
FURIOUS PURE

FURIOUS

MAGAZINE

PURE



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DANCING WITH NOW

Cover art: “The Familiars” by Matt Brackett

CHRIS FRIEL



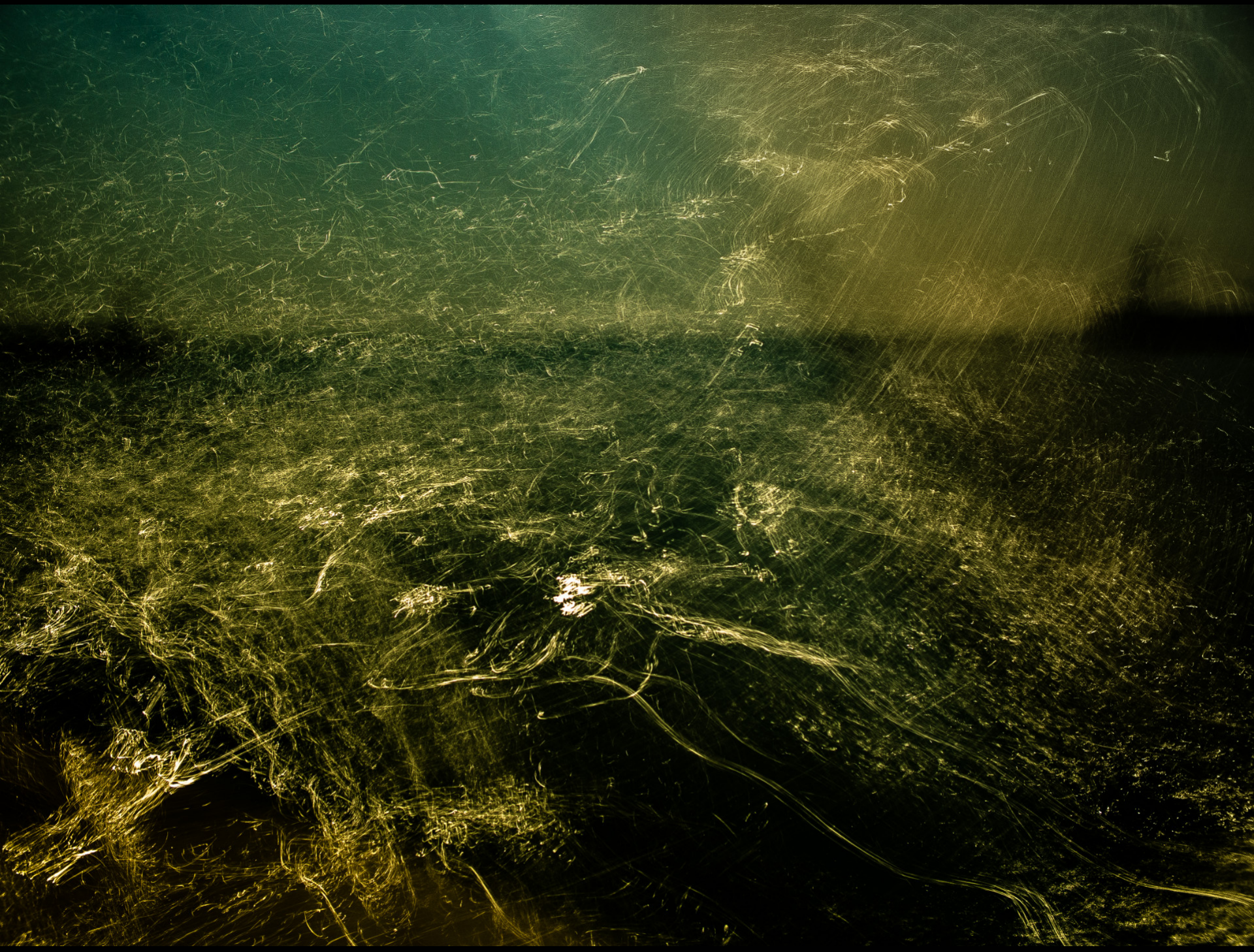

COAST
PART ONE





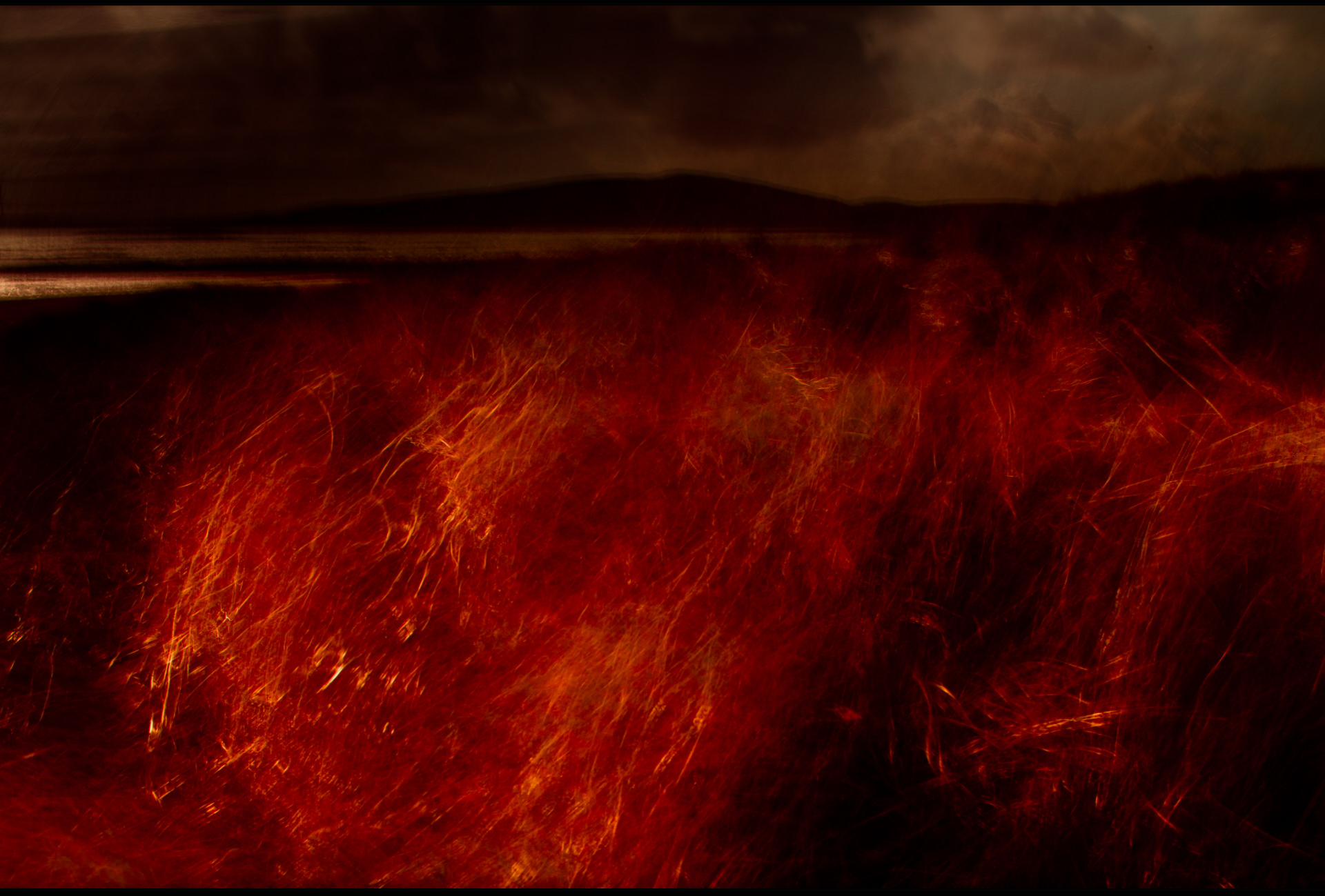













GHOSTS
PART TWO














FACES
PART THREE















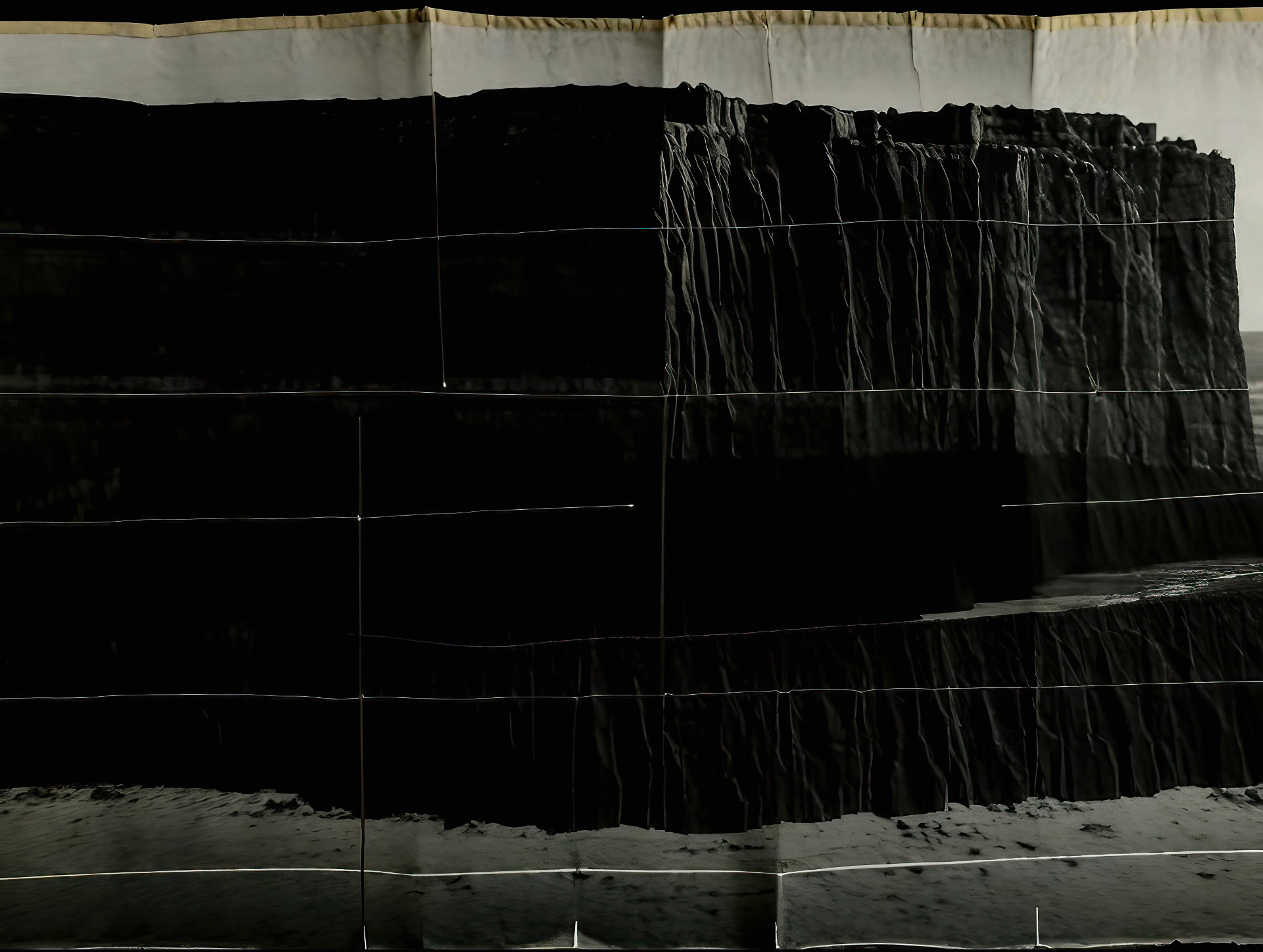


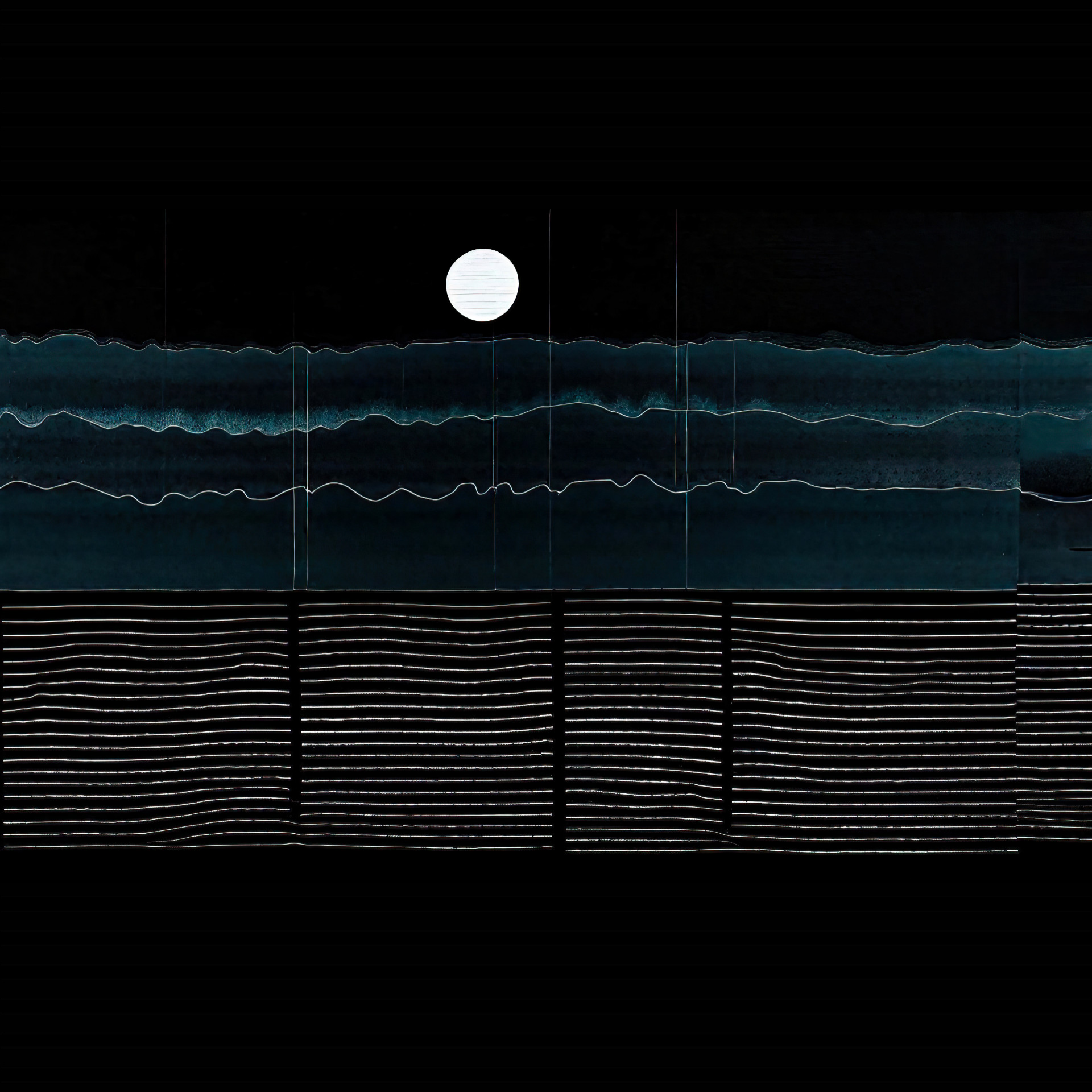

LANDSCAPE
PART FOUR









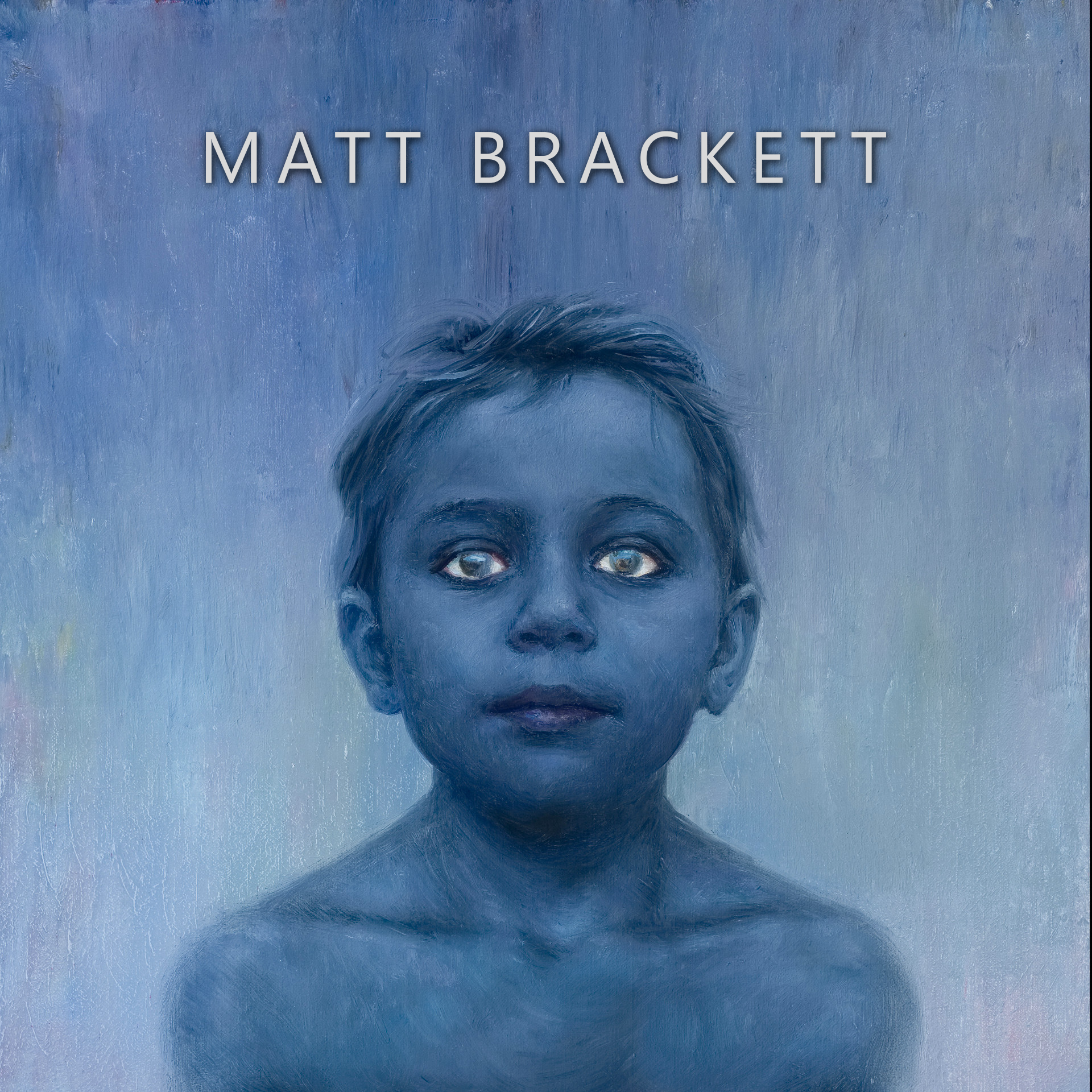








MATT BRACKETT



I am a painter who uses traditional painting techniques to explore themes involving hope, wonder and menace through a contemporary lens. While the imagery I use is naturalist in appearance, the carefully rendered figures, animals, or landscapes are derived from completely artificial constructs. They are not real. Yet they tug at our minds because they could be.

Much of my work is involved in this task of probing what we perceive or feel. I find this balance point between truth and doubt to be an elemental trait in all our lives, since perception and memory, our two modes of deciphering reality, are notoriously fugitive and faulty.

My painting “The Familiars” is on the cover of this magazine. While creating it I was a young parent and grappling with confusing new feelings of both devotion to my children and regret in losing creative time. I was surprised to see ominous animals appear in the images that were coming from my imagination at that time. I resisted such images from coming forth.

Then to my utter surprise, a serious stage-four cancer diagnosis brought the threat into corporeal form and shocked me into focus and humility. It was as if the animals from my subconscious were an omen of the frightful news. As I resigned myself to my diagnosis and learned to practice hope, I also committed to paint the animal images from my sketchbooks and to listen to what they were telling me.

So I think I create to understand. I aim to build artworks that serve up potential narratives that can urge me and fellow viewers to map and re-map our interpretations. To me they feel like aids in the practice of critical thinking.

— Matt Brackett





























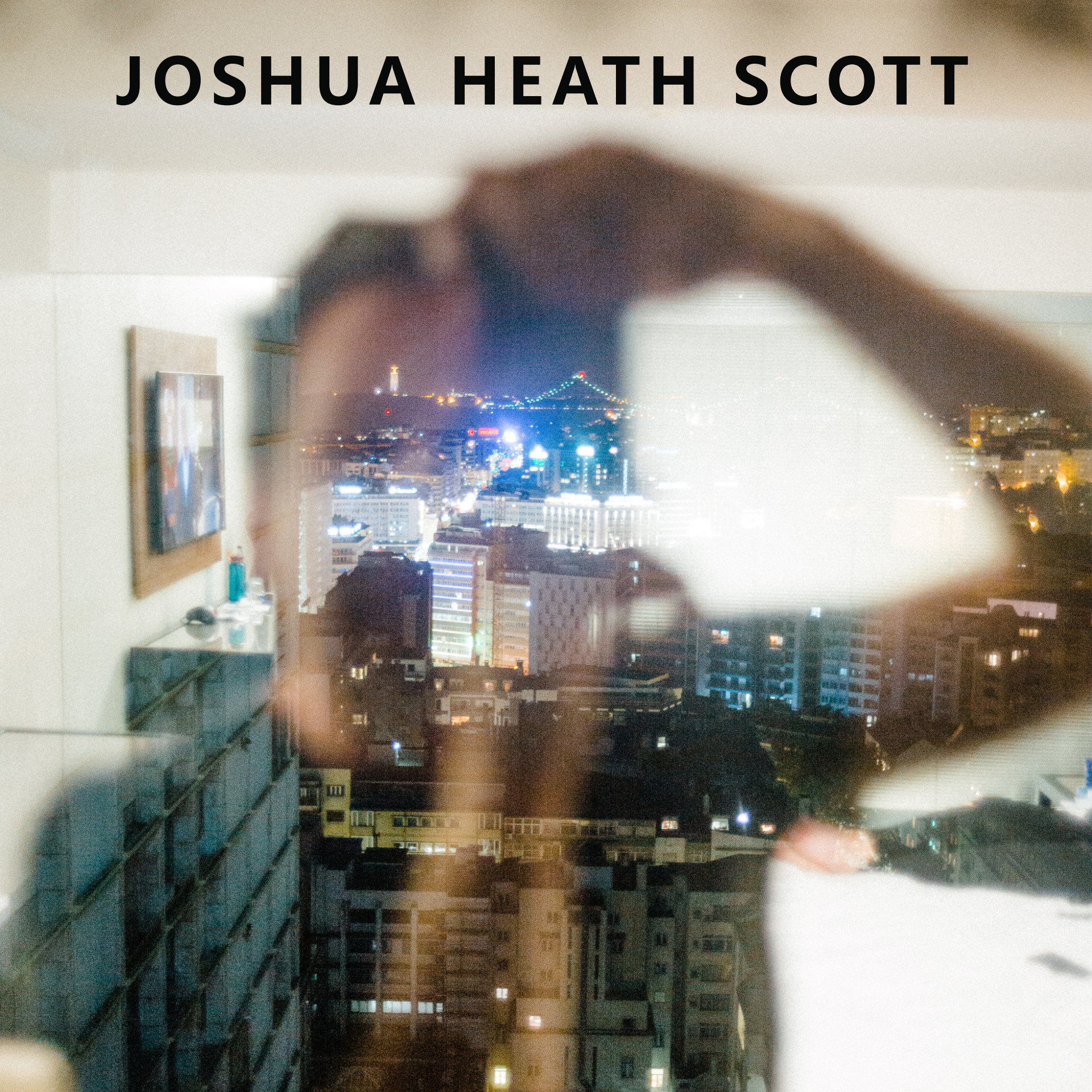








JOSHUA HEATH SCOTT



"The Path of Analog—
The Importance of Photography in the Modern World"

By Joshua Heath Scott

I grew up in the final moments of analog. My cousins and I sword fought with sticks, drove our Hot Wheels down dirt paths in the backyard, and woke up on Saturday mornings to watch the finest animated productions that have ever graced the screen on a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound wood-grain console TV with a rotary dial that clicked like a .38 special revolver being triggered every time you turned the channel. We were kids. We were gods. It was an era I loved. Unfortunately, it was also an era that fell victim to the future.

When anything special happened in our lives–a birthday, holiday or family reunion–our parents shot roll after roll of some long forgotten film stock, light blasting through the plastic lenses of their flash-happy point-and-shoot cameras. It was the 80's, and there was a storm brewing none of us could see. The 90's were coming to take all of this away.

By the year I graduated high school in 2000, every camera was digital, I had a cellular phone, my TV became much thinner and the internet had arrived through my screeching modem like a Trojan horse full of things they said we needed. I am of the generation that saw analog converted to digital in a violent decade of change. Unlike my own children, who cut their teeth with an iPad in their hands, I remember that world. I miss that world.

At the age of forty-one, I choose the dated, slow, cumbersome, impractical path in almost all of my creative work. The path of analog.

There is nothing as satisfying as loading a roll of film into a fifty year old rangefinder, advancing the spool, and feeling the click of a mechanical shutter under your finger tip. It is an act of physics and nature as each press opens a door for light to etch itself onto the chemical structure of a film stock, and impress an image into being. It is as if it comes from nothing, and is, without argument, a real and tangible magic.

The same sensations can be felt when a writer scratches pencil across paper or a musician pulls melody from wood, brass or steel. The analog world is all around us, it is the wind in the trees, the rumble of the train across town or the silence you feel after the snow falls, it fits us perfectly because we are ourselves, analog.

I don’t believe I will ever see time travel in my life, and I have doubts about its possibility, but these many disciplines of creativity we practice have in themselves a way of freezing time so that it cannot escape to the future. This is why I love photography. This is why I have taken hundreds of thousands of photos. I want to remember when I one day forget.

Every photograph is a diary of what I have been fortunate enough to see. My wife staring at me from across the room, my children growing toward the mystery they will be and the world around me in each and every day of the mundane. The great William Eggleston said he was “at war with the obvious,” and I can’t describe my desire to capture the scenes around me in any better way.

I am drawn to create images of what I know is disappearing, with an urgency that feels like responsibility. Humanity moves on, but I want to take it all in one last time before it's gone. I see abandoned towns about to be forgotten, beautiful old buildings carrying scars. I see moments in my life vanishing as fast as they happen. I document creative work that would never be seen by anyone but me. I take pictures of these things because I don’t want to forget them. I take these pictures so that others can see what I see.

It is not difficult to post your every thought to social media but it is an art to see a sight, stop, contemplate, frame and properly expose it, allowing light to carve itself into a photographic emulsion. It is an intentional act of freezing a moment forever. It starts with the selfish desire to make, but ends with the selfless reality of preserving time so the future can be transported to that moment. This is time travel that is real.

Photography is a process of remaining still, and in this modern world, stillness is rebellion.




7 2 11




COIN
LAUNDRY




WONDER














BUSINESS DISTRICT
TUPELO
FIRST T·V·A CITY




MISSOURI
KNIFESMITH






Queen of Clubs


RIGHTEOUSNESS
makes a nation great, but
sin is a cancer to all people.






SUPER SOUL
CLOSE
10 P.M.


NO
TURNS




MOTEL




WELCOME




CARINE TOPAL

Ancient Fall

In the beginning, hectares of weedy field
between thick woods. The forests, the falls
by a long lake stained blue

What did I know of the menace and flaw
that would sweep through this earliest garden?

How could I have shouldered up
to the bark of a tree, taken fruit from a limb
I could not reach on my own?

Day was breaking, the world was hungry
and I knew that I'd be doubted, unforgiven

taking from the tree that shaped desire
the tree that put an end to my wanting

Gleaned

The birds were feeding and on fire

I swayed like a pendulum

on hinges blue

November light poured from me

the stones of my teeth dug from shallow earth

My mother died. It was Thursday

her eyes the color of a Brueghel field

I looked out one window

the great heart of earth no longer beat

Moonless and close I ate by the door

rose to be blessed on a quilt not my own

I was bright fruit

unbroken til then.

a form of gratitude

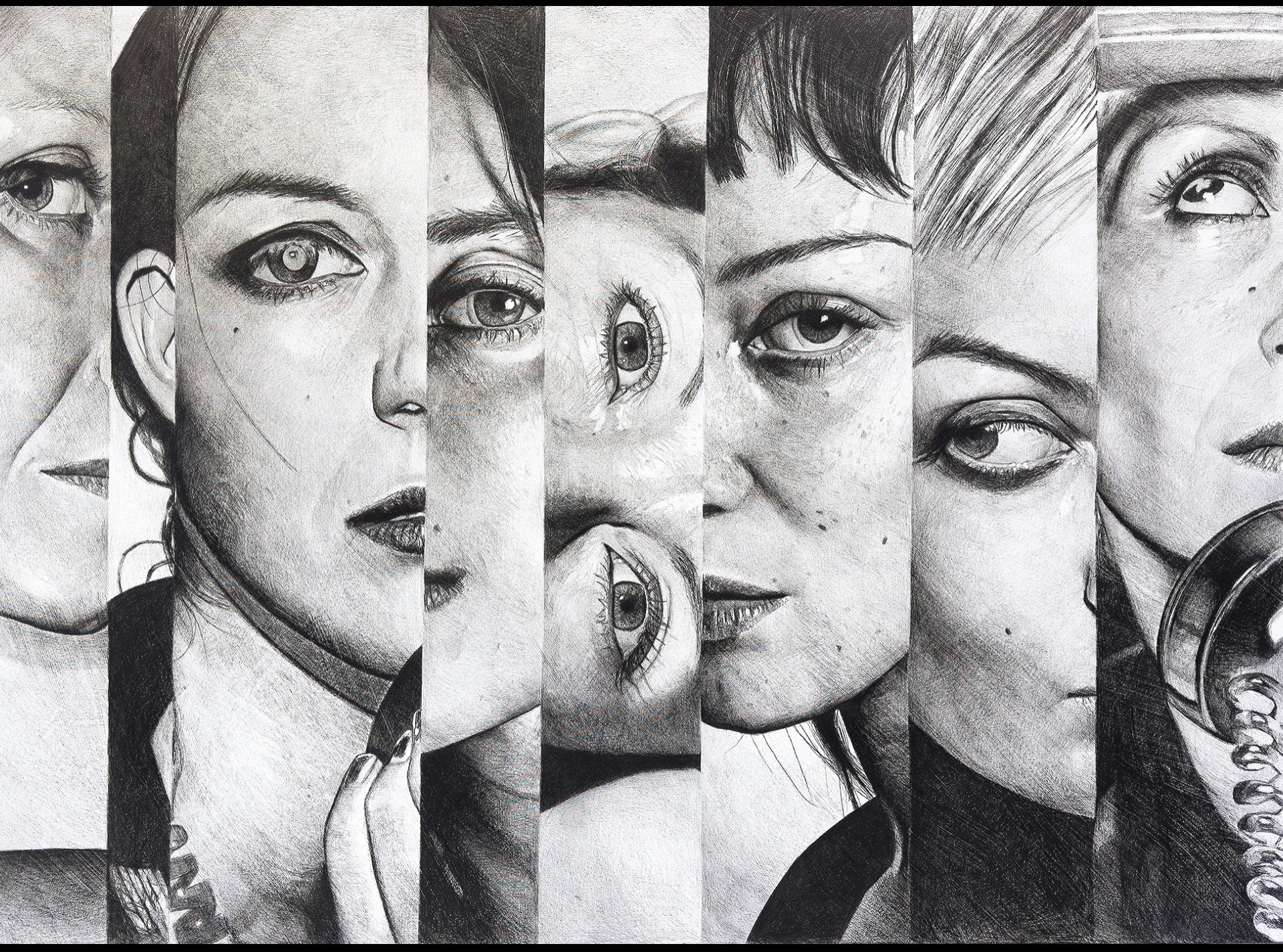
Once you were my hallelujah boy
I held my breath and your heart swelled
God's mirror fogged at your mouth
Our marrow purpled bright
Now I sleep standing
inventing ways
to hold your
shivered
heart
heart
shivered
to hold your
inventing ways
Now I sleep standing
our marrow purpled bright
god's mirror fogged at your mouth
I held my breath and your heart swelled
Once you were my hallelujah boy


VICTOR
RODRIGUEZ

MAKE A PAINTING AND WHEN YOU FINISH MAKE ANOTHER

Doug is asking me what drives me to work every day, a routine that I've been following for over 30 yrs. "Make a painting and when you finish make another" - I remember reading this advice somewhere when I was a teenager, and it has been a rule I've followed since. The thing is not a matter of discipline but of survival and mental health. When I can't work (for any reason) after a few days hopelessness, depression and all that shit starts to overpower me. Working is a therapeutic process and also a way to justify all the luck and good stuff I've had in life so far. When I read about free will being an illusion and understand the arguments in support of that premise I get it - and I see why the only place where I feel I'm useful is working in the studio. Everything else (life) is just a bunch of boring problems that have to be solved.

— Victor Rodriguez






Abm YR2020NYC




Pinky


MADE IN


Phone: (201) 471-11
RX# 91430C
RODRIGUEZ, VIC
TAKE 1 CAPSULE
KETAMINE
BROOKS, GLEN
MEMORY
BIC


THIS WILL HAPPEN.

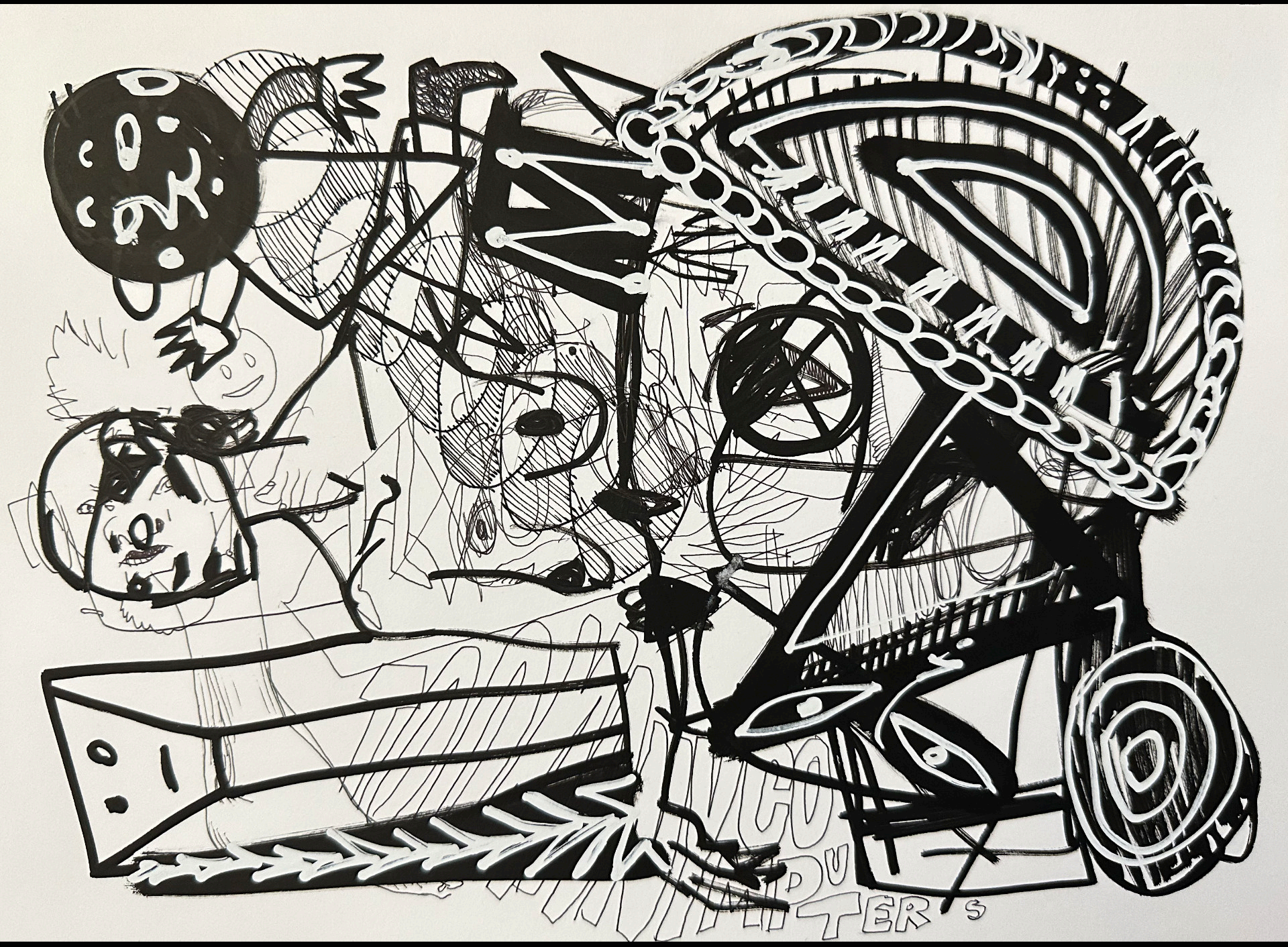

DEFGHIJLMNOPRSTU









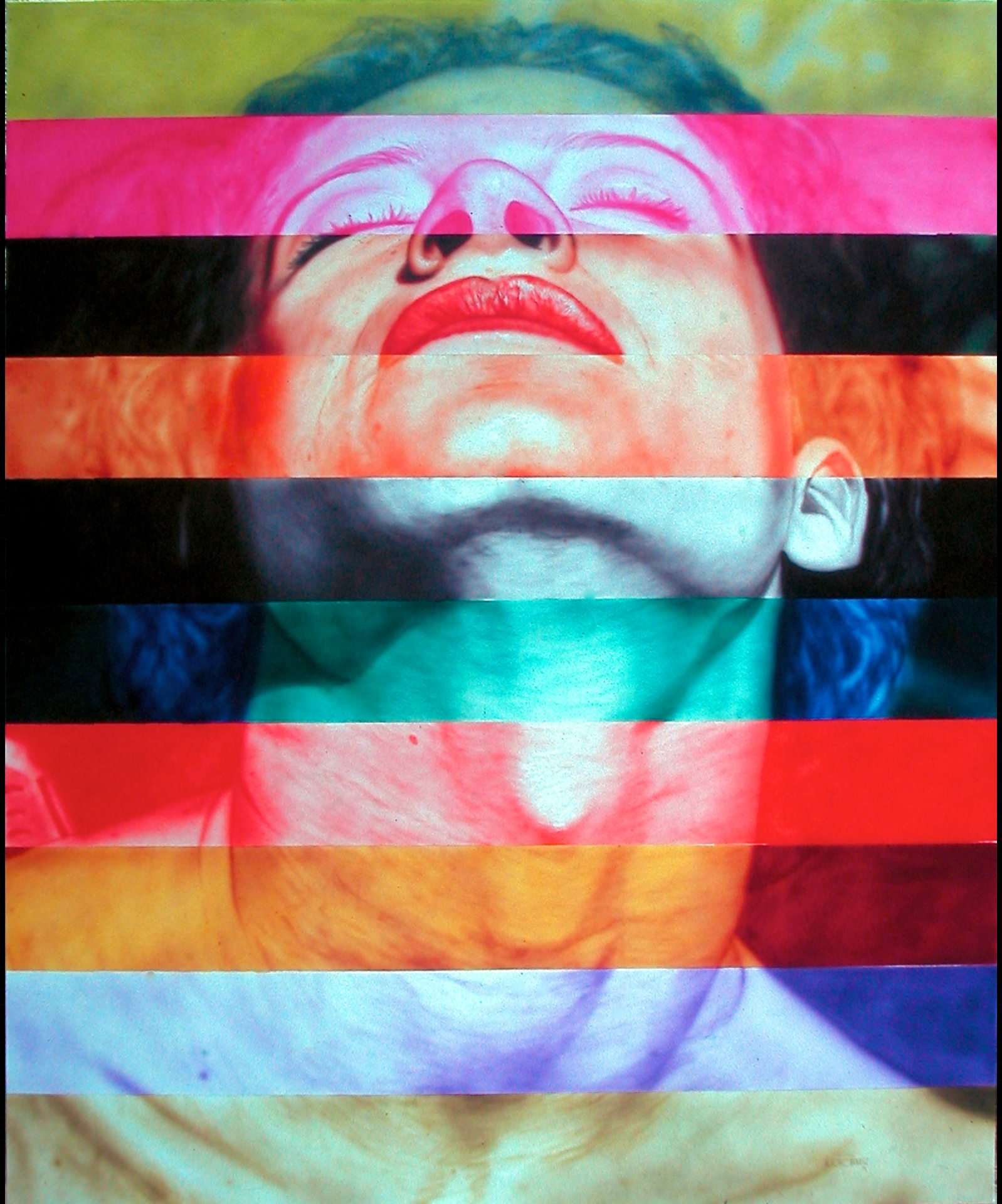

COMPUTER'S




we'll see!




USA
PAPERMATE




FABULOUS
THINGS
HAPPEN









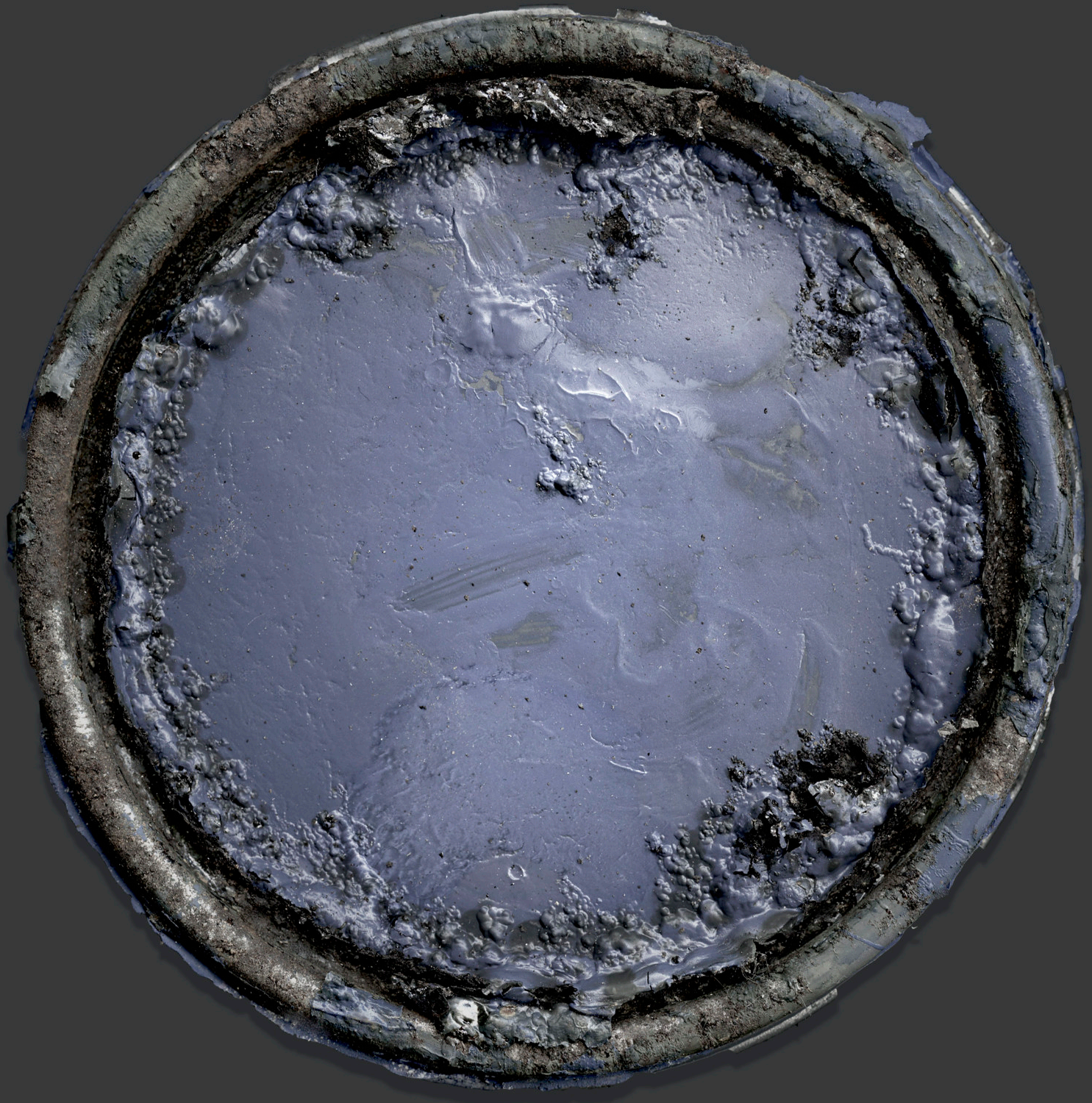


Robert Sulkin

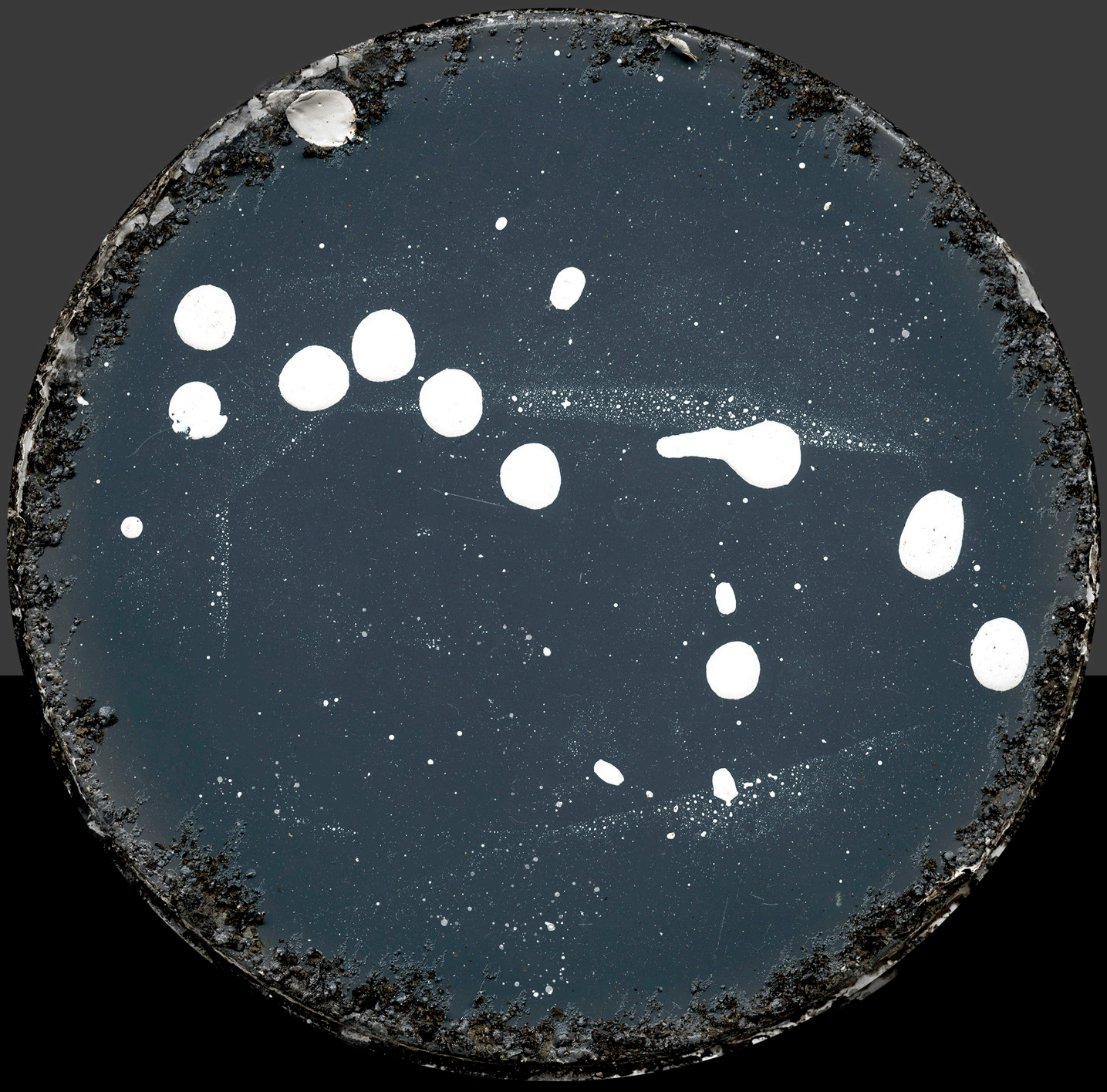
PAINT LIDS I HAVE KNOWN

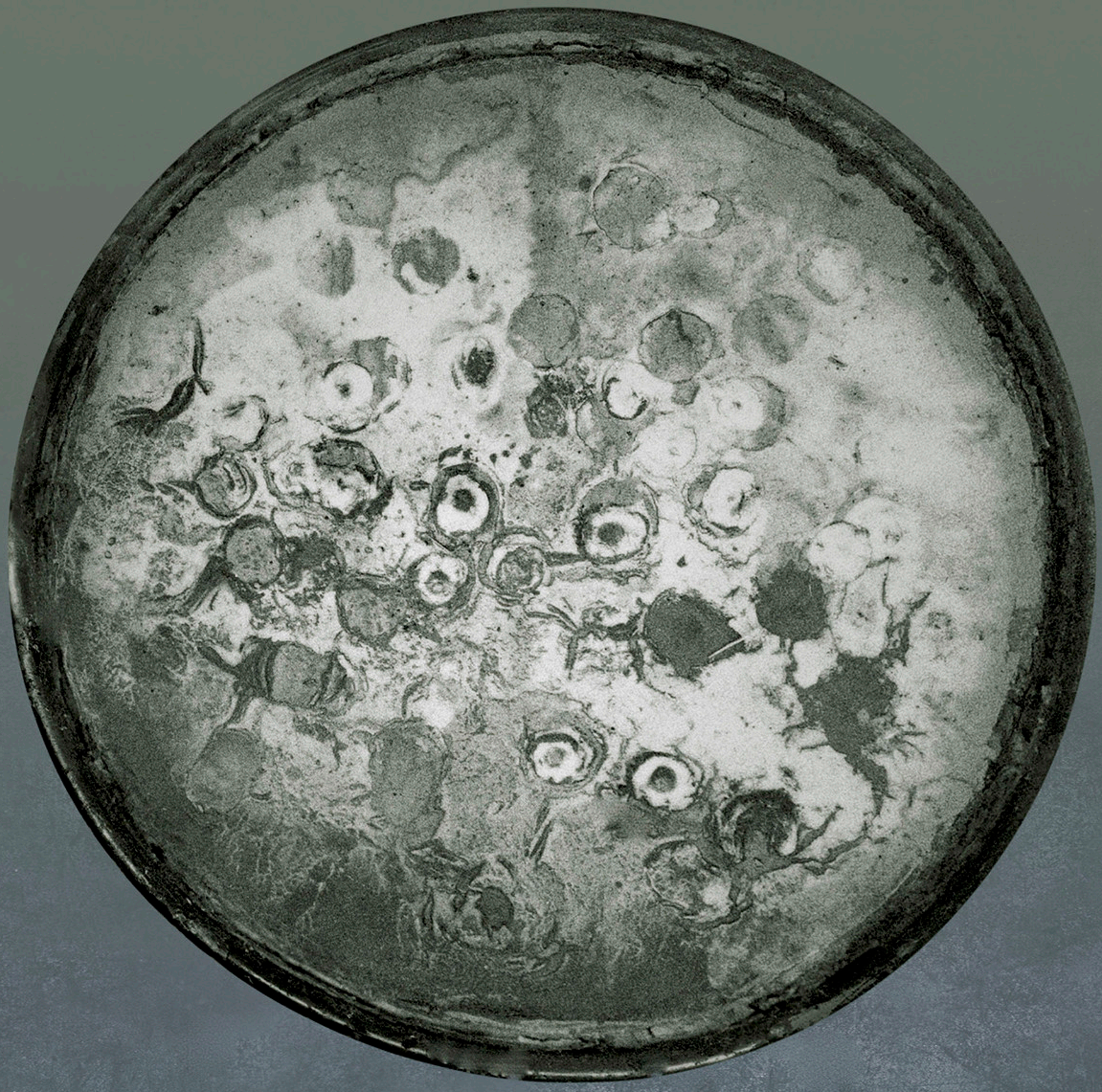
In the mid 1990s, the very first object I scanned with my new flatbed scanner was an old paint lid. I was wowed by the detail and the hard to explain transformation and ended up scanning several others and altering them to black and white – fast forward twenty some years of experience and consciousness and my friend Alison purchases a run down building to become her new studio. It had formerly been a paint shop and there were dozens of old and rusted paint cans on the shelves. She saved all the lids for me! Like much of my work, the paint lids presented in Furious Pure have been re-conceptualized several times. I tend to dive in not really knowing where I'm going, make a few discoveries, and return to the images later when I have had time to more fully reflect on their conceptual potential. They're influenced by openness to chance opportunity and to some degree by two still life painters I admire, Giorgio Morandi and Susan Jane Walp. I believe they meet my general criteria - they are constructed, use recycled material, and challenge one's perception of the real.

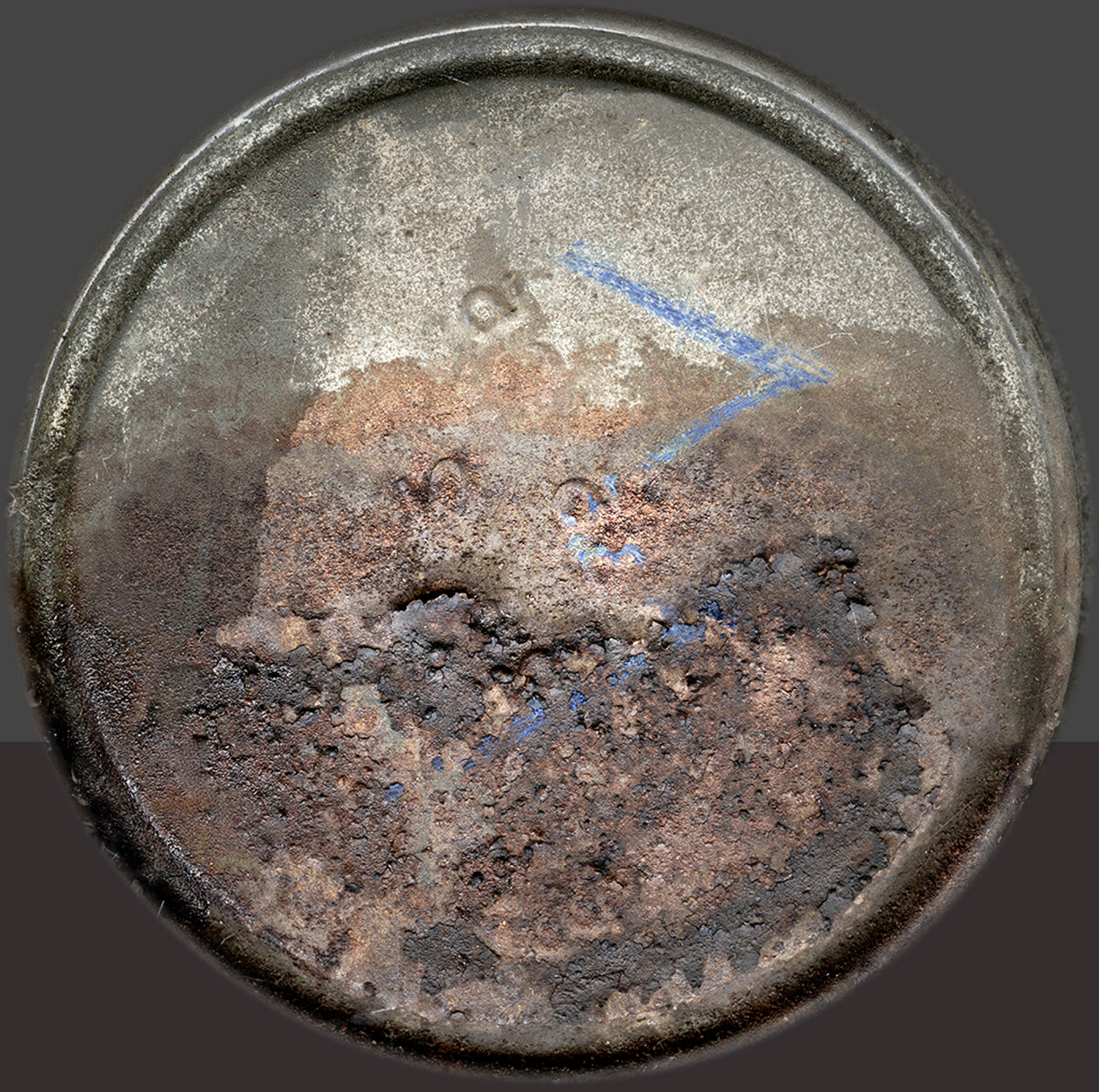
— Robert Sulkin





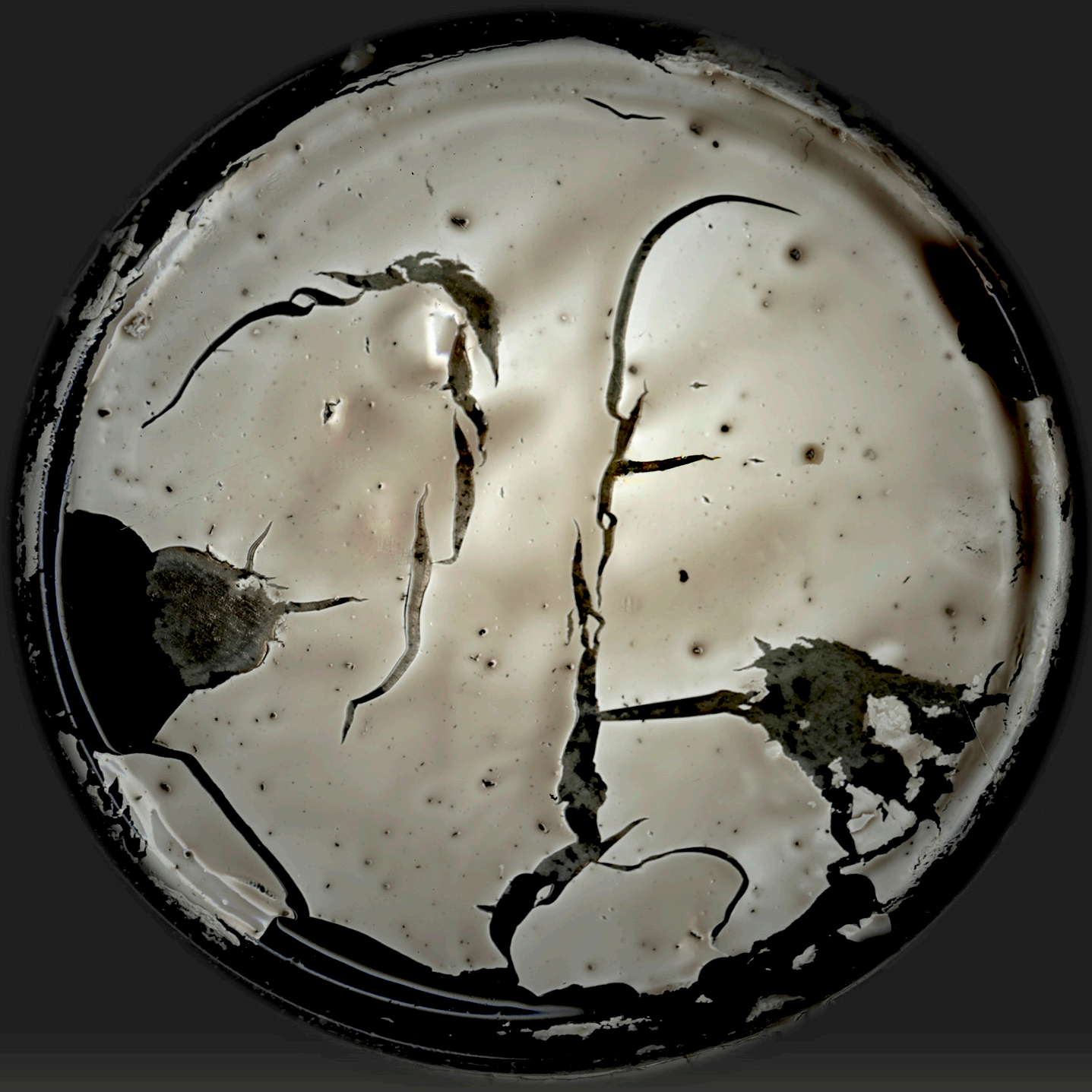


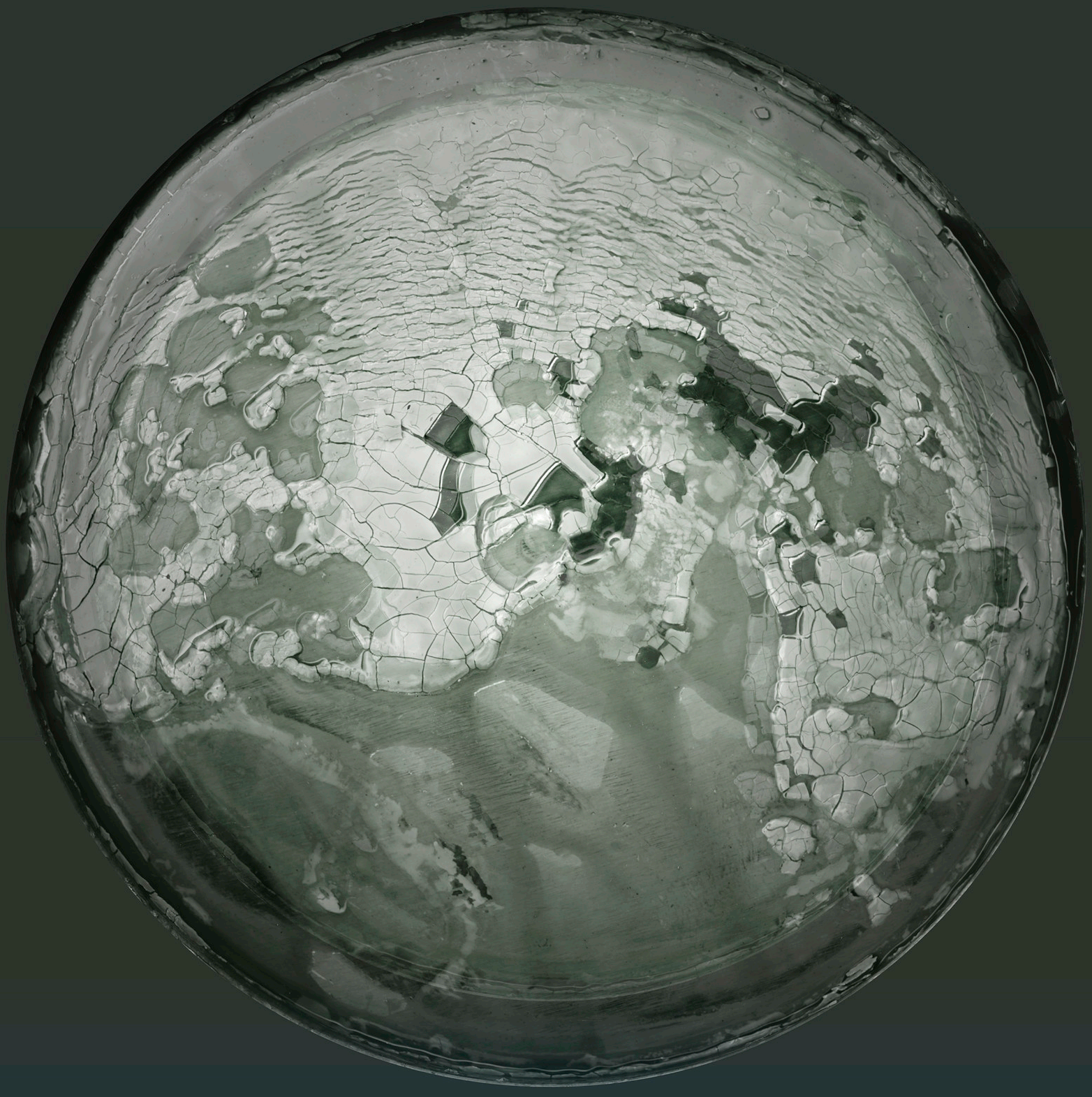


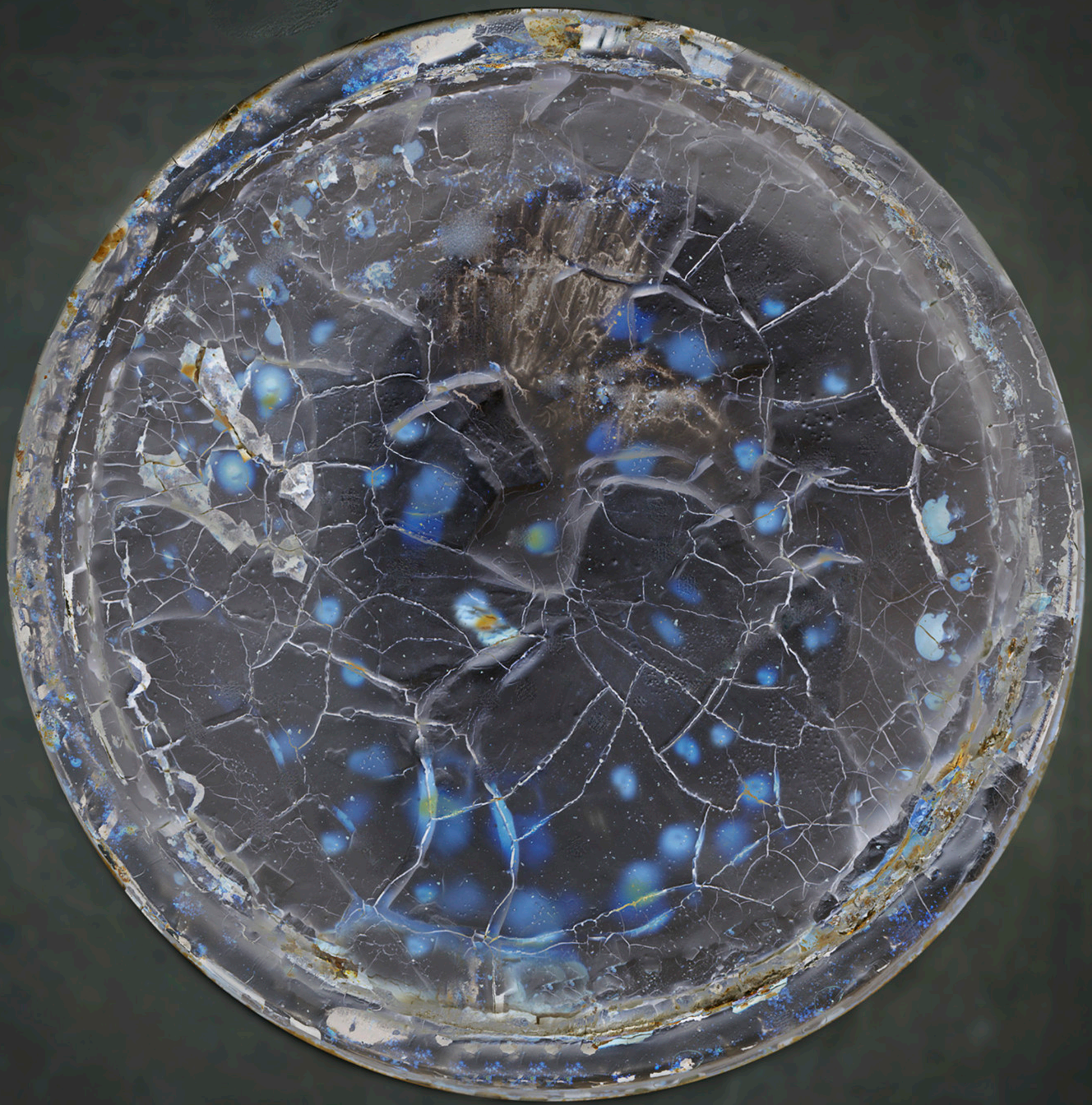


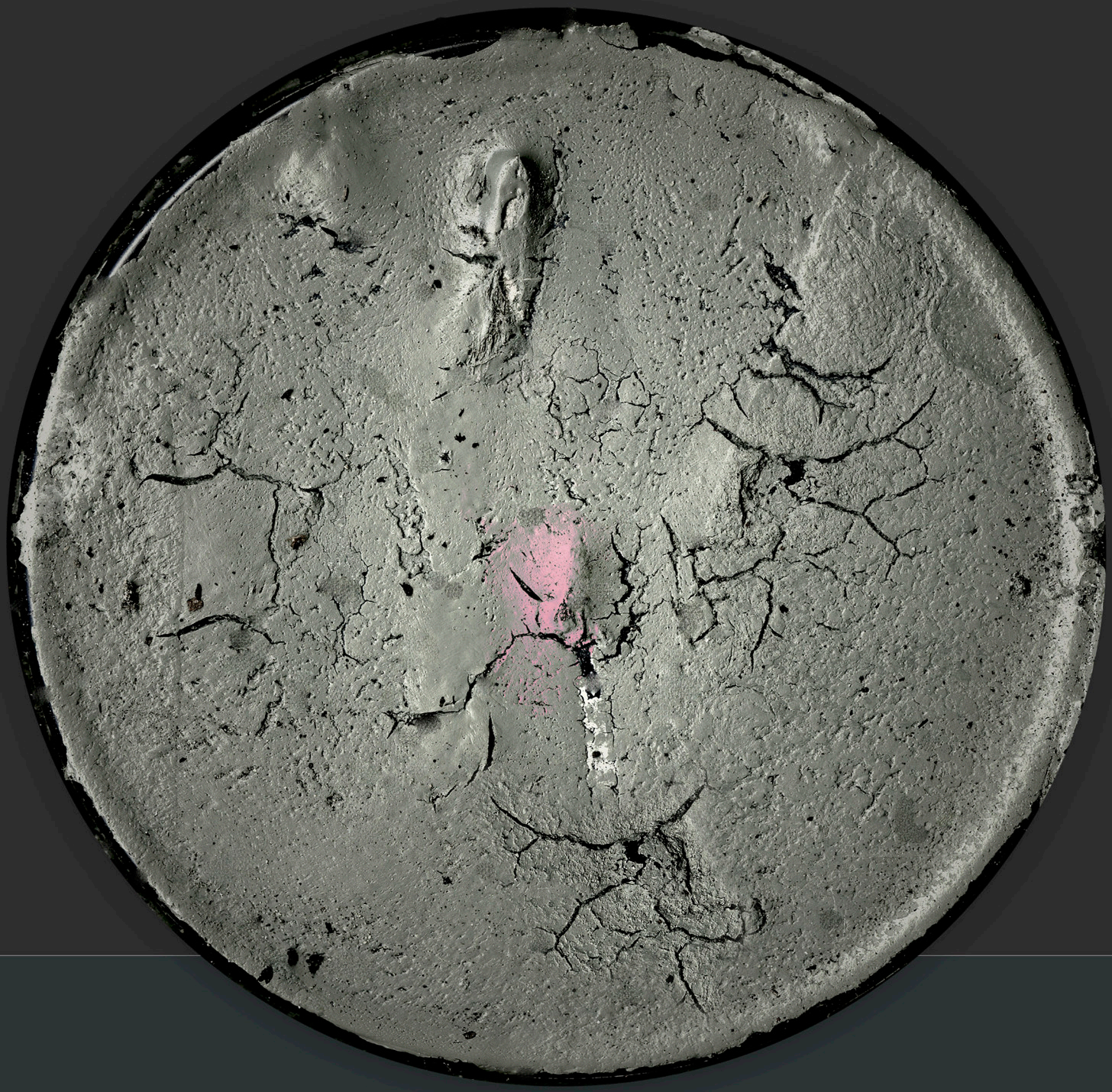




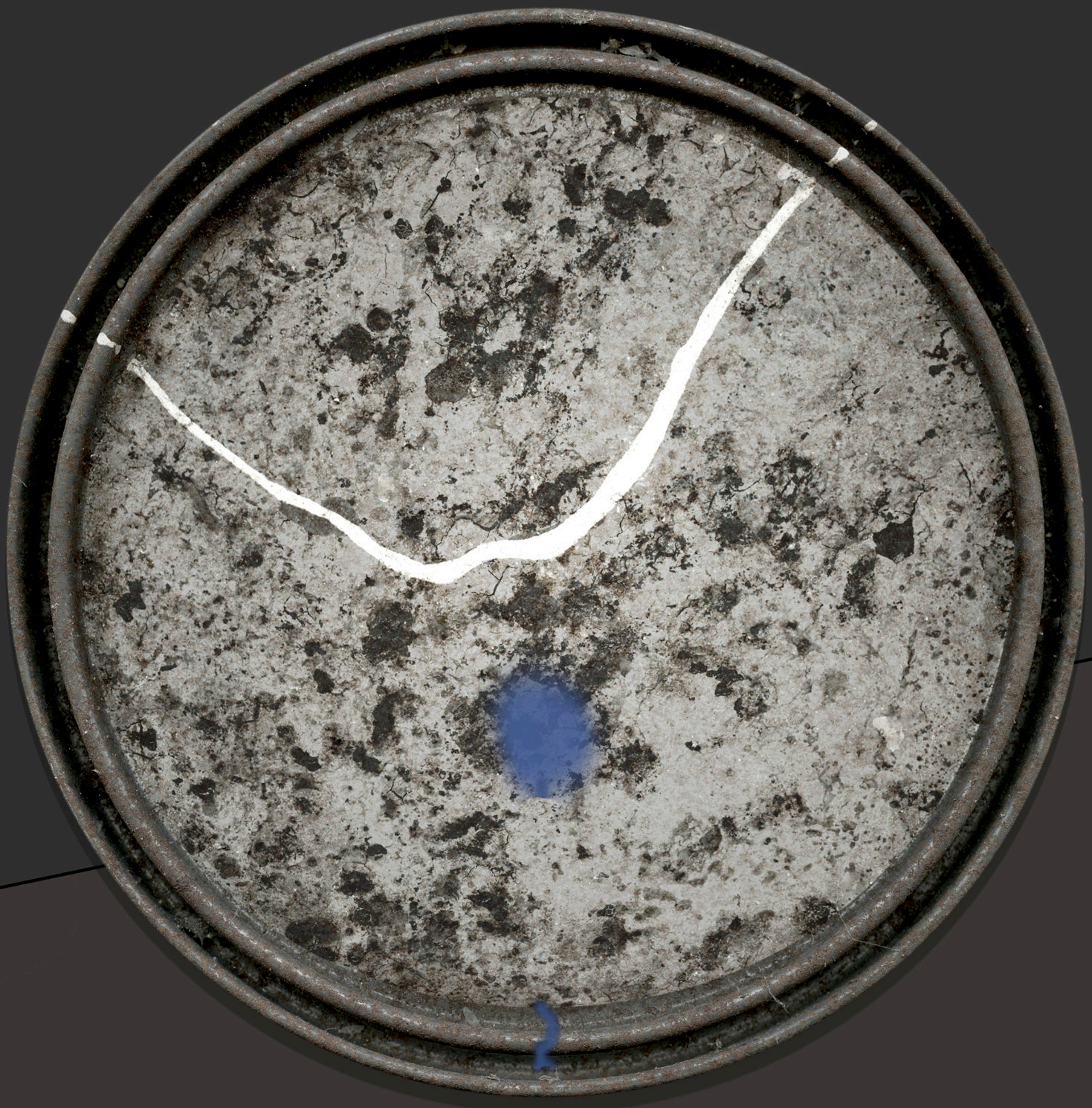




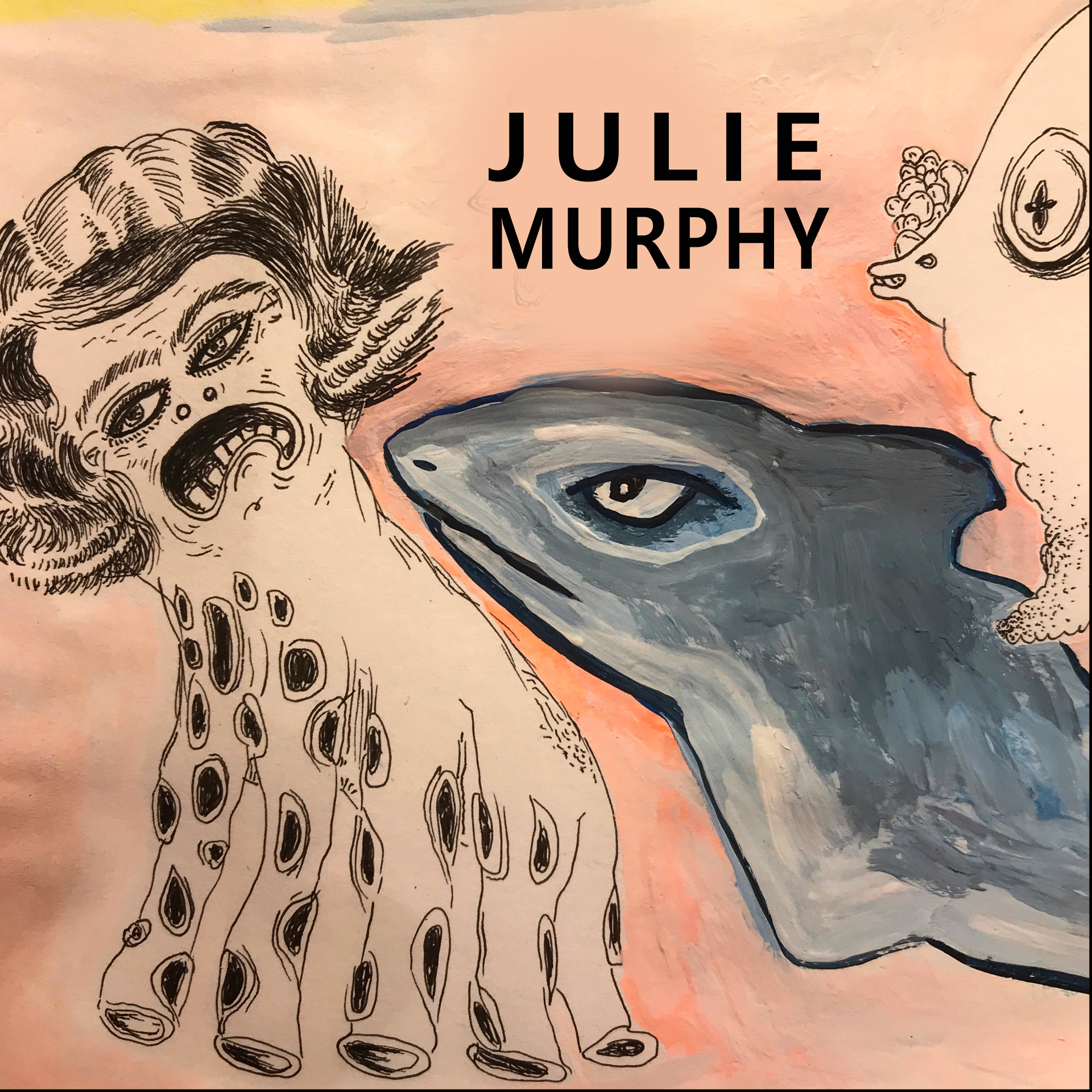











JULIE
MURPHY

As a kid, I liked to name things. I would draw maps of cities in imaginary countries populating a made-up planet, and name all of the streets and states. I made lists of fictitious kids in school classes with corresponding portraits, drew and named beauty contest candidates, family members, fashion models and mythical celebrities, assembling these fabricated characters into hand-drawn magazines.

As an adult, I create nomenclature for imaginary creatures, animals and people that I draw as an improvisational exercise, often starting with ink on paper. Same process as in childhood. Except I'm not listening to 45 rpm records on a turntable, and my drawing skills have improved. A frustrated casting director, I create page after page of characters in search of a story.

My current inspiration comes from walking around the city, watching people. I enjoy observing weird, hybrid urban-nature situations. Images marinate in the mind. Drawings spring from a cryptic electrical impulse that flows from brain to heart to arm to fingers to pen onto paper. The process of marshaling imagination is a mysterious undertaking. Where does it come from?

I think of nature as the ultimate manifestation of creativity. The specificity of every species of animal and plant is astounding in its design, function and role within the larger ecosystem. Even seemingly ordinary backyard environs hold wonder in terms of diversity of creatures living communally.

Who ever conceived of a squirrel, opossum, raccoon, chipmunk or skunk? Squirrels: the comedians of the forest, visual onomatopoeias with those glorious S-shaped tails. The opossum's swordfish-like teeth and starfish hands differ from a raccoon's bear-jaws and dexterous paws. The luxurious coat of a skunk represents high woodland creature fashion. A chipmunk's ability to fill cheeks with an astounding number of nuts? An absurd, yet enviable superpower. The diversity and beauty of these animals never ceases to inspire wonder.

As we humans inadvertently destroy this planet with convenience, carbon waste and single-use plastics, I like to imagine animals adapting to the new world by adopting some useless yet charming human qualities such as expressing individuality through decoration and personal style, and somehow surviving and thriving. This may be a ridiculous dream, but it's my hope for this brilliant ecosystem to persist, regardless of whether humans choose to save themselves or not.

— Julie Murphy




Cashew Lombard
Florence Marks
Hedy Leathers
Phlümé
Shéz
P. Parsnip Pauley
Doug Mines
Zigghey
Zanzibarr Von Frootin
JULIE MURPHY


JULIE MURPHY


SIWOMO 81
WIMS
JULIE MURPHY


Julie Murphy


flamboyant pirate
A.
Trees wear lacey lingerie
Q.
Panda bear on steroids
B.
M.
Pit Viper w/ Grill
skgurriafe
P.
Hypnotist Chimp
C.
D.
stegasaurus Pup
The elusive BUTTER BIRD PHOENIX™
O.
PhD Mackerel
F.
a Scottie named Jason
N.
molecule
Brusker da sportsfan giant anchovy
E.
blood-sucking tick
melancholy sea Cucumber
insincere Sealleopard
G.
H.
Fast-talking Snail
Starfish on Flower
flower in swan pose
L.
K.
I.
J.
gkm '06




Looloo
loolo
Vlad
Javier
appolonia
Salad
Shrimp
Willson
Serge
Guss
Blatts
Xop²
Phantastique
Clurrisse
Clondzyck
Fab 5
Dale
Chomperz
Leslie
Ron
The Barrister
Anderson
Cooper
Mryiah
O'Right
YAWW
W'tevs
JULIE MURPHY '17





BADGE/HOTEL/
TRAVEL




BEAR
FROST
JULIE MURPHY


Class of 2018
Microscope Slide from glacier melt #28743.3
Old Mintz
4 Realz II
Khalil Lubosi, PhD
Uncle Monkhole
EYE SEEE YOUUU
Carl Crinkle
Pharrah Phosset
Lance U. Flats
Troody
Pimento Loaf
Leonard Z. Parfum
TAXED
12-27-18
Betteye Blough-Bluff
Petur Rideshare
Goardie T. Leathers
JULIE MURPHY '18




FRAGILE
DRAFT
FAXED
ANLIE MURPHY '18




MURPHY


MARSHA de la O

A Small Island

He tells me to stop smoking and offers to cut my throat in February, a tall Spanish doctor, gaunt with a mournful eye—I'm gaunt and mournful too, but there's no clapping each other on the back. After an alkaloid pause, he affixes the bridle. My tongue turns rebellious and must be hog-tied, my eyes didn't intend crying, so no one mentions tears when I look away. Spain's at the window holding a cue card a lot like a cloud. A lather of soap and blood with my head thrown back, as for a barber. Imagine a ghost ship, vocal cords dangling like cut rigging. I am that ghost ship. It's a perfect morning for morphemes.

Your Lordship, I only want to be governor of a small island. The small island of my life.

Crime and Punishment

What it was like to stumble on the drunken
peasant in the act of beating his pony with
distressing dark streaks appearing in my panties –
becoming a woman – no three words I hated
more – my mother, her doe eyes cloying
enough I'd vowed to never let her touch me
again, leaned in close to say them, and the boy
David trailed me home, a throwback even
then with his sleek ducktail, carried that fat
Russian novel, sweater flapping my flanks,
we were both short; I smelled of blood, my
heart bursting with the cruelty of the world,
the mare I was or wasn't, gouts in sticky webs
pouring through womankind's narrow gate.
What was it like for you?

Sky with Four Suns

Out of flint, a knife,
out of scoring, a line,
mutter of moving water

under the sea, small waves
threshing small stones.
The ravens arrive at noon.

Light becomes glass,
becomes steel. Dazzles
and wounds. This I accept,

to be held in the way
the sun holds illusion
at 22 degrees distance until

I am emptied out, until
a red-winged blackbird
opens an aperture in sky.

Let the self be woven
in air the blackbirds sail,
in clack and spin of cobbles

as ocean falls together
and apart, self
so tumbled, dislodged,

that you become
the dark blue
that breathes you.


BETH MACIOROWSKI

In the contrast between light and dark,

there is an understanding that they cannot exist without each other.

This theme runs through the photographs I make.

There is beauty in decay.

I am often trying to express this.

In nature, my biggest influence, everything shifts and changes.

Our hearts grieve because they fill up with love.

Things die and change color.

I like to soak my film in various soups (like dish soap, hot water, and lemon juice...

I even bury my film in dirt).

This creates a chemical reaction and makes many of the effects and color shifts in my photos.

There is a level of detachment in this process, not knowing how the film will turn out.

There is a sense of freedom in that detachment.

It slows me down, and teaches me about impermanence.

I create because I have to, ever since I was a child.

I take pictures because I can't not.

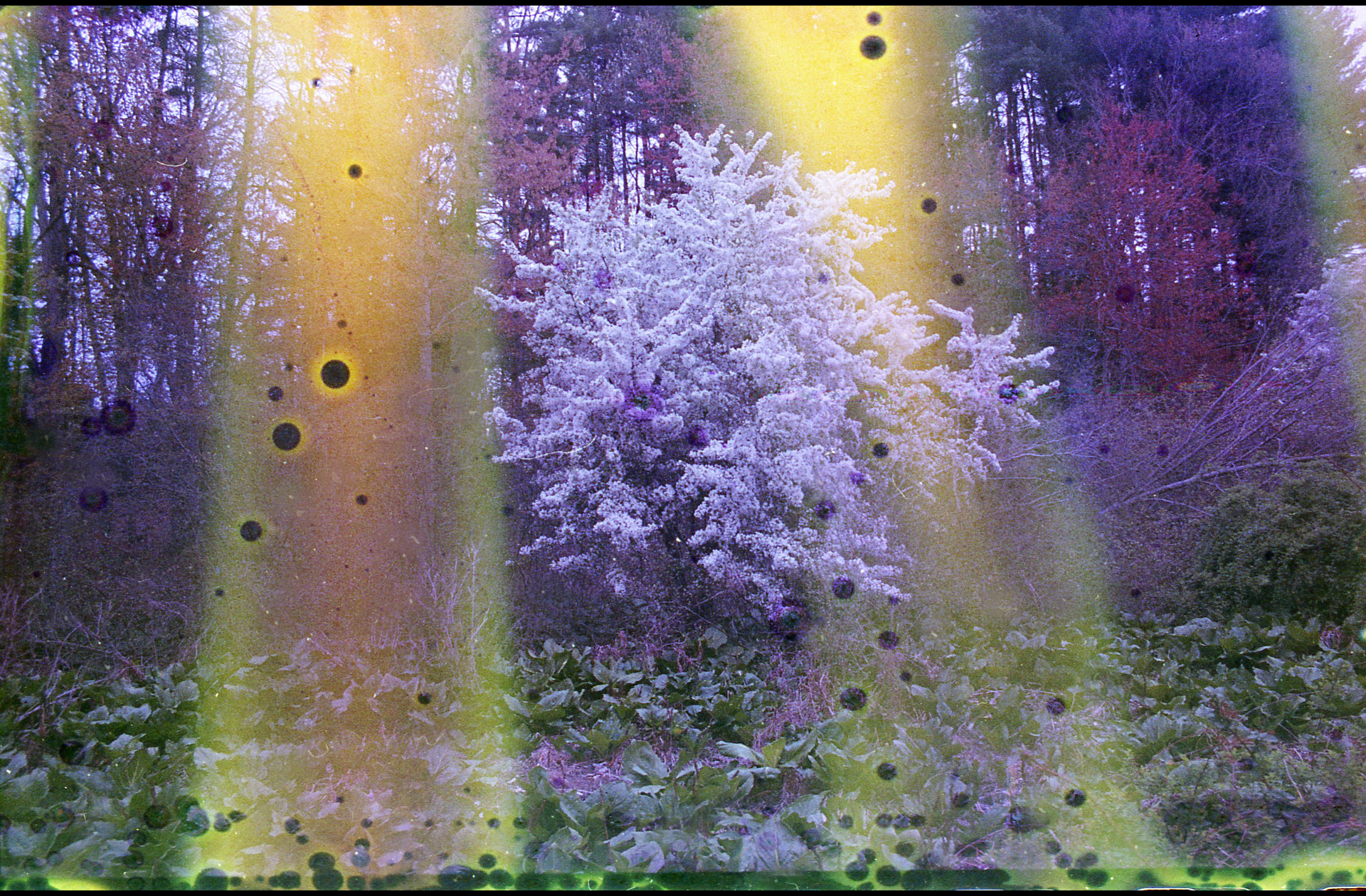
In the darkest times it is my solace.

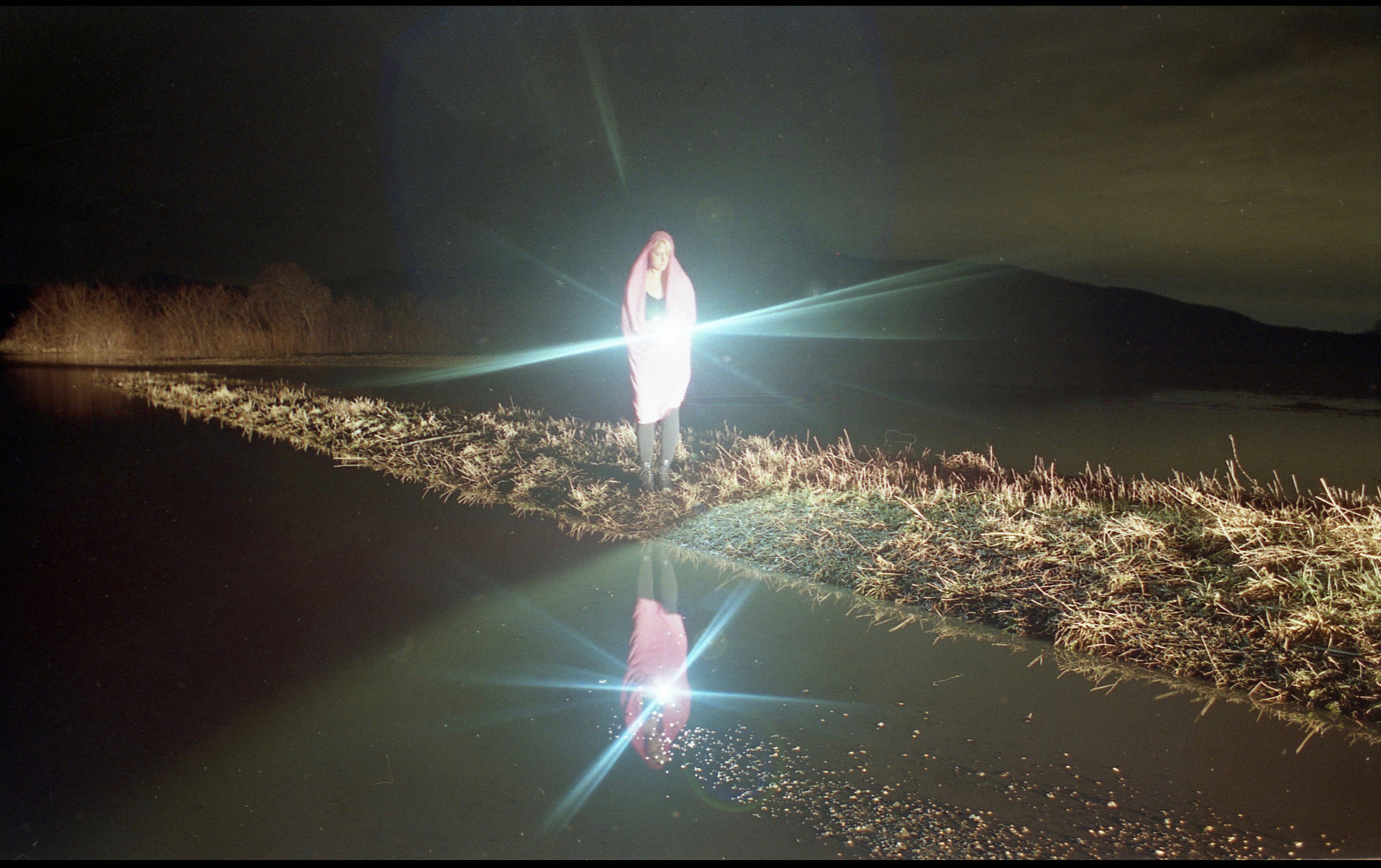
And when I am feeling inspired it is the warmest feeling.

During the pandemic I was able to create despite a lot of life upheaval

and the majority of this collection is from that period of time.

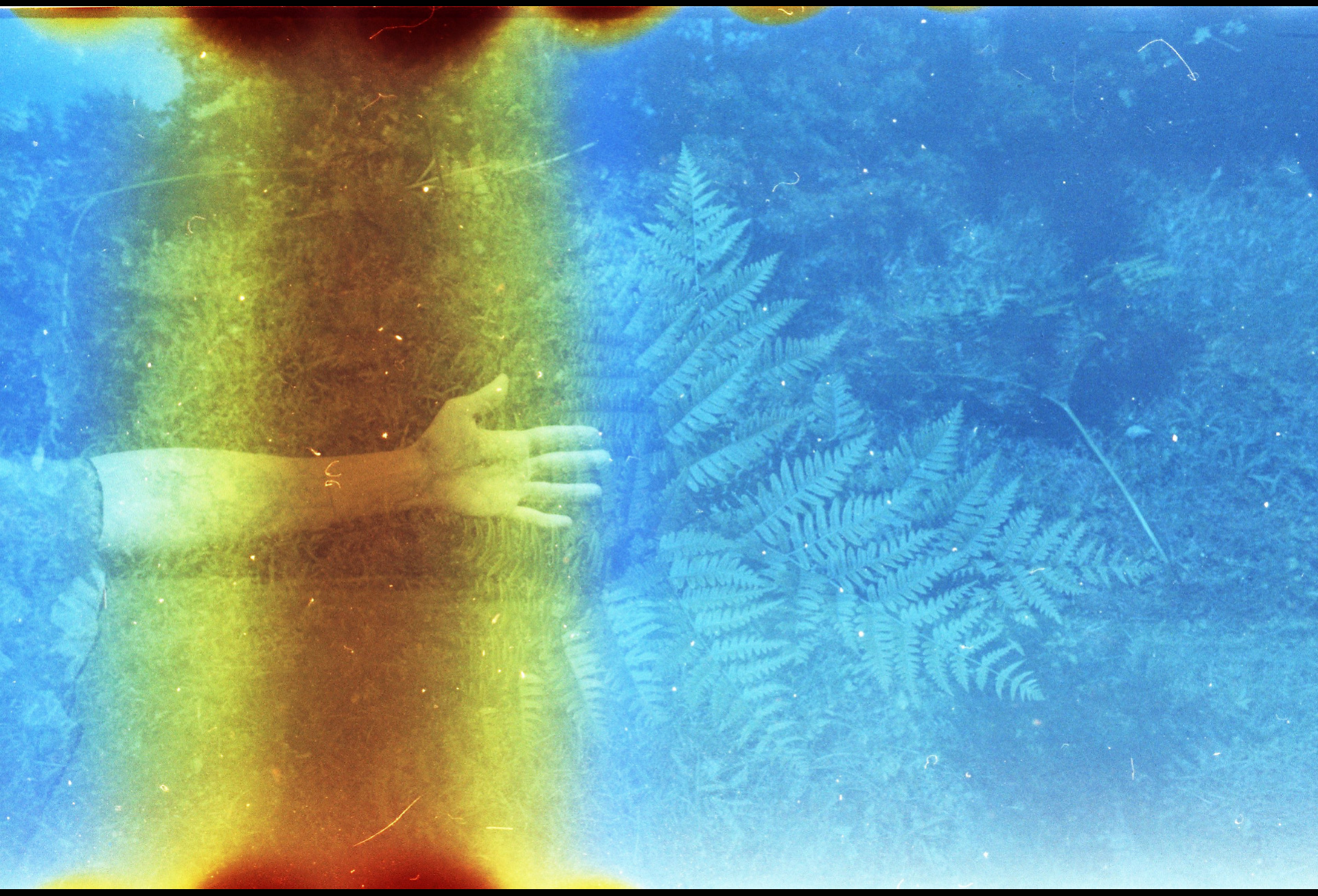
— Beth Maciorowski





























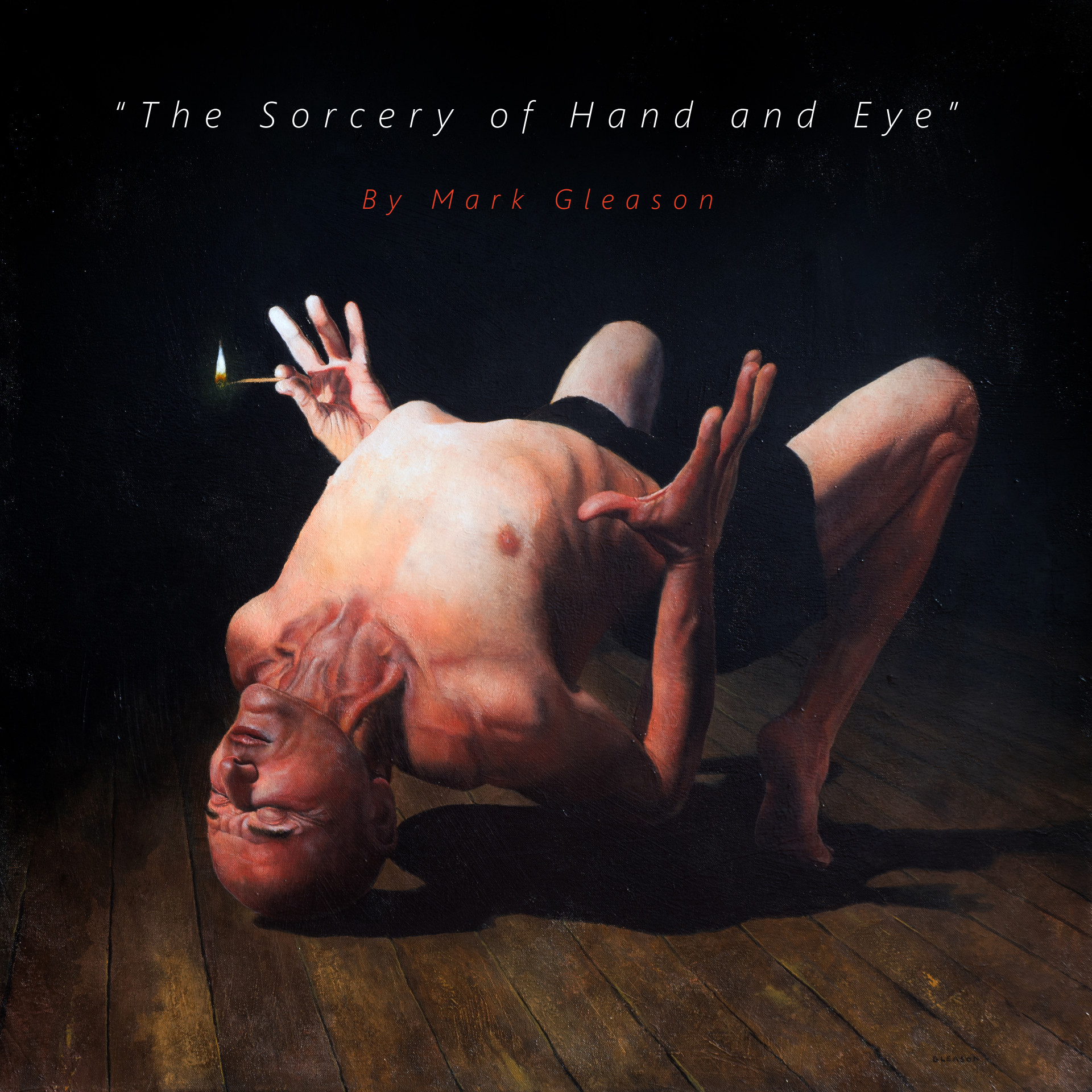






"The Sorcery of Hand and Eye"

By Mark Gleason



As a painter with a deep conviction in that swell of art history we call the “Old Masters,” as an art instructor for well over 3 decades, I am unnerved by the rising tide of methods and shortcuts that threaten to drown our experience of quality when presented with the artistic image.

I am no Luddite. I personally use digital media in indispensable ways with my Baroque approach to painting. What I find disheartening is that all too often the viewer is gratified with an ersatz and artificial participation in the crafted image. Society seems to be willing to let go of the encounter in viewing a work of art.

Social media is replacing the gallery and the museum. The little square on Instagram is not the visceral conversation with a painting. The source material that you’re looking at is liquid and stone. Pigment is ground from minerals, heavy metals, charred bone, and it is added to viscous oil. To someone who doesn’t paint, oil paint is no doubt some uninteresting, faintly unpleasant, smelly mess. And yet there are works throughout our existence as a species that can move us so significantly.

For me, squeezing out a blob of cadmium red, it is life’s blood. Paint is an enchanting, sometimes infuriating, and ravishing alchemy that makes it rewarding enough to go back into the studio every new day, year after year. The medium is pushed, pulled, and wrestled into some kind of form. Solid becomes liquid, and finally dries back into a substance hardened and rigid, arranged in such a way as to form a picture. One that, hopefully, engages anyone who looks at it.

The subject of the painting may be of a body, and it is a body. The resultant image is corporeal. The stretched cotton canvas bears witness to the application and movement of gypsum ground, the touch and pressure of the charcoal in the underdrawing, colored slurries of turpentine and pigment. Dabs and stabs with the brush, fingertips, a knife, come forward and recede, somehow congealing into sky, earth, flesh.

The painting is supposed to look like skin, and indeed it is a viscous substance, kin to sweat and fat, representing itself: skin as paint, or paint as skin, scabbed up, revealing the musculature, the fluid humours, and the skeletal framework supporting its weight and very presence.

Painting is an act of love, a companion that teaches us about ourselves. We may express something and come to understand the world through paint. When you're laying a brushstroke down it doesn't necessarily mean you're trying to paint that thing you're looking at. It means you're examining yourself. Your choices, your changes, your relationships…which could be a definition of being alive.

With all of this passion at play, if the right decisions have been carried out and effected, the painting offers us a unique event. The image, the surface, the form, the content, and the context all speak to basic and important questions in our everyday lives. This is an engagement that my own work aspires to.

What we call a "work of art" is an aesthetic and sensory experience. Painting is a noun and a verb, and neither is complete without the other. The finished piece on the wall is the outcome of an act, the conclusion of a huge preoccupation and time spent in the studio. The painting is a thing, entrancing and illusory, made with a love of materials and subject, valued on its own terms.

What I am asking of the world at large is to value and embrace that sensation, to engage, to participate in it. Our species continues to need these conditions and relationships. I challenge the complacency that the digital substitute presents us with, and my work takes pride in the sorcery of hand and eye.






GLEASON


©LEASEN


GLEASON




GLEASON


GLEASON


GLEASON


GLEASON


GLEASON





PORTRAITS OF PROTEST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

JULIE DERMANSKY

“What Makes Us Tick?”

The human condition fascinates me. What makes us do unthinkable things that harm other human beings and the planet? When people stand up and fight back against injustice, I feel compelled to document it. I travel the world to do that. I show up. And when I see the intensity in the protester’s faces, and see them fighting back, with that authenticity of emotion, I feel they deserve to have their actions recorded. I mostly photograph protests of causes I believe in, but I am also drawn to protests held by those who I do not believe in, those at the far extreme side of what I believe is right. I go to those protests and photograph them with an intent to capture their authenticity too, and show them for who they are in a similar way as to those who I hold in esteem. In both cases I am gaining, or at least trying to gain, an understanding of what makes us tick.

Julie Dermansky




IF THE GOVERNMENT
IS GOING TO FUCK US,
THEY SHOULD AT LEAST
USE A CONDOM!
99% EFFECTIVE.




hell hath
MY
USSY
MY
HOICE
MINE




There's NO R.S.V.P. on the STATUE OF LIBERTY!
JUSTICE WILL PREVAIL
OVER EVIL LITTLE WEASELS
FIGHTING FOR WHAT'S RIGHT IS WORTH IT
less imprisonment less walls
PEOPLE over PROFIT
THE FUTURE
SHED WALLS DON'T
RESPECT EXISTENCE OR EXPECT RESISTANCE
Love trump hate.
WOMEN GO TO WAR!
LOVE WILL TRUMP HATE.
LIFE BEGINS at
GOT EQUALITY YET?
I WILL NOT HAVE MY LIFE NARROWED DOWN. I WILL NOT BOW DOWN TO SOMEBODY ELSE'S WHIM OR TO SOMEONE ELSE'S IGNORANCE.
-bell hooks
NO!
STOP TRUMP / PENCE
#NoFascistUSA
RefuseFascism.org
DETROIT TEACHER
NATIONAL
THE IS MORE THAN US!
LEGAL EMPATH
I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING SICK AND TIRED
PATRIOTIC
SPREAD
SOLAR
MAKES US GREAT
IF Women WANT ALL RIGHTS
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF




MLK
I HAVE A
DREAM


SAVING THE
WORLD
COMMON
GOOD
EMORY




TRUMP
IS MEAN


SHERIFF


THE
FUTURE
IS
FEMINIST
STOP
THE TRUMP-PENCE REGIME
BEFORE IT START
BRING DC TO A HALT!
NO!
FASCISM


KEEP YOUR
LAWS
OFF MY BODY
Fuck Yo
ANTI
ABORTION
LAWS


SPEED
LIMIT
50
POLICE




NO
PEACE


IS P
CR 785


GIRLS
RULE
THE WORLD!
#GIRLGENIUS








NO!
REFUSEFASCISM.ORG


STOP
MOSAIC
STOP
MOSAIC
STOP
MOSAIC
STOP
MOSAIC
RISE ST.


FIGHT LIKE A GIRL
MARCH


VAGABOND

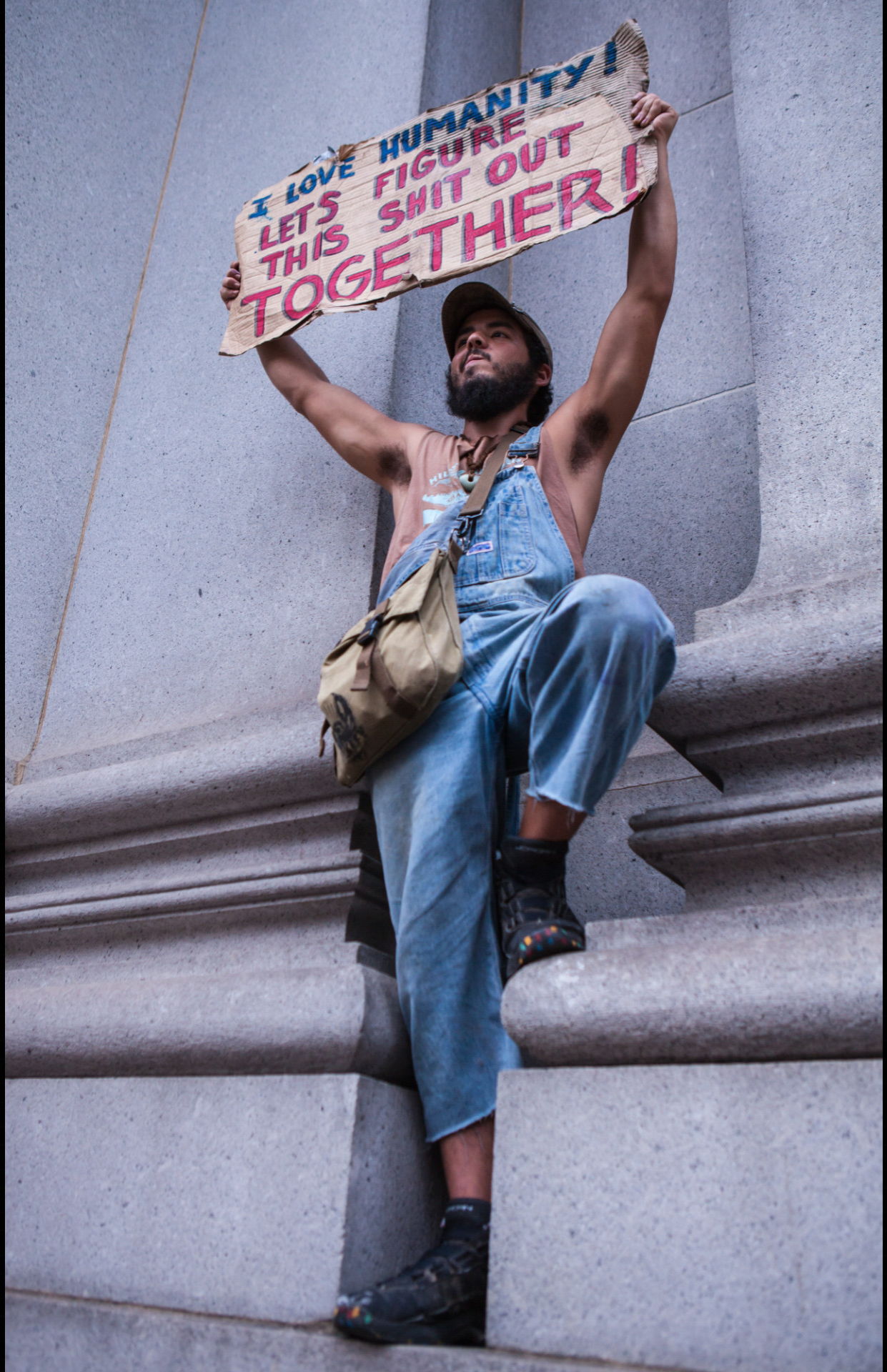

VULVA LA RESISTANCE
THOU SHALL NOT MESS WITH REPRODUCTIVE
IF ABORTION IS THEN BLOWJOBS ARE CANNABEISM
MY CHOICE
MI VIDA TIENE VALOR
MI CUERPO NO TIENE PRECIO






BIRD BY BIRD




I LOVE HUMANITY!
LETS FIGURE
THIS SHIT OUT
TOGETHER!


MICHELLE BITTING

The Womb Repaired

Without our doing anything
the fruit tree dropped its meat
in sweet and fluid stanzas,
bells landing in the bright
bullseyes of our hands. Fancy
that with all the bones going to rot,
the house a witchy broth
of stripped hinges and crooked
door frames like torn pages
of a too-beloved book,
its haunted rooms, done flowers
and dark scuffs, floors marked
to a dull un-finish. And still
the oranges bearing oceans
in a garden overthrown
by rebel desert fauna.
Still my love and I
nodding off in the afternoon
while the children become
adults in the space of an hour,
while the dog howls at a siren
screaming down dawn, down
the fucked-up street we slumber on,
our dreams more delicious
dissolve than savvy urban planning,
more iron trickled-through loam,
seed coat split, igniting the radicle,
dream coiled in clouds that flow
and part as we lounge around
waiting for The Simpsons to start.
After all, it's Sunday.

The Shape You Take

I used to wonder what part of me I'd miss
tumbling into the brackish pond,
the animal waters, a mirror of myself
switched on and ironed flat. I'm a man
rouged by shadow and ochre light,
a nipple trick, a smoke ring tramped,
squared underfoot. I let it suck me
in and out, a form of prayer, contorted.
The dark is close, a green limen
I might slip or shimmy through, if not
for my zaftig behind, my raw finish line.
At what point am I anyone? The lathe
of your eyes and artist's spoils
keep me trained, traitor to time. Once
I studied stars and licked my lashes
through a burning wave of salt. The demon
kicked and wind-cried, my most intimate
gutters. I'm a bowl of burnt letters
at the bottom of a well
gushing up brown galaxies,
torquing bone and joint, a loving
swell. The shape you take when
the shape has been destroyed.

Nocturne Sonnet

I can see you through the kitchen’s steamed up
window but you can’t see me here in the dark,
not my moon-sheened arms like Victorian candles
sparking when rats rustle the bushes, not the crickets
weaving ghost crowns about my head watching you
plunge your fists into a sink’s rust dome, erasing
dregs, the headless crusts of fish, Brussels sprout
flecks & basil dip that studded each plate until you
made them shine again. When smoothed & patted
planets align like children in their KitchenAid rack,
the gloss of life cracks and dies even in its greening, even
as days tower gold and long and I hear *old winter's song,*
the *went away* of reddening hours, the stay of love, but most
of all, *my darling,* most of all, *when autumn leaves start to fall.*

JEFFREY ACKERMAN



If there is any one idea or obsession that unites all of my work, painting and sculpture, it is architecture — ancient, modern, science fiction cities. My sculptures are figurative but also resemble buildings in miniature (much historic architecture is anthropomorphic). The settings for my painted dramas are often grand spaces or architectural landscapes. The decorative forms of architecture (also found in furniture and other craft forms) are well represented in my sculpture details and pop up throughout my paintings.

Architecture has a central role in the art of every culture and civilization. We think and dream spatially. There is an enchantment in crafting convincing realities, painted spaces we can enter into and sculpted creatures that inhabit our domain. These mirrors and simulacra create microcosms of the world we inhabit.

I work primarily from memory, and with muscle memory. The general designs of the paintings and sculptures are roughed out in a crude sketch, or drawn directly on the canvas. My ideas are inspired by an eclectic range of muses in the fine and decorative arts, but also literature and cinema (cinema has exerted a definite influence in my painted compositions and perspectives; I have an obsession with the classic over the shoulder shot). I consult a variety of models to flesh out details or make corrections.

Some ideas come quickly and the final results remain true to the original conception. But I always remain open to surprising twists and turns, and some of the best moments arrive unexpected. Characters from the past or future may arrive at any stage, bodies sprout improbable heads of drapery, knots or masonry. Remaining alert to what is happening in spite of my intentions, the works are coaxed into existence. A sense of humor, however dark it might be, is also key here, to foster an openness toward the tragedy and farce in life that emerges when I take in the world as it is, not how I wish it to be.

Honing my craft enhances my freedom to explore, expanding the available vocabulary to transform the ordinary and invent the unseen. I appreciate the refined, but I have a particular love for the rustic and resist smoothing away brushstrokes or chisel marks. I prefer that the marks of the manufacture remain, like footprints along the path of creation that lead back to the conception. The slightly agitated line, uneven surfaces and other irregularities breathe life into my inanimate creations. The mediums I currently prefer, paint and clay, have a liquid character, they flow like water, or thought. The finished forms become a metaphor of the process that created them.

— Jeffrey Ackerman



































DAVID FULLARTON



I have been asked by the erudite and discriminating proprietors of Furious Pure to write a few words about my work. The truth is that while I very much enjoy using words as part of that work, I actively dislike using them to explain it.

Part of the magic of art seems to me to be its stubborn mystery, its ability to spread confusion, provoke reflection and mean many different things to many different people. Prescribing definitive meanings and subject matter seems only to diminish its possibilities.

This may sound like an elaborate excuse to avoid the task in hand. And maybe it is. Maybe beneath my droll exterior and witty repartee I'm just a melancholy man who doesn't really like people knowing much about him.

I think I've said enough.

– David Fullarton

PLEASE NOTE

#SWIVELNECKEDJAZZ ASSASSIN

#CUTTLEFISH FANTASY

#MOHAIRBUNDTCAKE

#BIGLEAGUESALTLICK

#PERSIMMONBLIGHT

#PUGSMUGGLER

#CORPULENTVICAR

#SUPERFLYANTICHRIST

#ATOMICPIRATEPROBE

#TERRYCLOTHAPOCALYPSE

#FROSTYMIDGETTWINKIESNAPPER

#SMELTASPHYXIATOR



#REPENTANTBEDWETTER

#PEKINGESEEXOCETMAGNET

#SPANGLEDWATERTURD

#RUPTUREDSCOUTMASTER

#FANCYDANBUMDANCER

#FLESHTORNADO

#BITEYBITEY

#DINGOSPHINCTER

#CORDLESSPIXIEJIGGLER

#FECKLESSMEMENIHILIST

#SIMPERINGINBREDPROLE

#REBARBATIVEPORKMUTILATOR

EVERY TIME YOU USE A HASHTAG IT IS LIKE A TINY DAGGER PIERCING MY HEART

THE RECALCITRANT

PSYCHIC



I KNOW EVERYTHING THAT WILL EVER HAPPEN TO YOU, BUT I WILL NEVER DIVULGE IT NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PAY ME

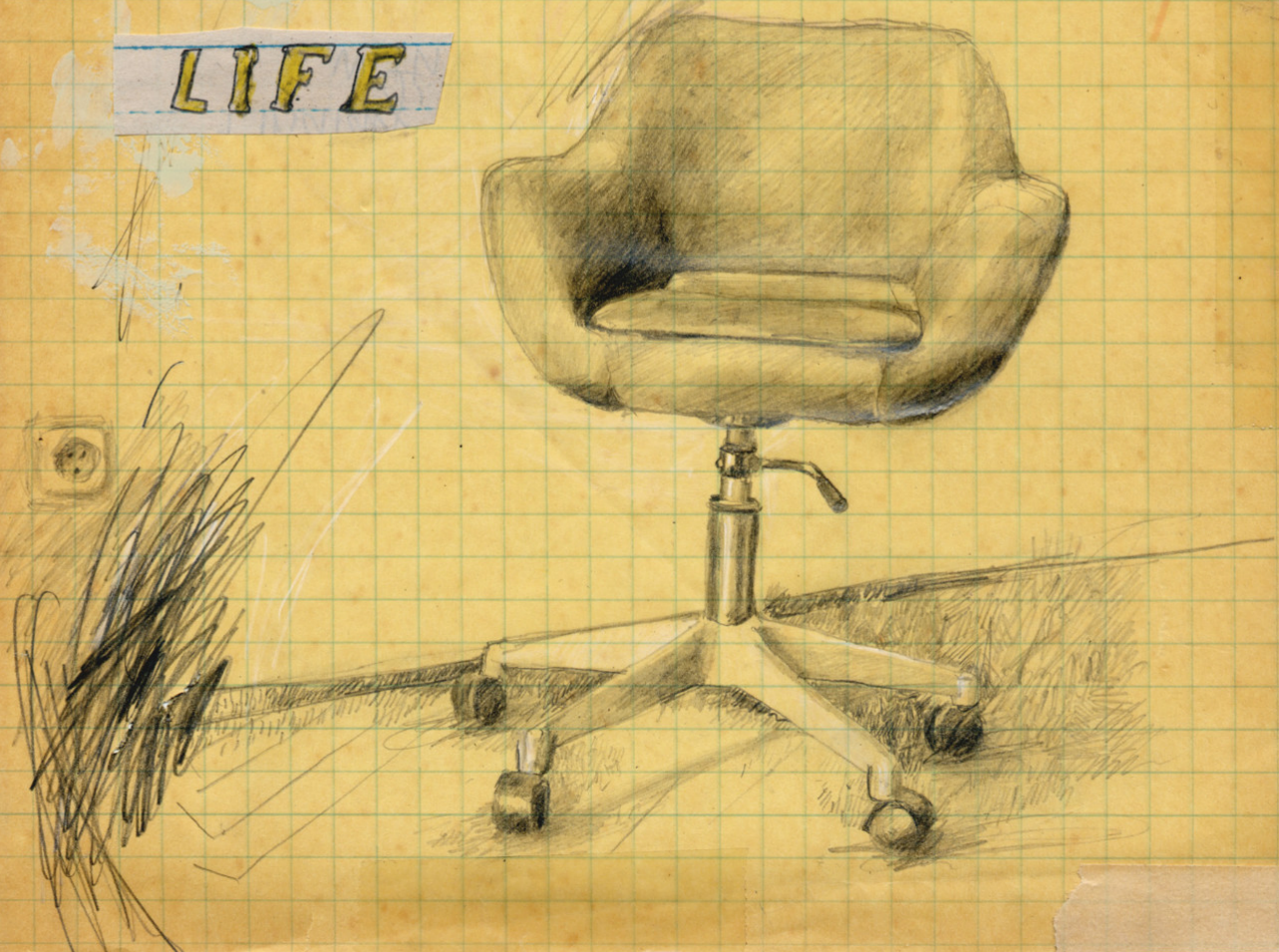
I HAVE STUFFED

THE POEM

THAT YOU WROTE ME DOWN

THE WASTE
DISPOSAL.

I HAVE NO ROOM
FOR SUCH A
THING
IN MY
LIFE

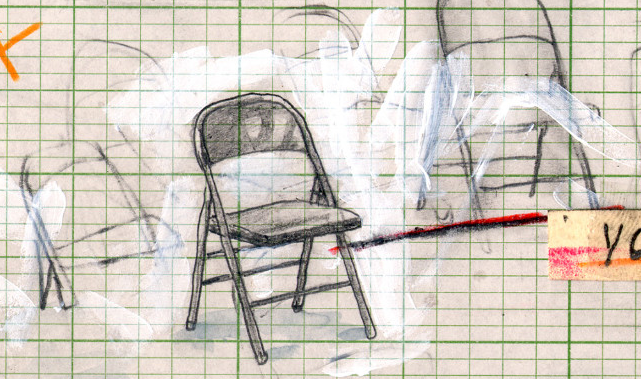


CHOOSE FROM OUR WIDE RANGE OF

COLORS THAT MATCH YOUR LIFESTYLE

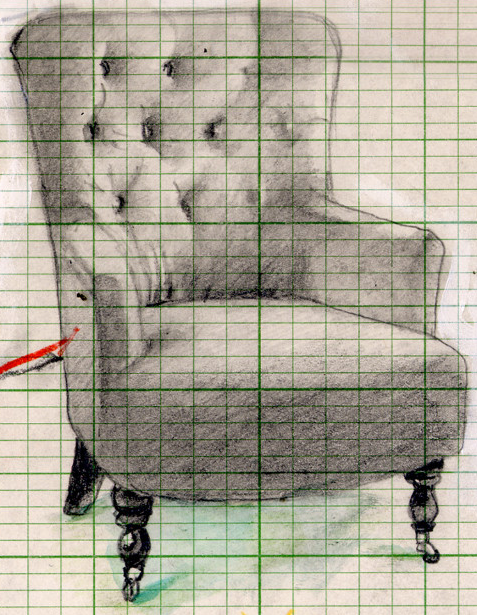


HOSPITALITY SEATING CHART.



YOUR SEAT

THE SEAT OF SOMEONE WITH MORE MONEY THAN YOU.



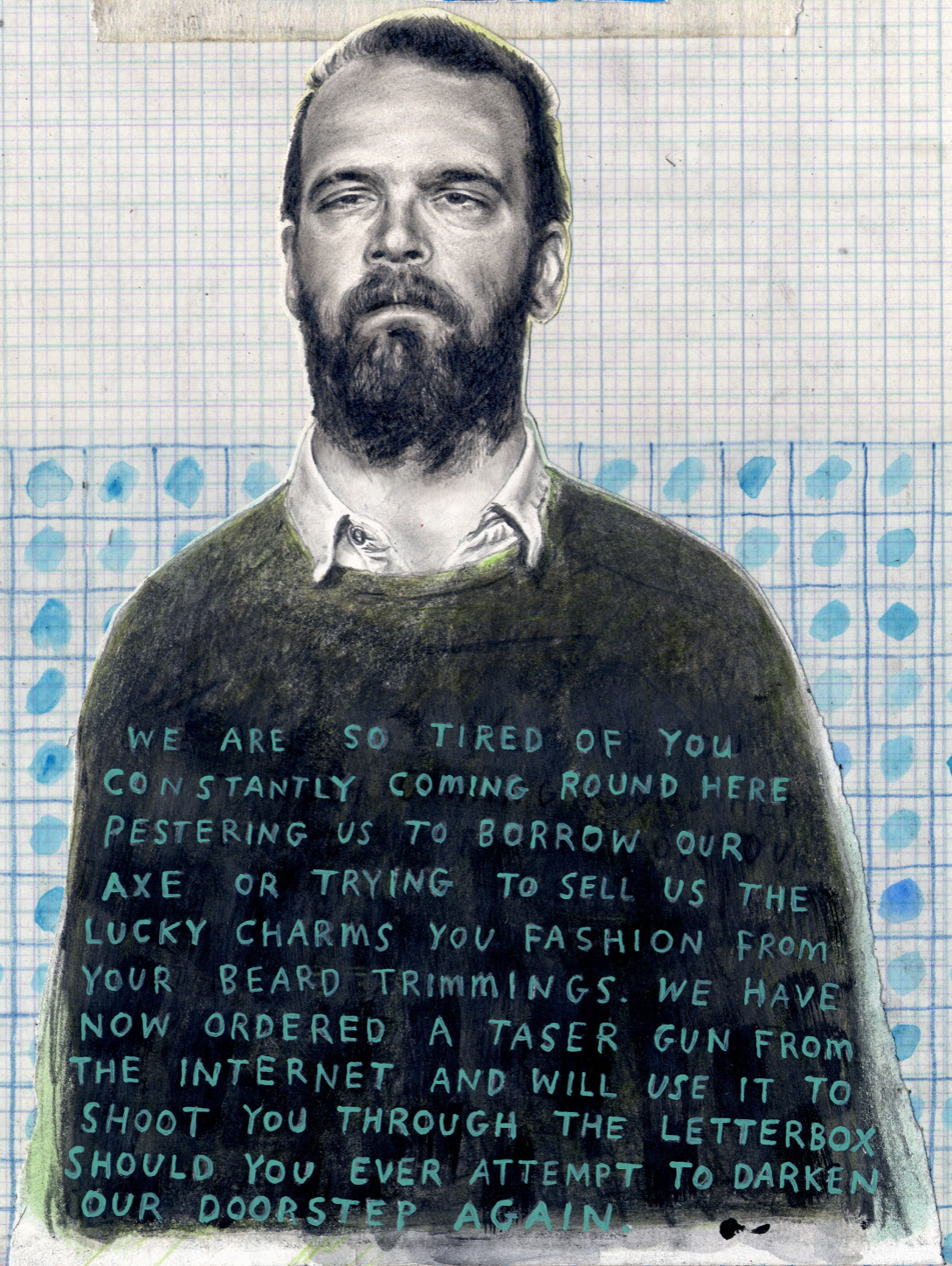
ROW NUMBER

SEAT NUMBER

HEATH COMPANY BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN CHART NO. 445-8

U.S.A.

NOT YOU AGAIN



WE WOULD
LIKE TO BE

FORGIVEN

BUT

WE CANNOT
BRING OURSELVES TO

REPENT

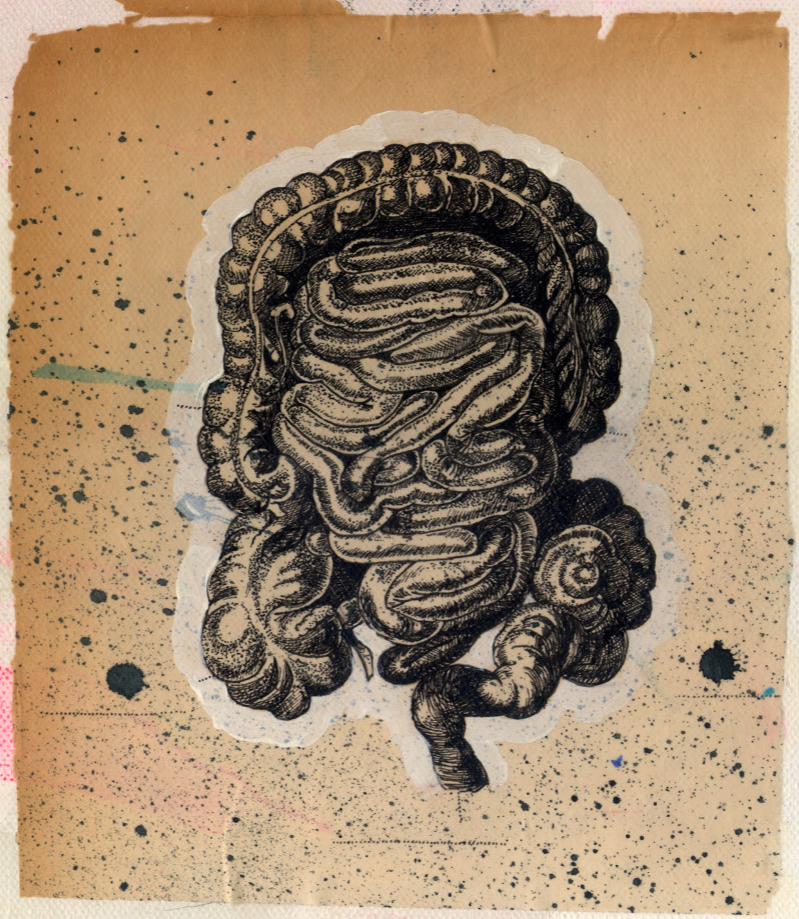



Q: WHERE HAS ALL THE MAGIC GONE?
A: WE KNOW NOT WHERE IT HAS GONE
WE KNOW ONLY THAT IT IS
NO LONGER HERE


THE ARTIST'S LAMENT
MY BRUSHES ARE SABLE.
MY PAINTS ARE OIL.
MY CANVASES ARE LINEN.
MY EASEL IS OAK.
MY PAINTINGS ARE SHIT.


WE ARE ALWAYS IN NEED OF
JUST ONE MORE SOMETHING
THAT WE DO NOT HAVE!

YES!

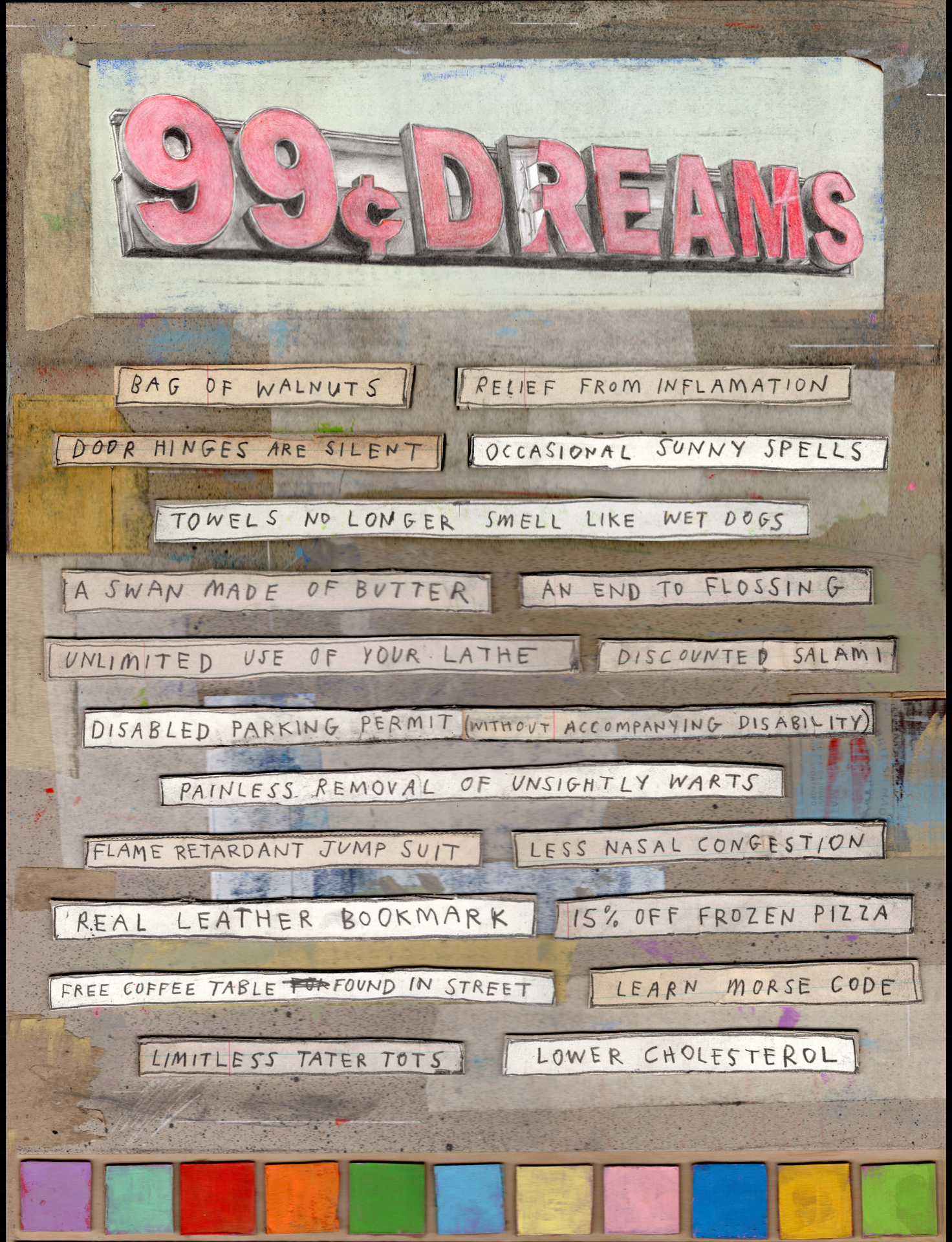


I AM HERE TO PROVIDE EXTENSIVE AND UNSOLICITED INFORMATION ABOUT MY INTESTINAL DISORDERS.

Life
is More
Than Any
Living Thing
Can Bear




GOADED BY THE
PERFORMATIVE NATURE OF
THE INTERNET
I HAVE POSTED SEVERAL
INADVISABLE VIDEOS
IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT
TO GARNER THE ATTENTION
OF COMPLETE STRANGERS.


99¢ DREAMS
BAG OF WALNUTS
RELIEF FROM INFLAMATION
DOOR HINGES ARE SILENT
OCCASIONAL SUNNY SPELLS
TOWELS NO LONGER SMELL LIKE WET DOGS
A SWAN MADE OF BUTTER
AN END TO FLOSSING
UNLIMITED USE OF YOUR LATHE
DISCOUNTED SALAMI
DISABLED PARKING PERMIT (WITHOUT ACCOMPANYING DISABILITY)
PAINLESS REMOVAL OF UNSIGHTLY WARTS
FLAME RETARDANT JUMP SUIT
LESS NASAL CONGESTION
REAL LEATHER BOOKMARK
15% OFF FROZEN PIZZA
FREE COFFEE TABLE ~~FOR~~ FOUND IN STREET
LEARN MORSE CODE
LIMITLESS TATER TOTS
LOWER CHOLESTEROL

THAT WHICH YOU WORRIED ABOUT WHILST LOCKED INSIDE FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION



PARTIAL LIST

(NOT IN ANY PARTICLAR ORDER)

- [x] THE INFINITE AND INDIFFERENT NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE
- [x] YOUR DISTURBING DESIRE TO SUBMIT TO A FIGUREHEAD WHO SPEAKS WITH AUTHORITY AND MAKES YOU FEEL SAFE
- [x] WE WILL SOON RUN OUT OF TOILET PAPER WHAT THEN?
- [x] YOUR INABILITY TO FEEL ANYTHING, EXCEPT CONFUSION
- [x] BOTTOMLESS BLACK WELLS HAUNTED BY FLOCKS OF FACELESS OWLS
- [x] EVERYONE SECTRETLY AGREES THAT YOUR HEAD IS TOO BIG FOR YOUR BODY
- [x] TECHNOLOGY IS NOW DESIGNED NOT TO SERVE HUMAN GOALS BUT TO FACILITATE ITS OWN EXPANSION.T
- [x] YOUR INABILITY TO EXERCISE WILL SOON RENDER YOU UNATTRACTIVELY OBESE.
- [x] STRANGERS CONSTANTLY SHOVE GERM INFESTED PACKAGES THROUGH YOUR LETTERBOX
- [x] ONLY YOUR DREAMS SATISFY THE REAL NEEDS OF YOUR HEART
- [x] REALITY HAS BEEN REDUCED TO AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF COMMODIFIABLE FRAGMENTS, WHICH FORCE US TO CONCENTRATE ON APPEARANCES.
- [x] THE ANCIENT EVIL YOUR ANCESTORS SEALED UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS OF YOUR BEDROOM CLOSET.
- [x] OUTSIDE THERE IS CONTAGION, SOCIETAL BREAKDOWN, AND ENDLESS HOSTILITY INSIDE THERE ARE MICE.
- [x] THAT? THAT WAS HAPPINESS.

I LIED ABOUT



BEING A MILLIONAIRE

THE CHOICES BEFORE US :

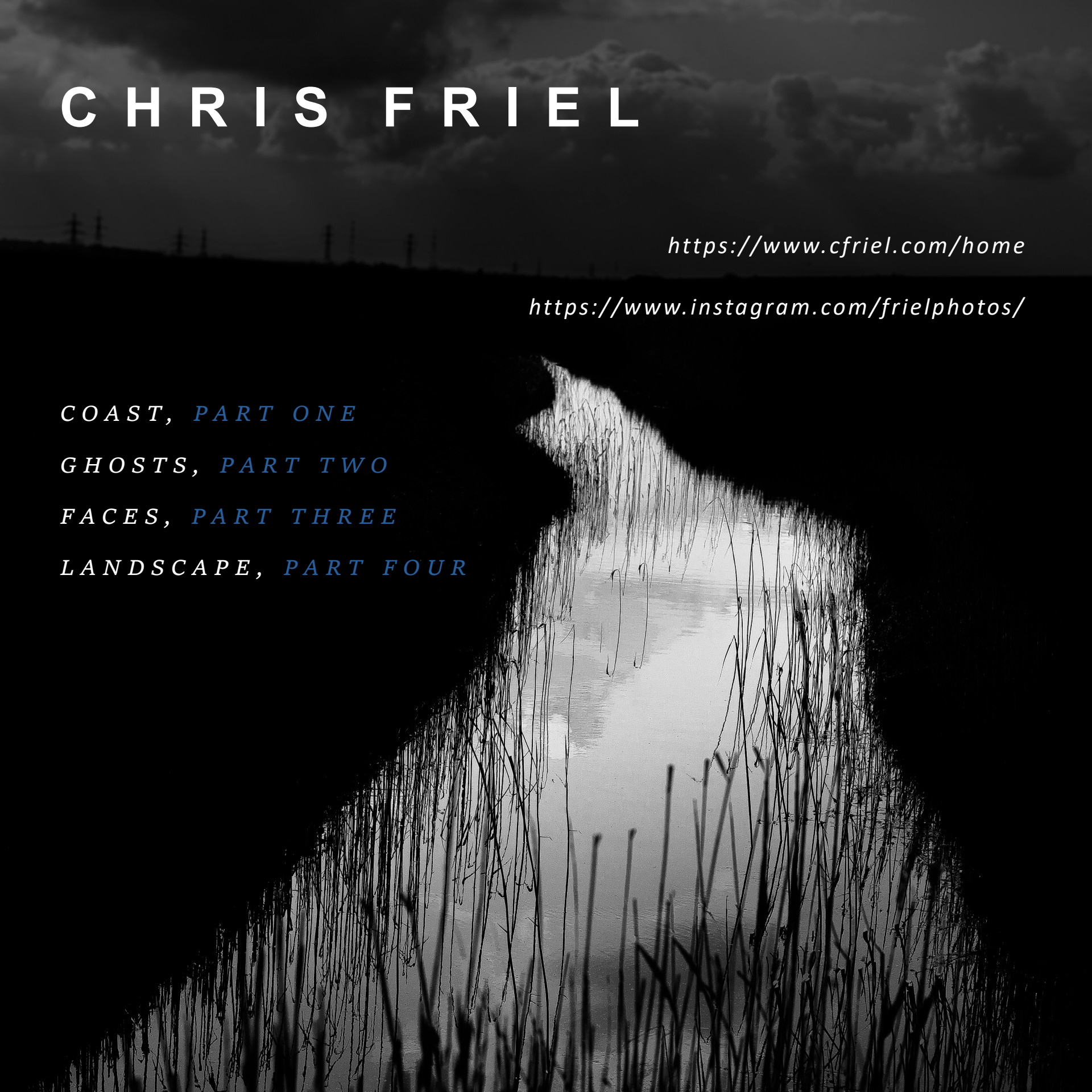
ART	OR	COMMERCE
GOOD	OR	EVIL
MEDIUM	OR	LARGE
BLACK & WHITE	OR	COLOR
FLEE	OR	FIGHT
FULL FAT	OR	SEMI SKIMMED
ROUGH	OR	SMOOTH
SACRED	OR	PROFANE
BUY	OR	RENT
STAY	OR	GO
LIFE	OR	DRUGS
HOT	OR	COLD
GAS	OR	ELECTRIC
SALAD	OR	FRIES
LOVE	OR	HATE


ARTIST PAGES

CHRIS FRIEL

https://www.cfriel.com/home

https://www.instagram.com/frielphotos/



COAST, PART ONE

GHOSTS, PART TWO

FACES, PART THREE

LANDSCAPE, PART FOUR

MATT BRACKETT



1. IMAGINE (TITLE PAGE)
2. EASTER
3. KEEPING CRAB
4. LIKE FALLING
5. ICEBREAKERS
6. BREATHING SPELL
7. INFINITE WHOLE
8. BIG LIGHT DUTY
9. EQUINOX
10. DOUBTING THOMAS
11. INNER HARBOR
12. NEW WATERS
13. NIGHTFALL
14. SHALLOWERS
15. DISTANT WAVES
16. THE FAMILIARS (COVER)
17. WATER SIGN
18. READY OR NOT
19. EAST WIND
20. STEPS (THIS PAGE)

https://mattbrackett.com/

https://www.instagram.com/mattbrackettart/

JOSHUA HEATH SCOTT

1. Lisbon, Portugal (Title Page)
2. Grandview, MO
3. Kayenta, AZ
4. Modale , IA
5. Kayenta, AZ
6. Grandview, MO
7. Garland, NE
8. Stillwater, OK
9. Stillwater, OK
10. Tupelo, MS
11. Kansas City, MO
12. Grandview, MO
13. Rocky Ford, CO
14. Tupelo, MS
15. Spruce Pine, NC
16. Rayville, MO
17. Mound City, MO
18. Perry, OK
19. West Helena, AR
20. Cassoday, KS
21. Cleveland, MO
22. Kansas City, MO
23. Greenwood, MS
24. Kalamazoo, MI
25. Brinkley, AR
26. Rock Port, MO
27. Kansas City, MO
28. Loma, NE
29. Deer Trail, CO
30. Tokyo, Japan @nickloux (This Page)

https://www.instagram.com/joshuaheathscott/

https://jhspedals.info/



C A R I N E T O P A L



Carine Topal's work has appeared in *The Best of the Prose Poem*, *Greensboro Review*, *Iron Horse Literary Review*, Lily, and many other journals and anthologies. "Bed of Want," her 2nd collection, won the 2007 Robert G. Cohen Prose Poetry Award. She is the recipient of the 2015 Briar Cliff Review Award for Poetry. Her prize-winning book, Tattooed, won the Palettes and Quills Chapbook contest. Topal's 5th collection, "In Order of Disappearance," was published in 2018 by Pacific Coast Poetry Series. She teaches poetry and memoir workshops in Southern California.

h t t p s : / / w w w . c a r i n e - t o p a l . c o m /



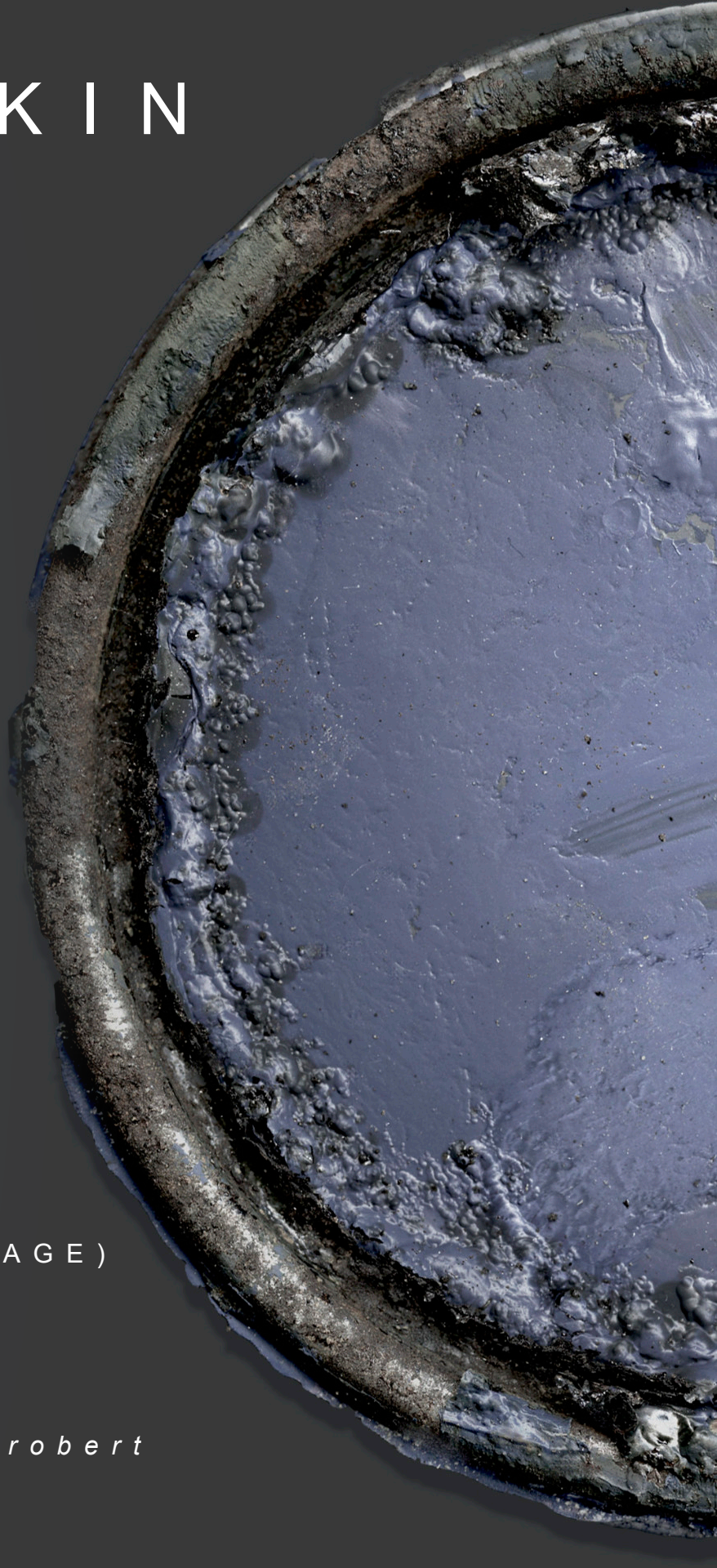
Victor Rodriguez

1. GreenColorHead (Title Page)
2. PencilTimeTotem
3. ColorHeadGirl
4. VRSW12
5. ColorDodecahedron
6. 22BallMonument
7. Untitled
8. BeautifulNeurotic
9. CrooshatchRed3Skulls
10. FixedIdeasBull1
11. FixedIdeasBull2
12. AnatomyHead2
13. HalfHead
14. CrumpledModel4(Rubik)
15. VeracruzDrawings
16. OrangeGun1
17. OrangeGun2
18. 3MorphosWing
19. Untitled
20. Neck
21. Untitled
22. RedBlueFists
23. 4ColorBernini
24. TwoEyesMinotaur
25. FauveMaAntoinette
26. Actor
27. DiagonalDodecahedron (This Page)

https://www.instagram.com/victorrodrigueznyc/

ROBERT SULKIN

1. PAINT LID 24
2. PAINT LID 2
3. PAINT LID 11
4. PAINT LID 30
5. PAINT LID 9
6. PAINT LID 14
7. PAINT LID 10
8. PAINT LID 18
9. PAINT LID 3
10. PAINT LID 20
11. PAINT LID 17
12. PAINT LID 22
13. PAINT LID 21
14. PAINT LID 23
15. PAINT LID 24 (DETAIL, THIS PAGE)



https://www.robertsulkin.com

https://www.instagram.com/sulkinrobert



JULIE MURPHY

https://juliemurphy.info/

https://www.instagram.com/julie_murphy_art/

1. UNDERSEA DRAMA (TITLE PAGE)
2. ROOSTER DUO
3. GLACIER CREATURES
4. VARTUELLA
5. SIWOMO
6. BRADLEIGH
7. DOODLE PAGE 06
8. ALL SOULS ROOSTER
9. MICROSCOPE SLIDE
10. BUNNYSNAIL
11. TUESDAY ETCHING
12. LELLO
13. BELL CHOIR
14. PERMAFROST
15. CLASS OF 2018
16. THE GIRLS
17. MONTROSE HARBOR BIKE RIDE
18. RANDOM RANDOS
19. LEMUR
20. GREEN LADY (DETAIL, THIS PAGE)

MARSHA de la O



Marsha de la O is the author of four books of poetry: *Black Hope, Antidote for Night, Every Ravening Thing,* and her newest poetry collection, *Creature*, published in January, 2024. *Creature* is a slim volume of ghosts, memory, and incantation, a book whose aim is the overthrow of unitary consciousness in favor of animal selves.

BETH MACIOROWSKI



1. THE TENDER HEART (TITLE PAGE)
2. A DIVINE INTERVENTION
3. THE VANISHING (AT THE MOMENT OF)
4. THE GLITCH
5. UNTITLED
6. THAT FINAL BURN
7. MEET ME ON THE MOON
8. THE MOURNING DOVE SINGS TO ME
9. THEY ALL CRIED OUT AT ONCE
10. REPENT
11. PINK DREAM 2
12. THE BODY REMEMBERS
13. AND IF THIS WAS MY LAST BREATH, I WOULD RUN OUTSIDE FOR THE FINAL GASP
14. RIP
15. THE LONE BIRD IN THE TREE WAS LOOKING AT ME
16. SET IT FREE
17. AFTER THE FIRE GOES OUT
18. PINK DREAM 1
19. A LAPSE IN TIME
20. THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH
21. REPENT (DETAIL, THIS PAGE)

https://www.instagram.com/bethmaciorowski/

MARK GLEASON



1. To Bring You My Love
   (Title Page)
2. Purr
3. Headz
4. Risibilis
5. Refract
6. Off
7. Untitled
8. Conquest of the Useless
9. Hangry
10. Emily
11. En Attendant
12. A Thousand Stars Burst
13. Open
14. Wheee!
15. Profile
    (This Page)

https://www.markgleason.org/

JULIE DERMANSKY



1. Alton Sterling Protest (Title Page)
2. Occupy New Orleans
3. Anti NATO Protest Chicago
4. Anti Police Brutality Protest
5. Pro Choice Rally New Orleans
6. 2.11.13 Mardi Gras
7. Women's March on Washington
8. Untitled
9. George Floyd Protest NOLA
10. Little Miss Flint in D.C.
11. BP oil on human hand,
    BP oil spill in Barataria Bay
12. Women's March on Washington
13. Occupy Oakland
14. Protest Trump's Inauguration
15. Pro Choice Rally New Orleans
16. NOPD Gas George Floyd Protest
17. Alton Sterling Protest
18. George Floyd Protest NOLA
19. Keystone XL Pipeline in Texas
20. Girl Power at March in NOLA
21. Wounded Guy
22. Baby Chick
23. Roishetta Ozane
24. Protest Trump's Inauguration
25. Sharon Lavigne RISE St. James
26. Women's March on Washington
27. Occupy New Orleans
28. Women's March 2021 New Orleans
29. NOLA George Floyd Protest
30. Vodou
31. Faubourg Marigny Mardi Gras
32. Tar Sands Oil Protest NATO
33. Untitled
34. 7.20.2019 protest (This Page)

https://www.jsdart.com/index



MICHELLE BITTING

Michelle Bitting was short-listed for the 2023 CRAFT Character Sketch Challenge, the 2020 Montreal International Poetry Prize, the 2021 Fish Poetry Contest judged by Billy Collins, and a finalist for the 2021 Coniston Prize and 2020 *Reed Magazine* Edwin Markham Prize. She won *Quarter After Eight*'s 2018 Robert J. DeMott Short Prose Contest and was a finalist for the 2021 *Ruminate Magazine*, 2019 *Sonora Review* and *New Millennium* Flash Prose contests. She is the author of five poetry collections, *Good Friday Kiss*, winner of the inaugural De Novo First Book Award; *Notes to the Beloved*, which won the Sacramento Poetry Center Book Award; *The Couple Who Fell to Earth*; *Broken Kingdom*, winner of the 2018 *Catamaran* Poetry Prize; and *Nightmares & Miracles* (*Two Sylvias Press*, 2022), winner of the Wilder Prize and recently named one of *Kirkus Reviews* 2022 Best of Indie. Her chapbook *Dummy Ventriloquist* is forthcoming in 2024. Bitting is a Senior Lecturer in Creative Writing and Literature at Loyola Marymount University.

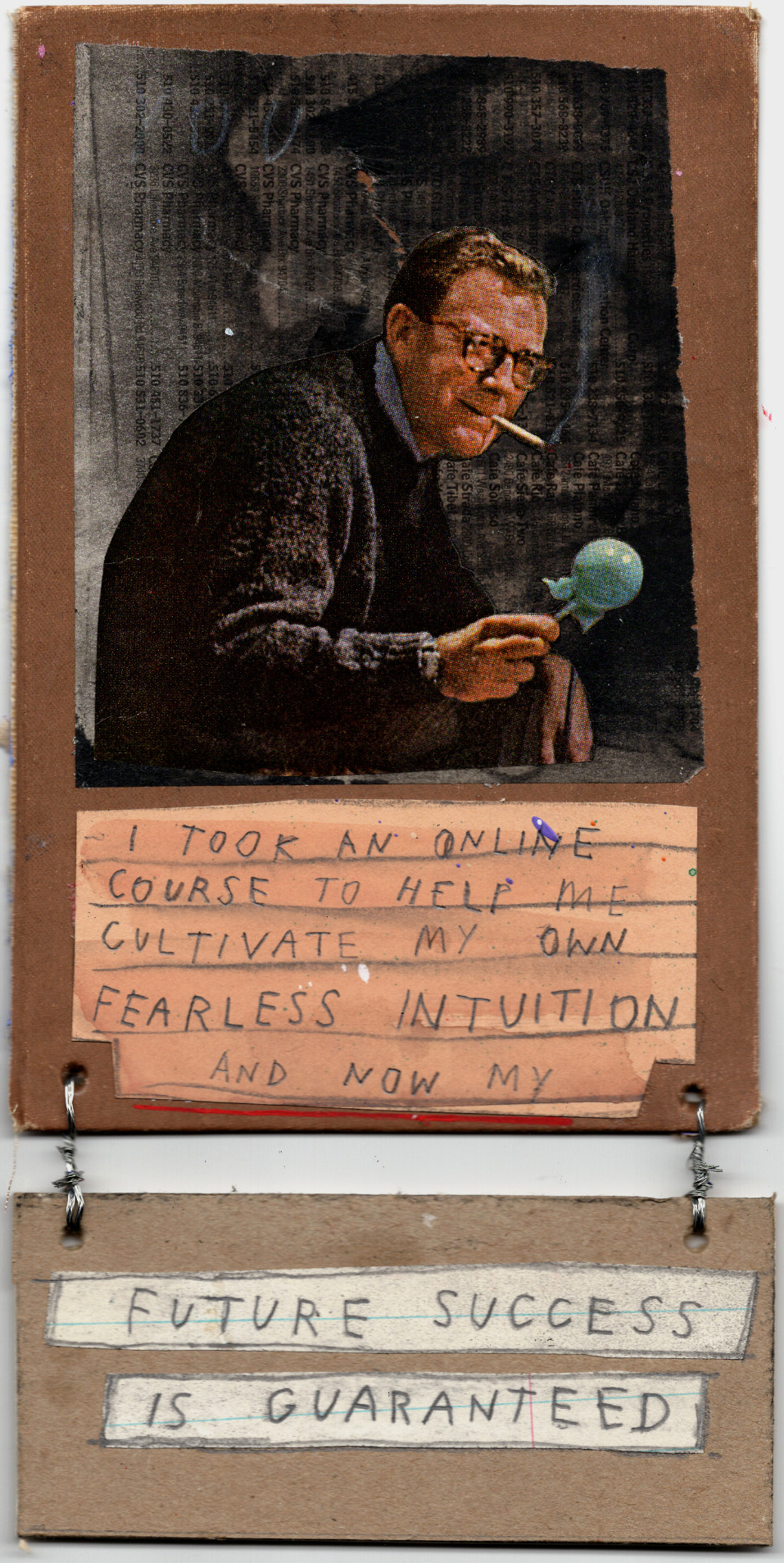
https://www.michellebitting.com/

JEFFREY ACKERMAN



1. HIGH WATER (TITLE PAGE)
2. CLEOPATRA'S BANQUET
3. FIRST AND LAST MAN
4. IN THE GARDEN
5. SIBYL
6. EXILES
7. CHRONOS
8. FEAST OF THE ORTOLANS
9. CORPSE REVIVER (SCULPTURE)
10. CORPSE REVIVER (PAINTING)
11. COMMONWEALTH AVENUE CYCLOPS
12. KNOT
13. KNIGHTS MOVE
14. THE BEAST
15. SATYR
16. MONKEY ALCHEMIST
17. HYPERBOREAN GREEN
18. THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM
19. TOWER VIEW (THIS PAGE)

https://www.jeffreyackermanstudio.com/



DAVID FULLARTON

1. SOUP (TITLE PAGE)
2. HASHTAG DAGGER
3. PSYCHIC
4. CITY POEM
5. LIFESTYLE COLORS
6. SEATING CHART
7. NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH
8. REPENT
9. THE MAGIC HAS GONE
10. ARTISTS LAMENT
11. ONE MORE THING
12. INTESTINAL
13. LIFE
14. BAG HEAD
15. 99 CENT DREAMS
16. COVIDS INSIDE
17. MILLIONAIRE
18. CHOICES
19. FEARLESS INTUITION (THIS PAGE)

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ADS FOR ARTISTS
I CAN QUIT ANY TIME I WANT

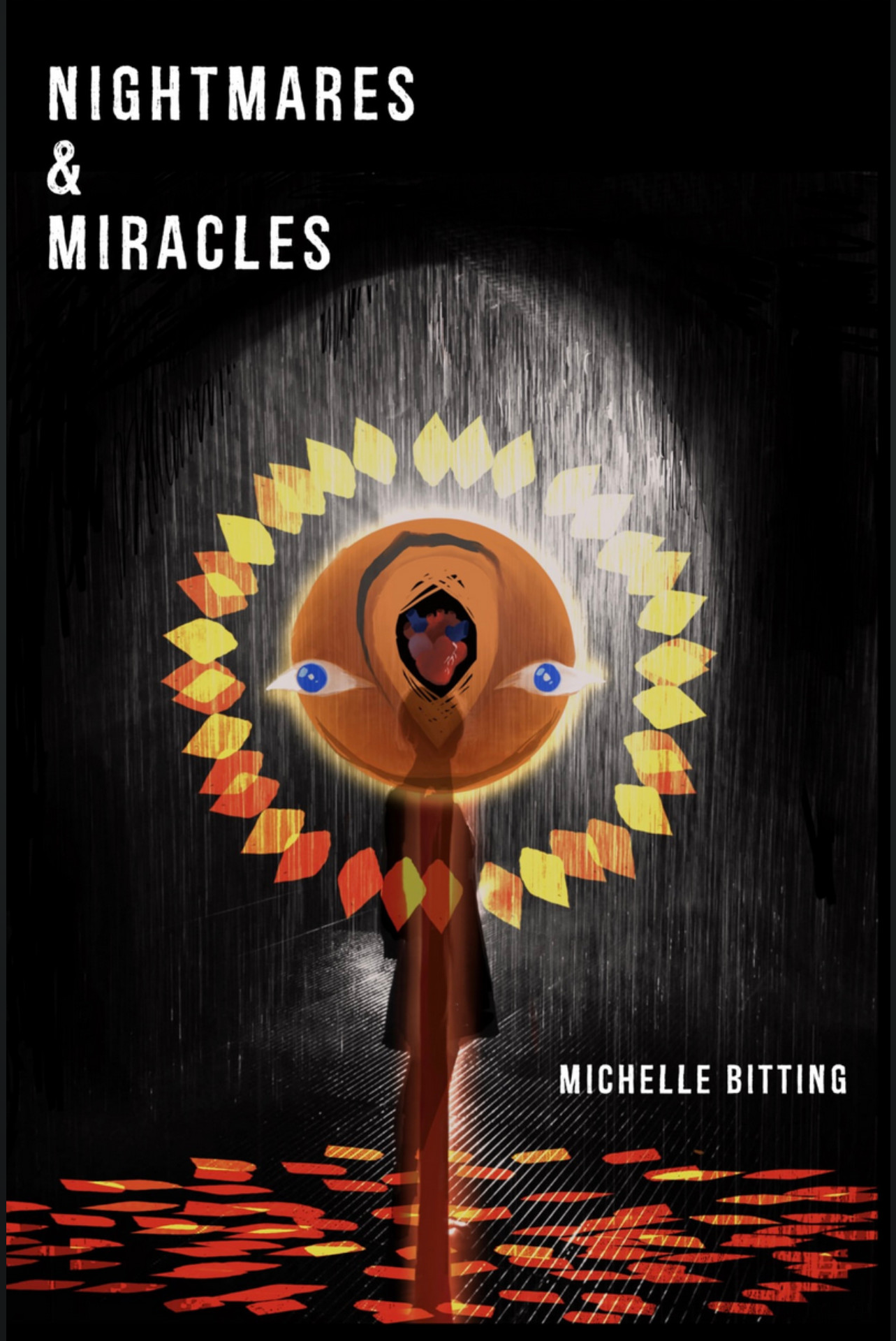
Marsha de la O



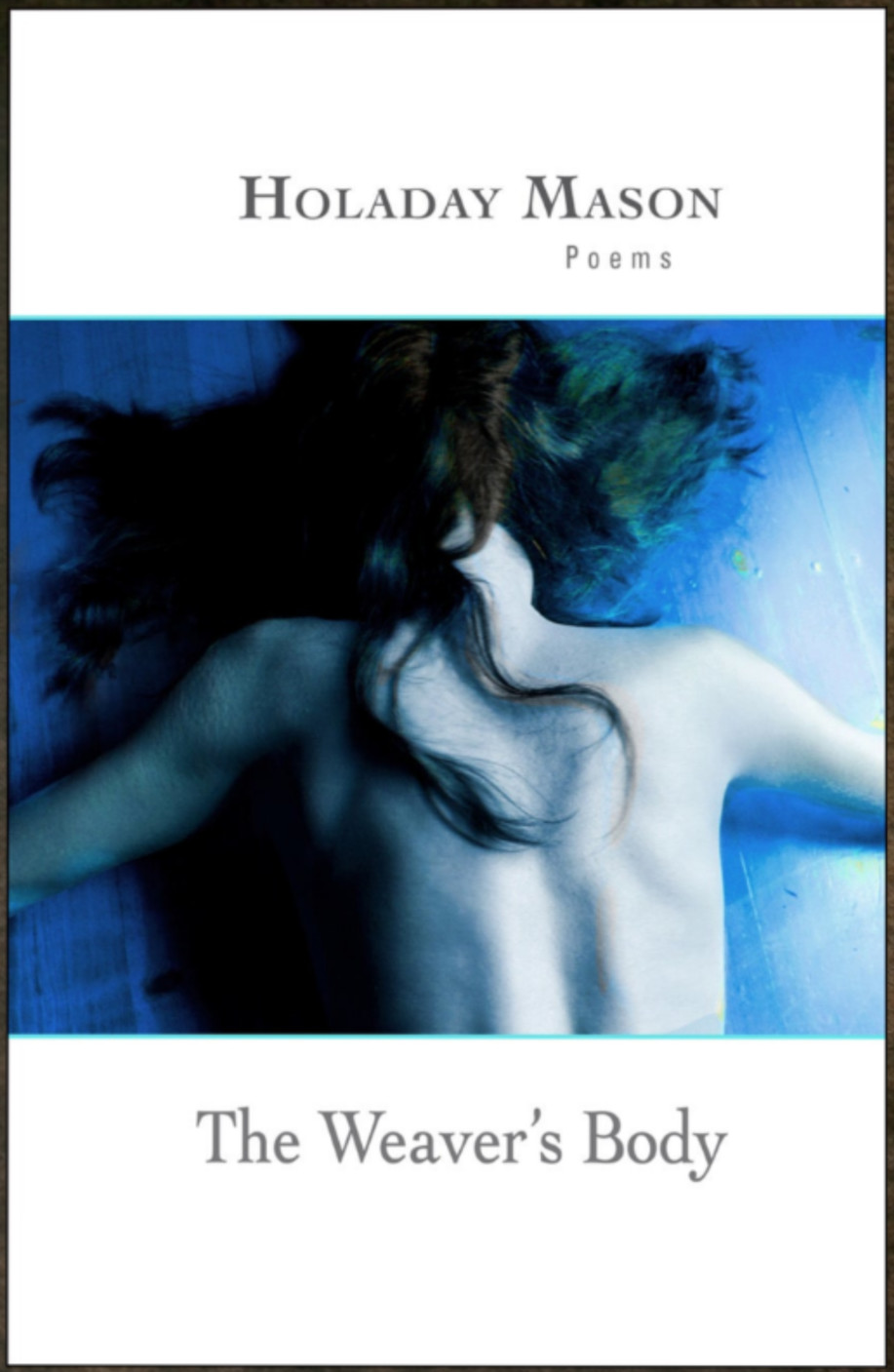
poems

Creature

NIGHTMARES & MIRACLES



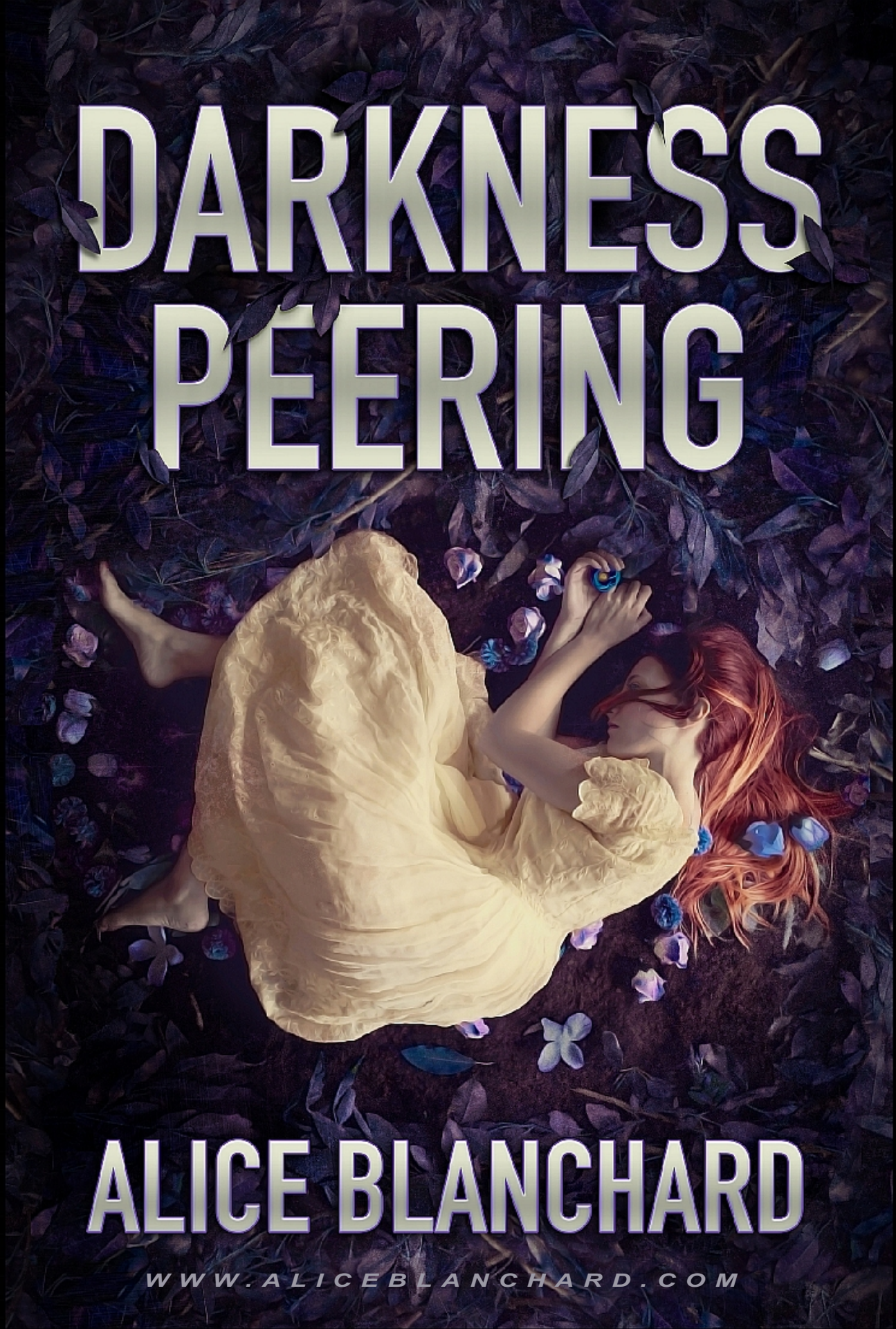
MICHELLE BITTING



"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

DARKNESS PEERING



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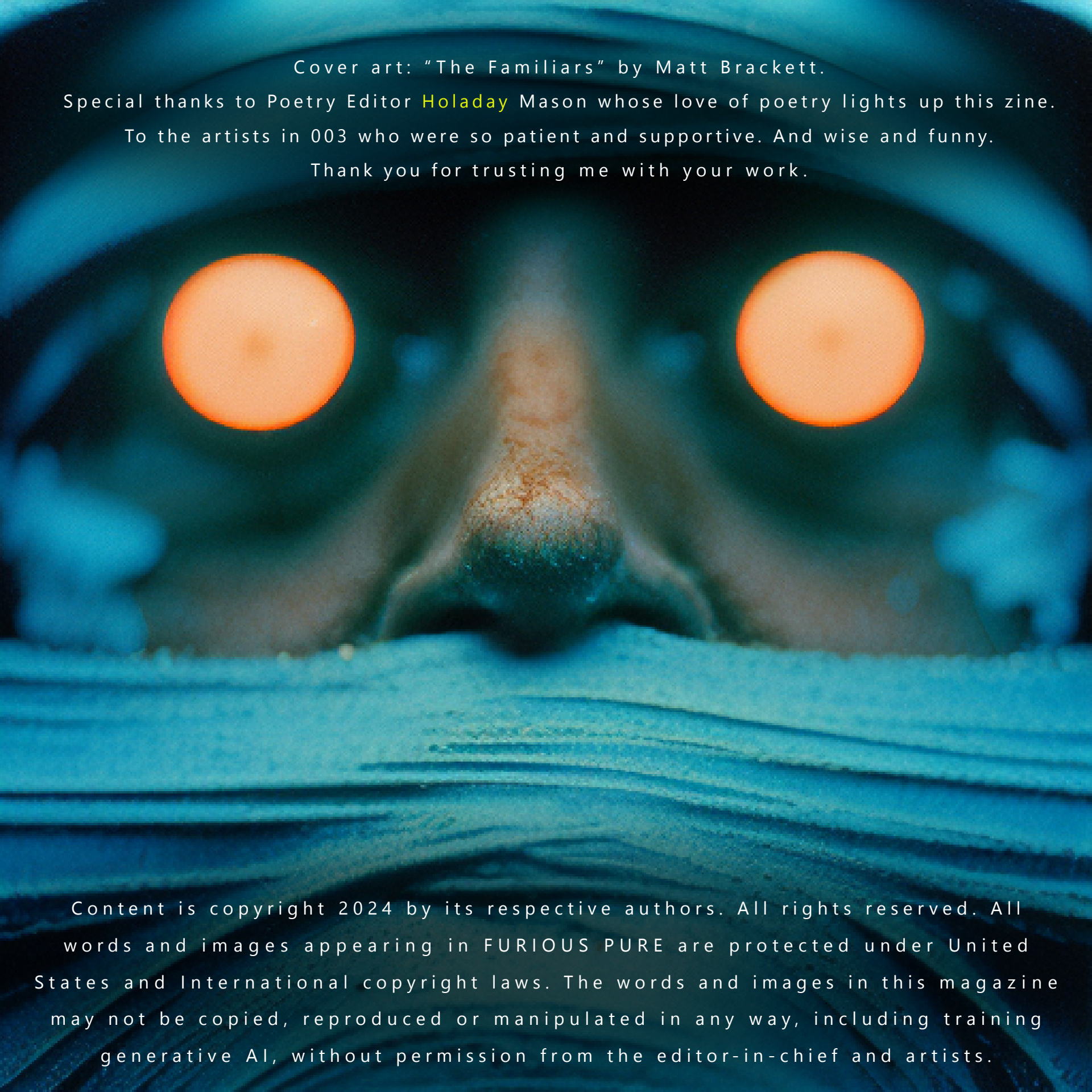

Cover art: “The Familiars” by Matt Brackett.

Special thanks to Poetry Editor Holaday Mason whose love of poetry lights up this zine.

To the artists in 003 who were so patient and supportive. And wise and funny.

Thank you for trusting me with your work.

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furious pure

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furious pure

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JEFFREY ACKERMAN is from Morrill, Maine

DAVID FULLARTON is from San Francisco, California

FROM

EPILOGUE



D A N C I N G W I T H N O W

One of my best friends died a decade ago. I think about him often. His name was Adrian Ong Thean Teik, and he liked to call himself Adrian Orange. He was a brilliant guy. He was from Malaysia. He traveled back and forth between his home and Los Angeles, yet another screenwriter trying to break into the film business. We had long meetings at The Coffee Bean on Sunset Boulevard where we talked about film and physics and food and friends and said things to each other like, “Is that Sharon Stone?” and, “That’s the guy from Star Trek, right?” which is what living in L.A. is like. We laughed and laughed. We dreamed and dreamed.

I haven’t been able to piece together much about his death. I got a message from one of his closest friends that he had died, and it was one of the most shocking messages I have ever received. We were very different people, he and I, wonderfully different, and we had built our friendship from the ground up.

When Adrian was back home in Malaysia, we communicated by Facebook Messenger, and I discovered that I could download a conversation to my desktop. The following is a FB chat between Adrian and I. It’s the only record I have of his time on Earth.

Love you, Adrian. Miss you.

DH Dowling
Editor-in-chief

ADRIAN ORANGE



D A N C I N G W I T H N O W

7:59 pm Adrian: Yo Mr. D. What's up?

8:05 pm Doug: Hey! Oh, I just had this whole big thing with my car breaking down in the middle of nowhere ... other than that, I'm ok. How are u, Mr. Orange?

8:10 pm Adrian: Sorry to hear that, I just rescue my girlfriend's car when it overheated yesterday. I am ok. still struggling with the novel.

8:12 pm Doug: Ah, the struggle…

8:13 pm Adrian: These days, I am worshiping the god of small reflections. Hence I 'm trying to master equanimity.

8:14 pm Doug: I forget what equanimity means ... ?

8:15 pm Adrian: it means ability to be calm in the presence of chaos. I do feel i'm at the brink of something ...

8:17 pm Doug: You're searching. The searching is the joy. Writing anything good is zen, don't you think?

8:18 pm Adrian: doing anything well is mindful and zen.

8:19 pm Doug: I am learning to appreciate the process. That remarkable searching. That wind through the soul. It's as true as anything I know.

8:22 pm Adrian: "that wind through the soul" what do u mean by that, please explain.

8:24 pm Doug: When I create well, it is through this complete trust in myself and

D A N C I N G W I T H N O W

a letting go that feels like wind rushing through me ... rattling the foundations of who I am ... every part of me shaking ... that's my soul expressing itself when the work is honest.

8:25 pm Adrian: gotcha. very true.

8:26 pm Doug: are u happy these days?

8:29 pm Adrian: happiness ... hmm ... I've been going thru a lot of metamorphosis.

8:30 pm Doug: Not too Kafkaesque, I hope?

8:30 pm Adrian: funny u should say that ... my meditation retreats in the jungle ... i feel like a cockroach to thrive out here. i must share the lessons learned.

8:36 pm Doug: I'm writing a novel ... which is a long mastery of truth-telling.

8:37 pm Adrian: truth telling and being calm in the eye of the storm in the big picture is the same thing ... its about seeing and being in the present.

8:37 pm Doug: Yes, you're right.

8:38 pm Adrian: the dance with the ever elusive now.

8:39 pm Doug: Dancing With Now. Awesome. That a lesson from the jungle?

8:40 pm Adrian: Definitely. So what's life like these days for you now?

8:46 pm Doug: I took a great training class today before my car died called "Acquired Brain Injury, Psychiatric Diagnoses and Substance Abuse." Very interesting.

8:53 pm Adrian: Wow. What did you learn?

D A N C I N G W I T H N O W

8:54 pm Every person’s jungle is unique.

8:54 pm Sorry… lost connection

8:55 pm Doug: You’re ok on this end.

8:56 pm Adrian: I have decided that I work better in larger attention scope mode.

8:57 pm Doug: Larger attention scope mode ... what’s that mean?

8:58 pm Adrian: instead of focusing on attention span, I have accepted the fact that I multi task so I am focusing on the scope instead. It will stretch everything I know and will enable me to travel and live in tree houses. and write.

9:03 pm Doug: Tree houses!

10:08 pm Adrian: Since i’m perpetually upgrading, I feel lost most of the time.

10:12 pm Doug: Use your creativity as a compass, my friend.

10:13 pm Adrian: Good advice. i need to do some major OS rehacking of my self. my own need of self validation ... I think I will start my tree house campaign somewhere in Saint Louis Obispo or Ojai, California.

10:16 pm Doug: Make sure you get super bendy trees so that your house sways with your soul wind.

10:17 pm Adrian: I should be swaying.

10:18 pm Doug: That’s all I’m saying.

10:19 pm Adrian: Haha.

D A N C I N G W I T H N O W

10:19 pm Doug: What’s your latest good food experience?

10:20 pm Adrian: Oysters with venison and Sri Lankan crabs.

10:30 pm Doug: Oof. :) Alright Adrian. I must go argue with insurance people.

10:33 pm Adrian: Thank you, Mr. D. This talk was seriously nutritious for my soul.

10:37 pm: Doug: Your words sing inside in my head, my friend.

10:39 pm: Adrian: Let’s talk next week. Goodnight, bro.

10:41 pm: Doug: Next week, awesome!

10:43 pm: Orange out.

10:44 pm: Dowling out.


THANK YOU


FOR SEEING

"Stillness is rebellion."

— Josh Heath Scott

"I create to understand."

— Matt Brackett

"God's mirror fogged at your mouth."

— Carine Topal

"Challenge one's perception of the real."

— Robert Sulkin

"Fabulous things happen."

— Victor Rodriguez

"Let the self be woven in air."

— Marsha de la O

"The process of marshaling imagination is a mysterious thing."

— Julie Murphy

"Part of the magic of art seems to me to be its stubborn mystery."

— David Fullarton

FURIOUS PURE 003

"I like to soak my film in various soups... I even bury it in dirt."

— Beth Maciorowski

"Painting is an act of love."

— Mark Gleason

"What makes us tick?"

— Julie Dermansky

"I'm a bowl of burnt letters at the bottom of a well gushing up brown galaxies."

— Michelle Bitting

"The mediums I currently prefer, paint and clay, have a liquid character, they flow like water, or thought."

— Jeffrey Ackerman

"Artists are consumed by a furious, pure desire to shape dreams."

— DH Dowling


NEXT
FP
04
MIDSUMMER
https://www.furious-pure-magazine.com/