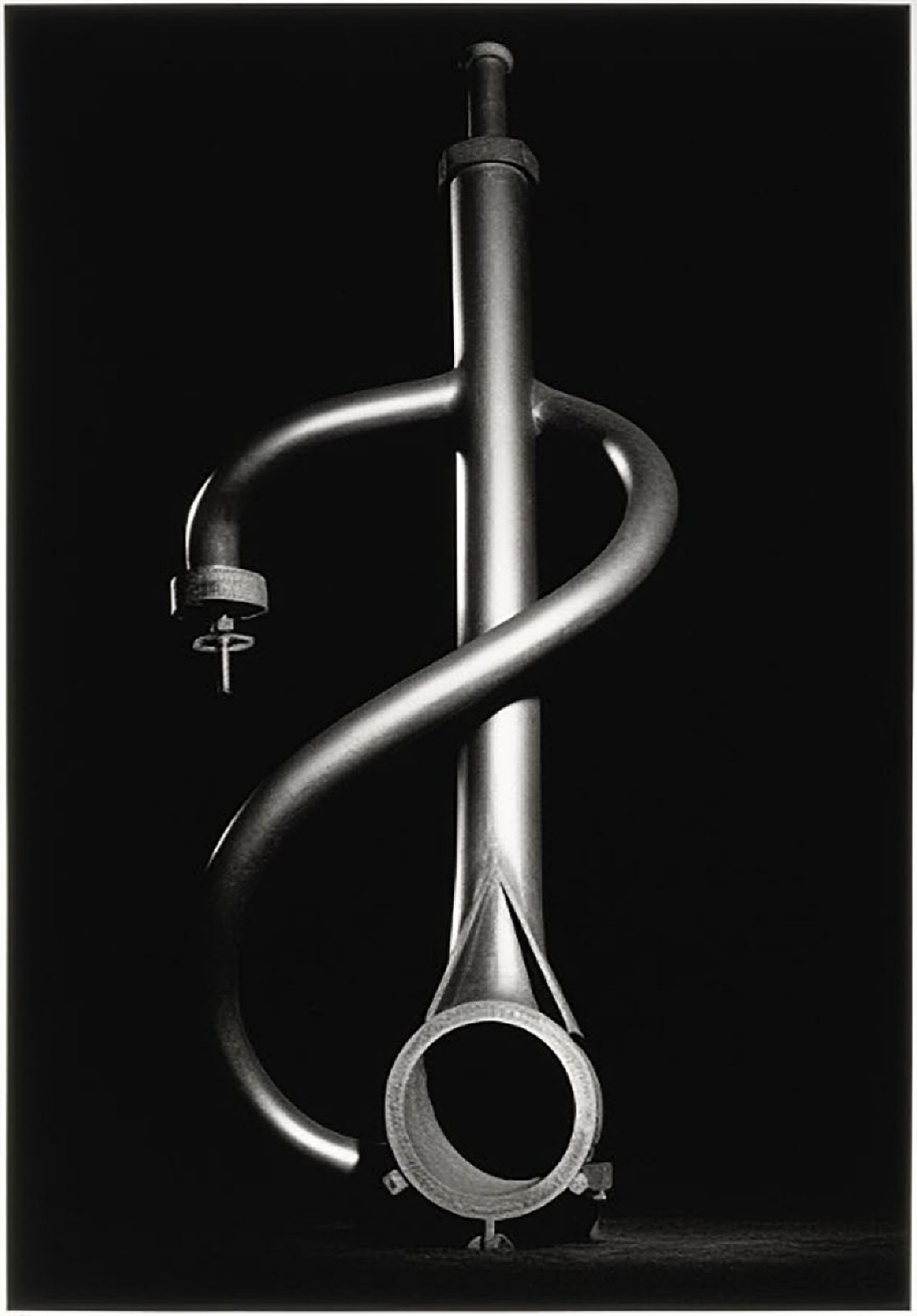




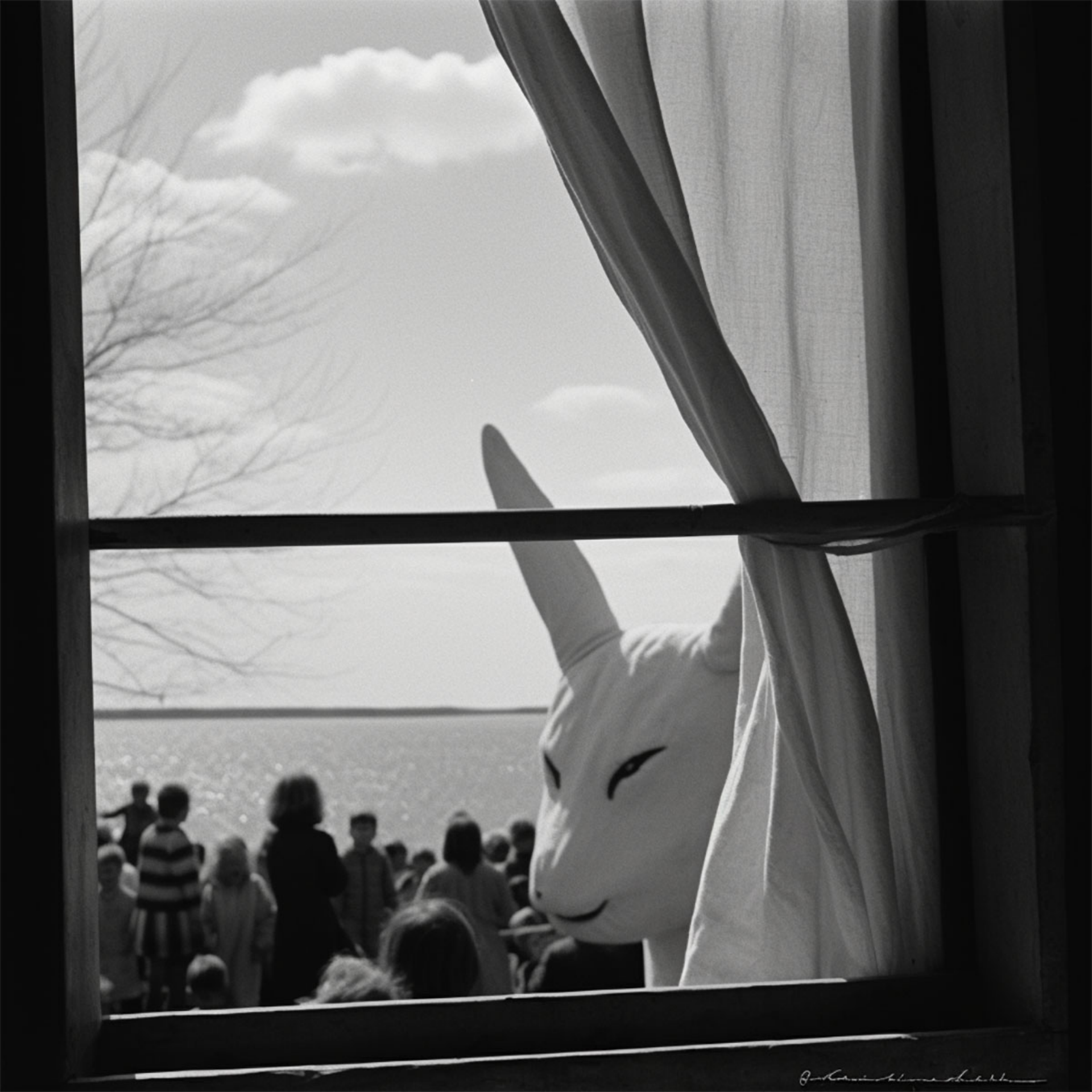





















JUDITH
PACHT

Libera Me

The faint scent of skunk
far from sirens & congestion –
steer manure, leaf-change, earth-scent.
Allow me more: to scout out dry husks,
wet soil, to feel mid-day peels, white-breath
nights. Dark-mined mornings with my doves
& squirrels mark the month's near end.
Next year this time late fall again. Dark days.
Libera me, Domine. Faure seduces by opening
doors, but where to go through, how or why?
Maybe self-correction or change of course.
His Libera Me, freedom through death,
tempts – but for now I'll inhabit life,
learn from seeing blind.

Untied

scraps collected
saved & shaped to stanzas
or laid out with care on paper
like starched & ironed organza

crushed
oh those crumpled hours
torn & tossed away
(something might be there) & then

once when I was three
I tried to tie my shoe
hurled it flying fury
against the flowered wall paper
making bruises of purple-petaled flowers

not so much later I came to know
the shoe’s lace better its loop-the-loop
its up-round-down & then the lace

& I became a bow

Surface

Like a motel, the table by the bed,
the dressers, veneer, everything
matching, serene and restful as motels
are meant to be, for the business traveler
who clinches a merger, the hungry lovers
who clinch and merge, the invisible room
service, the waiter's smile as he
enters each opened door,

although you know, some days
with an ear to the facing, you can hear
the plywood peeling strip by strip,
the glue melting, dissolving to liquid,
and in a wind the water roils oily black
or turns viscous, even tears the heart,
all the while the veneer's shining
smooth, the grain unmarked,

and who would know, or even care,
unless you prized something solid,
durable, unless you counted on it.

TERESA WATSON



I paint and draw because I feel “something” needs to come out, like I need to get things out, it’s a drive to make things. After I paint, I like to stare at my art and mentally process what was painted, like I am searching for meaning. This may stem from my childhood and schizoaffective disorder both being chaotic. I am throwing out an anchor by painting, it helps ground me somewhere. Something has to make sense at least on reflection. My art shows my chaos mixed with normalcy, the insane verses the sane, all mixed together in a confusing way and somehow I try to make sense of everything. I at least hope to get the feeling of my world out to others and share dark humor as a way of connecting to people.

— Teresa Watson

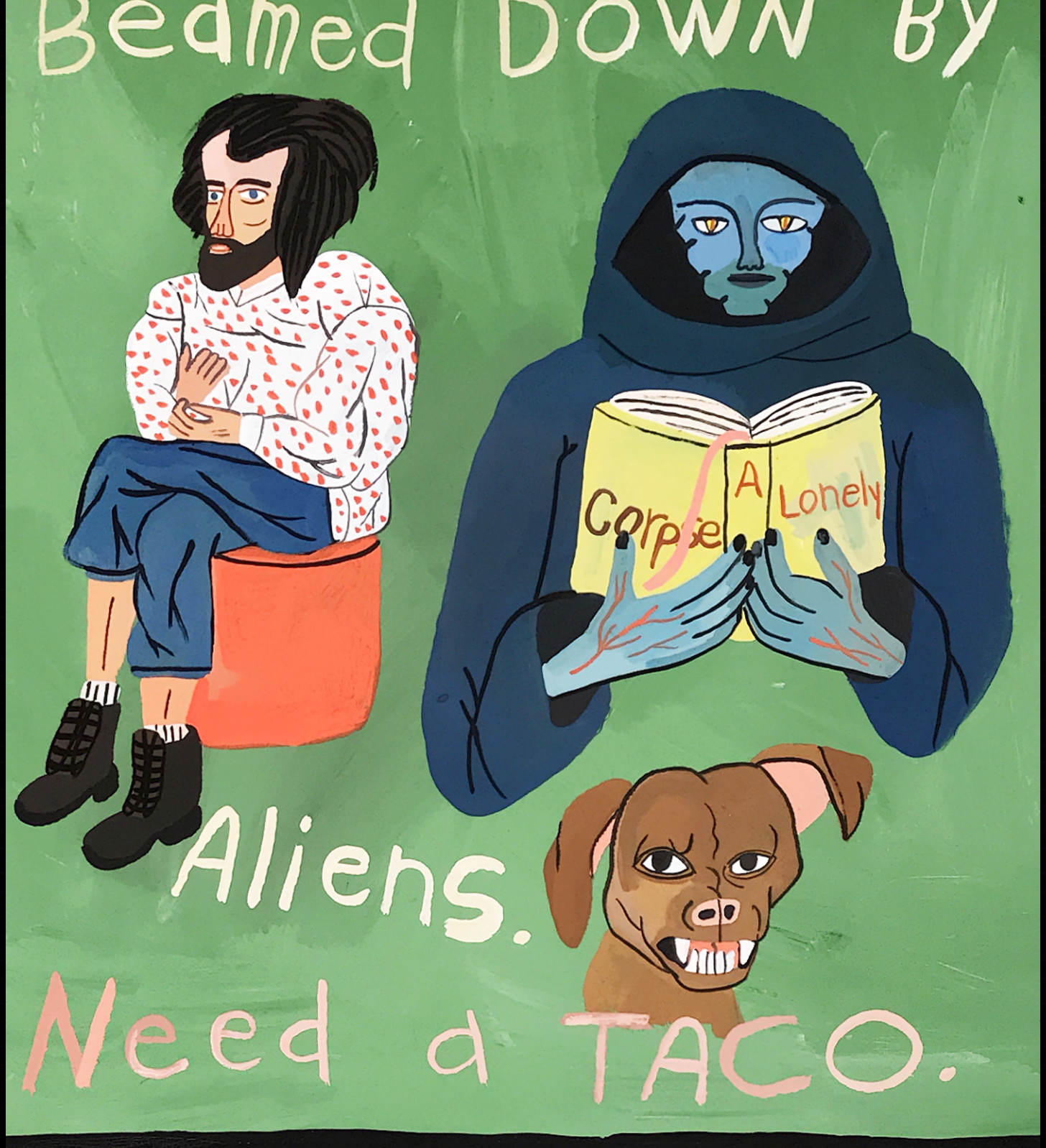

ELEVATOR MUSIC AND SILENT FARTS.
IF THIS IS A SIMULATION
PLEASE TURN IT OFF.

Outside Activities permitted

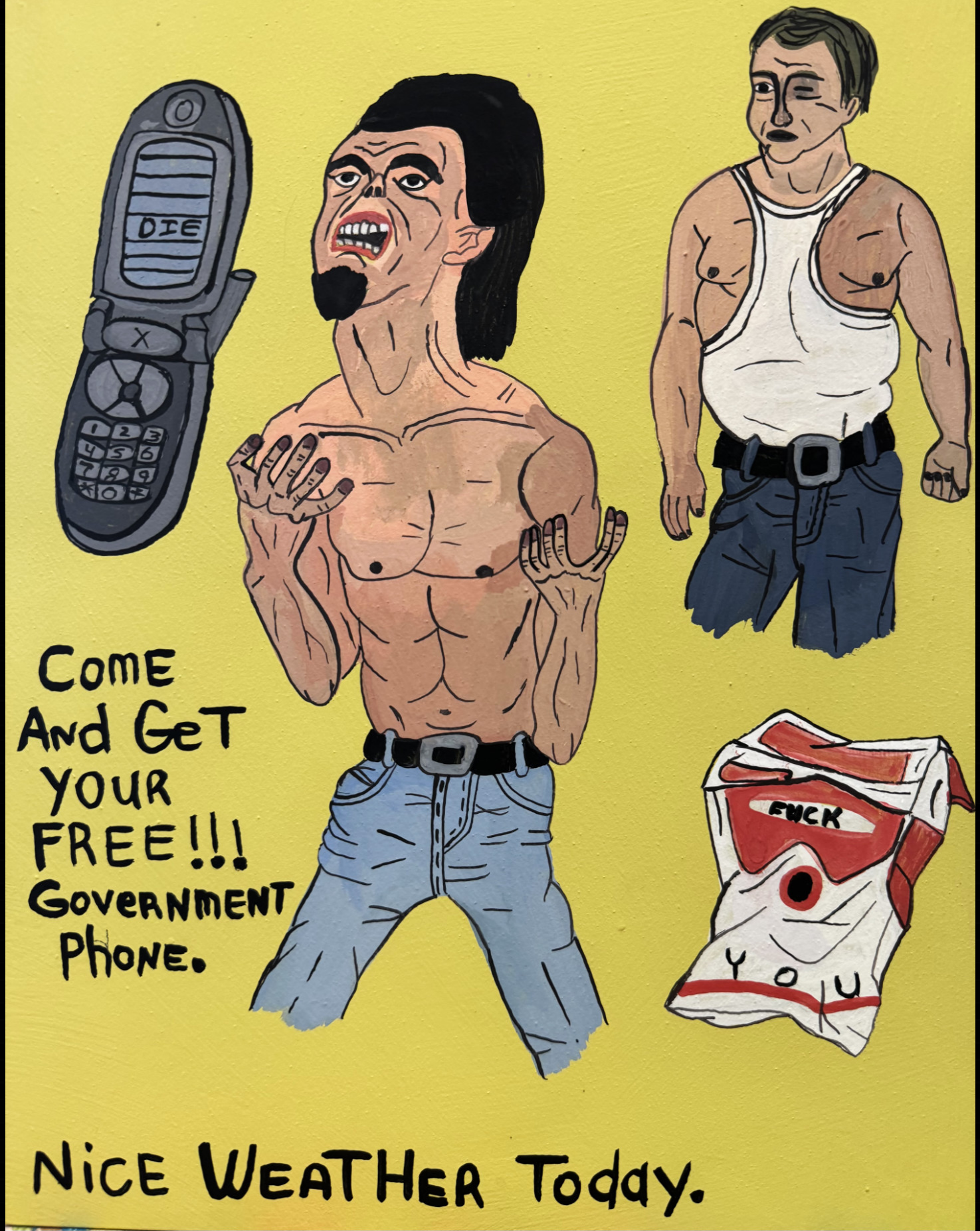


Number of Bumps From Falling too much.


Bullshit
The HeaLing Frog can CuRe you.



The Hermit.


DIE
COME AND GET YOUR FREE!!! GOVERNMENT PHONE.
FUCK
YOU
NICE WEATHER TODAY.

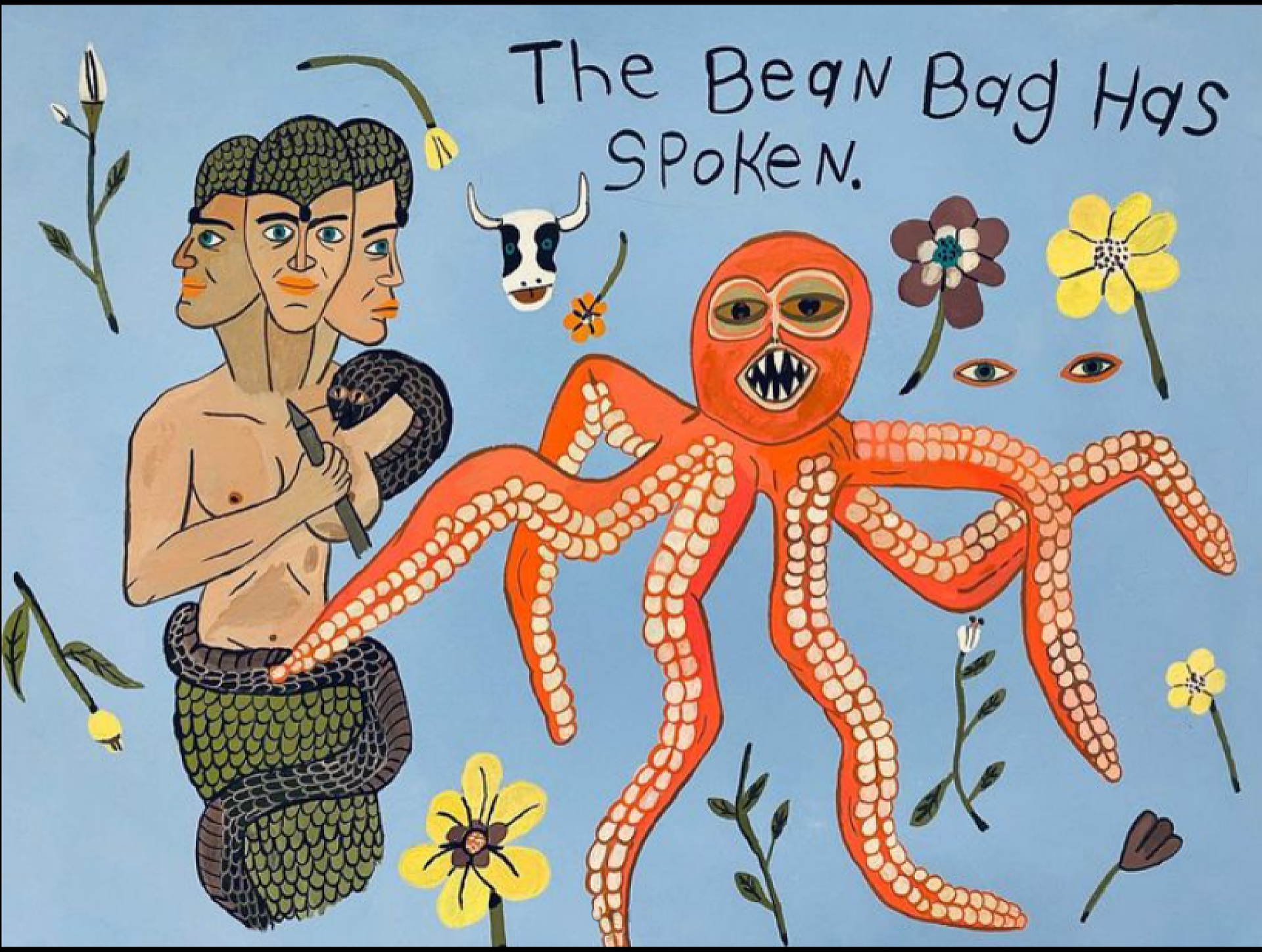

Teleportation



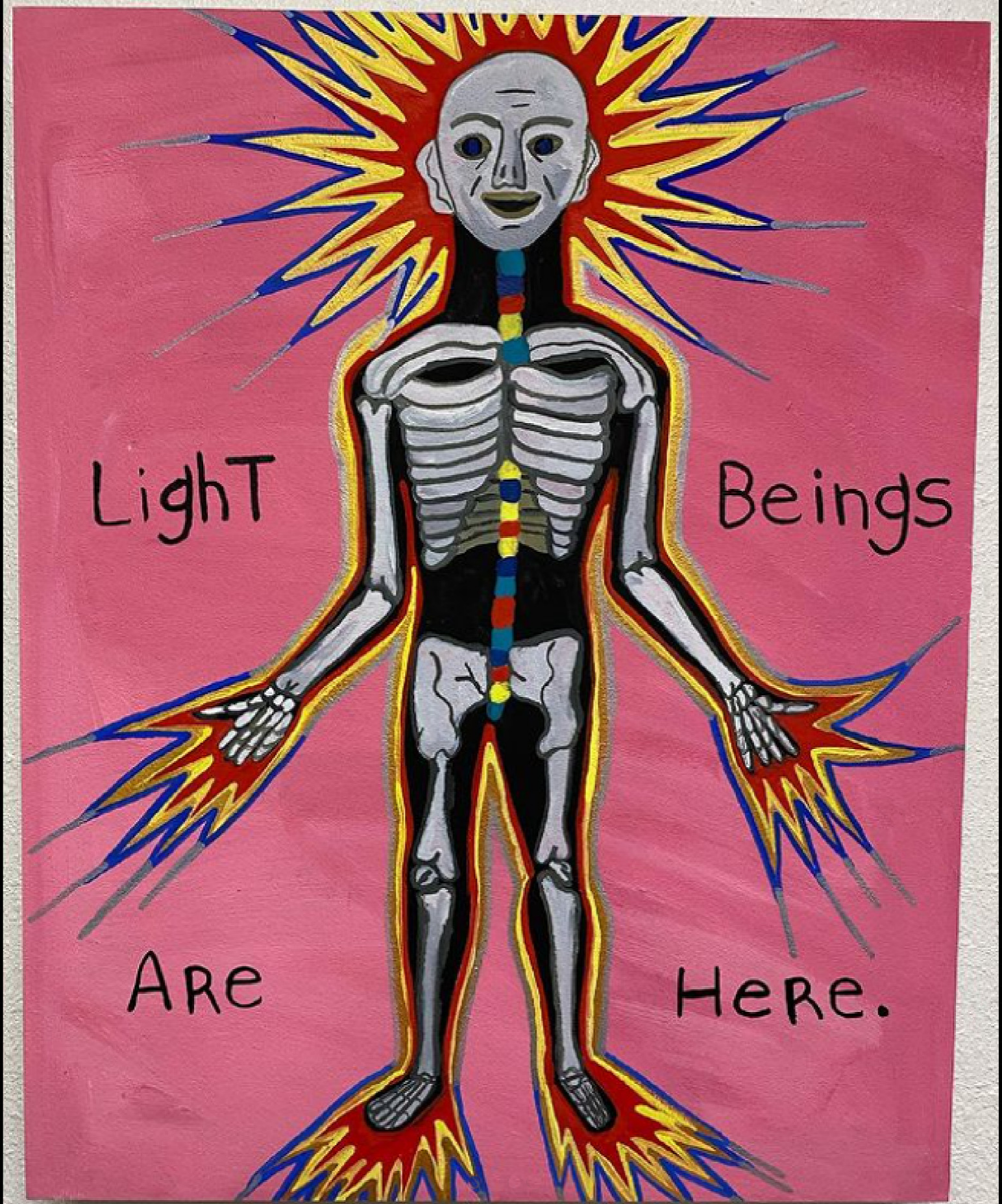
DeaTh.



WoBBLE WoBBLE


The Bean Bag Has Spoken.


FROGGER
PLAYS HIS TUNES AT
NIGHT.
MASSIVE
HAIR ATTACK.
WHO
GOT THE CRACK.


LighT
Beings
ARe
Here.


I hate
Everything.


"LOL"
Said The
DONKEY
TO
THE
MAGIC
UNICORN.


THE WORLD.



WhaT'S The MaTTeR?

ALEX URBAN















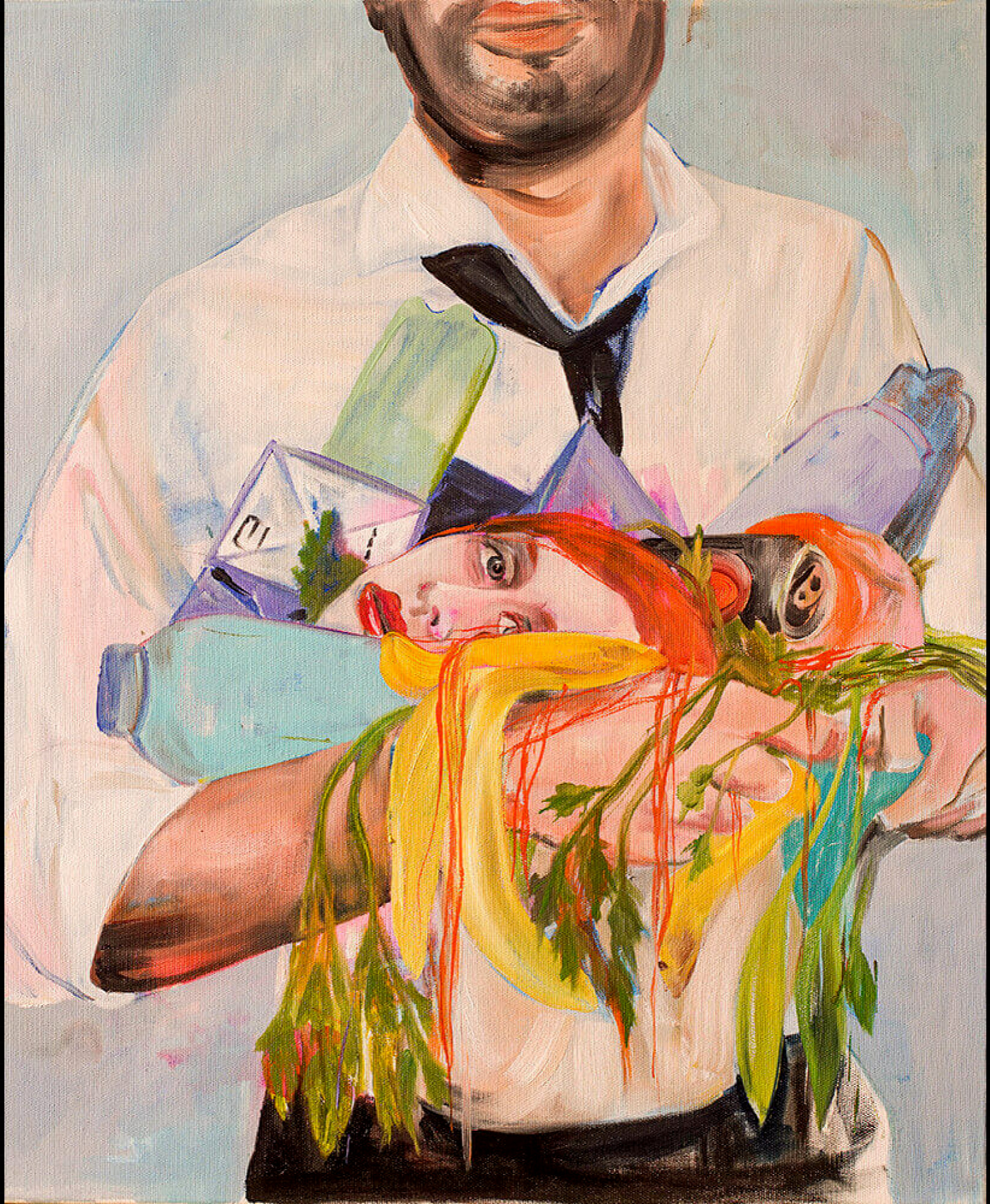























MARIANO
ZARO

Exposure

The summer
brought you back.

Not the tentative, early summer.
The furniture still cold and sleepy.

Not the last days of summer,
melancholic, licking the forehead
of autumn.

The heart of summer.

The rooftops offered to the sky
like skinned knees.

The light— flat, unstoppable.

No place to hide.
No other season.

The Weight of Sound

— Sir, you know how this works;
just delete the last syllable of your words.
— Para seguir adelante.
— Yes, to move on you have to be lighter.
— Tan solo una sílaba.
— Only one, yes.
— La última sílaba.
— The last syllable, that’s right.
— Por ejemplo …
— For example camino becomes cami, libertad becomes liber,
amatista, amatis.
— Nadie me entenderá.
— They will understand.
Millions of people are already done with the upgrade.
— Me da miedo el cambio, tanta pérdida.
— Change may be scary. But you don’t lose much.
Few sounds here and there.
— Me da tristeza.
— It’s not as sad as you think. You are shedding weight, remember.
— Algunas palabras tienen solo una sílaba.
— Of course, some words only have one syllable. I am aware of that.
—
—
— ¿Puedo decirlas por última vez?
— Yes, you can. Some of them.
You can say them one last time before crossing.
— Adiós mar, sal, sol, luz, bien, mal, más, pez, pan, sí, ser, paz, tú,
voz, no.

North or South

—You are on the other side.
—No, tú estás en el otro lado.

A blind river without name,
un río ciego, sin nombre,
flows with outstretched arms,
like a somnambulist,
como un sonámbulo.

When the river finds an edge
it becomes waterfall,
underground current,
corriente subterránea,
it becomes clouds.

La lluvia derrite los contornos.
North and South. Norte y Sur.

Miserable city



t h i s q u i e t r e v e r i e

He slowly but surely is beginning to be treated like a thing.

Fuck it here we go:

THOSE WHO MADE YOU, THEY MADE ME TOO

When I pick up a camera, I'm a collector.

I venture out in my space suit and gather specimens.

I'm rebuilding my own new world from the scraps of this one.

A selection of shadows.

These are the inhabitants of that constructed world,

The faces in the windows and on the billboards.

The belligerents. Their lamentations.

Presented here are patchy fragments

Scraped from the memory banks of my rusted satellite that fell to Earth.

Amidst jagged solar panels and gleaming pieces of shredded golden ribbon

Was recovered this timeline,

A grotesquerie of things I find interesting

Stitched together into new memories.

— this quiet reverie

the victims gunned down



"tongues" of art spoke to me

to master the art of dying well.



















Dear Mum,

Met with Agent addge today

who was supposed to bring the antidote

THE ANTIDOTE



BUT

shapeshifters ratted us out



-'tt

And there were complications



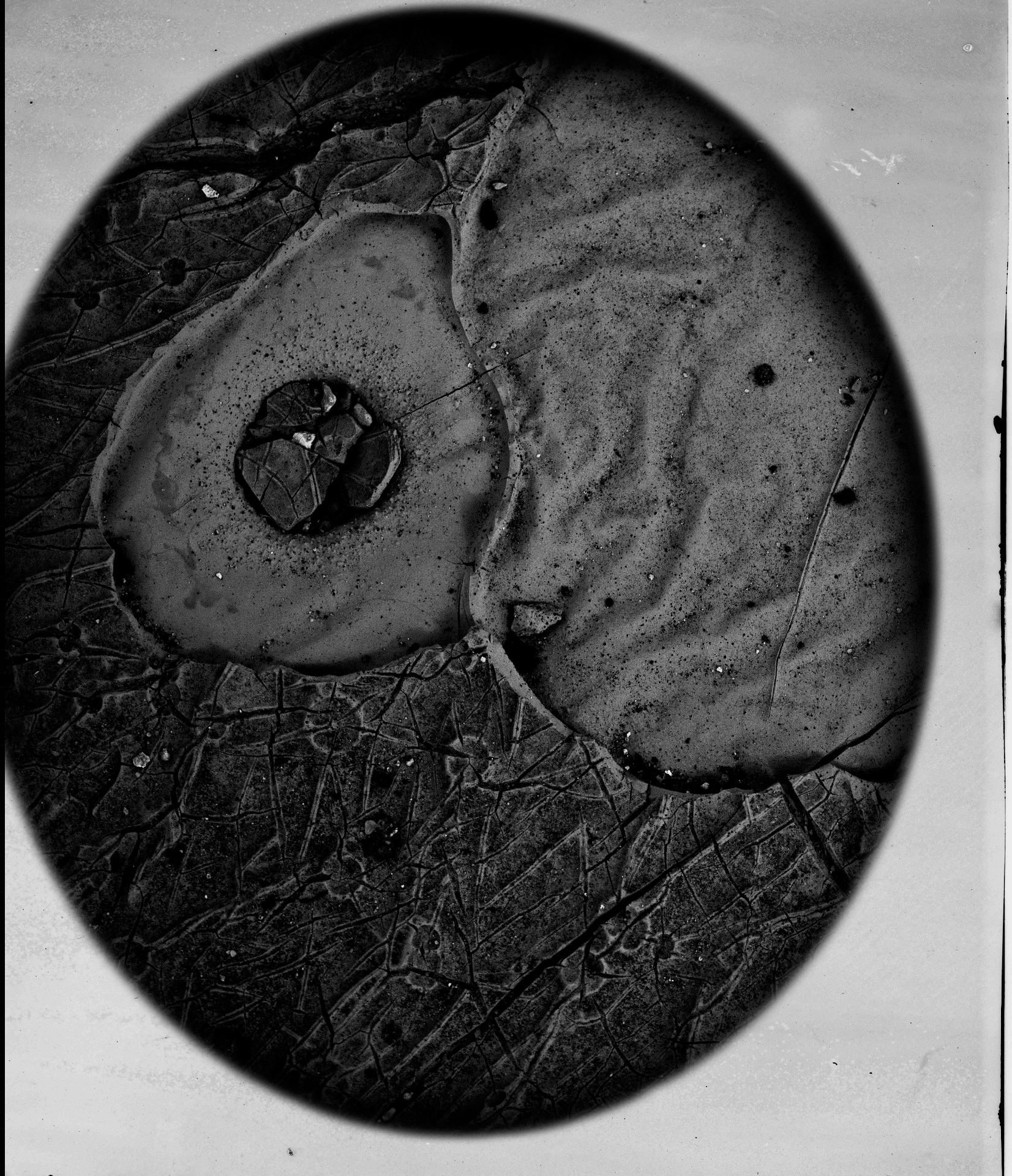
I barely escaped

9.

8.





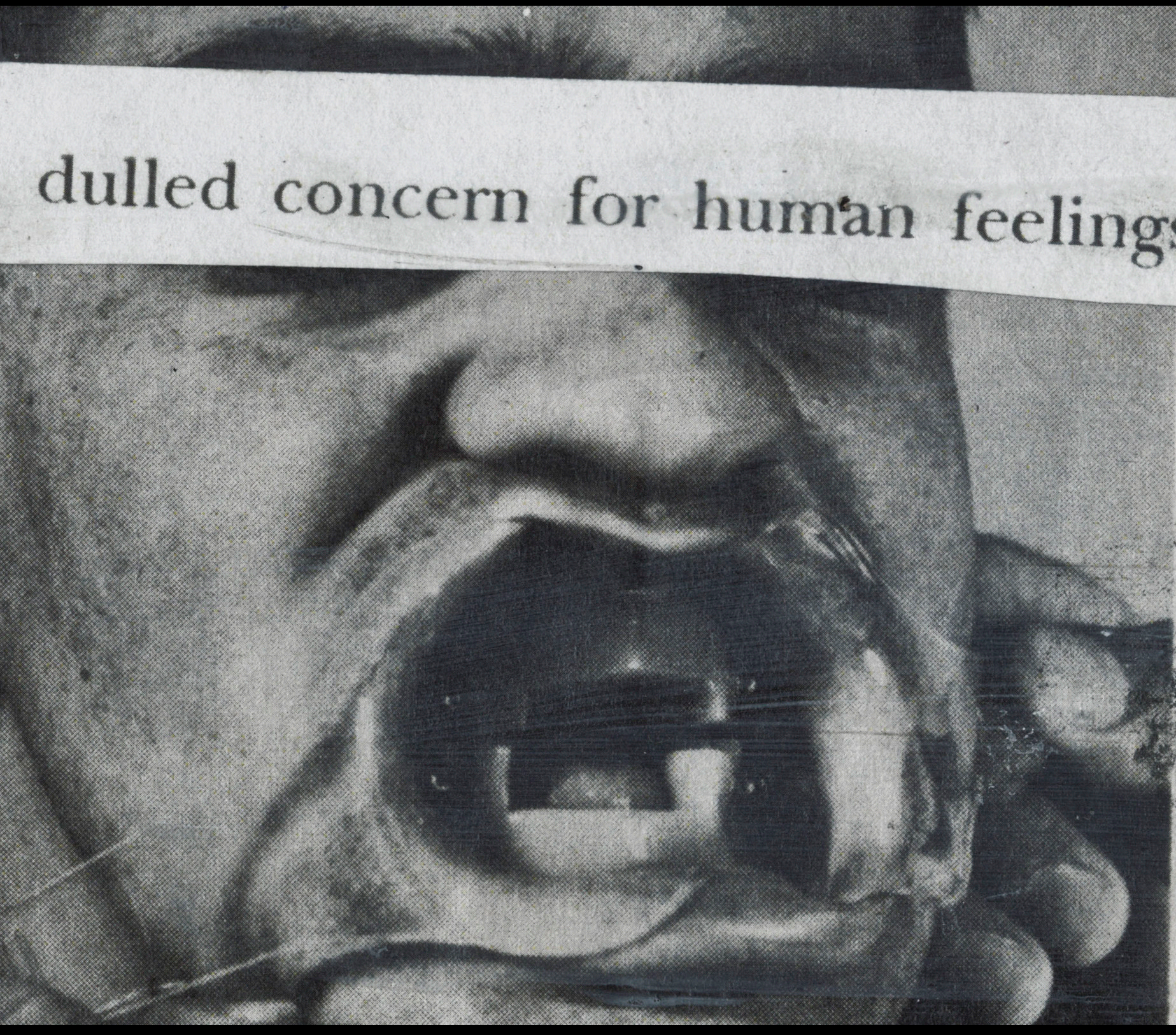








dulled concern for human feelings.






Help
Me





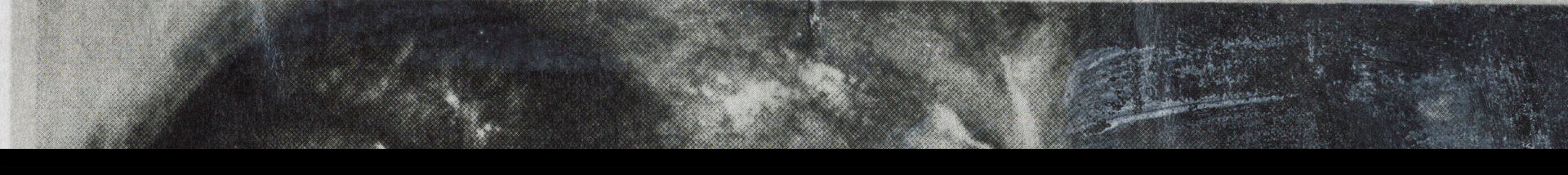

2514



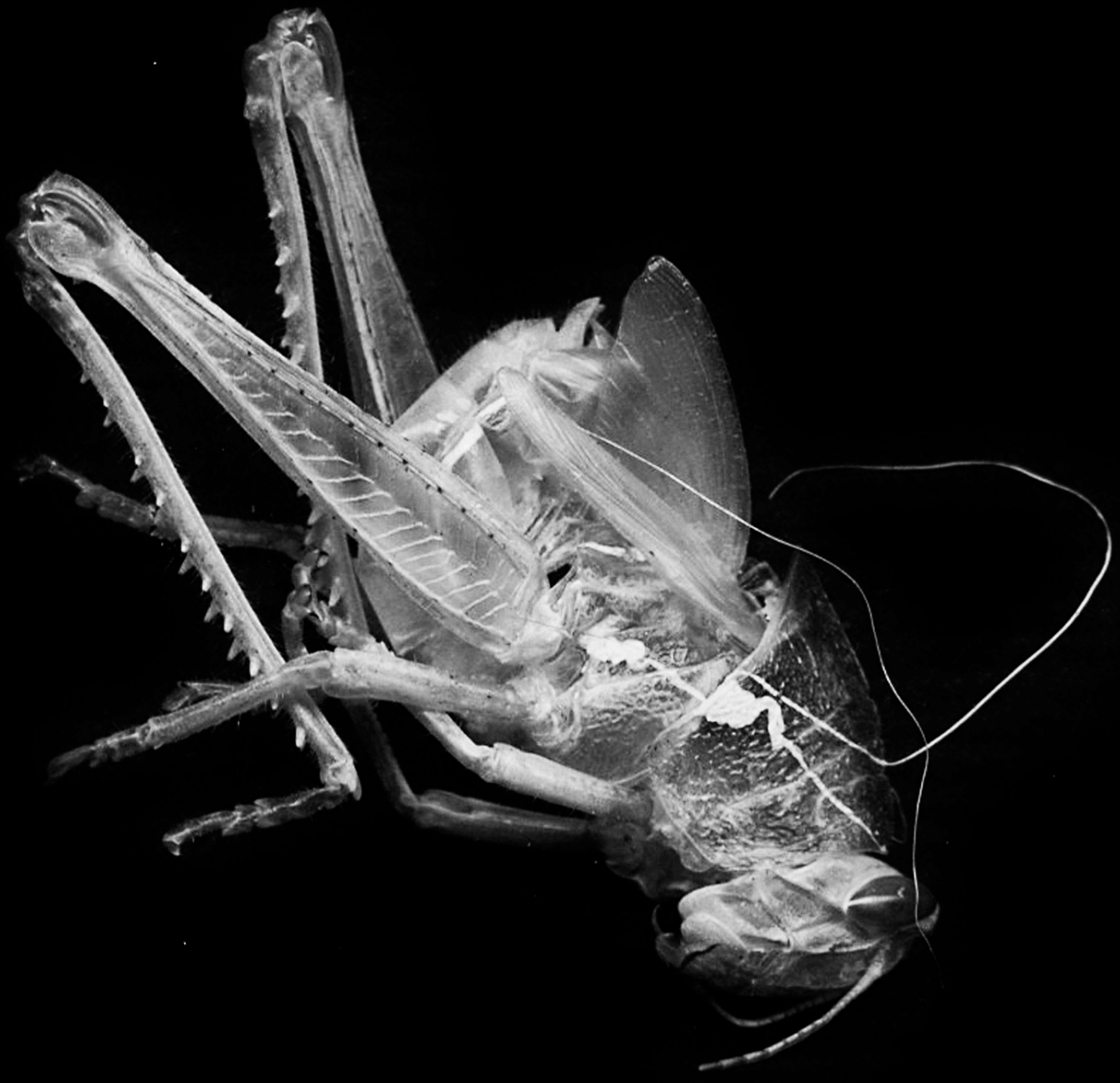

THIS DOOR BLOCKED
WARNING
24 HR.
MONITORED ALARM
CONNECTED TO
POLICE
THIS DOOR BLOCKED
WARNING
24 HR.
MONITORED ALARM
CONNECTED TO
POLICE

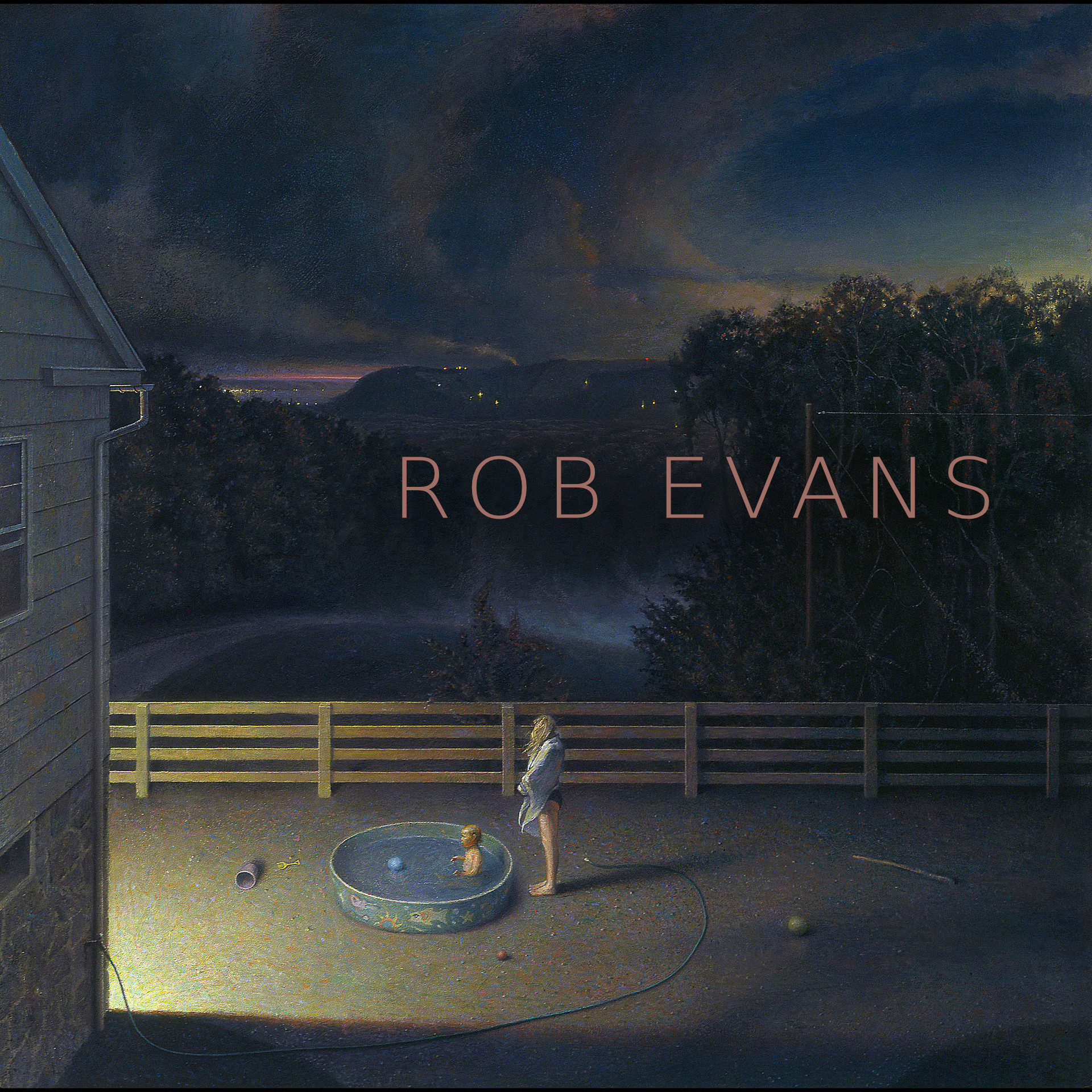


Therefore, the breaking of the seventh seal
displace all our knowledge onto machines,
one's eventual executioner,








ROB EVANS

For nearly four decades now, much of my work as an artist has been informed by specific potent and visceral childhood experiences at my grandparents' homes, both situated along the Susquehanna River.

My father was born and raised in the Susquehanna rivertown of Plymouth, PA in the coal rich Wyoming Valley near Wilkes Barre. The mining operations were still ongoing when I visited there as a child, coal dust permeated everything, abandoned sealed off mine shafts still jutted up from the streets in random locations, and the entire mountainside behind the town was laid bare from strip mining. During visits there, my brothers and I would sneak up into the ravaged landscape and scramble up the steep culm banks searching for fossils, often finding fossilized whole tree ferns in huge sheets of slate so large they couldn't be carried out. A decade later nature got the upper hand, the Susquehanna engulfing the entire first floor of my grandparents’ home during the great flood caused by Hurricane Agnes. Witnessing this back and forth first hand - the destructive forces of both nature and human activity, the resilience and survival - it all had a big impact.



Further down river, in York County, PA, my maternal grandparents, in the 1930s, purchased and restored a decaying old three-story stone inn perched atop a wooded ridge commanding a panoramic view of the Susquehanna River as it bends ninety degrees past a large outcropping known as “Chickies Rock” before heading south under the Columbia-Wrightsville Bridge toward the Chesapeake bay. This prominent house, known as "Roundtop," was where my mother grew up, its stone walls giving a sense of permanence and sanctuary away from the world and its troubles.

During summer vacations from school I would escape into this paradise at Roundtop, leaving behind the boredom of my Washington D.C. suburban home, spending the hours roaming the wooded hills collecting insects, rocks, animal bones, or antique soda-pop bottles discarded by turn-of-the-century picnickers on the hill. The river was an ever-present fixture of the surrounding backdrop, its glint shining through the trees or its distant form framed by the windows of the house. Watching thunderstorms move through the valley, witnessing the great floods inundate the river towns below, the massive ice jams, seasonal bird migrations, and spectacular sunsets reflected in the river – all of these things left an imprint.

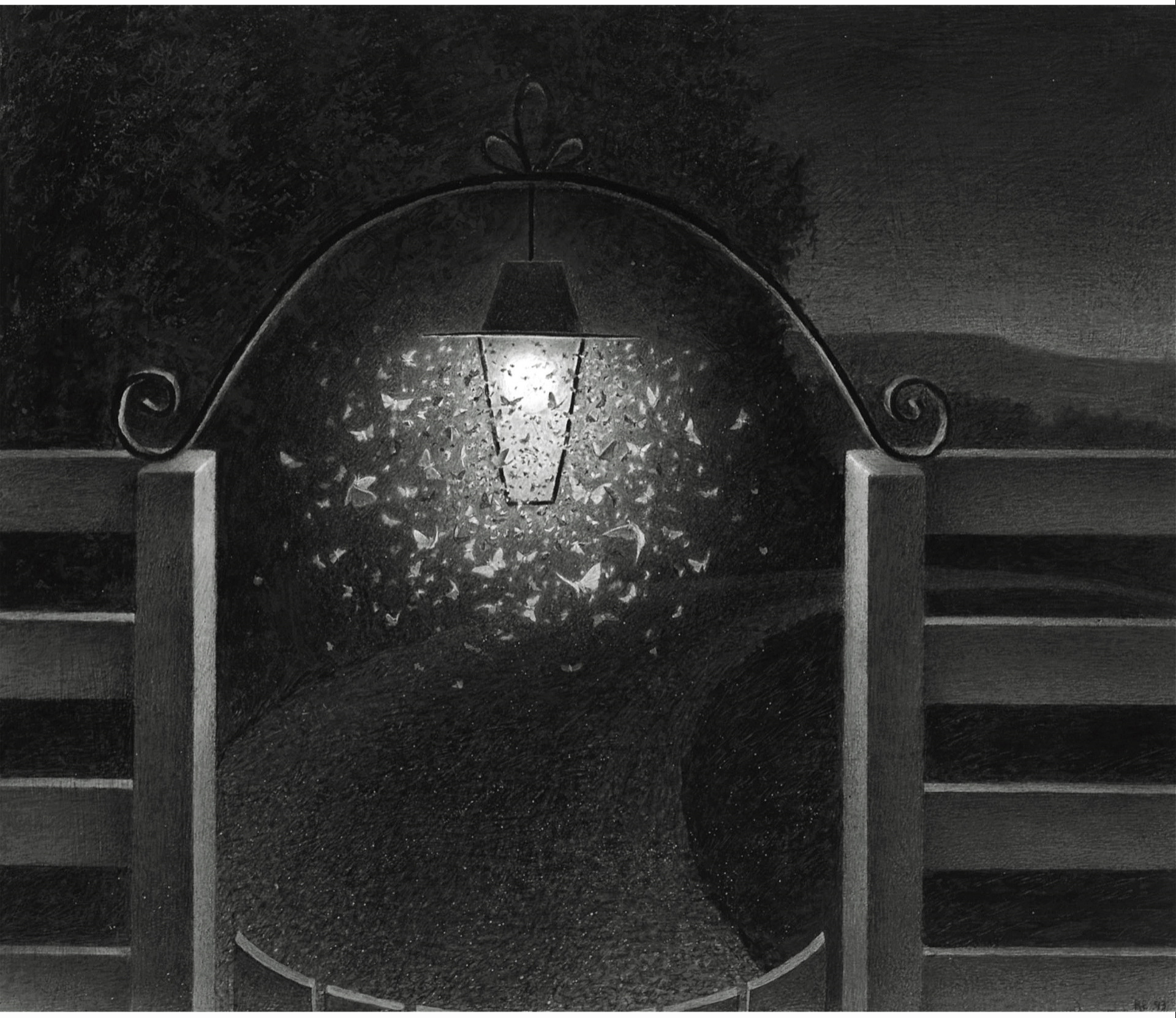


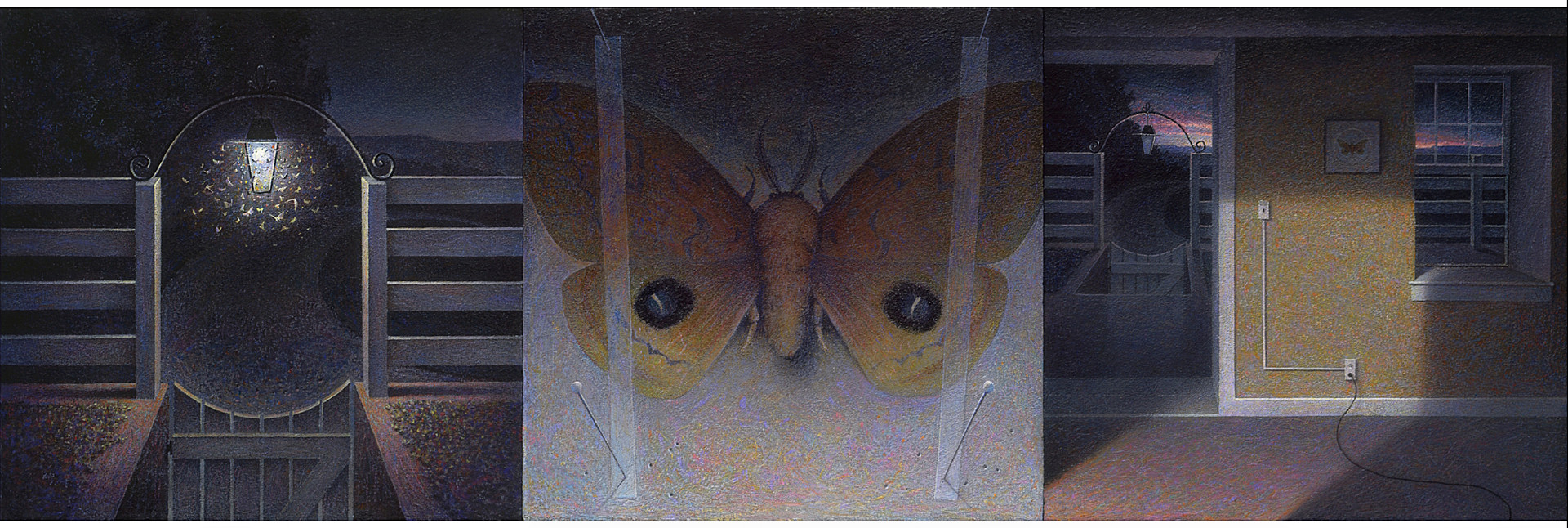




When the opportunity arose, my brothers and I would sneak up to Roundtop's forbidden third floor, once the bedrooms of my mother and uncle, but now a reliquary of artifacts from their childhoods - old toys; decaying collections of butterflies, moths and assorted insects; animal skulls and bones; Lionel trains and posters of 1950s movie and sports stars, all buried under dusty boxes of now antique clothing, books and paraphernalia. A secret treasure trove, yet a sad reminder of lost youth and innocence. As the chime of the grandfather clock permeated the stone walled silence of the great house, and the cicada songs slowly morphed into the night chatter of Katydids, we would linger by the back porch in the evening, watching distant fireworks and waiting for the great silk moths to flutter in from the woods toward the lit ceiling lamps. With nets in hand we would trap them, place them in a jarred gas chamber until the last flutter of their wings signaled their death, at which point we would pin them down to be displayed in a collection, eventually to be forgotten and decay just like their predecessors on the third floor.









Over time, my grandmother would become wheelchair bound, crippled by ALS, and eventually Roundtop would be sold and leave the family, ending an era in my life - a thought unimaginable in my youth with Roundtop's solidity and perception as a permanent family fixture. Ultimately, these fertile memories of Roundtop left an imprint, luring me back to purchase the adjoining farmhouse property. For the last 40 years I have lived there, raised a family and maintained a studio there. From my studio window each day I can see the Susquehanna flowing ever onward, a continual reminder of my past, present and future connections to this river valley, as well as a metaphorical reminder of the passage of time, and the transience of our journey here.

This deep connection to place which arose from those visits to my grandparents' homes along the Susquehanna, as well as planting my own roots here, all provided a wellspring from which most of my artistic inspiration is drawn. The sense of time and history, the cycles of life and death, growth and decay, permanence and impermanence - all of this would eventually inform my work as an artist. The most common and everyday occurrences, places, memories and things - insects, flora and fauna; the Susquehanna River and surrounding hills; the fences, jet trails and roads that divide the rural landscape on the edge of urban sprawl; the dots of light on the horizon and plumes of smoke from distant power plants; doorways and empty rooms; family rituals and events, although a familiar part of my surroundings, take on deeper significance in my work, becoming unconventional metaphor, transformed into universal concepts and themes, allowing me, through my work, to examine and confront the issues I face as an artist, parent, spouse and as a participant in life at this particular time in history.




























ARTIST PAGES
TRY TO ACT NORMAL

OCTOBER MIDNIGHT (AARON B)

1. OF TWO (COVER ART)
2. I WILL NOT SUCCUMB TO THIS (TITLE PAGE)
3. IN SEARCH OF SOLACE 2
4. I WILL ALWAYS BE
5. I'VE LOST SIGHT OF YOU
6. MAYBE IN ANOTHER LIFE
7. LIGHT MOVES INFINITE
8. AM I AWAKE OR AM I STILL ASLEEP?
9. NOTHING TO BEAR
10. THE END OF CURRENT THINGS
11. YOU'RE NOT REALLY LOOKING FOR THE ANSWER
12. CALCIFIED HEARTS
13. IT'S TAKEN ME SO LONG
14. MIDNIGHT LIVING LIKE I'M LOST
15. OF ONE
16. THE RELUCTANT ACT OF PENITENCE
17. IS THIS ALL THERE IS?
18. IN THIS MY COLLAPSED DREAM
19. HOLD YOUR BREATH INSIDE

glitch/
horror/
mixed media
commissions/
collabs/
prints/
album art

www.instagram.com/october_midnight/

DAN WITZ



1. GUEST ROOM LAMP (TITLE PAGE)
2. COMFORT INN LAMP
3. ECONO LAMP
4. PARK AVE LOBBY LAMP, URN
5. ECONO LODGE LAMP
6. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS LAMP
7. PARK AVENUE LOBBY LAMP, CHINESE PORCELAIN
8. ROSY'S LAMP
9. PARK AVENUE LOBBY LAMP, ANNUNCIATION
10. SHERBURNE HOTEL LAMP
11. ST. CECILIA LAMP
12. PARK AVENUE LOBBY LAMP WITH PHONE
13. UPPER EAST SIDE HOTEL LOBBY LAMP
14. VIKING HOTEL LAMP
15. WYNDHAM HOTEL LAMP
16. GUEST ROOM LAMP (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

www.instagram.com/danwitzstreetart/

www.danwitz.com/

GARDNER MOUNCE

https://www.instagram.com/gardner_mounce/

https://gardnermounce.com/



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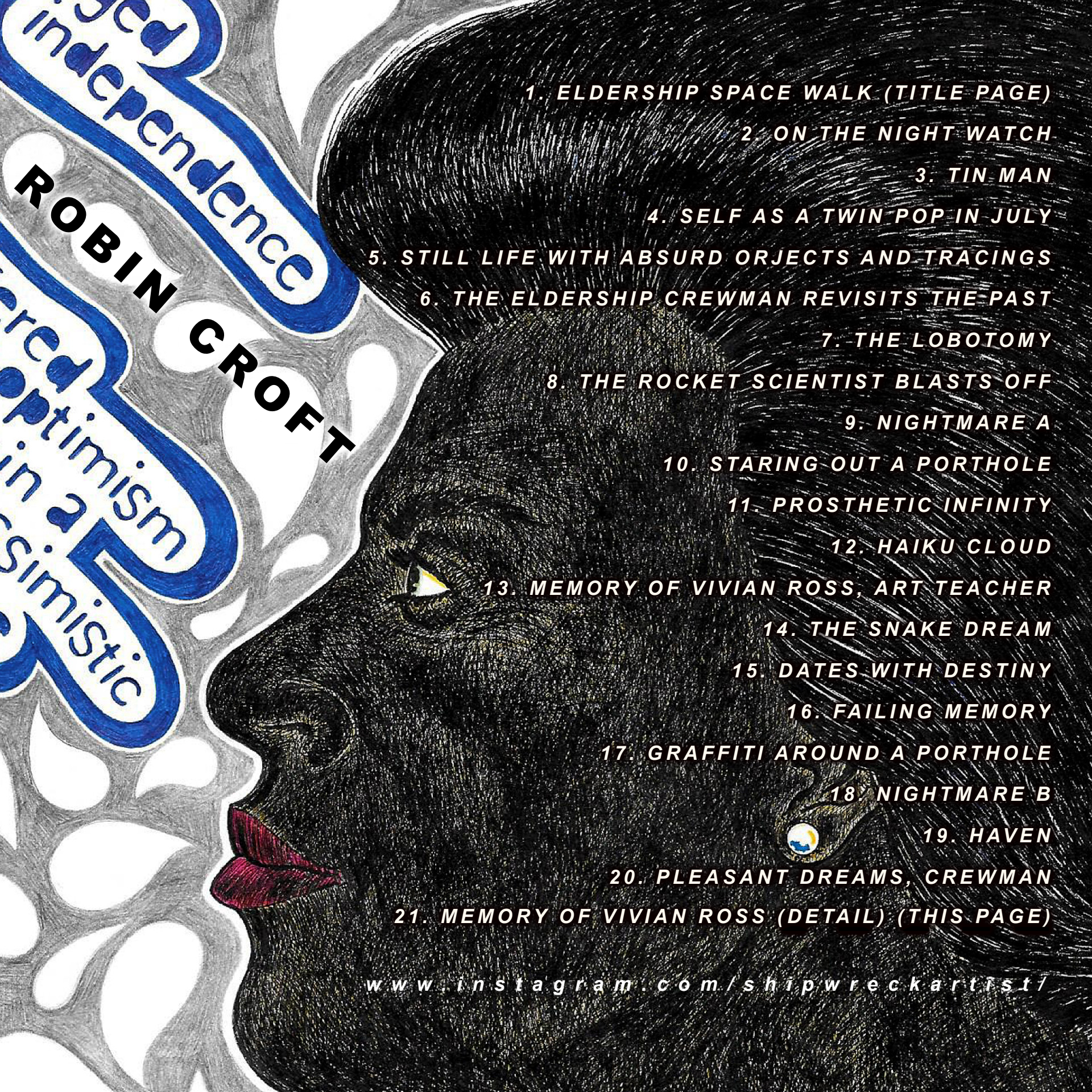

ROBIN CROFT
1. ELDERSHIP SPACE WALK (TITLE PAGE)
2. ON THE NIGHT WATCH
3. TIN MAN
4. SELF AS A TWIN POP IN JULY
5. STILL LIFE WITH ABSURD ORJECTS AND TRACINGS
6. THE ELDERSHIP CREWMAN REVISITS THE PAST
7. THE LOBOTOMY
8. THE ROCKET SCIENTIST BLASTS OFF
9. NIGHTMARE A
10. STARING OUT A PORTHOLE
11. PROSTHETIC INFINITY
12. HAIKU CLOUD
13. MEMORY OF VIVIAN ROSS, ART TEACHER
14. THE SNAKE DREAM
15. DATES WITH DESTINY
16. FAILING MEMORY
17. GRAFFITI AROUND A PORTHOLE
18. NIGHTMARE B
19. HAVEN
20. PLEASANT DREAMS, CREWMAN
21. MEMORY OF VIVIAN ROSS (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)
www.instagram.com/shipwreckartist/

JIMMY VEGA



Jimmy Vega is the child of Mexican immigrants, a Chicanx Los Angeles born and raised poet, writer, educator, artist, and curator. His debut poetry collection will be published by What Books Press in 2025. He holds an MFA from the School of Critical Studies, Creative Writing Program at CalArts, where they co-created the MFA in Creative Writing's HYPERLINK reading series and a B.A. in English with a concentration in Creative Writing from UCLA. In 2023 their work was on view at The Reef Los Angeles as part of the group exhibit, Spell/ing. He is a former 2023 ELL Faculty Fellow at CalArts and is the Associate Director of Beyond Baroque Literary Arts/ Center. He lives in Los Angeles, on unceded Tongva land, with his partner Gladys, and schnauzer, Olive.

are we like somewhere in sacramento

Previously published in "Broken Lens Journal"

Website: jimmy-vega.com

CARL COREY

https://carlcorey.com/

www.instagram.comcarlcoreyphotographer/



1. LUCK, WISCONSIN (TITLE PAGE)
2. ICE FISHERMAN, WISCONSIN
3. TERESA MACZERA - PANKA SHOES
4. MONDOVI, WISCONSIN
5. BRUCE & HIS ROOSTER AT HOME - RIVER FALLS, WISCONSIN
6. GARY, INDIANA
7. GRACE & HER ROCKET
8. MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN
9. BILL - TV REPAIRMAN - DRESS ELECTRCIC
10. MEDICINE BOW, WYOMING
11. ERNEST & NUGGET
12. SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA
13. RONNIE SHERILL - SATIN WAVE BEAUTY & BARBER SHOP
14. SAULT STE MARIE, MICHINGAN
15. CARL - CARD TENDER - PENNSYLVANIA
16. MACKINAW CITY, MICHIGAN
17. CHRIS - THE KITCHEN
18. HOTEL LOBBY - ST. CHARLES, MICHIGAN
19. PETE - ARNOTT, WISCONSIN
20. TONANANDA, NEW YORK
21. BAD AXE, MICHIGAN (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

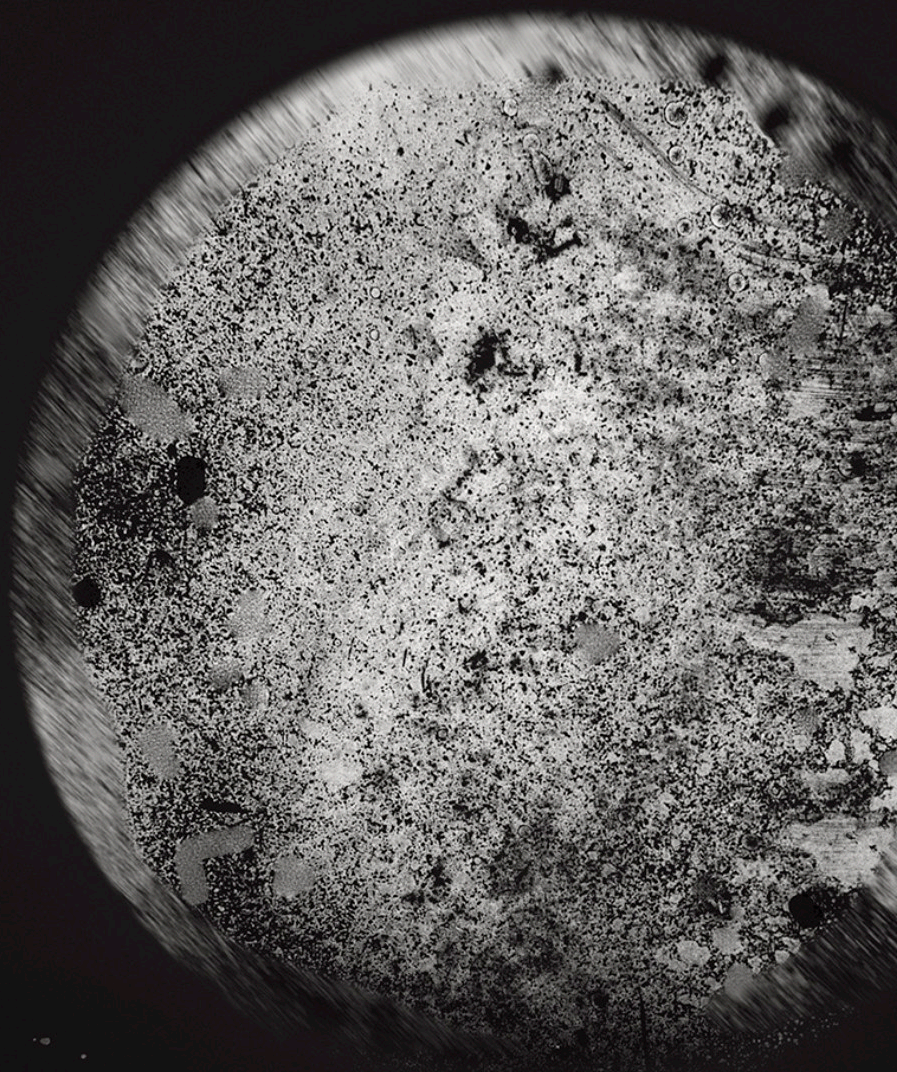


HEATHER WILCOXON

1. STUDIO SELFIE (TITLE PAGE)
2. CAN WE SAVE OURSELVES?
3. FUNKY SELF–PORTRAIT
4. REST
5. WHO THE FUCK ARE WE?
6. WHAT A DAY
7. PRESENT TIMES
8. RED TIDE
9. WIRELESS
10. REACH
11. GLOW
12. AVOIDANCE
13. CLIMB ABOARD
14. BLIND DANCER
15. STANDING WATCH
16. FLOOD
17. I LIKE PINK
18. FROM THE OIL SPILL SERIES
19. TURMOIL
20. REBEL
21. ROUGH EDGES
22. ELECTION
23. SHIT FLOATS (THIS PAGE)

www.heatherwilcoxon.com/

ROBERT SULKIN



1. OCRACOKE 5 (TITLE PAGE)
2. STARRY DAY
3. DARK POEM FOR EARTH
4. EARTH POEM 211
5. ELSEWHERE 20
6. EARTH POEM 4
7. DARK POEM FOR EARTH 55
8. DEAR DIARY - MISCALCULATED CONSEQUENCES
9. EARTH POEM 214
10. ELSEWHERE 17
11. EARTH POEM 178
12. DEAR DIARY - TODAY I SAW
13. EARTH POEM Z
14. EARTH POEM 223
15. EARTH POEM 89
16. OCRACOKE 6
17. ELSEWHERE 59
18. EARTH POEM 88
19. ELSEWHERE 3
20. ELSEWHERE 35
21. ELSEWHERE 57 (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

www.robertsulkin.com/



1. ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE (DETAIL) (TITLE PAGE)
2. UNTITLED
3. DETAIL MORE CLEARLY
4. DISCONSULATELY HE TURNS, NEARER, CLEARER
5. DREAMS, ONLY TO FADE AWAY
6. DRIFTING ALONG
7. MORE THAN EVER
8. FETTERS FALL AND I AM
9. OUT THERE SOMEWHERE

FRED FREE

10. OF SPACE AND GRACE
11. REACHED THE DAY
12. SELF-PORTRAIT (CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE)
13. THIS IMMENSE TIME
14. REDUCED SENTENCES
15. TRAMPLED ON, GONE
16. OF WHAT FUN WE HAD TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS
17. VANISHING HULLABALOO
18. UNTITLED SELFIE (THIS PAGE)

www.instagram.com/fred_free/

www.fredfree.com/

ROZ LEIBOWITZ



1. BLUE DEER (TITLE PAGE)

2. BOX MONSTER

3. GLASS DUCK

4. AIRPORT

5. MONSTER

6. THEATER

7. CAT WOMAN

8. HORN

9. DRAWING

10. RABBIT MAN

11. EYELASH DOG

12. FISH PIANO

13. HORSE MAN

14. EGGS

15. LONG NECK (THIS PAGE)

www.rozleibowitz.com/



Judith Pacht

Judith Pacht's third full-length book Facing South will be published by Giant Claw Press in 2025. Her recent books include Infirmary for a Private Soul (Tebot Bach) and A Cumulous Fiction (Finishing Line Press). Her book Summer Hunger (Tebot Bach), won the 2011 PEN Southwest Book Award for Poetry. Earlier chapbooks include User's Guide, St. Louis Suite (Finishing Line Press), and Falcon.

A three-time Pushcart nominee, Pacht was first place winner in the Georgia Poetry Society's Edgar Bowers competition. Her work has appeared in journals that include Ploughshares, Runes, Nimrod and Phoebe, and her poems have been translated into Russian for publication in Foreign Literature (Moscow). Her work appears in numerous anthologies.

Pacht has read at the Los Angeles Times Festival of Books and Charleston, SC's Piccolo Spoleto Festival. She has taught political poetry at Denver's annual LitFest at the Lighthouse, in Los Angeles at Beyond Baroque, and at UCLA Extension.

She lives in Los Angeles with her partner, Kenneth Fisher.

www.judithpacht.com

TERESA WATSON



1. LOVE HATE (TITLE PAGE)
2. ELEVATOR MUSIC
3. NUMBER OF BUMPS
4. HEALING FROG
5. HERMIT
6. NICE WEATHER
7. TELEPORTATION
8. DEATH
9. WOBBLE WOBBLE
10. THE BEAN BAG
11. FROGGER
12. LIGHT BEINGS
13. I HATE EVERYTHING
14. LOL
15. THE WORLD
16. WHAT'S THE MATTER?
17. WHAT'S THE MATTER? (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

https://teresawatsonartist.com/

ALEX URBAN

1. *Kobieta która wypłakała oczy (TITLE PAGE)*
2. *Dynia*
3. *Dezynsekcja*
4. *Snowman*
5. *Króliczyca*
6. *Untitled*
7. *Śnieżka*
8. *Ewa*
9. *Fot*
10. *Kumpela*
11. *Martwa natura*
12. *Mały krwiopijca*
13. *Garbage*
14. *Bajka*
15. *a jesli będzie zła*
16. *Plotka*
17. *Opiekunka*
18. *Kobieta która wypłakała oczy 2*
19. *gumowe ucho akwaforta (THIS PAGE)*



http://www.alexurban.pl/

https://www.instagram.com/alex.urban_artist/



MARIANO ZARO

Mariano Zaro is the author of six books of poetry: Decoding Sparrows (What Books, Los Angeles), Padre Tierra (Olifante, Zaragoza, Spain), Tres letras/Three Letters (Walrus, Barcelona), The House of Mae Rim/La casa de Mae Rim (Carayan Press, San Francisco), Poems of Erosion/Poemas de la erosión (Carayan Press, San Francisco) and Where From/Desde Donde (Bay Books). His poems have been included in the anthologies Monster Verse (Penguin Random House), Wide Awake (Beyond Baroque), The Coiled Serpent (Tía Chucha Press) and in several magazines in Spain, Mexico and the United States

Zaro's short stories have appeared in Portland Review, Pinyon, Baltimore Review, Louisville Review and Magnapoets. He is the winner of the 2004 Roanoke Review Short Fiction Prize and the 2018 Martha's Vineyard Institute of Creative Writing Short Fiction Prize.

Mariano Zaro earned a Ph.D. in Linguistics from the University of Granada (Spain) and a Master's in Literature from the University of Zaragoza (Spain). He is a professor of Spanish at Rio Hondo Community College (Whittier, California).

https://marianozaro.com/



THIS QUIET REVERIE

MISERABLE CITY (TITLE PAGE) 1.
UNTITLED 2.
UNTITLED 3.
UNTITLED 4.
UNTITLED 5.
UNTITLED 6.
UNTITLED 7.
UNTITLED 8.
UNTITLED 9.
UNTITLED 10.
UNTITLED 11.
UNTITLED 12.
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UNTITLED 19.
UNTITLED 20.
UNTITLED 21.
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UNTITLED 25.
UNTITLED 26.
UNTITLED (THIS PAGE) 27.

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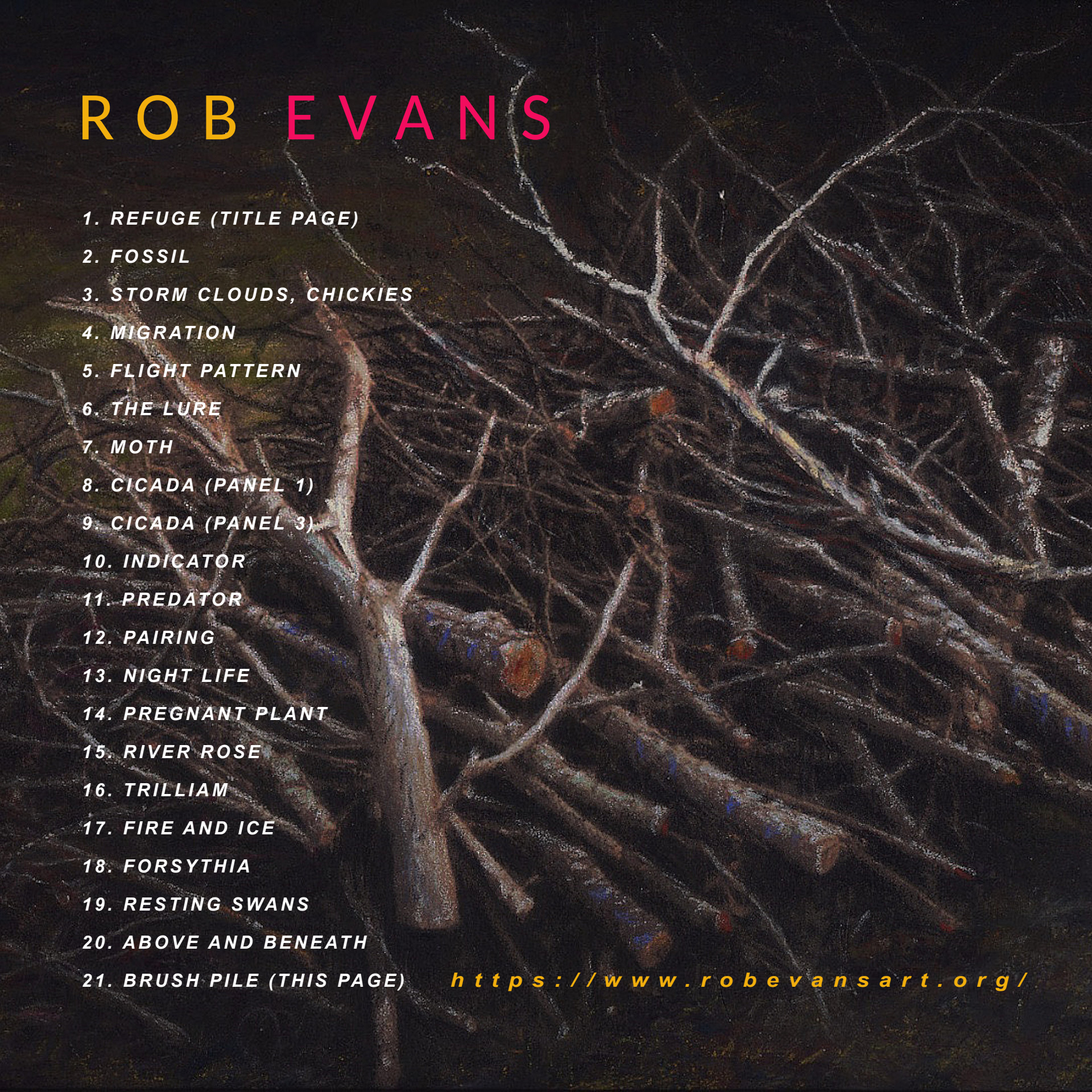

ROB EVANS

1. REFUGE (TITLE PAGE)
2. FOSSIL
3. STORM CLOUDS, CHICKIES
4. MIGRATION
5. FLIGHT PATTERN
6. THE LURE
7. MOTH
8. CICADA (PANEL 1)
9. CICADA (PANEL 3)
10. INDICATOR
11. PREDATOR
12. PAIRING
13. NIGHT LIFE
14. PREGNANT PLANT
15. RIVER ROSE
16. TRILLIAM
17. FIRE AND ICE
18. FORSYTHIA
19. RESTING SWANS
20. ABOVE AND BENEATH
21. BRUSH PILE (THIS PAGE)

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17



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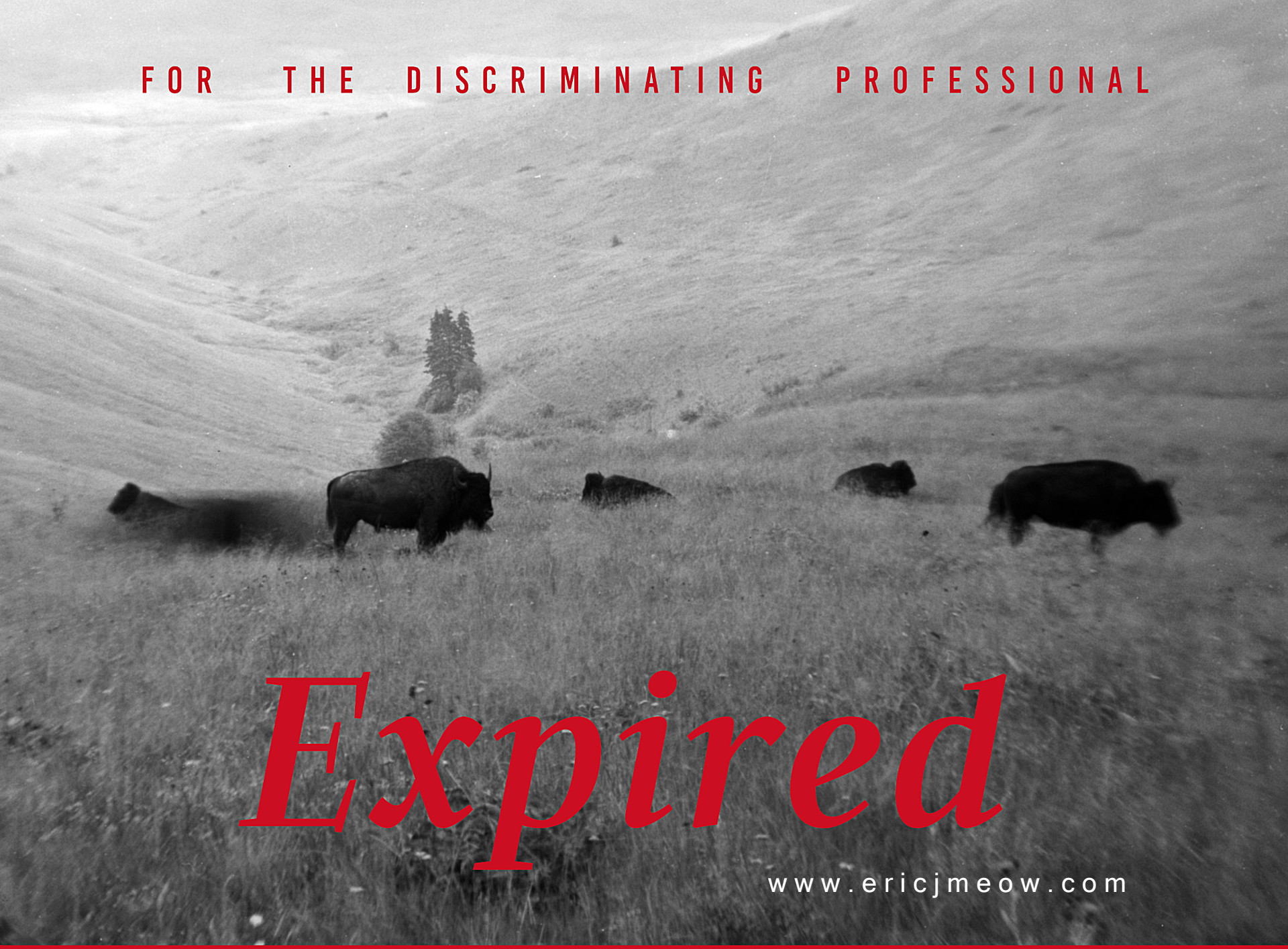

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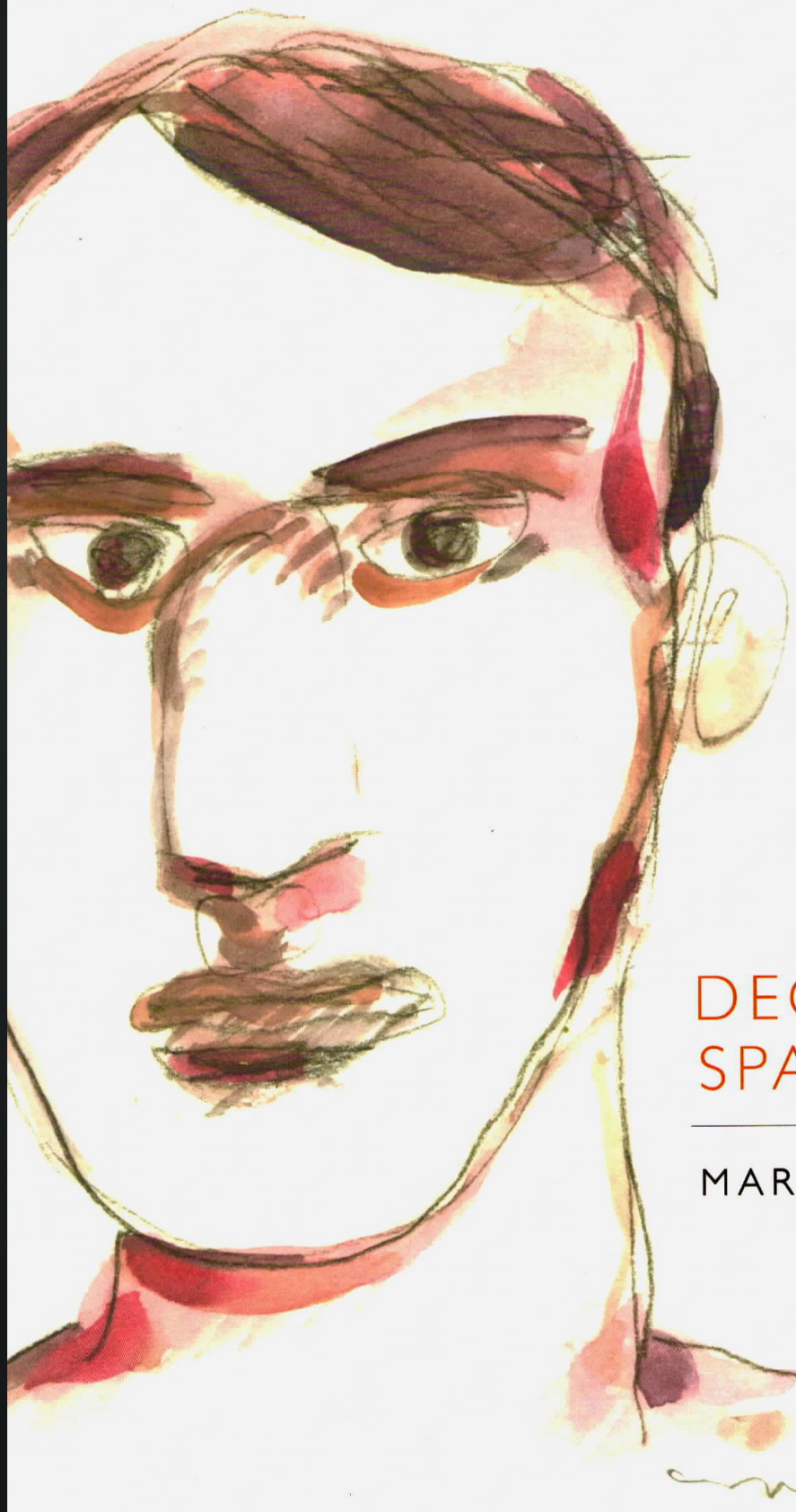

DECODING SPARROWS

MARIANO ZARO

INFIRMARY FOR A PRIVATE SOUL



Judith Pacht

Poems


TRACE OF EVIL
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Jacquelyn Mitchard, New York Times bestselling author of Two If By Sea and The Deep End of the Ocean

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

furious pure

DH DOWLING

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https://www.instagram.com/tattooedbubble/

https://twitter.com/DHDowling1


POETRY EDITOR
furious pure
HOLADAY MASON
www.holadaymason.com

" I am throwing out an anchor by painting."

— Teresa Watson

"Oh those crumpled hours torn & tossed away."

— Judith Pacht

"I am always looking for new ways of using paint. After 30 years it still surprises me."

— Heather Wilcoxon

"Making photographs has been the most important activity in my life for 60 years."

— Carl Corey

“A metaphorical reminder of the passage of time, and the transience of our journey here."

— Rob Evans

"There is an emptiness that scratches the God in my throat."

— Jimmy Vega

"Time seemed to stand purgatorially still. It was not a place I wanted to spend an afternoon in."

— Gardner Mounce

F U R I O U S P U R E 0 0 4

“The rooftops offered to the sky like skinned knees.”

— Mariano Zaro

"My work explores a perspective slightly askew."

— October Midnight

“When I pick up a camera, I’m a collector.”

— This quiet reverie

“It can’t be fixed only patched. It’s a broken ass world.”

— Robin Croft

"I create because I grew up in the everything looks the same suburb of Levitown, New Jersey. "

— Fred Free

“In all my years of making art, I found giving up to be essential.”

— Roz Leibowitz

"The wind whispers, “Can I trust you?"

— DH Dowling


epilogue



I’m taking
photographs on Mars.
Shooting in
an unexplored valley.
Testing the unknown.
Framing ambiguities.

The planet is
uncompromising.
The wind whispers.
“Can I trust you?”

Can we be trusted?
We’re human.
We tell lies and half-lies.
Truths and half-truths.
We say we love each other
But we hurt each other.

I’m not afraid.
See you there.

DH Dowling
Editor-in-chief



NEXT:

"WORRY BEADS" PHOTOGRAPH BY DH DOWLING

furiou5 pure



Novem5er

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