

FURIOUS
PURE



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST FRIDA KAHLO

FURIOUS

M A G A Z I N E

PURE

002:

Welcome to the second issue of Furious Pure Magazine.

Q: Why are Frida Kahlo's *pink* leather boots on the cover?

A: When I saw that brilliant Maine artist KJ Shows had painted Frida Kahlo's boots as part of the remarkable *Portrait Of An Artist* series, I knew instantly that I wanted them on the cover. The painting was exquisite, and my gut said do it. So I messaged KJ and got the okay. I have always found Frida Kahlo's work incredibly moving and her story tremendously inspiring – her fringed boots are emblematic of the physical and emotional challenges she faced. With the built-up sole and stacked heel, they were made to compensate for a shorter right leg, a complication of being born with Spina Bifida and developing polio at age six. Frida was no stranger to pain throughout her life. She lived with it, and living with it transformed her.

Q: But you're not answering my question. *Why* are Frida's boots on the cover?

A: Okay. Frida Kahlo fought through tragedy and nightmares. Even a horrific traffic accident. She died young. She painted her dreams, and pain and misfortune drove her creative process and her aesthetic. Even in always-fragile health, she wanted her boots to be shocking pink. When I look at her boots I hear her saying, "Even defeated by life, I will not let life defeat me."

What transforms us? How do we deal with our pain? How do we process our nightmares? How do we overcome adversity? How do we walk through this world?

The artists in this magazine have chosen their direction. Their pace and gait is true and sure. They walk the path of the visionary. Their art makes us see.

Day after day, your choices define who you are.

DH Dowling
Editor-In-Chief

ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE

1. **ROB** HANN

2. **KJ** SHOWS

3. **KJETIL** KARLSEN

4. **ALEX** URBAN

5. **SARAH** MACLAY

6. **SARA** ROBINSON

7. **MARK** GLEASON

8. **HUGH** SHURLEY

9. **IAN** GAMACHE

10. **LOUISE** MATHIAS

11. **JOSEBA** ESKUBI

12. **ROZ** LEIBOWITZ

13. **MICHAEL** NOLAND

14. **JAMES** CUSHING

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16. **PAU** VEGAS/**SINTU** RETINA

17. **JOHN** FOSTER

18. **KIM** KEEVER

19. **ARTIST** PAGES

ROB HANN

I dream a highway



































A large, textured red rock formation, possibly a canyon wall, serves as the background. The rock has a warm, reddish-orange hue and shows signs of weathering, with various cracks, crevices, and small holes. The word "ROCK" is prominently displayed in the lower half of the image, rendered in large, white, three-dimensional letters that appear to be made of crumpled paper or cardboard. The letters are slightly irregular and have a rough, tactile quality. The overall composition is simple and visually striking due to the contrast between the natural rock texture and the artificial, handmade text.

ROCK















KU SHOWS



PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST







































KJETIL KARLSEN





























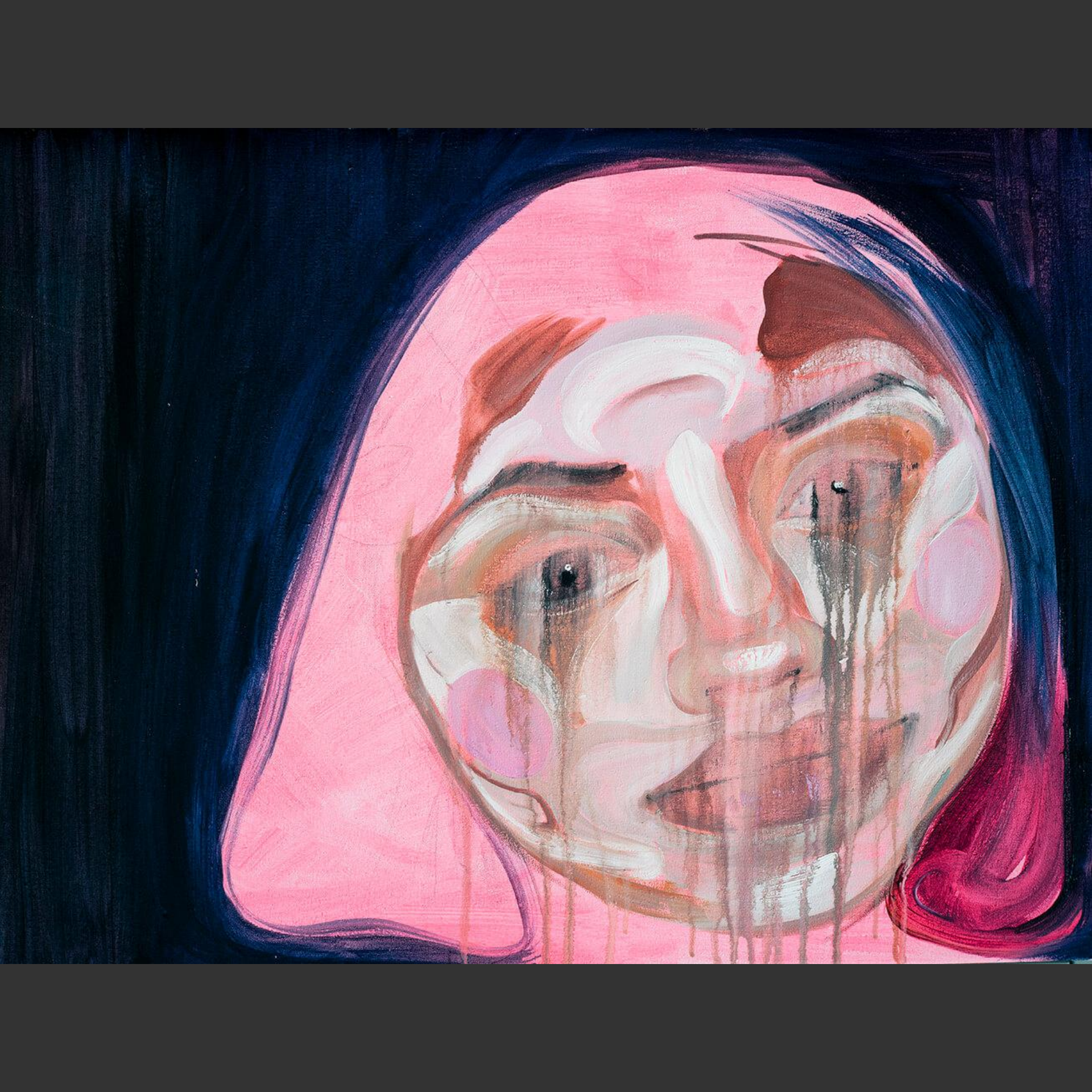


ALEX URBAN







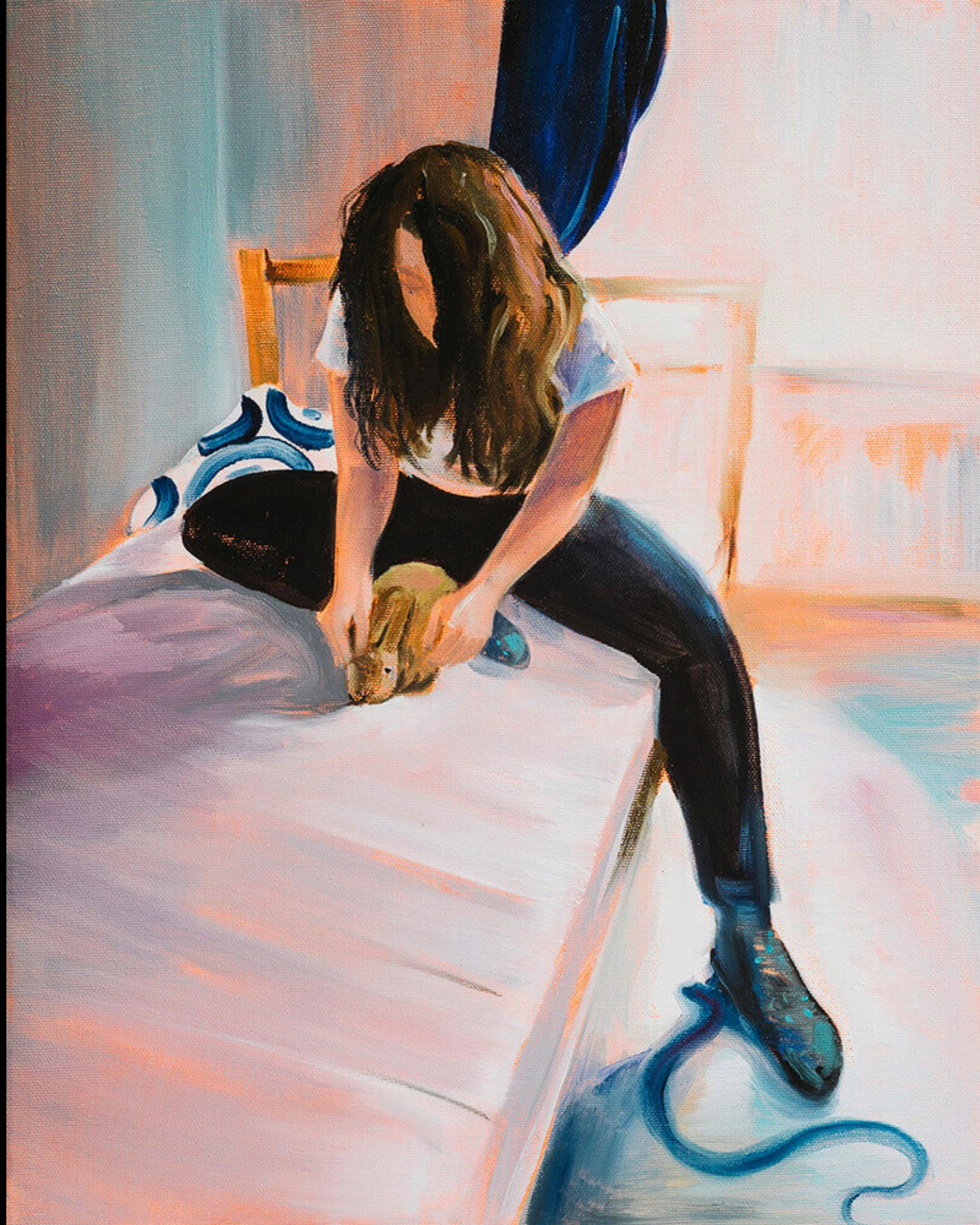


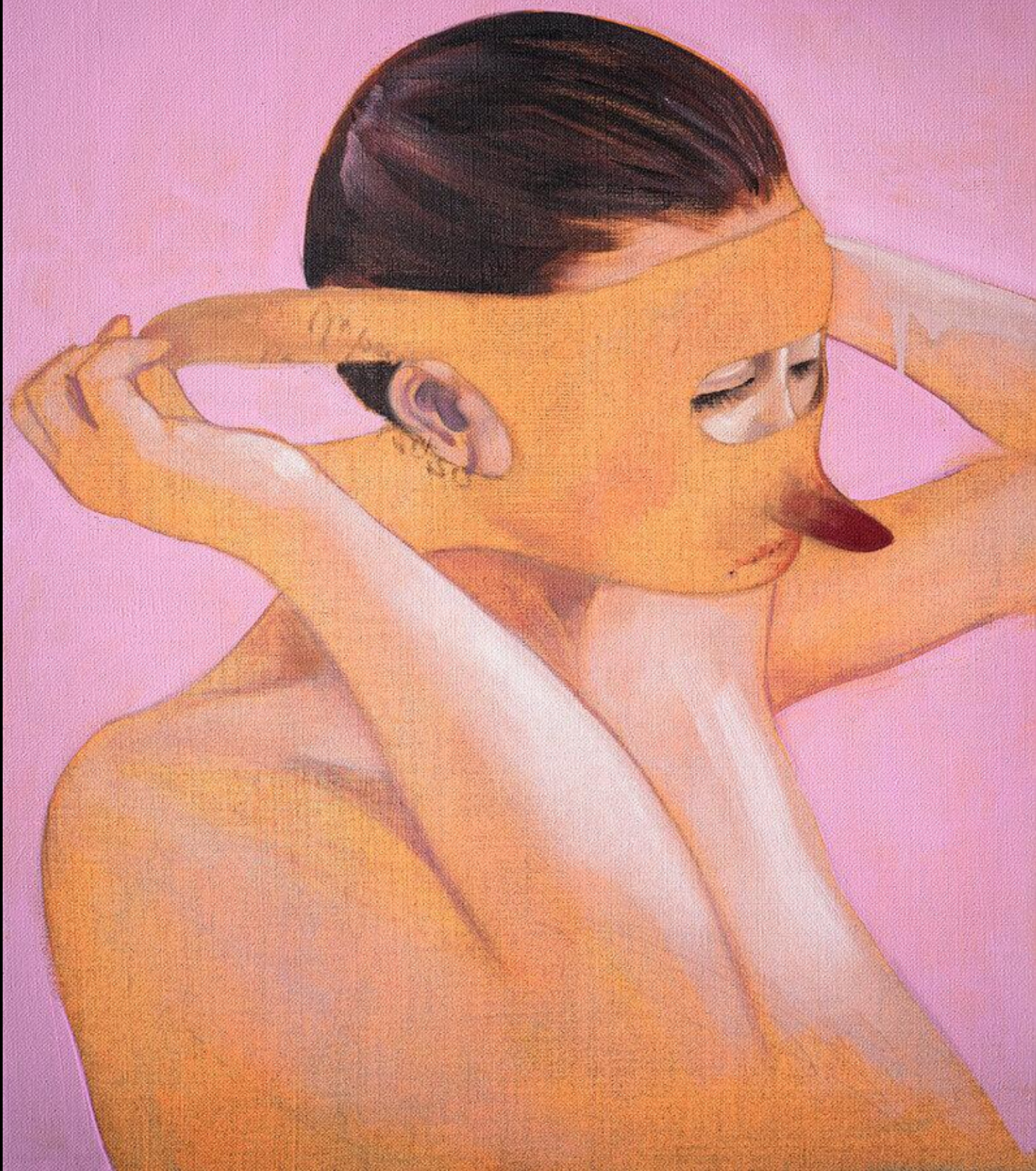






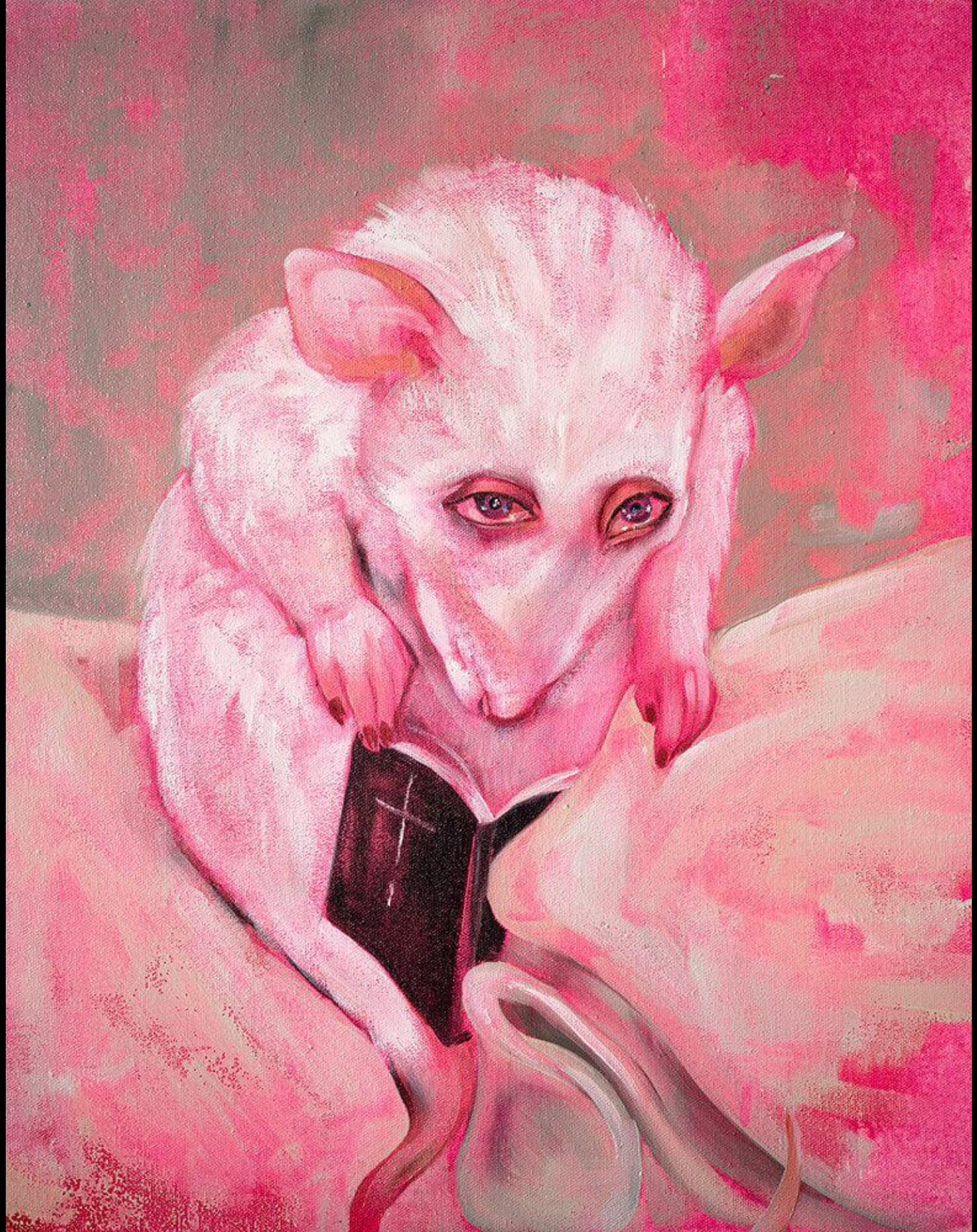










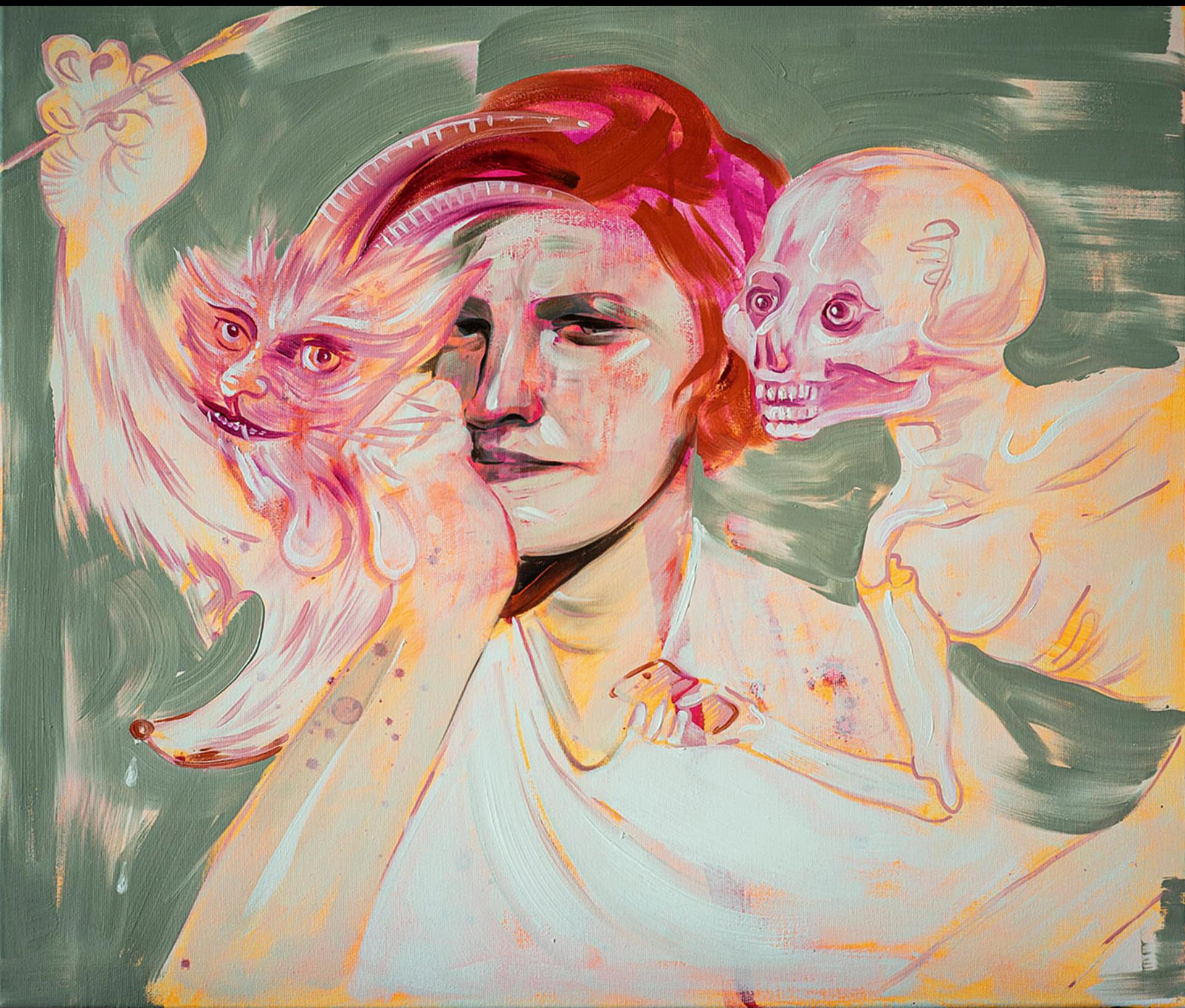














The background is a dark, black canvas filled with vibrant, ethereal light trails. These trails are composed of numerous fine, overlapping lines of light in shades of blue, purple, pink, red, and orange. The light trails appear to flow and swirl across the frame, creating a sense of movement and energy. Some trails are more concentrated and brighter, while others are faint and wispy. The overall effect is reminiscent of long-exposure photography of light or perhaps a digital simulation of fluid dynamics.

SARAH MACLAY

Every New Time I See

A room of shadows like small hills

in quiet light

A photograph—sheep in the desert at dawn

maybe New Mexico

hooves perched on the ground

so careful not to touch—

They know the exact effect of their position

like the gloved hands of a woman about to pray

Negative of a piano—

dark keys white

black space running between them

Or a dawn Arizona

only car on the road

every rock has a halo

greater than I can sing

From behind the steering wheel

three or four feet away

your eyes are newly opened secrets

now like the sheep,

now the photographer

A Breathing Lake

Above us, floating in the dark
like opened lanterns—

as the water's onyx sheen
closes to opaque:

lotuses, where stars would be.

How we wanted to eat them
with our eyes.

How we almost did.

So much closer now that we could almost pull them
toward us like austere balloons.

All around, our stillness, our suspension.

Bank of Hope

All night, wind rattles the cabins,
playing them like drums.

Under the afternoon,
under the cleaned-out sky,
under the swirling grasses,
under the shifting trance of sun and shade,

why does it matter—
that the stream still accompanies the path.

Someone's thrown a purple shawl
on a careful pile of rocks
at the base of a pine

as though the rocks—
or the dead thing down below—
needed to stay warm.

Our love is buried there.
It has a site.



*S*ARA ROBINSON



























A painting of a large fire with the name MARK GLEASON overlaid. The fire is depicted with vibrant orange and yellow flames rising from a dark, textured base. The background is a deep black, creating a stark contrast with the bright fire. The overall composition is dramatic and intense.

MARK GLEASON









GLEASON



GLEASON















HUGH SHURLEY

DO NOT USE
HANDBALL AND
FOOTBALL

SKATING HOCKEY
NOT ALLOWED































IAN GAMACHE





STEREO ABLE VISION

2013



J. Gamache
2013



LINE



g. amache
2013





23



ODDITY

9/9
2013













13 December/Décembre
2010
MONDAY/LUNDI

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Notes

ART



LOUISE MATHIAS



Conspiracy Theories

The butterflies hate me. The ones that
come at night that think they're moths—

the largesse and the fathom.

You're watching skies, they're crying blood--our
gallery of most persistent storms.

Eventually, I'll fall for something gentle.
No language

ever loved me back.

Before We Became a Danger to Each Other

There was a violence under elms and under oaks.

His hands around my throat
until I blurted cliffrose. No word

is ever safe, said every
wind born westerly.

Then we were thrown,
each other's most inclement weather.



Destroying Angel

Beyond the universal veil
pitch perfect, emeraldine—

The forest softly edged with fern delirium.

I thought my anger would be endless.
But nothing is endless.

The nothing is endless.



JOSEBA

ESKUBI







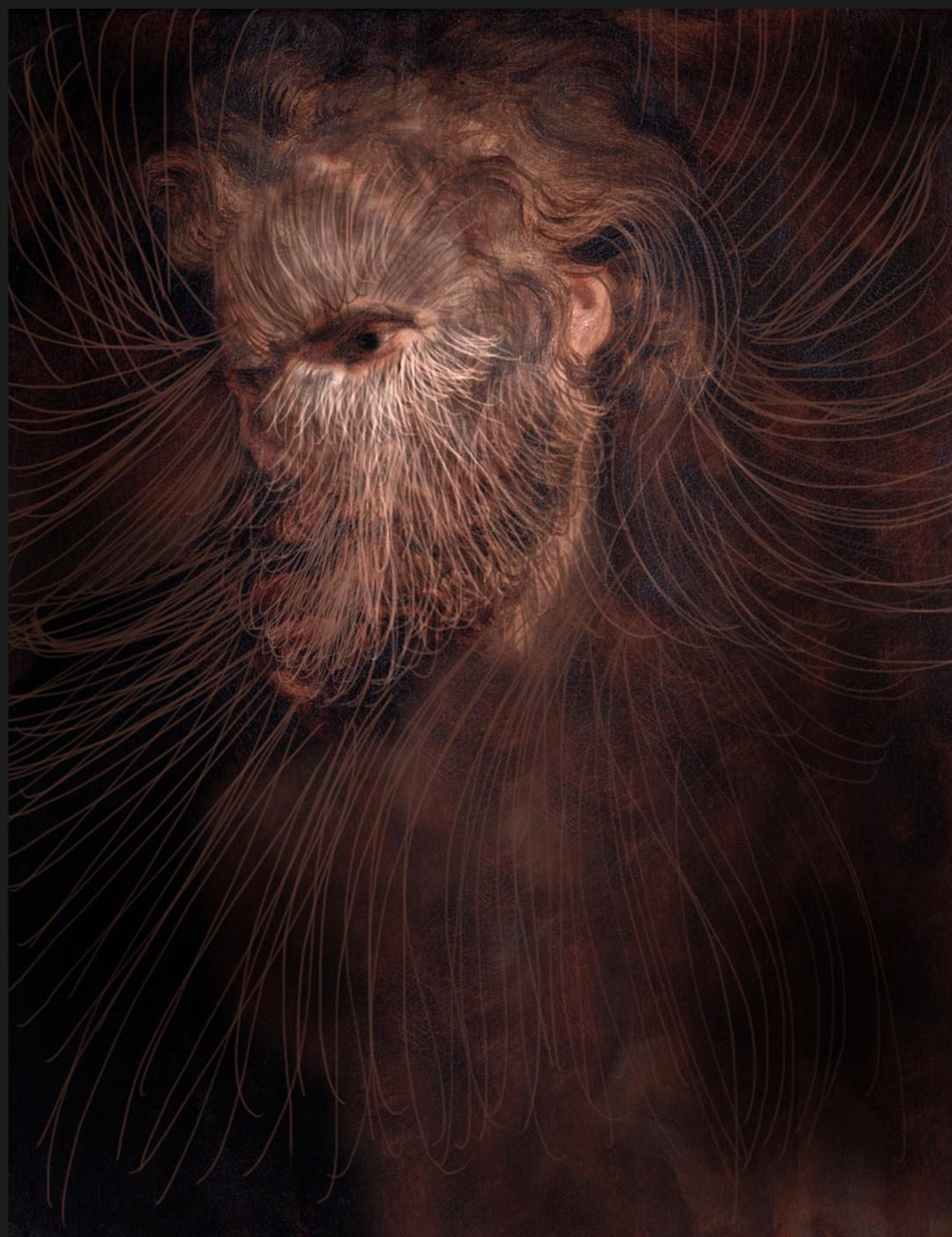




















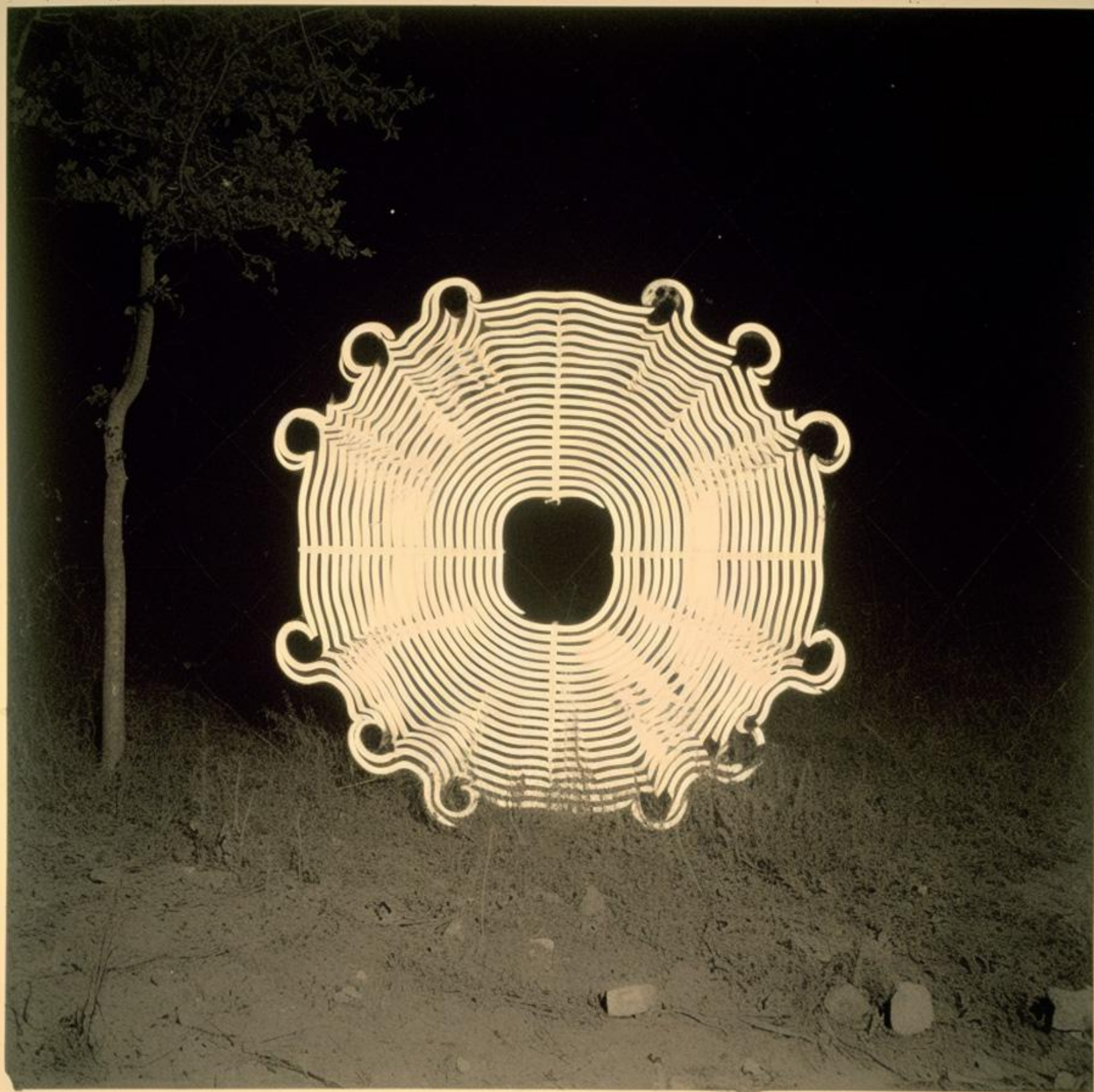


ROZ LEIBOWITZ



















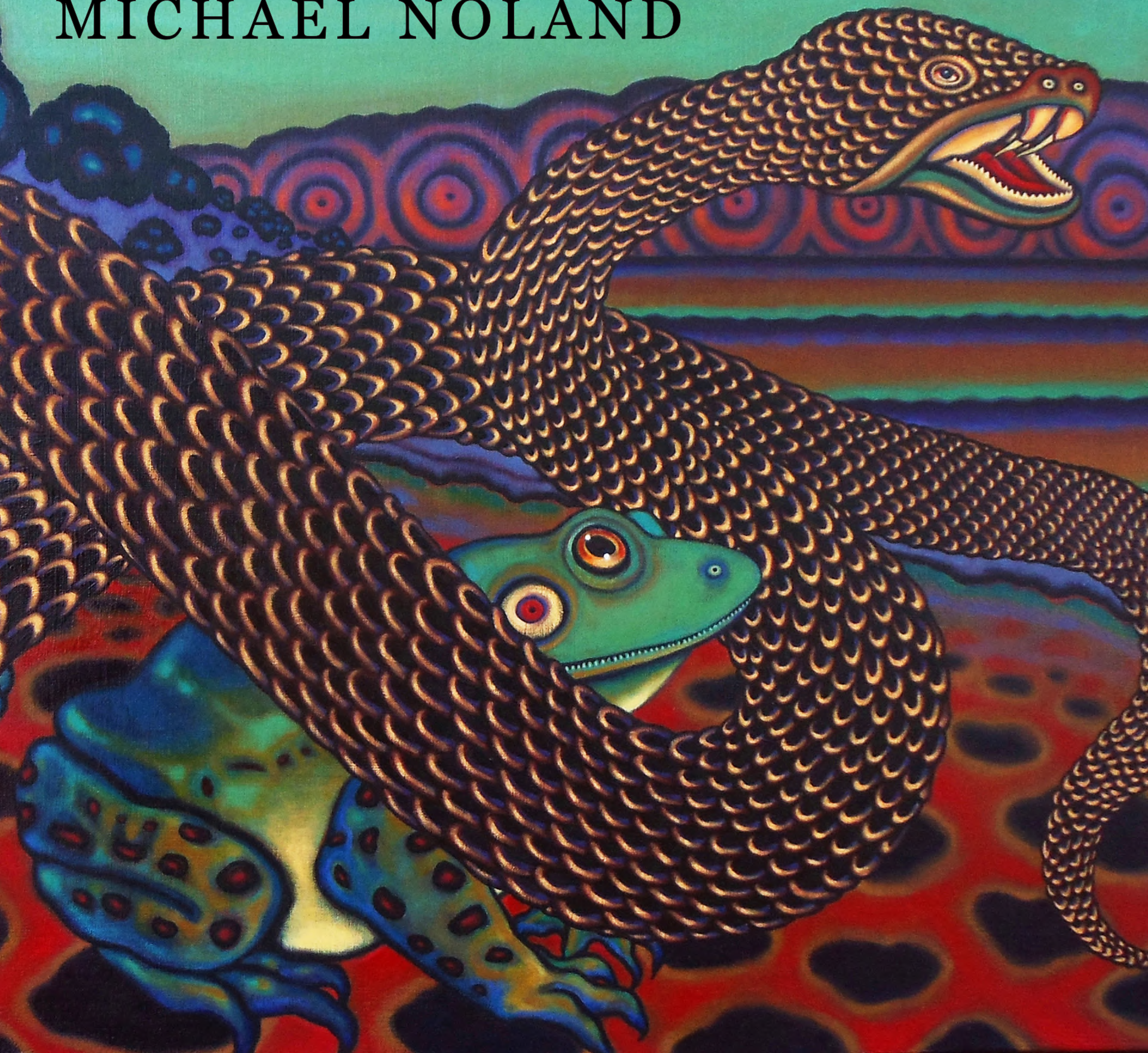






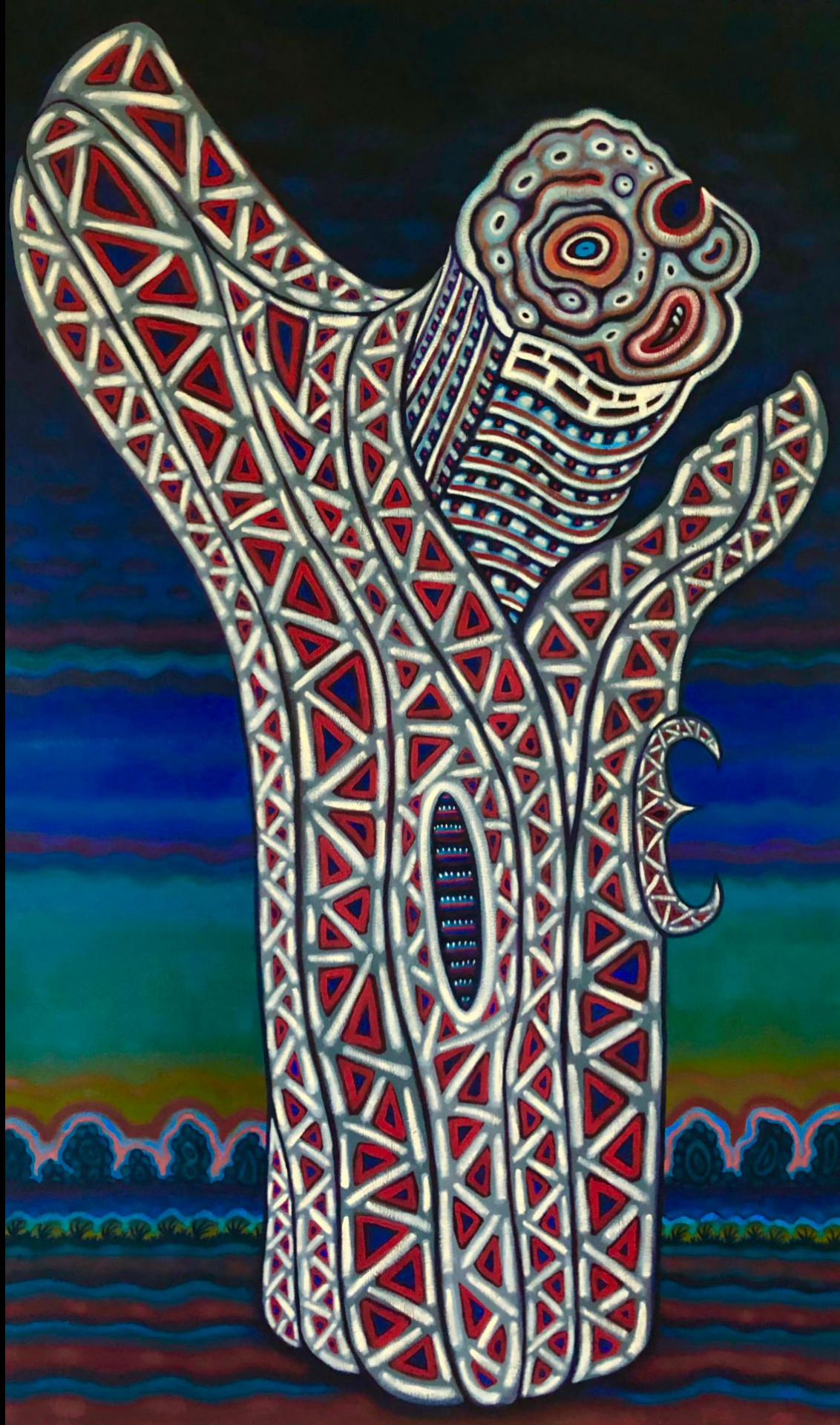


MICHAEL NOLAND









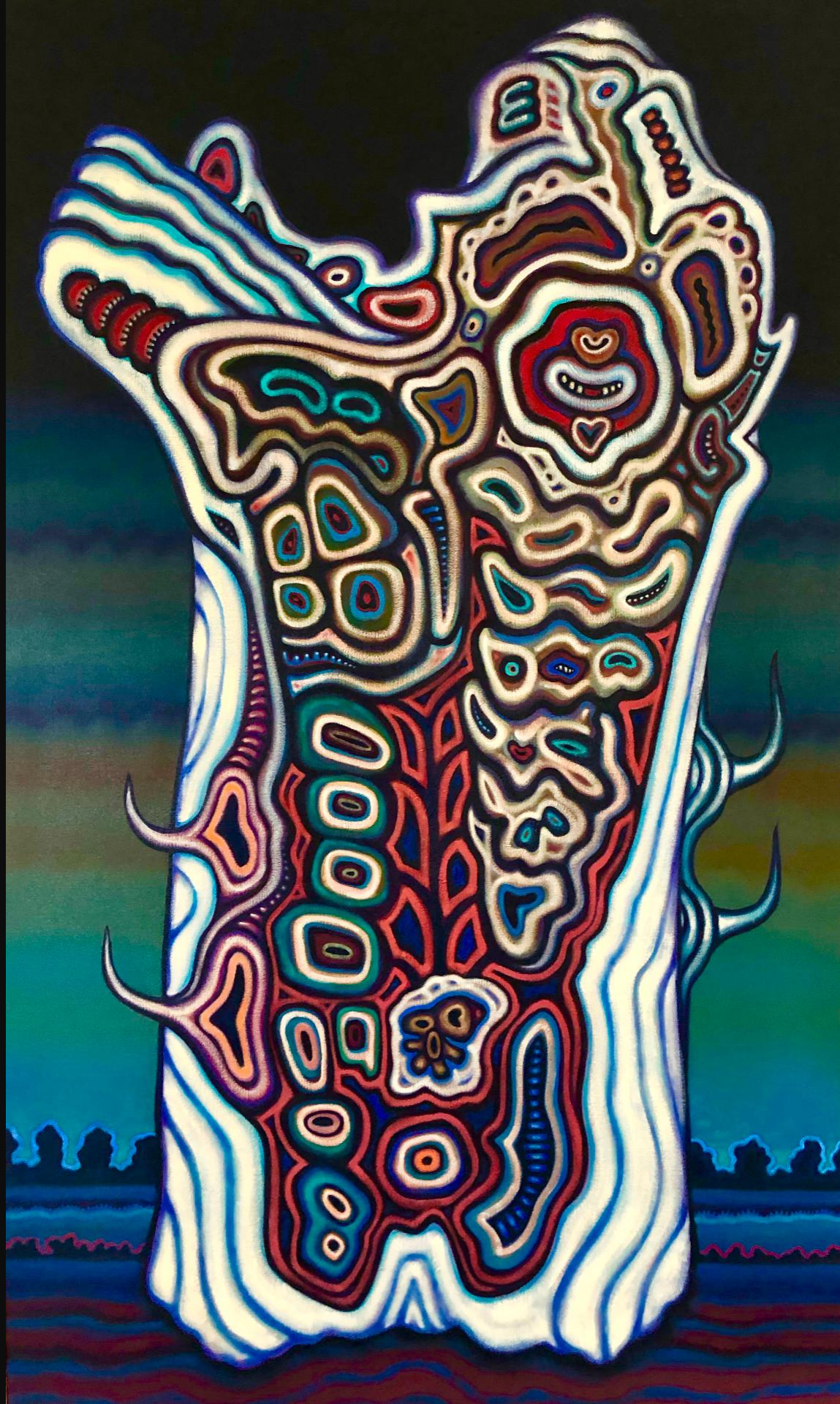




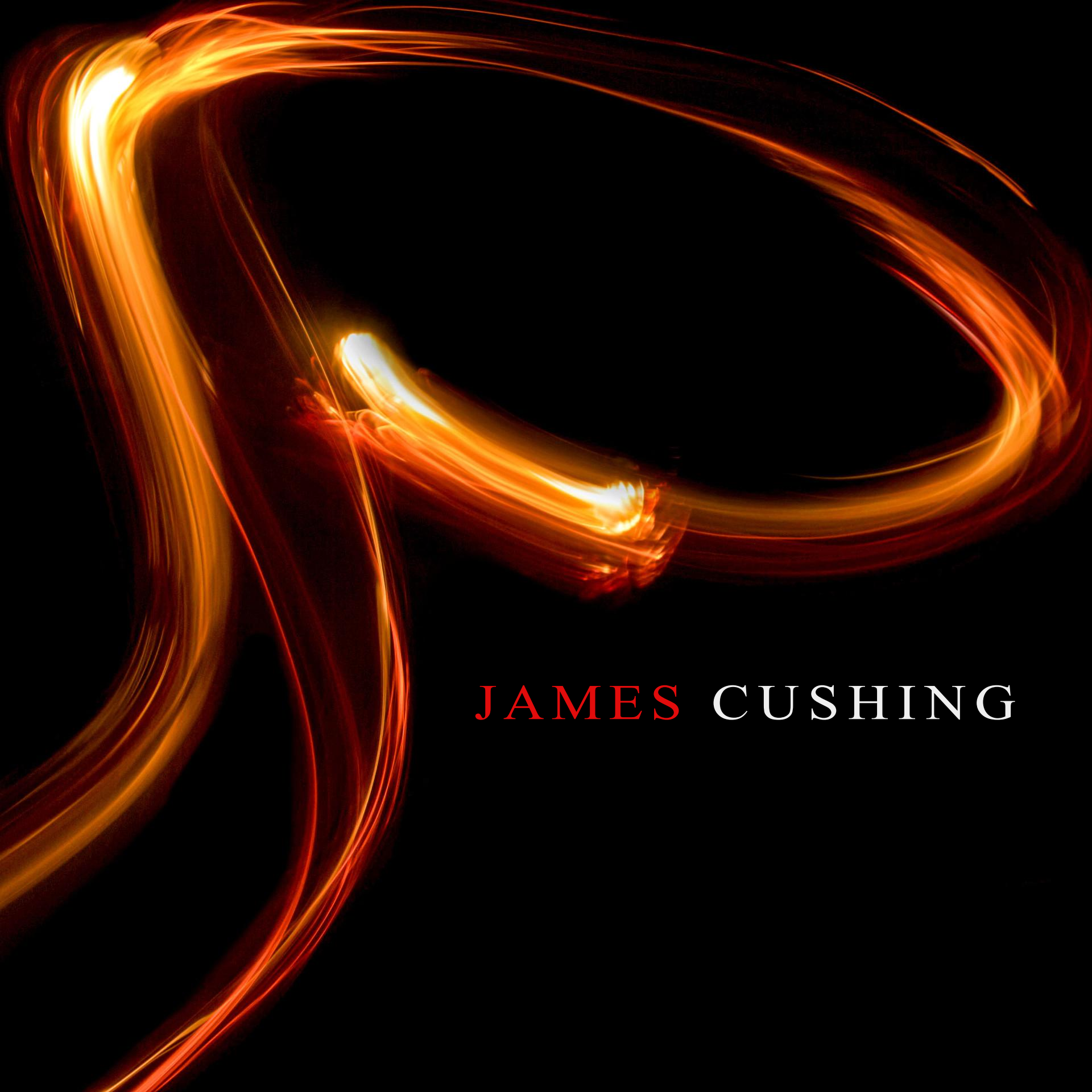












JAMES CUSHING

A Place We Are Familiar With

Night after night, I thumb through old books and listen to the pages. Their rustling translates to words that just precede the act of speech, ones I've never heard or said. And the tiny detail, the one I had ignored, magnifies, taking over the whole frame, and yet I still cannot name it — part of a machine, an amber earring fragment, a paint-stained hinge — options swirl and I feel idiotic.

The pile of books sits just as high as it did before I sat down to read them! But I need something from another room. When I leave my closet, I find the whole house newly cluttered — dirty dishes, pizza boxes, rumpled clothes, beer cans, paraphernalia, heavy metal album covers — young men have been partying here all week and I heard nothing, I've become a human stone.

This is why I'm writing you, my old friend. You understand. Like me, you have carried your father's clothing to the dump. You have seen your scraps of money disappear, and your love of Coltrane has come to resemble a toy hammer in the hand of a sleepy child. It's noon. Right now, seated at the window, I watch black stems and orange flowers make slow turns, and the fourteen or so years we have left glow faintly behind them.

Before the End of Friendship

We see how the mirror is also a game. Its rules,
invisible, always secret — its weather
that tells a story no one wants to hear,

and the whole argument happened nearly
fifty years ago anyway, so when we prod
our memory we see once again how it ended

although the two principals never will. We feel
for both parties what we can't name simply:
pity, fondness, anger, admiration, a little impatience...

When we came of age, we found our names
had not been written in the mirror's book,
there among the remembered, the studied, the envied.

This year, the same argument falls through space
like a dropped mirror, but does not break,
for one of us is always there to catch it,

no matter how many times the scene repeats.
Then, one of us always hangs the mirror back up
on the west wall, on its little steel hook.

Elbows at the Windowsill

The sky's a nebula I squint through,
and the roadside's loaded with ruined appliances,
the only eyes the grass keeps open.

My mother and father are ash, and I praise
the fire that fell spinning upon them, around
them, the good hot whirl of beginnings.

I have chewed and swallowed my forgetfulness,
anticipated the cemetery's tall, swaying trees.
As they sway, they murmur to themselves.

I'm glad I knew enough to love them. But
where on the pyramid does that love end?

ANDY COX





























PAU VEGAS

SINTURETINA













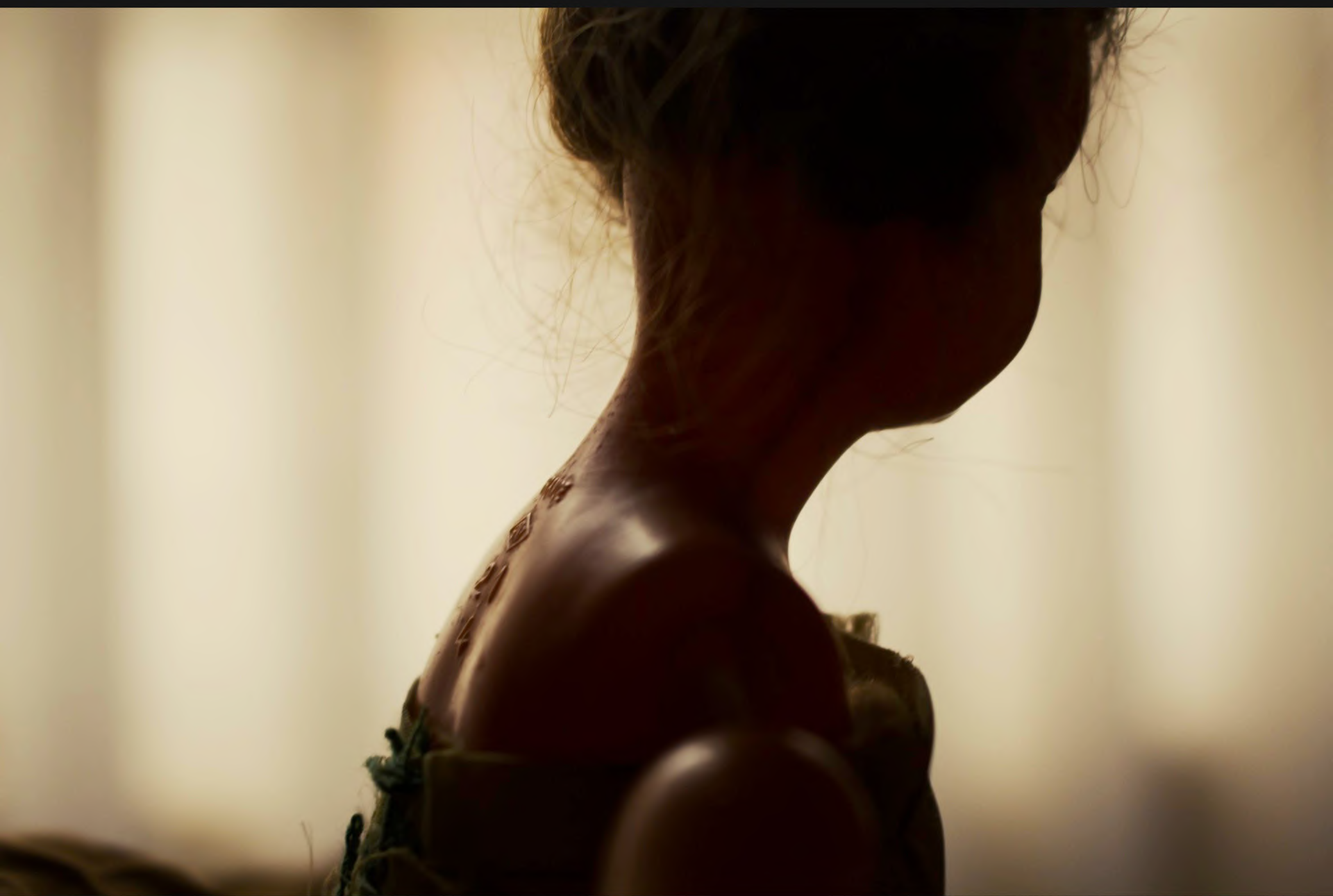












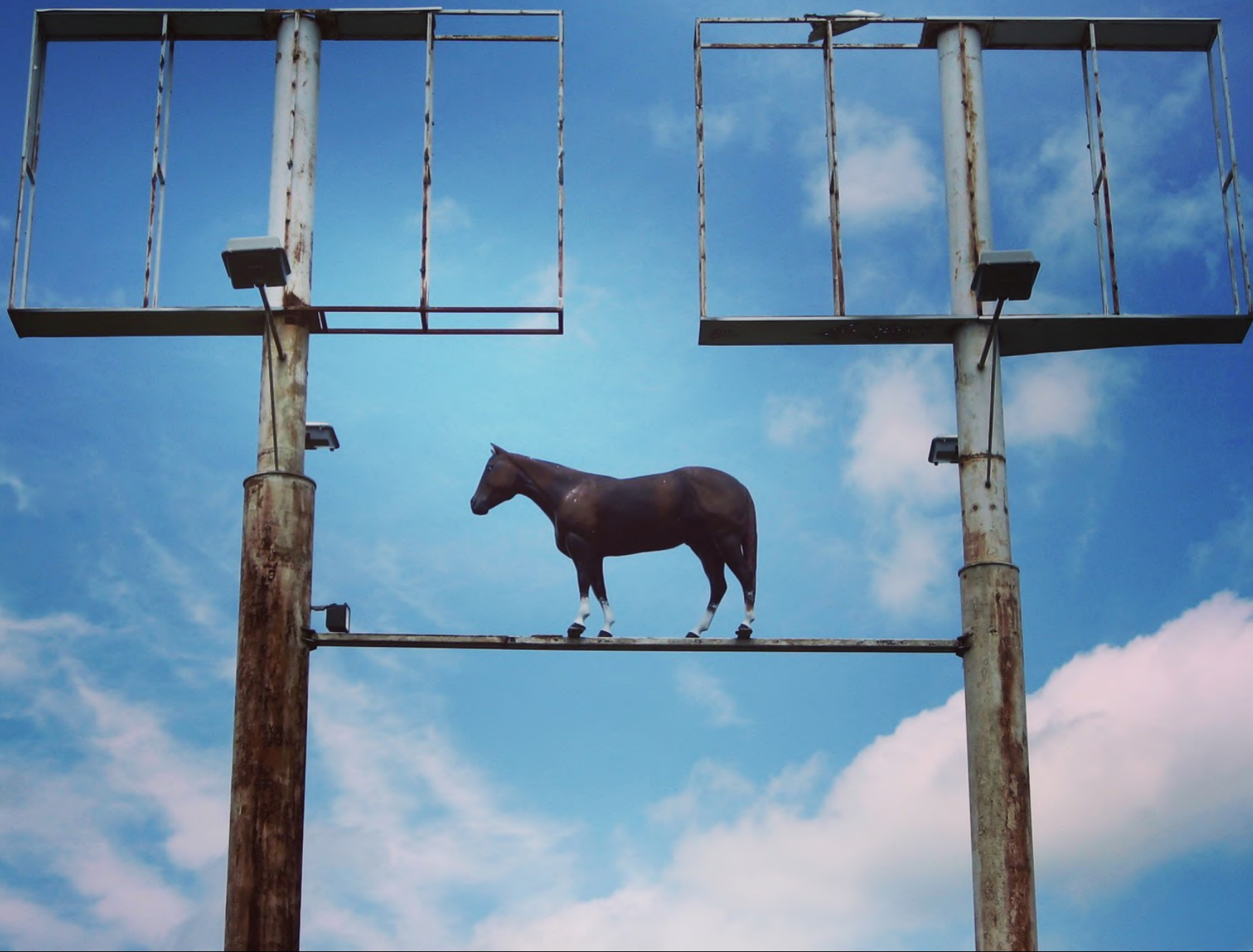




JOHN FOSTER











NO SMOKING
LINCARE















The Lamb on mount Zion. REVELATION, 14.

dwelt therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed.

13 And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men.

14 And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live.

15 And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.

16 And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:

17 And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the name of his name.

18 Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his name is written upon the hundred and three.

CHAPTER 15
And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying, and pour out the seven plagues of the seven angels.

Full of Babylon.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the evangel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every kindred, and tongue, and nation.

And he said with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him: for the hour of his judgment is come: and him that made heaven, and the sea, and the fountains of waters.

And he followed another angel, which said, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, the great city, because she hath made all nations drink of the wine of her wrath.

And he said, Alas, alas, that Babylon should be made desolate, and that all they that loved her should be made desolate, and that all they that were rich should be made poor.

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REVELATION, 15.

The seven last plagues.
And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying, and pour out the seven plagues of the seven angels.

And the first angel came out of the temple, and poured out his vial upon the earth: and there was pestilence and sorrow upon all them which had the mark of the beast.

And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea: and the water became blood, and many died of the water, because it was made bitter.

And the third angel poured out his vial upon the rivers and fountains of waters: and they became blood.

And I heard the angel of the waters say, Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus.

For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy.

And I heard another out of the altar say, Even so, Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are thy judgments.

And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire.

And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues: and they repented not, nor gave him glory.

And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness, and they gnawed their tongues for pain.

And blasphemed the heaven because of their sores, and repented not of their deeds.

And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared.

And I heard a voice saying, Prepare thee, O king of the east: for thou shalt be overthrown, and thou shalt be broken, and thou shalt be destroyed, and thou shalt be made desolate.

And the seven angels came out of the temple, having the seven plagues, clothed in pure and white linen, and having their breasts girded with golden girdles.

And one of the four beasts gave unto the seven angels seven golden vials full of the wrath of God, who liveth for ever and ever.

CHAPTER 16.

And I heard a great voice out of the temple saying, and pour out the seven plagues of the seven angels.

And the first angel went, and poured out his vial upon the earth: and there was pestilence and sorrow upon all them which had the mark of the beast.

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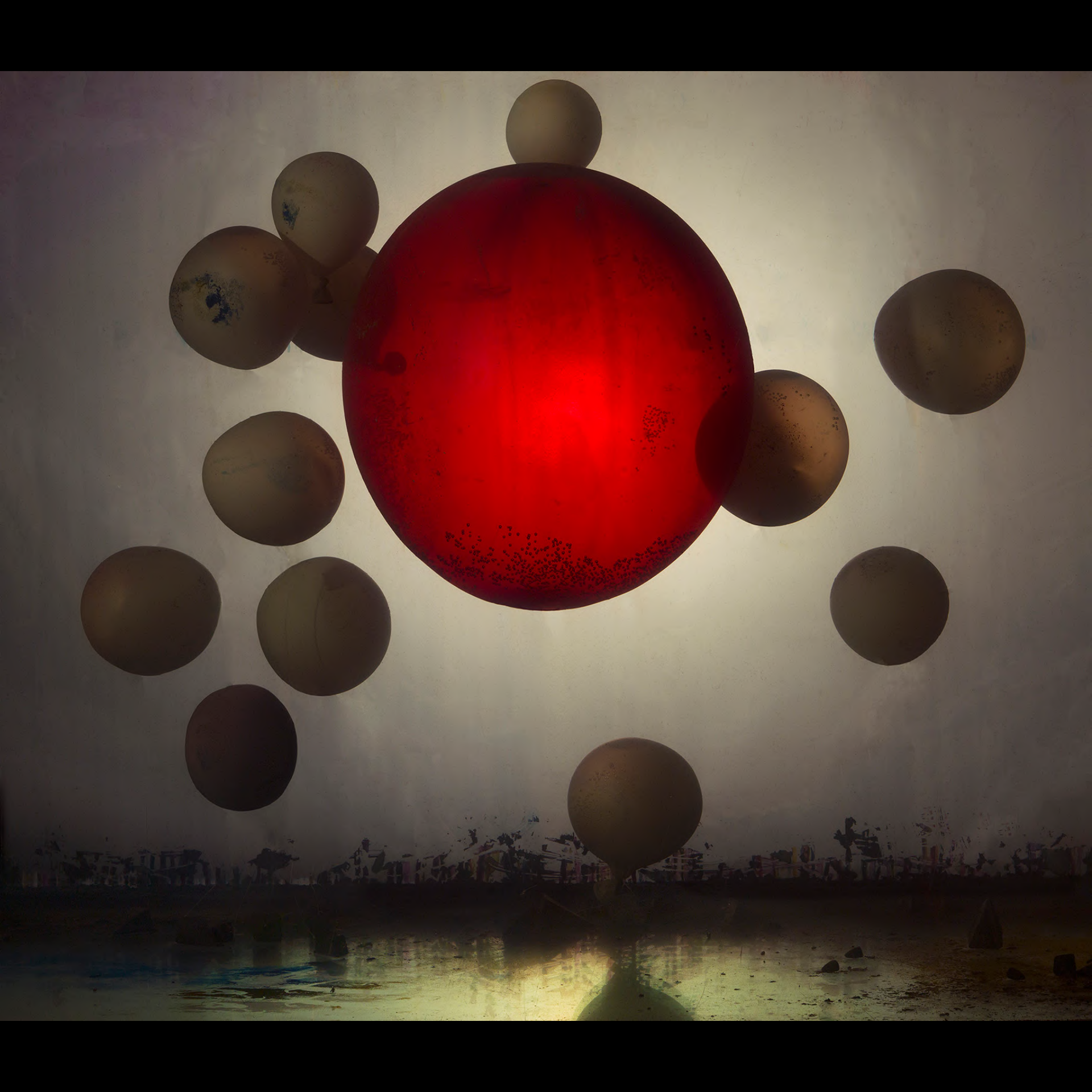
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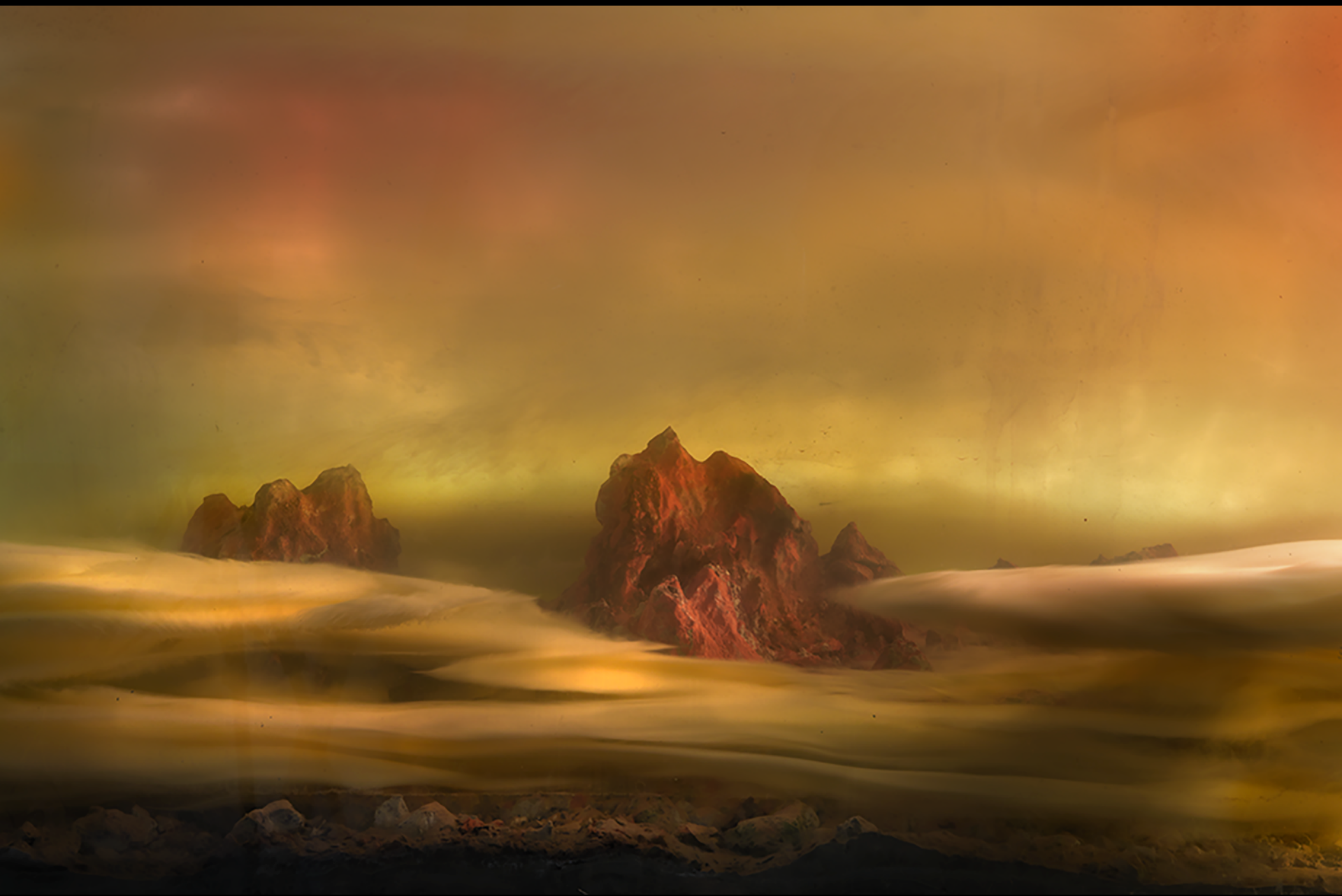


A dramatic landscape painting. The sky is dark and turbulent, with swirling clouds in shades of green, blue, and black. A bright, ethereal light source, possibly the moon or a distant star, illuminates the scene from the right, casting a strong glow. Below the sky, a range of jagged, snow-capped mountains stretches across the horizon. In the foreground, a series of smaller, rounded hills or mountains are covered in a vibrant, glowing green light, suggesting a magical or otherworldly atmosphere. The overall composition is dynamic and evocative, with a strong sense of scale and drama.

KIM KEEVER







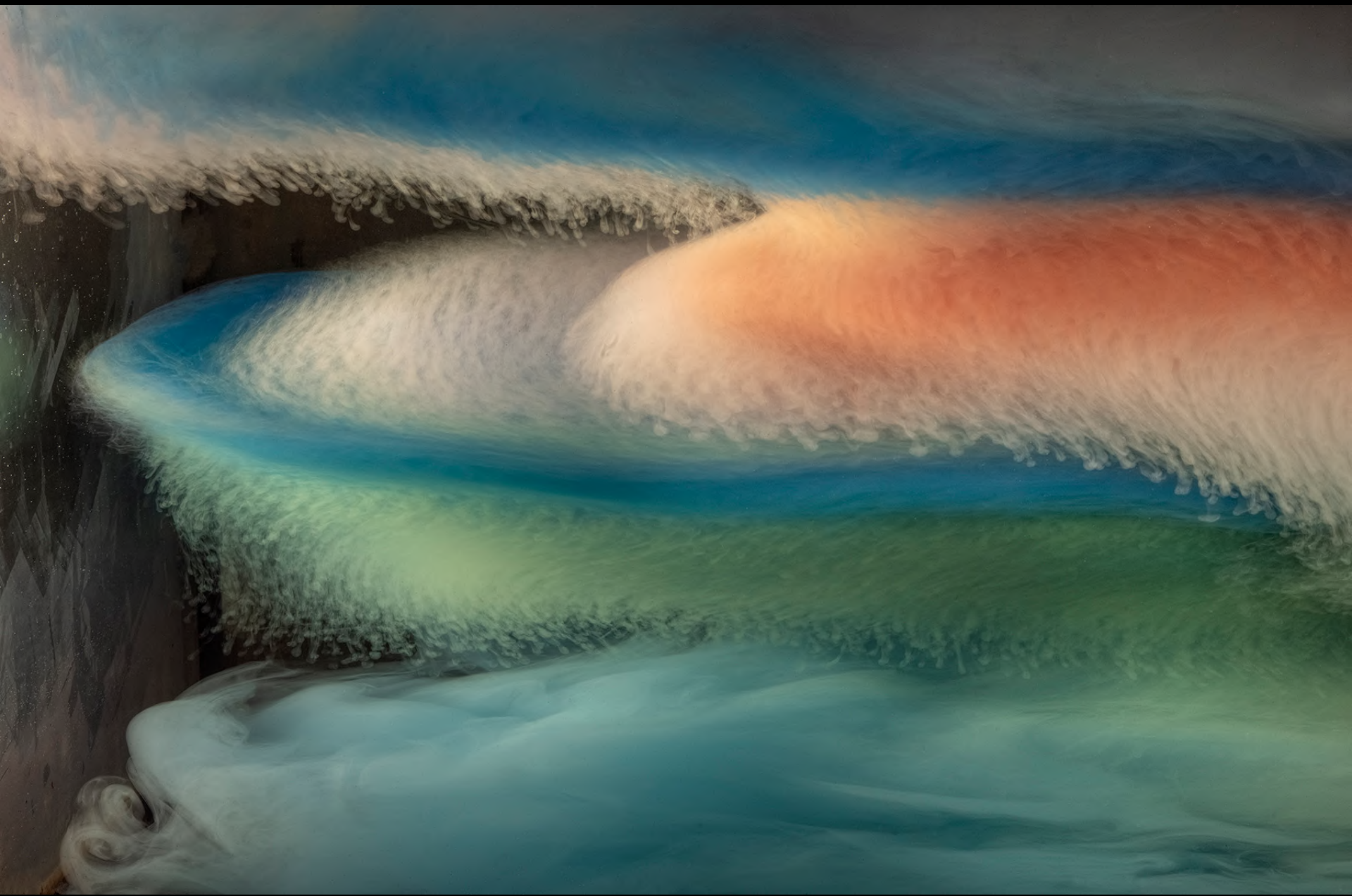


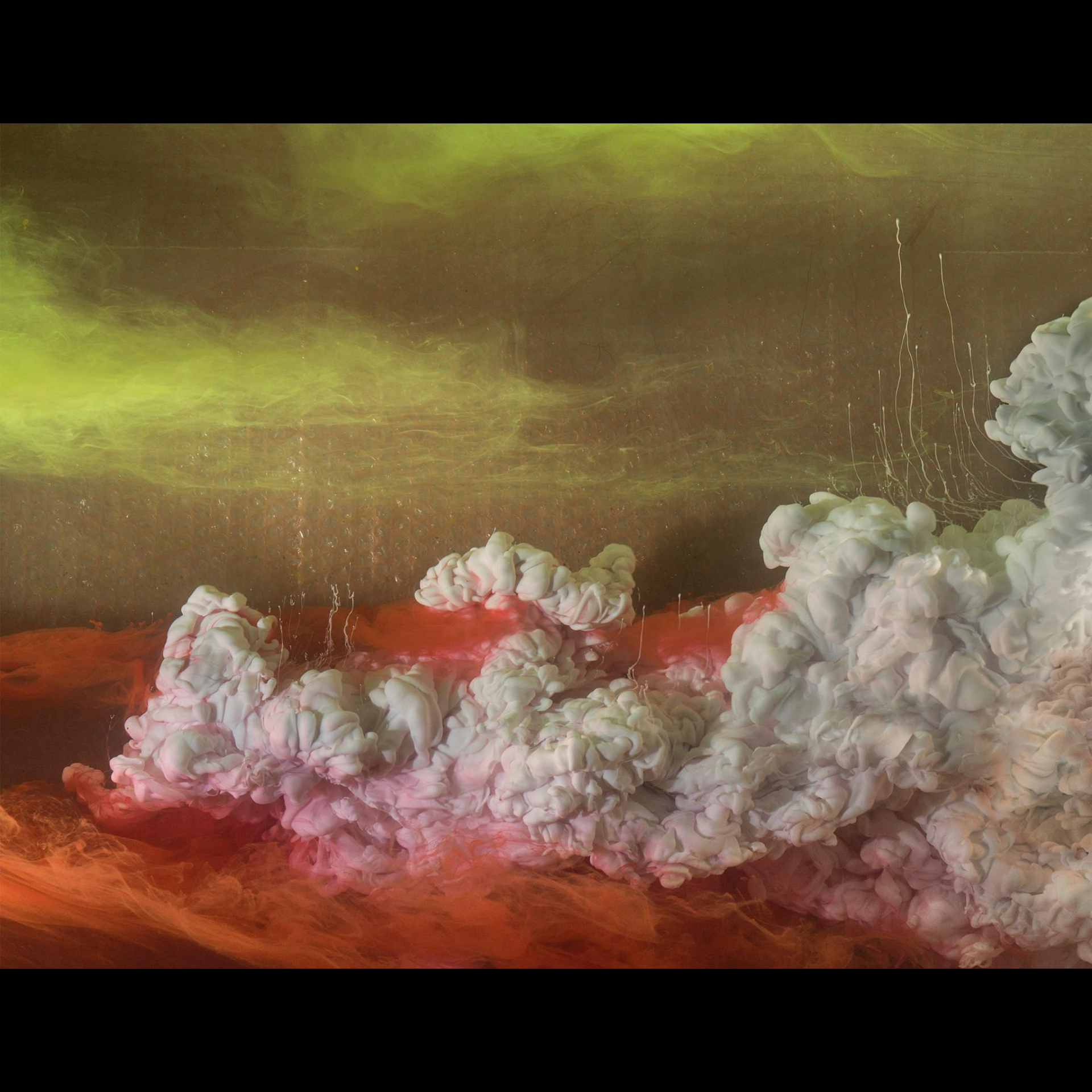




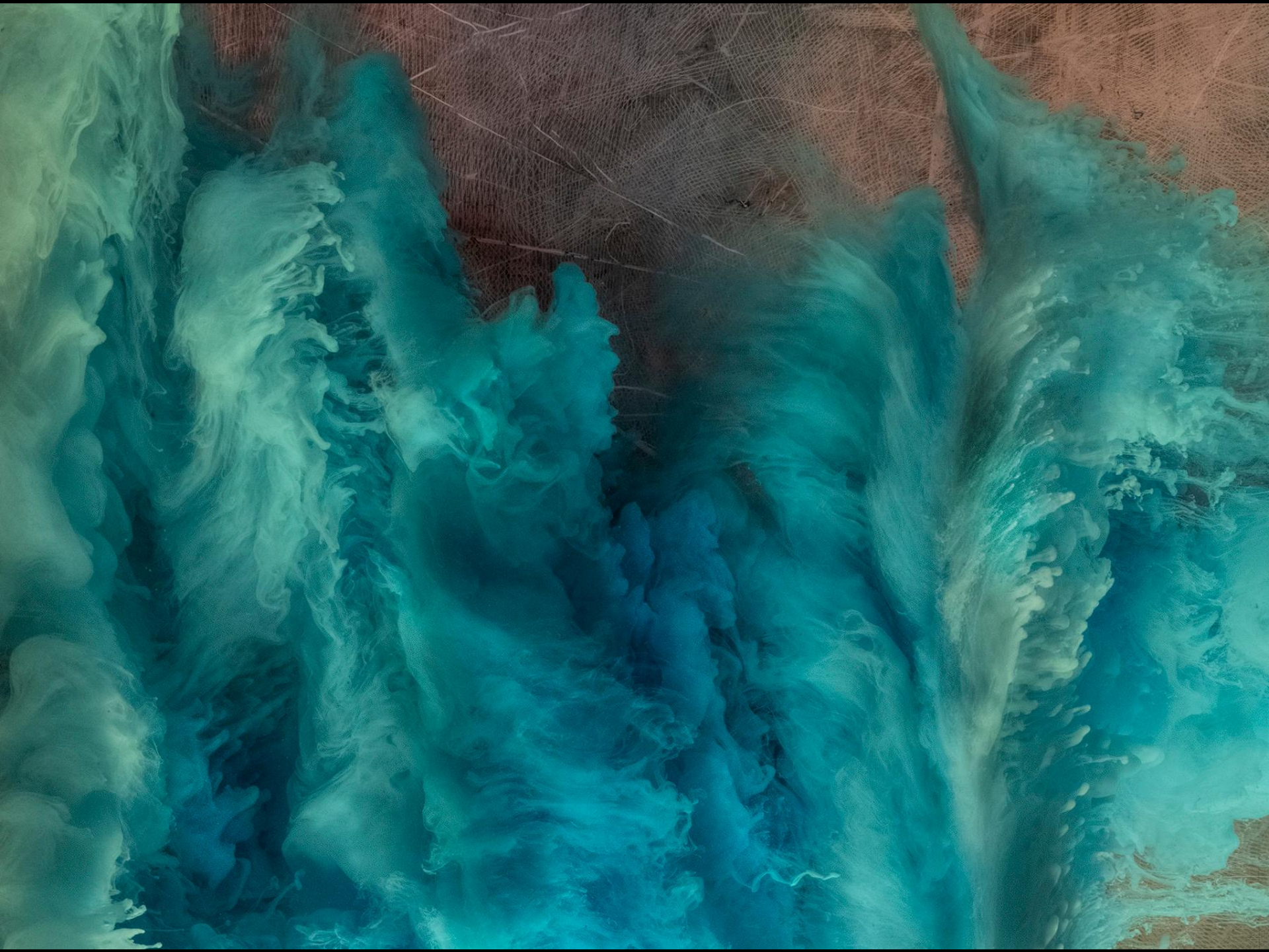




















ARTIST PAGES

R O B H A N N

1. I DREAM A HIGHWAY (TITLE PAGE)
2. OLD HIGHWAY 6, NEVADA
3. BLACK PONY, WONDER VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
4. LADDER TREE, HIGHWAY 86, CALIFORNIA
5. INTERSTATE 80, UTAH
6. GIANT ROCK, LANDERS, CALIFORNIA
7. RED CLOTH, WONDER VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
8. BURIED CAR, LUCERNE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
9. PRAIRIE CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA
10. BLACK PALMS, THERMAL, CALIFORNIA
11. GAS, HOLBROOK, ARIZONA
12. RED TRUCK, BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA
13. RACETRACK, PLAYA, CALIFORNIA
14. MOTEL, GEORGE, WASHINGTON
15. LUNING, NEVADA
16. FRUIT LOOPS, AMBOY, CALIFORNIA
17. BLACK FORD, BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS, UTAH
18. TOCCOA, GEORGIA
19. ROCK, HIGHWAY 131, UTAH
20. ELVIS, HIGHWAY 90, TEXAS
21. RED CLOTH, LANDERS, CALIFORNIA
22. BANK, RHYOLITE, NEVADA
23. AUDITORIUM, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
24. GOLDEN GATOR, WHITE SANDS, NEW MEXICO
25. EYE, BOMBAY BEACH, CALIFORNIA
26. HIGHWAY 18, WYOMING
27. GOLDEN GATOR, WHITE SANDS,
NEW MEXICO (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

www.robhann.com



KJ SHOWS

1. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** FRIDA KAHLO (COVER)
2. SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** (TITLE PAGE)
3. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** MAB GRAVES
4. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** HOWARD FINSTER
5. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** WILLIAM WEGMAN
6. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** JAMIE WYETH
7. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** BRAD MAUSHART
8. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** GIL CORRAL
9. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** JOHN WATERS
10. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** SALLY WHELAN
11. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** CATHY COEZ
12. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** RUSS POPE
13. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** JACKSON POLLACK
14. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** NINA SALERNO
15. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** RICHARD ESTES
16. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** JUDY CHICAGO
17. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** DAVE NAVARRO
18. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** ISABEL SAMARAS
19. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** ANN HAMILTON
20. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** CANDY CHANG
21. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** WILL AMATO
22. PORTRAIT OF THE **ARTIST** KJ SHOWS (THIS PAGE)

www.fearnoart.net



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1. THE TIDE IS TURNING (TITLE PAGE)
 2. SOUL LISTENERS
 3. ROOM WITH A VIEW
 4. LUNAR APOCALYPSE
 5. TWILIGHT SHADOWS
 6. THE THIN ICE
 7. MY COMFORT
 8. DREAMSCAPE II
 9. ECLIPSE - THE DANCE
 10. THE SILENT ORCHESTRA
 11. CROWDED WALL
 12. DISTANT LAND
 13. THE BIRTH OF FEAR
 14. TRACES
 15. VOYAGERS - INNER, OUTER
 16. THE THIRSTY II (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

www.kjetilkarlsen.com

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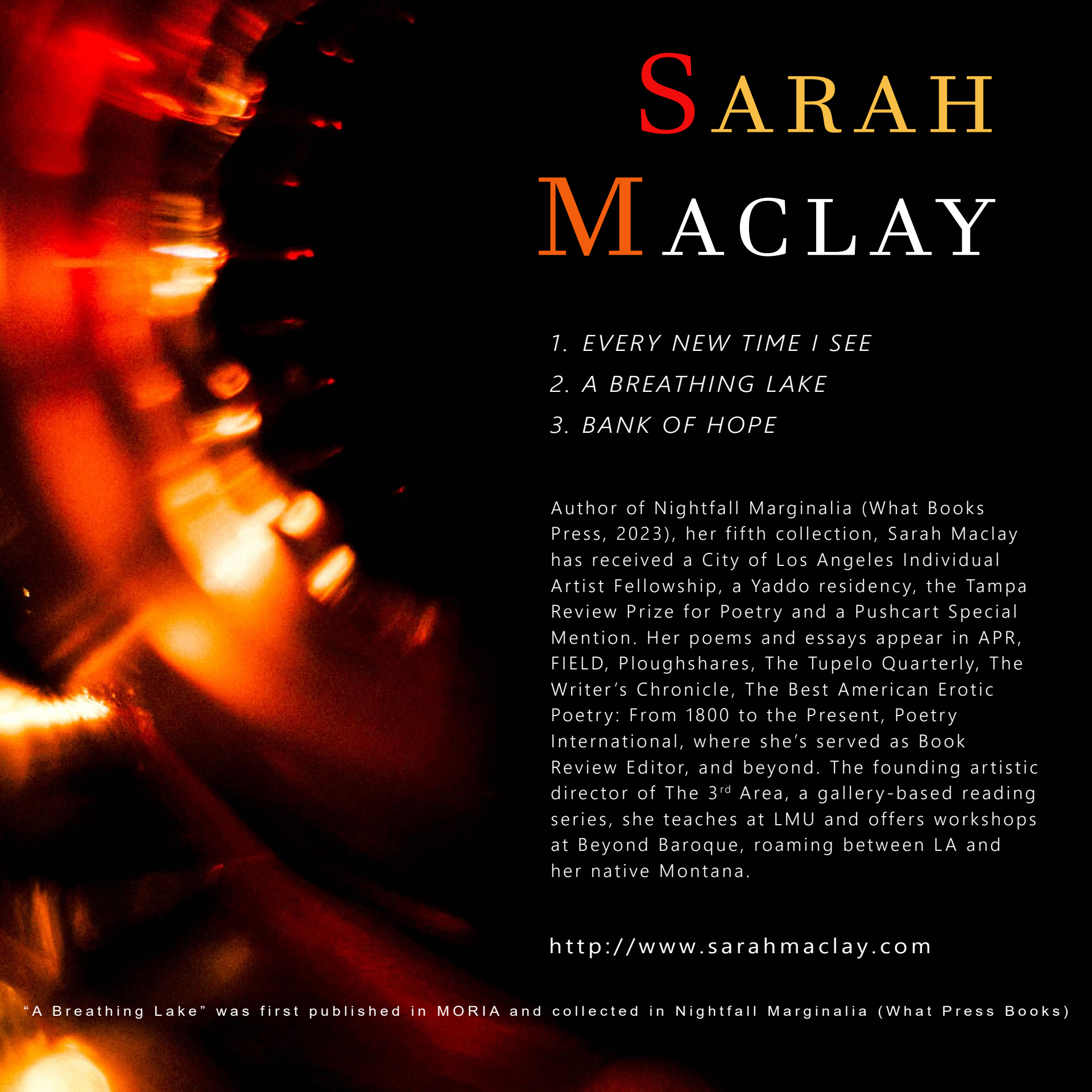
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ALEX URBAN



1. MIRACLE (TITLE PAGE)
2. Dymek na zgodę
3. Goliatka
4. BLENDING
5. Dwie lewe ręce pełne
brylantów
6. Bez słowa
7. Błogosławieństwo
8. Pestki
9. MADONNA
10. JAPAN BEAUTY
11. WOMAN OVER 40
12. RED DRAGON
13. THE END
14. LOVE ME BITCH
15. CELL
16. SHE PISSED OFF
17. RUNAWAY PRINCES
18. TEAM
19. Untitled
20. WINNI (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

www.alexurban.pl



SARAH MACLAY

1. *EVERY NEW TIME I SEE*
2. *A BREATHING LAKE*
3. *BANK OF HOPE*

Author of *Nightfall Marginalia* (What Books Press, 2023), her fifth collection, Sarah Maclay has received a City of Los Angeles Individual Artist Fellowship, a Yaddo residency, the Tampa Review Prize for Poetry and a Pushcart Special Mention. Her poems and essays appear in *APR*, *FIELD*, *Ploughshares*, *The Tupelo Quarterly*, *The Writer's Chronicle*, *The Best American Erotic Poetry: From 1800 to the Present*, *Poetry International*, where she's served as Book Review Editor, and beyond. The founding artistic director of *The 3rd Area*, a gallery-based reading series, she teaches at LMU and offers workshops at *Beyond Baroque*, roaming between LA and her native Montana.

<http://www.sarahmaclay.com>

"A Breathing Lake" was first published in *MORIA* and collected in *Nightfall Marginalia* (What Press Books)

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www.instagram.com/sararobinson



MARK GLEASON

1. IT WENT LIKE THIS (TITLE PAGE)
2. CARRY THE FIRE
3. HATE RUNS THROUGH MY BLOOD
4. HE WHO SAW INTO THE DEPTHS
5. EXIT
6. NAIL
7. ENDUE THAT TOO
8. ARETE
9. FEVER TREE
10. GAMERA
11. TIS OF THEE
12. BETELGEUSE
13. SPITFIRE
14. RAVEN AND PAINT (THIS PAGE)

www.markgleason.org



GLEASON

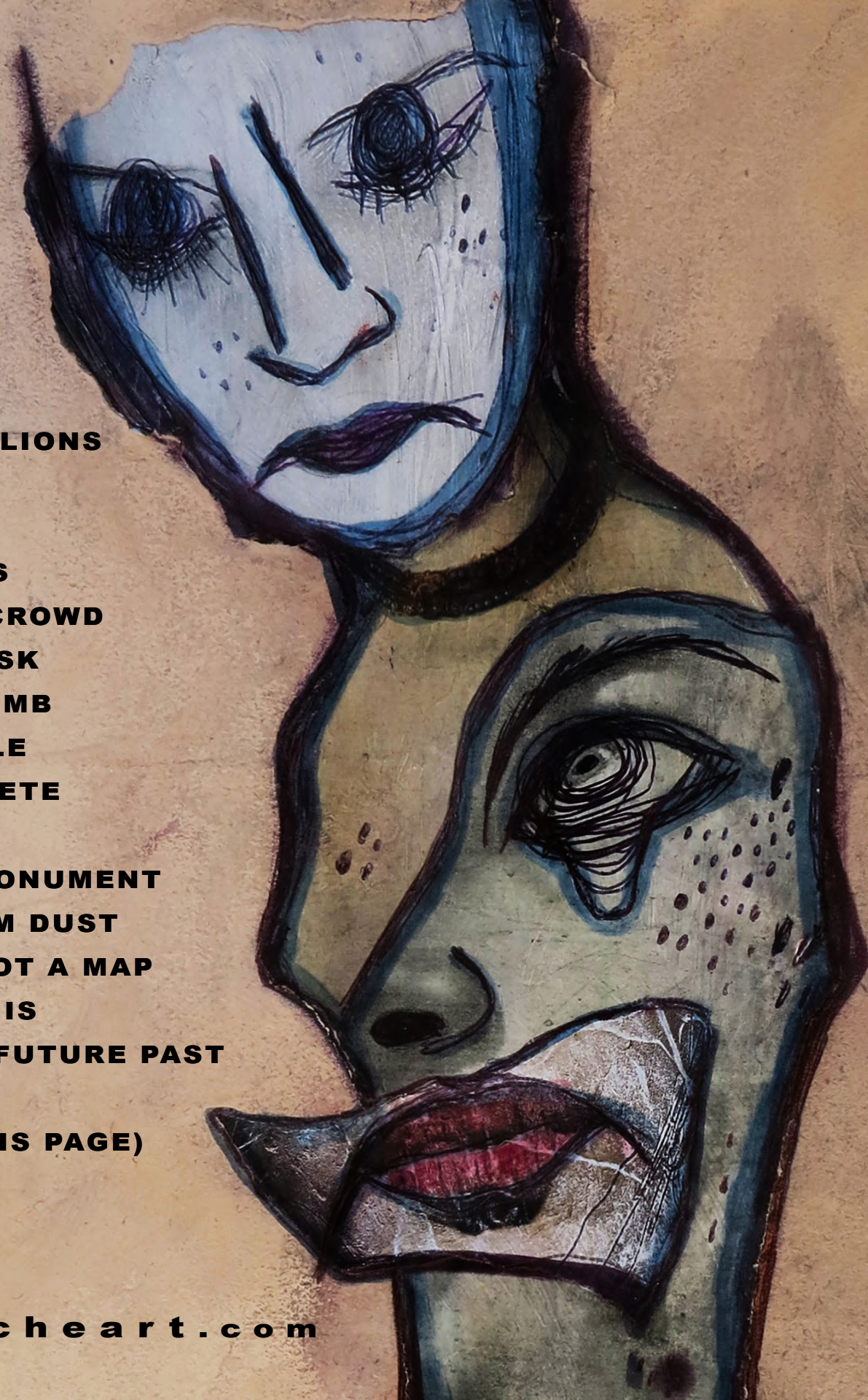


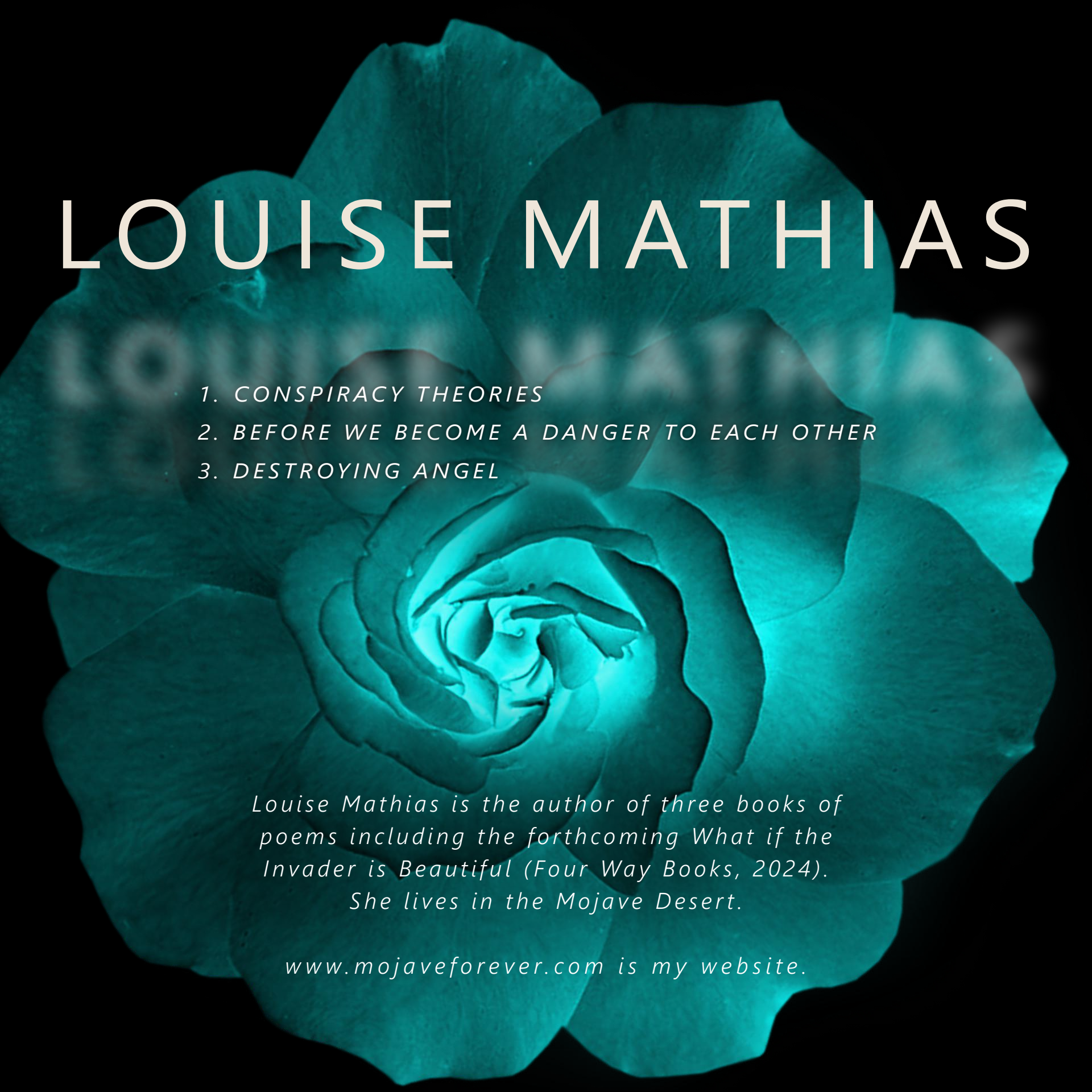
HUGH S HURLEY

1. DOING HARD TIME (TITLE PAGE)
2. IT'LL START FROM HERE
3. GRAND VIEW FOR JUST US TWO
4. PUSHOVER
5. GETTING TRASHED
6. SPOONFUL OF SUGAR
7. TOO MUCH TOUPEE
FOR THE PRICE OF VANITY
8. A MAD, MAD WORLD
9. WALLFLOWERS
10. NO LOOKING BACK
11. TOGETHER
12. FACING FEAR
13. CLEAN SWEEP
14. FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
15. WOTNMA 01 (DETAIL) (THIS PAGE)

I A N G A M A C H E

1. STUDIO,
IAN GAMACHE
(TITLE PAGE)
2. UNATTAINABLE
3. TOO MANY STALLIONS
4. A KISS
5. UNTITLED MASK
6. HEAD AND LINES
7. A FACE IN THE CROWD
8. BEHIND THE MASK
THE SOUL IS NUMB
9. CRACKED BOTTLE
BROKEN CONCRETE
10. ODDITY
11. UNFINISHED MONUMENT
12. DISPATCH FROM DUST
13. THE FACE IS NOT A MAP
14. NO FACE TO THIS
15. MEMORY OF A FUTURE PAST
16. NO ART TODAY
17. STRANGER (THIS PAGE)



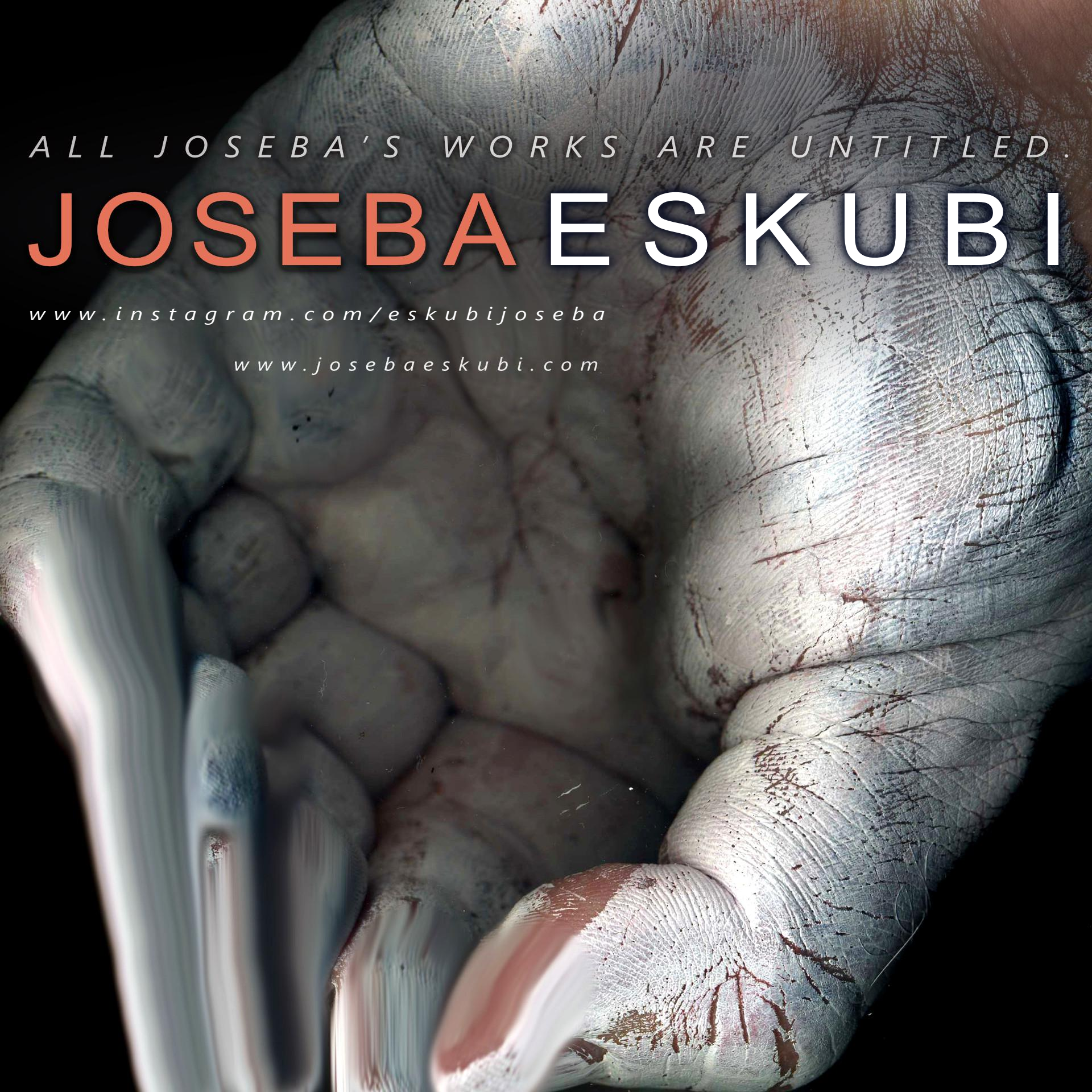


LOUISE MATHIAS

1. *CONSPIRACY THEORIES*
2. *BEFORE WE BECOME A DANGER TO EACH OTHER*
3. *DESTROYING ANGEL*

*Louise Mathias is the author of three books of poems including the forthcoming *What if the Invader is Beautiful* (Four Way Books, 2024). She lives in the Mojave Desert.*

www.mojaveforever.com is my website.



ALL JOSEBA'S WORKS ARE UNTITLED.

JOSEBA ESKUBI

www.instagram.com/eskubijoseba

www.josebaeskubi.com

www.rozleibowitz.com

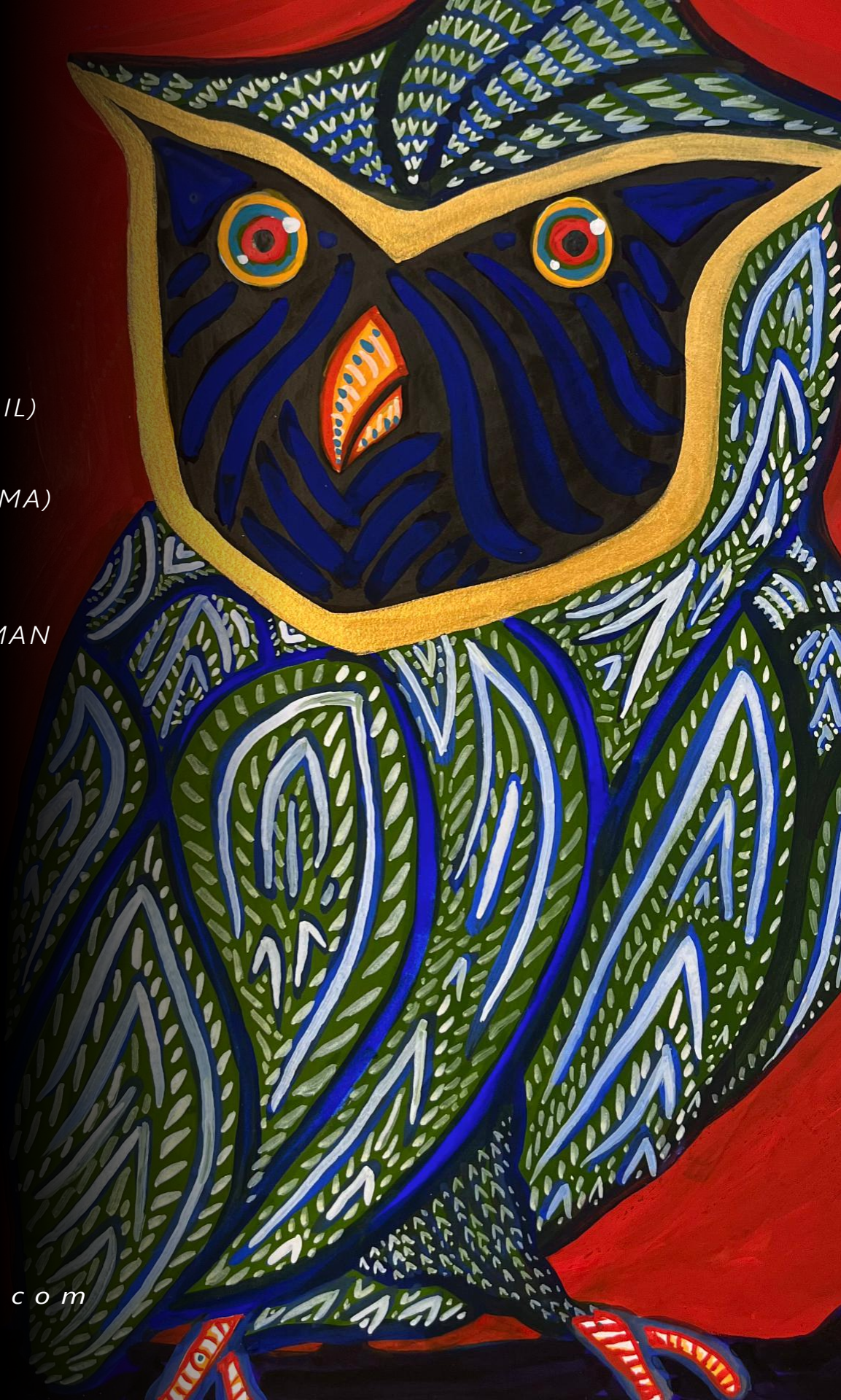


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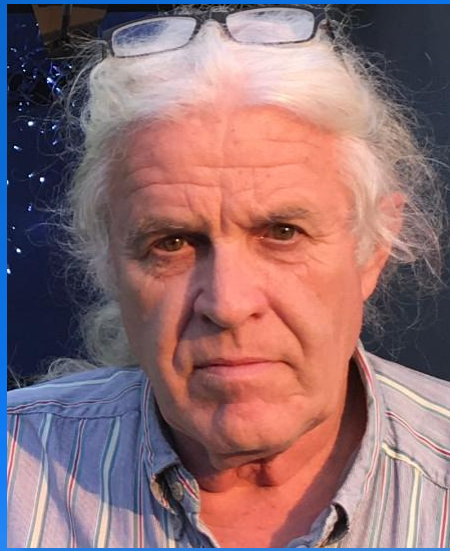
MICHAEL NOLAND

1. THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM (DETAIL)
(TITLE PAGE)
2. THE LAST STORM SEER (OKLAHOMA)
3. BUDDHA CLOWN
(FOR WILLIAM HAWKINS)
4. MONUMENT FOR A SOUTHERN MAN
5. THE NEW FANCY
6. HEAVEN ON EARTH (TOTEM)
7. BACKYARD DAZZLER
8. ANGELS OF MY HEART
9. UNDER A DARK SUN
10. MY FAMILY TREE
11. NIGHT FEVER
12. THE GREEN OWL (DETAIL)
(THIS PAGE)



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1. *A PLACE WE ARE FAMILIAR WITH*
2. *BEFORE THE END OF FRIENDSHIP*
3. *ELBOWS AT THE WINDOWSILL*

JAMES CUSHING, currently directing the Beyond Baroque Wednesday night poetry workshop, retired in 2020 after thirty-five years teaching literature and creative writing in San Luis Obispo, CA, where he served as the community's poet laureate in 2008-2010. Cushing's poems have appeared widely and his collections include The Length of an Afternoon, Undercurrent Blues, Pinocchio's Revolution, The Magicians' Union, Solace, and Tangled Hologram, all from Cahuenga Press in Los Angeles. He lives in Hollywood with poet-painter Celeste Goyer, with whom he frequently collaborates. His daughter is the New York based poet Iris Cushing. His website is www.jamescushingpoetry.com and includes poems and visual art.

1. THE HIGH HAT (TITLE PAGE)
2. NON-STOP TRAFFIC COP
3. SIGNS AND WONDERS
4. DISINTEGRATOR
5. OCEAN RAIN
6. BURSTING
7. BLUE HEAVEN
8. TO THE BONE
9. FOREST GHOST
10. MOLE
11. HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
12. SYNCHRONIZED SEMAPHORE
13. SOMETHING HOPEFUL
14. NO PARACHUTE (THIS PAGE)



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PAU VEGAS

SIN TU RETINA

1. Ensueño (Title Page)

2. Frontera

www.instagram.com/sin_tu_retina/

3. El deseo

4. La ventana de Elena

5. Te esperó mucho tiempo

6. La sombra que aguarda

7. La intimidad de perderse

8. Plegaria

9. Resto de luz

10. Discordia

11. Mientras soñaba

12. La mirada del abuelo

13. Revelada

14. Hierbas

15. Después de ti

16. Esperaste (Detail) (This Page)

www.accidentalmysteries.com

1. DEAD DRIVE-IN (TITLE PAGE)

2. WILSON A

3. SHOP OWNER

4. BALANCE

5. MOOK 2

6. CLARKSDALE

7. SOUTH FLORIDA

8. SOUTH ST. LOUIS

9. LOVE MY MAN

10. JOHNNY CASH

11. HAND

12. BLUE

13. CHURCH OF CiTrSH

14. GOD

15. ELVIS (THIS PAGE)



**J
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ALL KIM'S
PHOTOGRAPHS
ARE UNTITLED.

KIM

KEEVER

www.instagram.com/kimkeever.art/

www.kimkeever.com

Rob Hann *is from New York, New York*

KJ Shows *is from Kennebunk, Maine*

Kjetil Karlsen *is from Narvik, Norway*

Alex Urban *is from Wrocław, Poland*

Sarah Maclay *is from Los Angeles, California*

Sara Robinson *is from Surrey, England*

Mark Gleason *is from San Mateo, CA*

Hugh Shurley *is from San Francisco, California*

Ian Gamache *is from Montreal, Canada*

Louise Mathias *is from Joshua Tree, California*

Joseba Eskubi *is from Bilbao, Spain*

Roz Leibowitz *is from New York, New York*

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Pau Vegas *is from Asturias, Spain*

John Foster *is from St. Louis, Missouri*

Kim Kever *is from New York, New York*

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D H D O W L I N G

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

www.instagram.com/tattooedbubble/

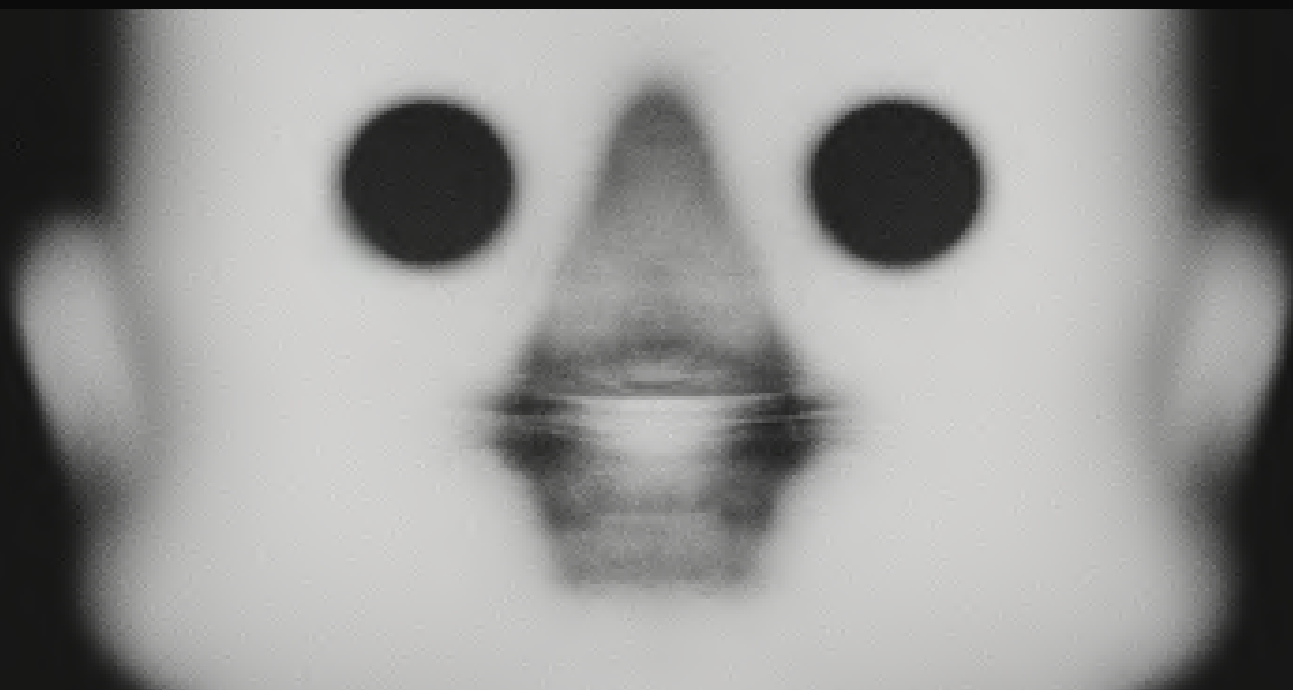


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www.holidaymason.com

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SPECIAL THANKS

to our Poetry Editor Holaday Mason

whose love of poetry lights up this zine.

To the artists in oo2 who were so patient and supportive.

You're all geniuses. **Thank you for trusting me** with your work.



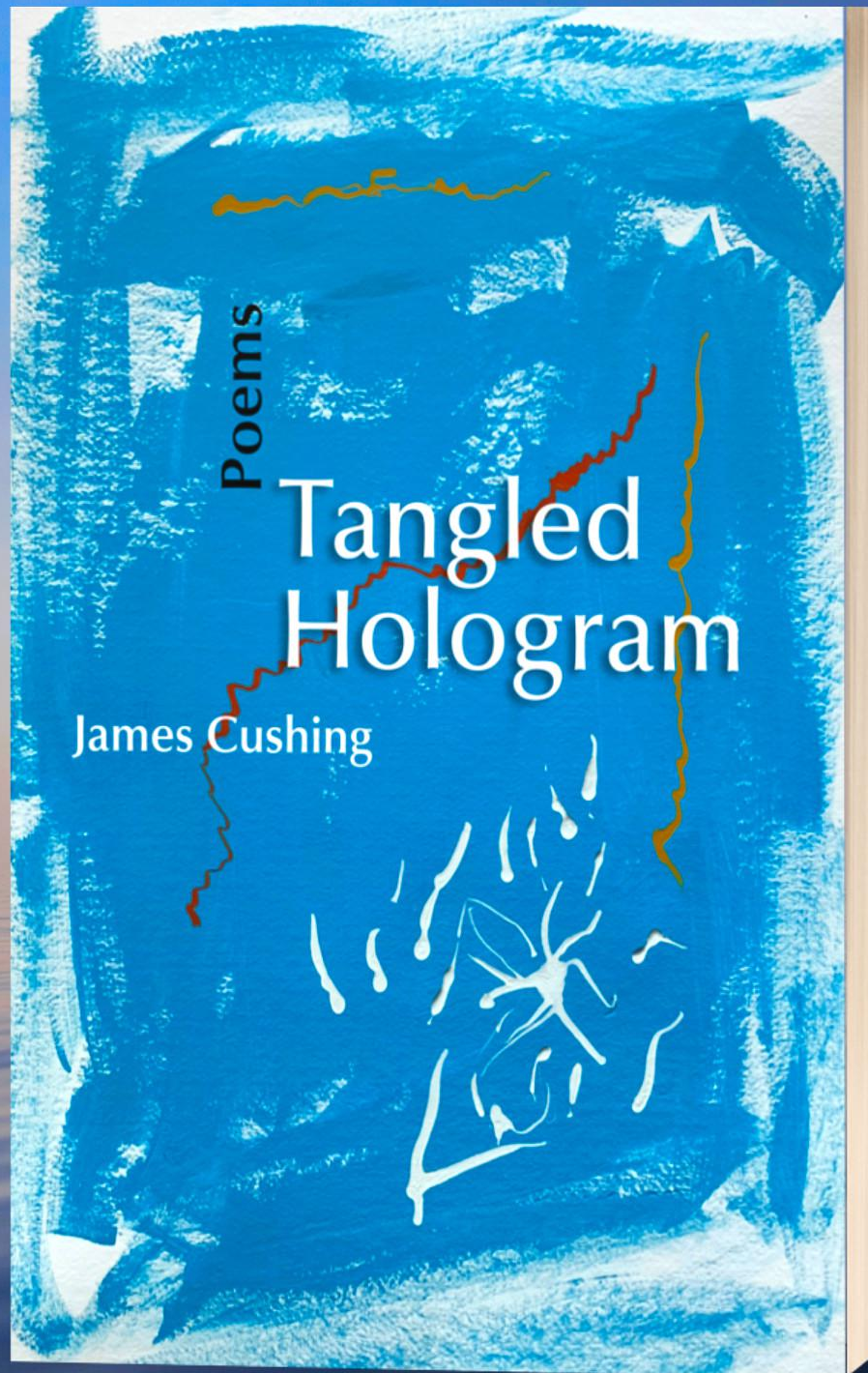
ADS₄ARTISTS



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"In this marvelous new collection of poems, James Cushing not only sings the body electric; he sings the art form electric. Always engaging and inventive, energetic, even startling, the poems in TANGLED HOLOGRAM are the work of a poet at the top of his game."

— Gail Wronsky, author of *Under the Capsized Boat We Fly*

www.jamescushingpoetry.com

NIGHTFALL MARGINALIA



POEMS

SARAH MACLAY

<https://www.whatbookspress.com/sarah-maclay.html>

HOLADAY MASON

P o e m s



The Weaver's Body

"These poems aren't so much written as they are excavated, pulled from the deep ground of human grief, followed by the reclamation of a self who has unearthed every shard. Holaday Mason's language is stunning."

—Holly Prado

A misty forest scene with a wooden bench in the foreground and trees in the background. The scene is dimly lit, with a soft glow emanating from the center, creating a magical atmosphere. The trees are dense and their leaves are tinged with autumn colors. The bench is made of dark wood and is positioned on a path that leads into the forest.

from the book of Gardener

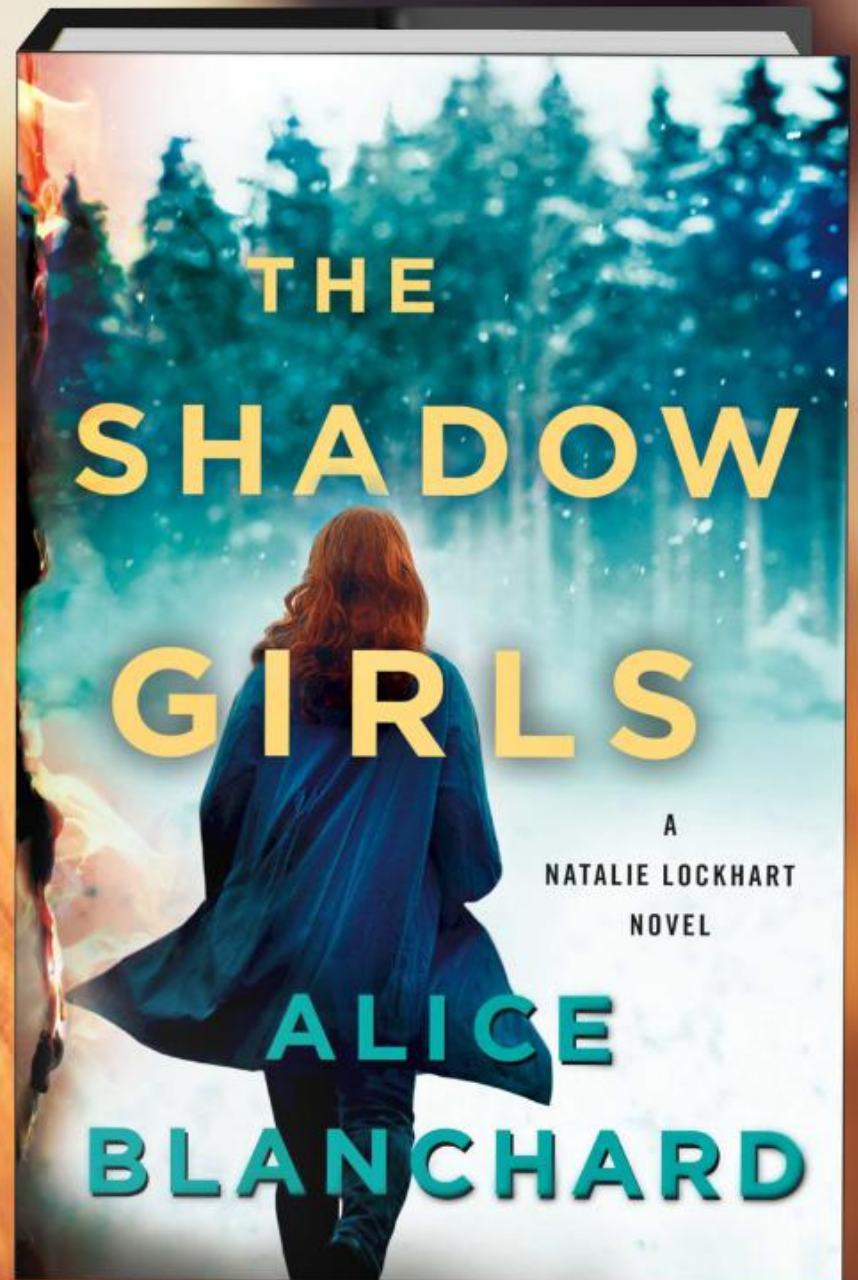
- A FOGGY MEMOIR -

"The magical uniqueness of your visual eye has captured something that few can see. The story is simply heartbreakingly beautiful, in the word's purest form."

- Mick Lindberg Mickmoth

HUGH SHURLEY

hughshurley.com/fromthebookofGardener



"A TAUT, DAZZLING NOVEL."

— bookreporter

aliceblanchard.com

A photograph of a forest of tall evergreen trees at sunset. The sky is a mix of orange and blue. In the foreground, a large, bright, glowing orange circle, resembling a lens flare or a stylized sun, is centered. The word "EPILOGUE" is written in white capital letters across the middle of the image, superimposed on the forest and the glowing circle.

EPILOGUE



My grandfather, Albert H. Dowling, aka Pappy, painted this when he was in his 80s. It's a traditional landscape of a Provincetown, Massachusetts lighthouse during a sunrise. It's hanging on my living room wall. Age has given it the most beautiful patina. I cherish it.



Pappy was a character. A cantankerous man who lived to be 96 years old.
He lived in the house with us when I was growing up. My father,
Kemp Dowling, took this photograph of him.



This is the house I grew up in. That's Pappy standing in the front yard. I have vivid memories of my grandfather. I remember him bringing home a big chunk of petrified wood from one of his trips to the Sonoran Desert in Arizona. He would hide things inside Mason jars filled with nails in the basement--rings, coins, jewelry. He told stories about his father, a clipper ship captain who sailed out of Provincetown. He recited poetry in a big booming Pappy voice. Things like "The Wreck of the Hesperus" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Pappy photographed by my brother David W. Dowling.



Pappy painted by my father Kemp Dowling.



I brought my grandfather's oil painting, along with an old pair
of his cowboy boots, when I moved from Boston to
Los Angeles to New Haven. Pappy roamed the world like his father,
but his paintings were always about home.
I photographed his boots in an homage to Man Ray.

Furious Pure



COVER ART: "PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST FRIDA KAHLO" PAINTED BY KJ SHOWS



POETRY CURATED BY HOLADAY MASON



FURIOUS PURE MAGAZINE IS PRODUCED AND DESIGNED BY DH DOWLING,
INTERSTITIAL ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY,
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NEXT ISSUE IN EARLY '24

NEXT ISSUE IN EARLY '24

YOU ARE WHAT YOU DO

YOU ARE WHAT YOU DO

In Memoriam:

Goodbye to SG Collins,

Founder and Creator of Mental Shoes Magazine.

Genius. Friend. Mentor.



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