



furious pure

WELCOME TO THE PREMIERE ISSUE OF

furious pure

M A G A Z I N E

001:

Art and I go way back. I grew up in suburbia where there weren't many artists and everyone thought my family was kind of crazy. My father painted abstract landscapes and the occasional seascape, while my mother did portraits and the occasional still life.

I watched them paint nearly every day. The house smelled like lasagna and turpentine. They could not afford a studio, so mom worked in the living room and dad painted in the kitchen because he liked the light in there. My parents stretched their own canvasses, discussed light and likeness, and hung their work all over the walls. I picked up a camera, got into acting and made experimental films in super-8. I learned to observe the world around me with a thinking eye.

What a mysterious choice to be an artist. To be consumed by a furious, pure desire to shape dreams and shatter perceptions of reality, painting after painting, photograph after photograph, poem after poem.

This is a love letter to art.

DH Dowling
Editor-in-chief



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Epilogue



IMPASSABLE ROADS

TRAVERSING THE NEW NORM

BY JULIE DERMAN SKY





































JEANNE BUCHMUELLER
BORN MAY 20, 1910
DIED DEC. 10, 1953

ARTHUR PERRIN SR.
BORN DEC. 12, 1881
DIED DEC. 10, 1953

VIRGINIA JOHNSON
BORN MAY 1, 1901
DIED DEC. 10, 1953















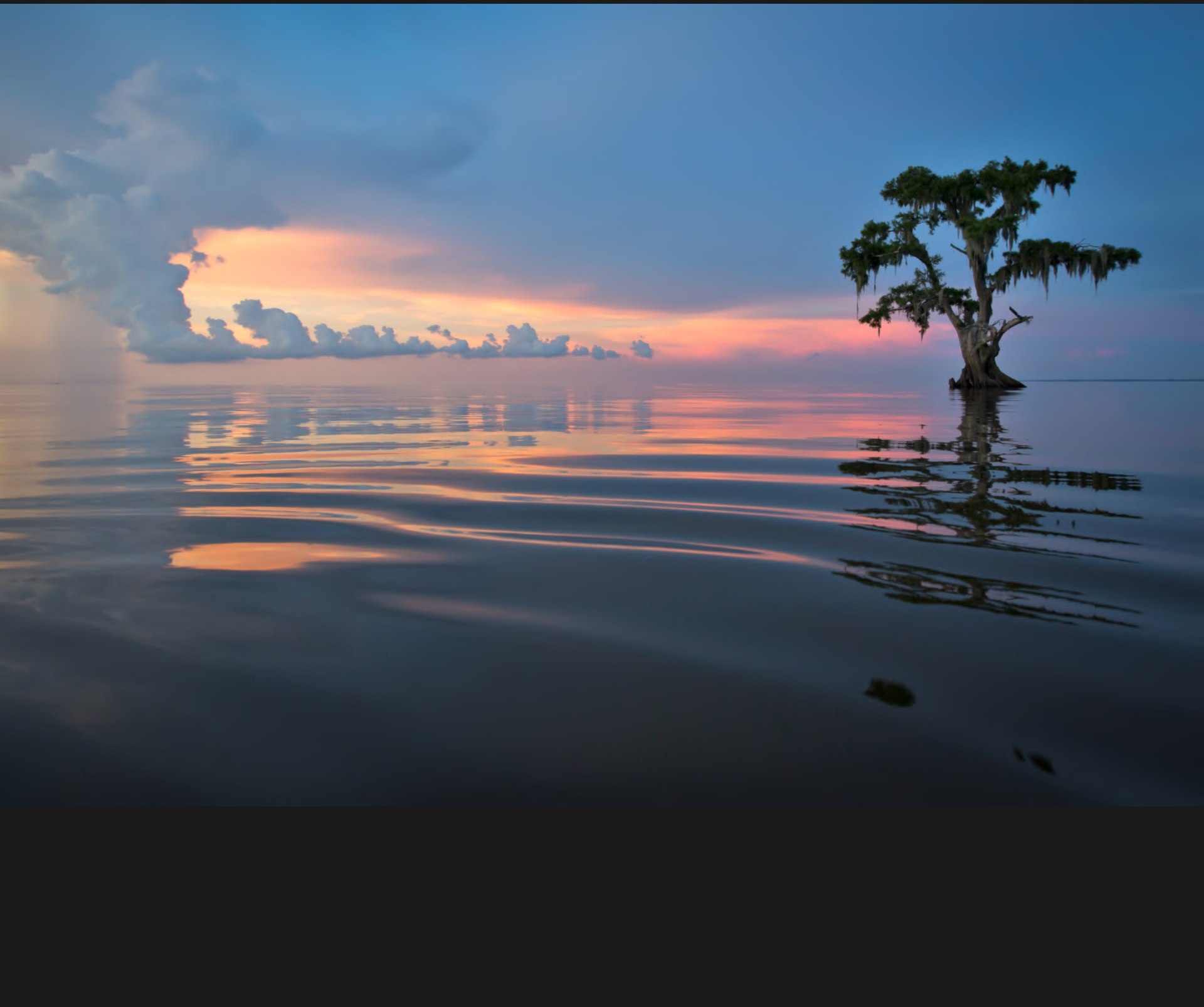






T H E R E
I S
A L W A Y S H O P E





LINNEA STRID









STRID 22



















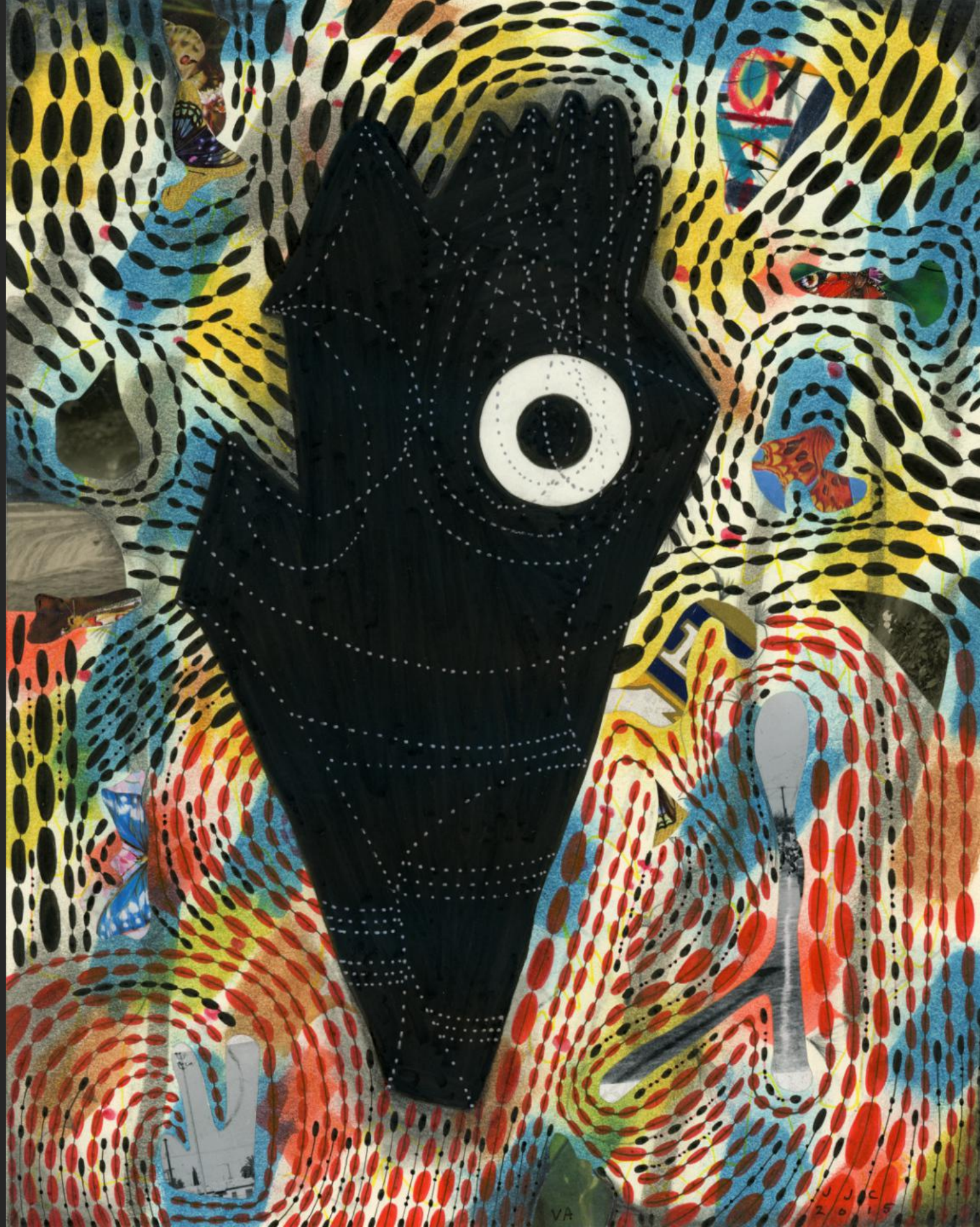






JJ CROMER

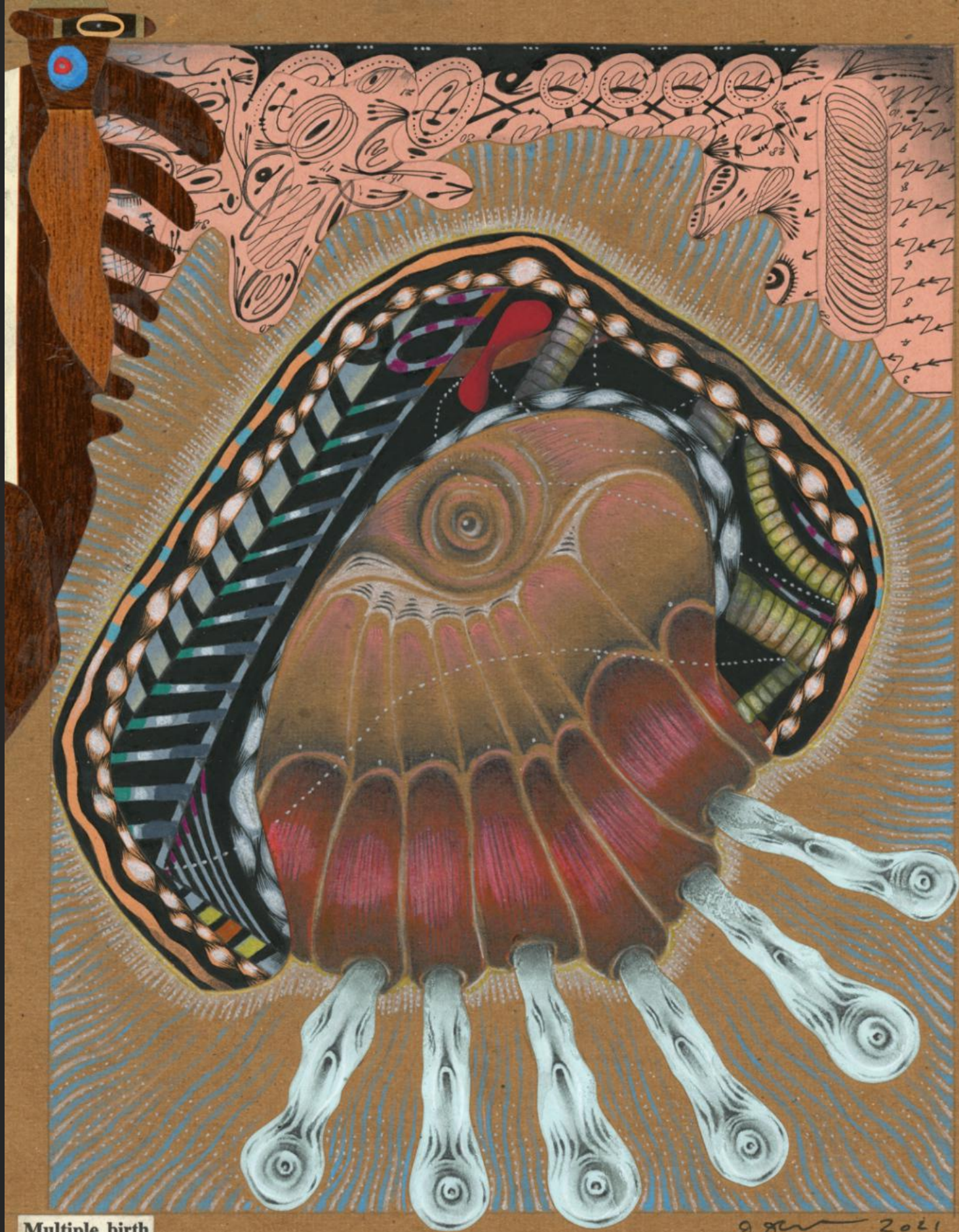












Multiple birth

J. J. 2021





Failing for the Future







GAIL WRONSKY

Rendezvous with a dead lover

Just when I thought I'd auctioned off
all of those evenings. So much

exquisiteness died with you. Truly,
back then, we belonged to the devil's

country club. Red demons held up
the branches of trees so we could walk

its ruddy putting greens. Now I sit on
a rock in the ordinary world. It looks like

a Roman profile lying on its back, and
I'm perched on the chin which juts out

over blue-gray water. Why is your ghost
trying to push me into the drink?

Is it because you noticed how beautiful I
am in your absence? Have you forgotten

I shed ghosts as easily as eyes shed tears?

**I know you're not asleep, so
don't pretend**

Often I think of the person I
used to love, their thumb on my soul.

Once, when I gave them a wooden
match, they lit it with their teeth.

With you it's different: most days, we just
watch our shadows glide around us

as the sun goes by. We sit by still fountains
overgrown with moss. We're made of

wax. We've forgotten our names. Little
insects fly in and out of our mouths—

the first love and the second love,
they are not the same.

This isn't death; it's a hair salon

I made my pilgrimage to the palazzo
of beauty
where death
is just another mirror. There
in an immense aquarium
bald octopuses
camouflaged themselves
and collided. I said
to my colorist who is a genius
(daisies grow from his fingertips),
“Today I want
Kim Novak in *Vertigo* blonde.”
He obliged. Later,
holding a souvenir keychain
shaped, oddly, like the Golden Gate
Bridge, you said,
“I didn't go to the palace, but
I, too, have been
changed in inexplicable ways.”
I didn't know whether to fear you or
applaud.

HOUSES

8 PHOTOGRAPHERS TAKE US HOME

GARETH FARFAN











CHARLES BLACKBURN











JOSH HEATH SCOTT











ERIC J MEOW





FUJI

36455

BE BABA 110.4 X 14.77







GREG GERLA











KEVIN DUFFY



477









DH DOWLING











JACK GERMSHEID













Cisco Jimenez





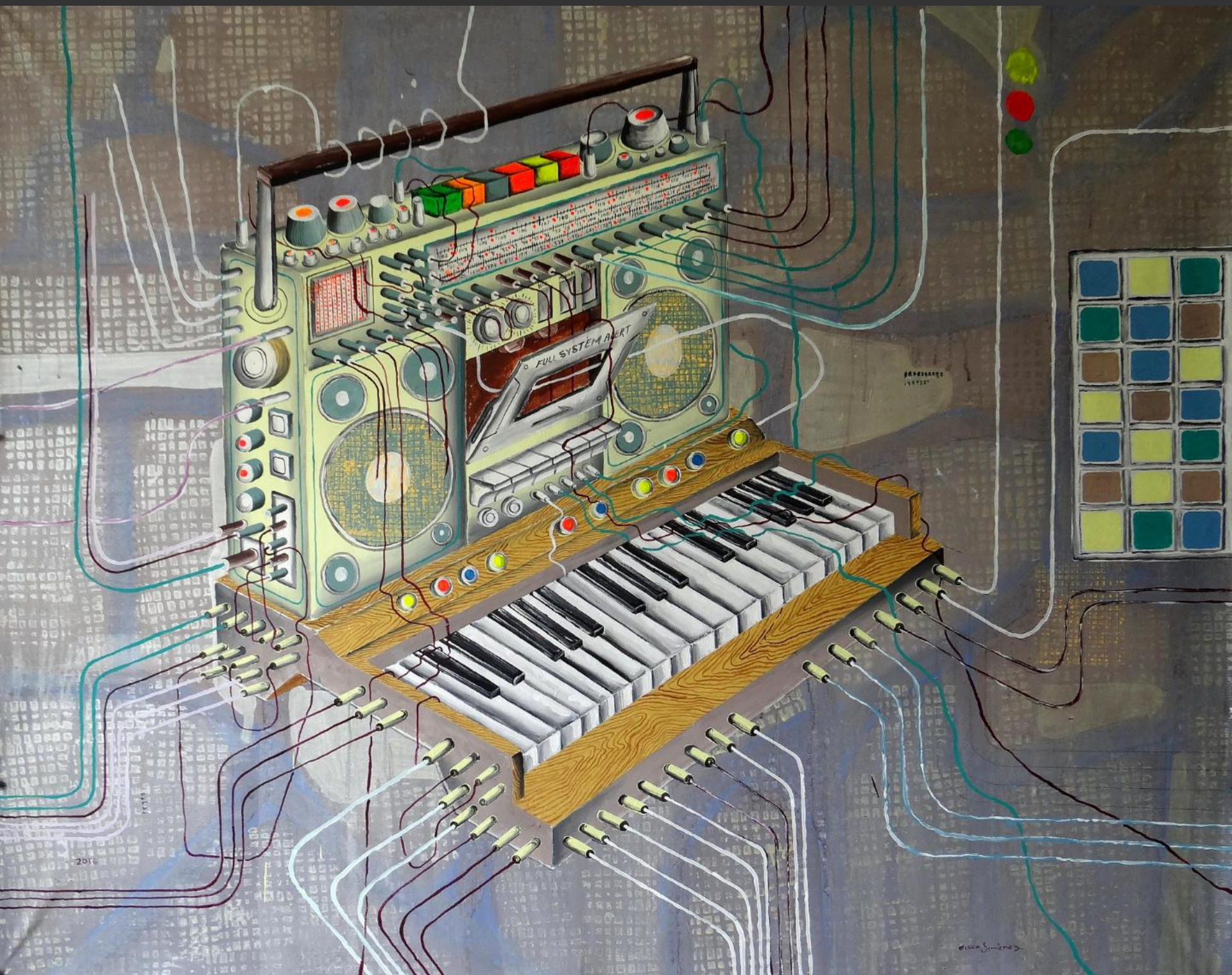


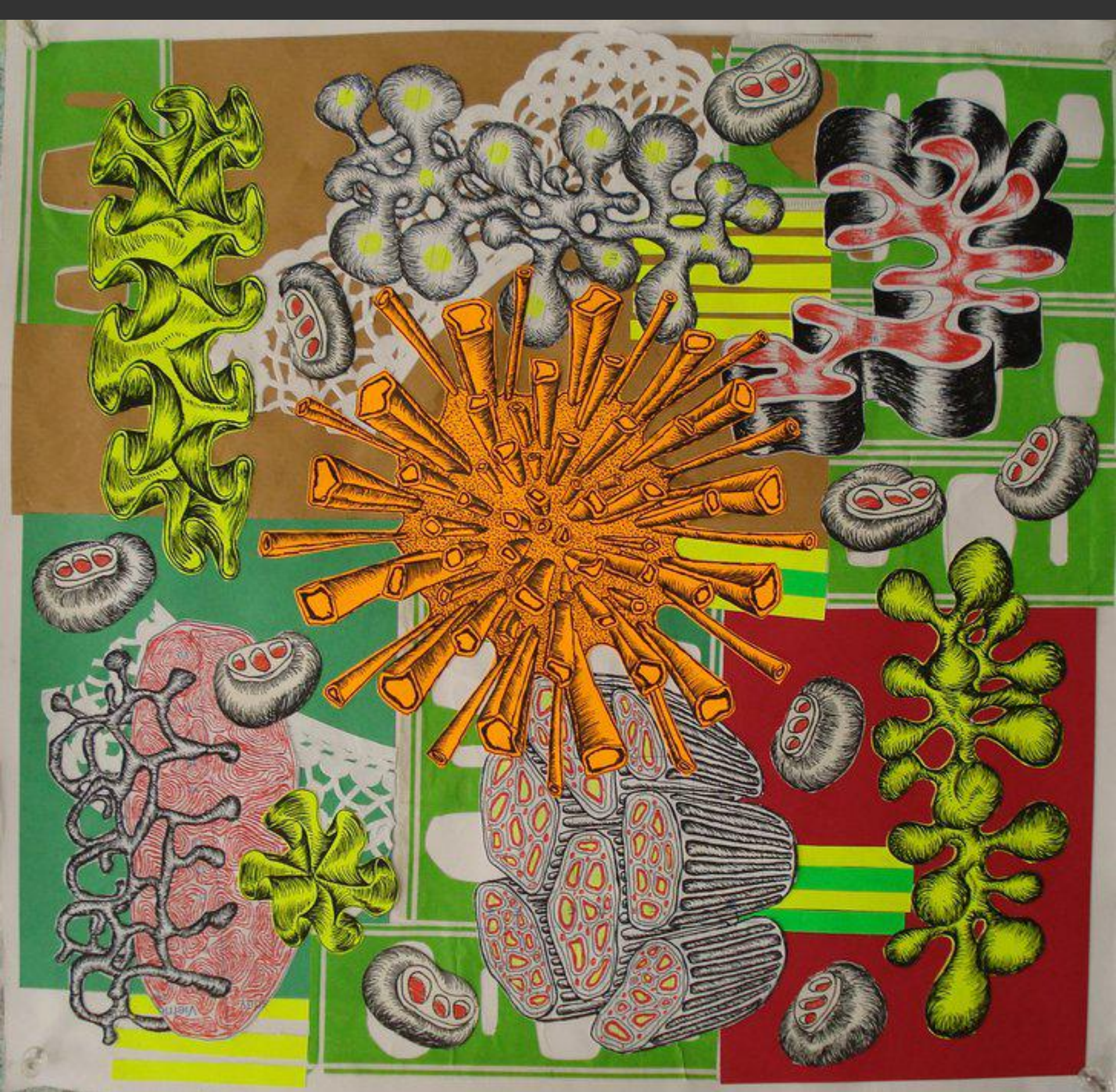


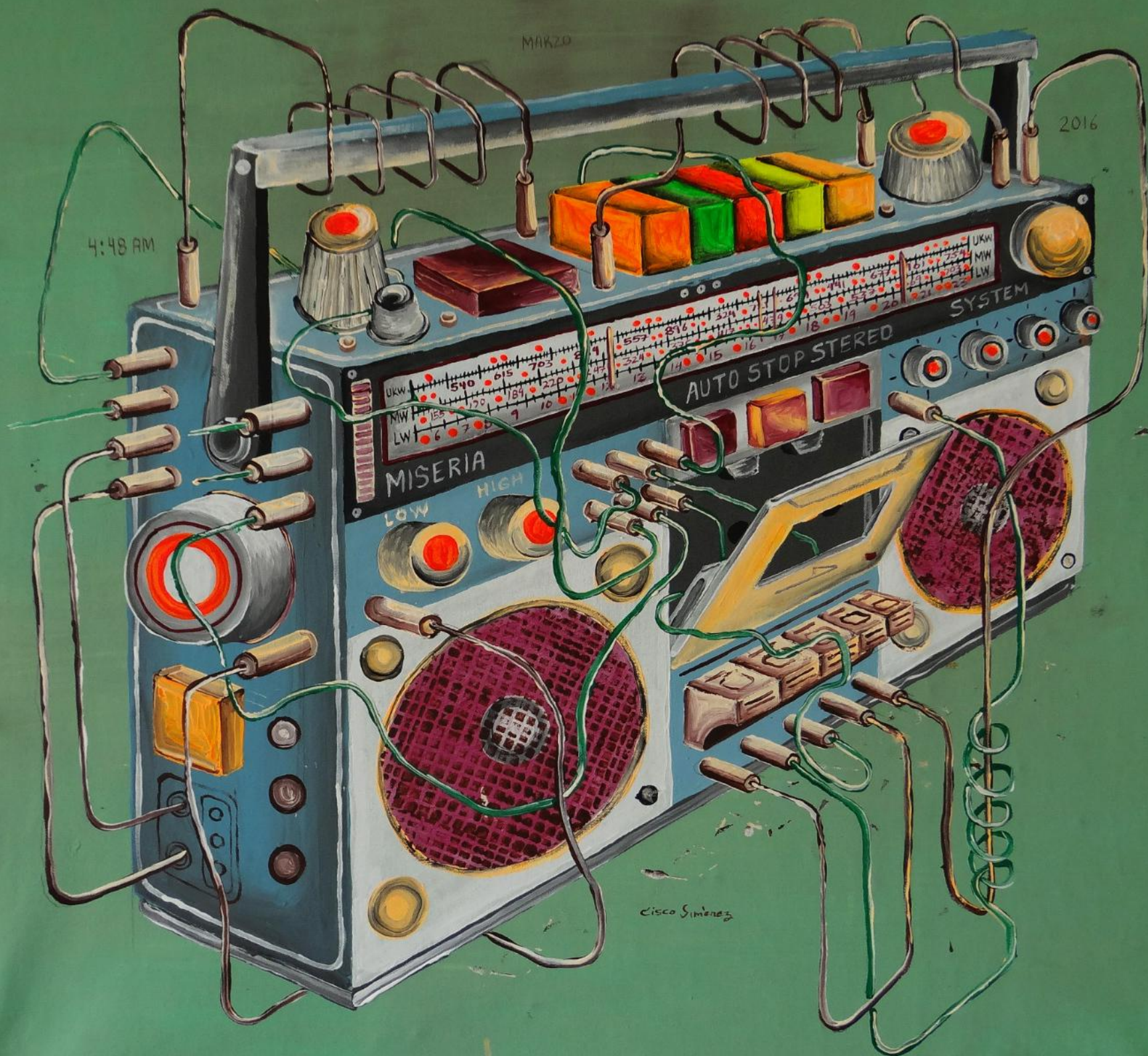




cisco Simón

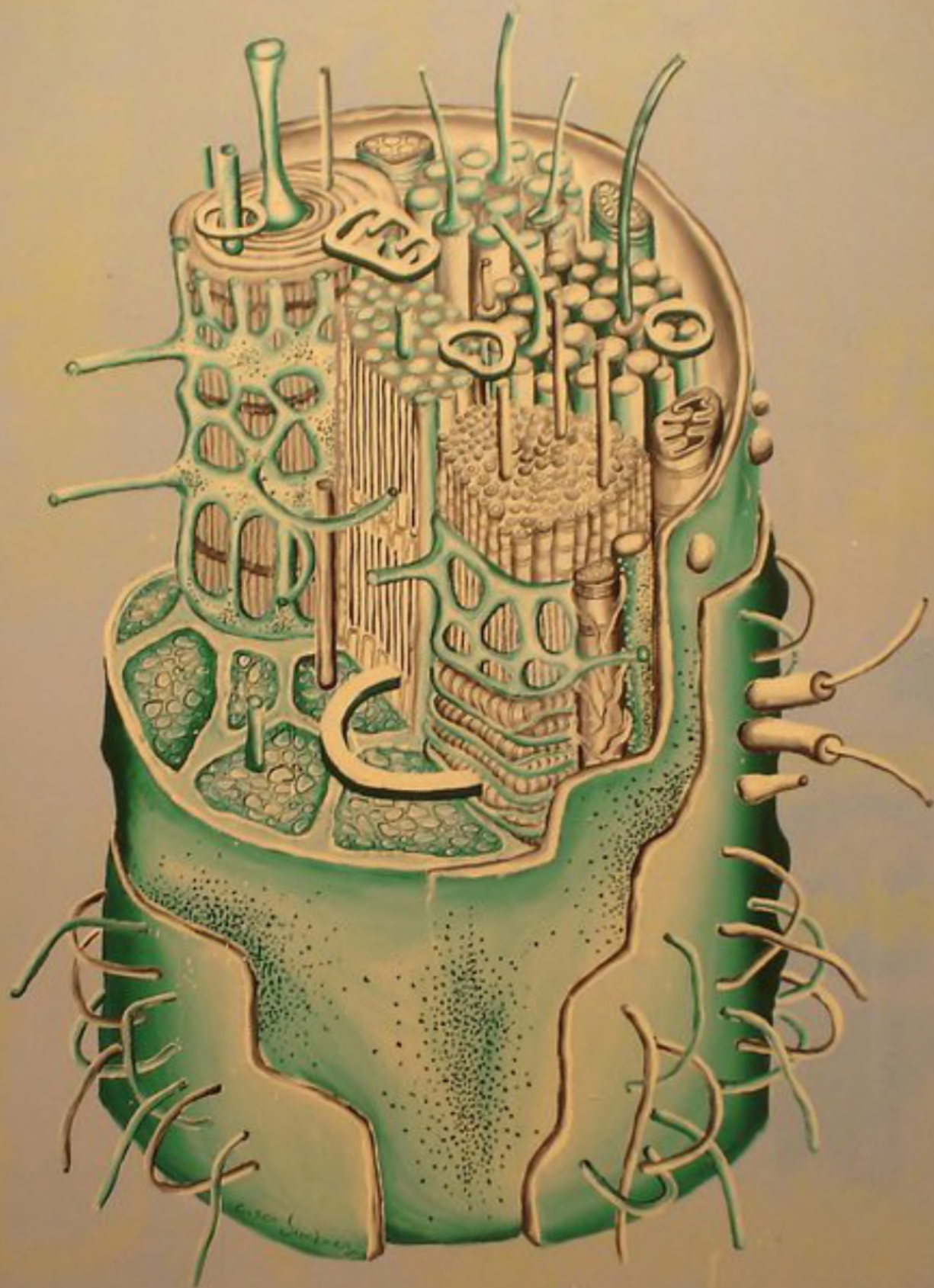








11 ENERO 2009





cisco jiménez



CELESTE GOYER

What Just Happened

In a closed room of the museum, evening, made of indigo lacquered paper, stepped with a delicate crunch on the pink sun's last moments. It's not the artist's intention to preach to you, the wall text read, but winter is coming. This place, this life—in a roundabout way, it belongs to you. As blood does, as bees do.

I tried making the most of limited space, living together the way history wanted us to. I was at least present when roll was called. I helped push. Eventually, however, my sad whistles of failure were hooted off the platform by the sound of an animal's hoof.

On the Real Seabed

For a sponge bath on a recreated Japanese island, my girl brought along eight animals to hold up her hair as she bathed. Like her, one day you'll wake up, begin to develop an egg, and do what you need. A new cycle is always right. Why don't you play your role? Your sound is thunder and lightning, the wind.

In her tub she washes the mountains with poured water. A storm begins to accumulate—blood pressure's full with dew. Everything on earth comes from her hip, the left eye of the sun, and the eye of the moon. We'll drink the world again to start it anew. Shiva will decide what remains, then heaven and earth will, for the first time, unite. They'll walk with us into the world, clean golden butter holding up its roof. We'll remain in our boots with our feet in the mountains.

Vishnu sleeps; Brahma's neck appears as a lotus. That's where we'll marry. I can't say anything better.

One Dress Divided into Armor (and the bats flew in)

Under the bridge where your sentence waits, the goddess of cold rain, of modern clouds, prepares to bring forth roses. It's late in the winter. Birds beat up other birds for singing their songs. That may seem strange if you're not used to it.

All of you, you have ropes too, and bags filled with flour. The more the natural heart descends, the higher it will sink. Into this golden circle I'll set the sun. Feel how it works, how everyone laughs. Walk, walk, nothing goes far. God is green, made of the way beets smell cooking. The flowers will find their way back to blooming. Papier mâché babies, we see you there in the choir!

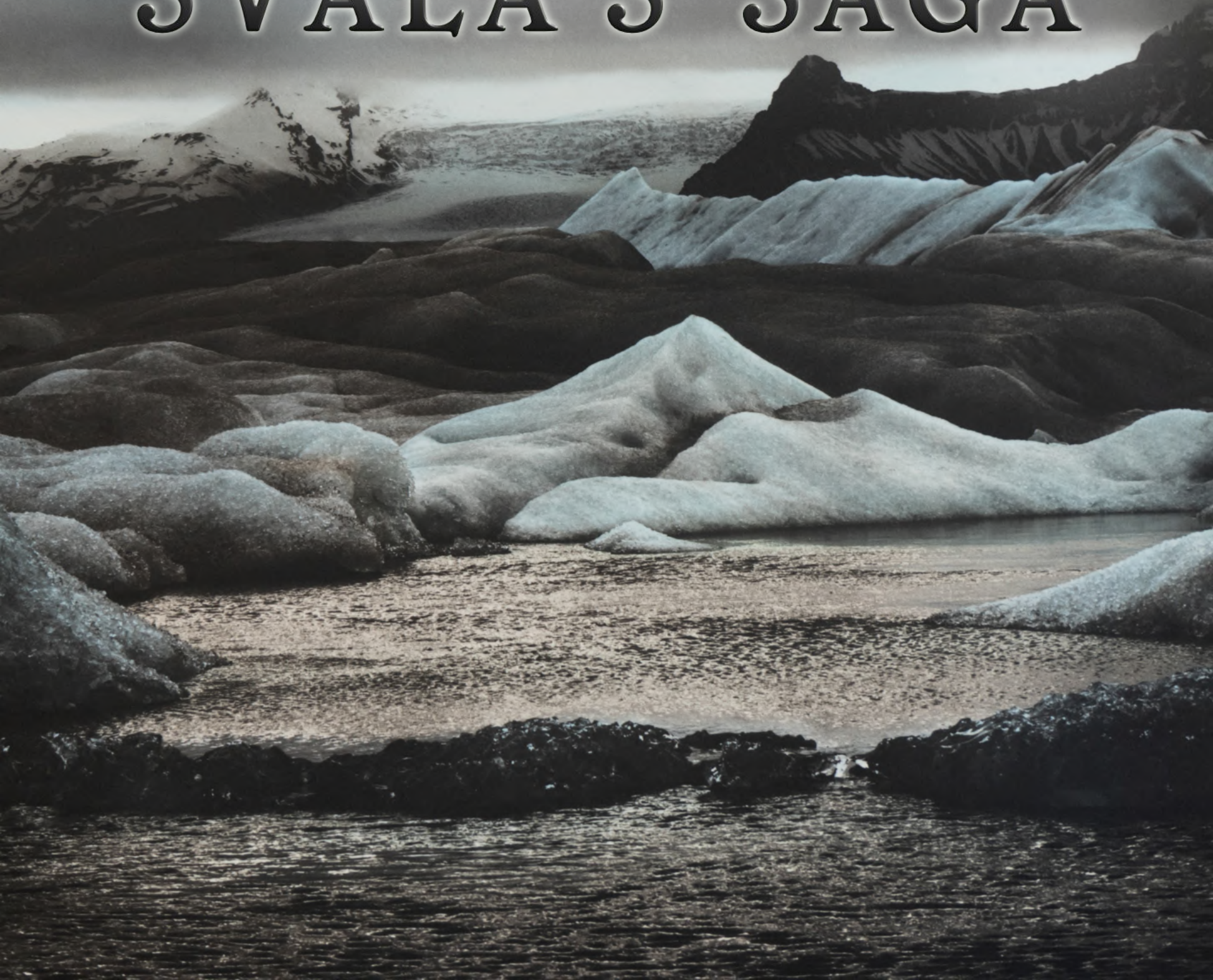
I'll stay up all night in a remnant of forest filling a blanket with what I know. Duck shadow, human symbol, what am I? I am the ghost daughter of my lost fire. I've seen you under lamplight, my chosen, are you spirit? Paris is under a heavy choke chain, goddamnit, she's frozen, so make it snow. Let me remember, oh ghost of a fever that crossed my lips, let me spit once. Where are you? The old train has gone too far away. It may be some time before I can speak of its path under the stars, its shadows walking a thin plank.

In Stravinsky's dream, a black horse put soup on the table, and rolls, and a hive for honey, suggesting a deep jewelry gleaming. The tea was ringing like a gong, like a ditty, like a scrawny cry, like deer going by through the goldenrod.

We must do what we can, by burning it first. This is not the beginning—this is a reckoning. No one can drive this car.

EMMA POWELL & KIRSTEN HOVING

SVALA'S SAGA































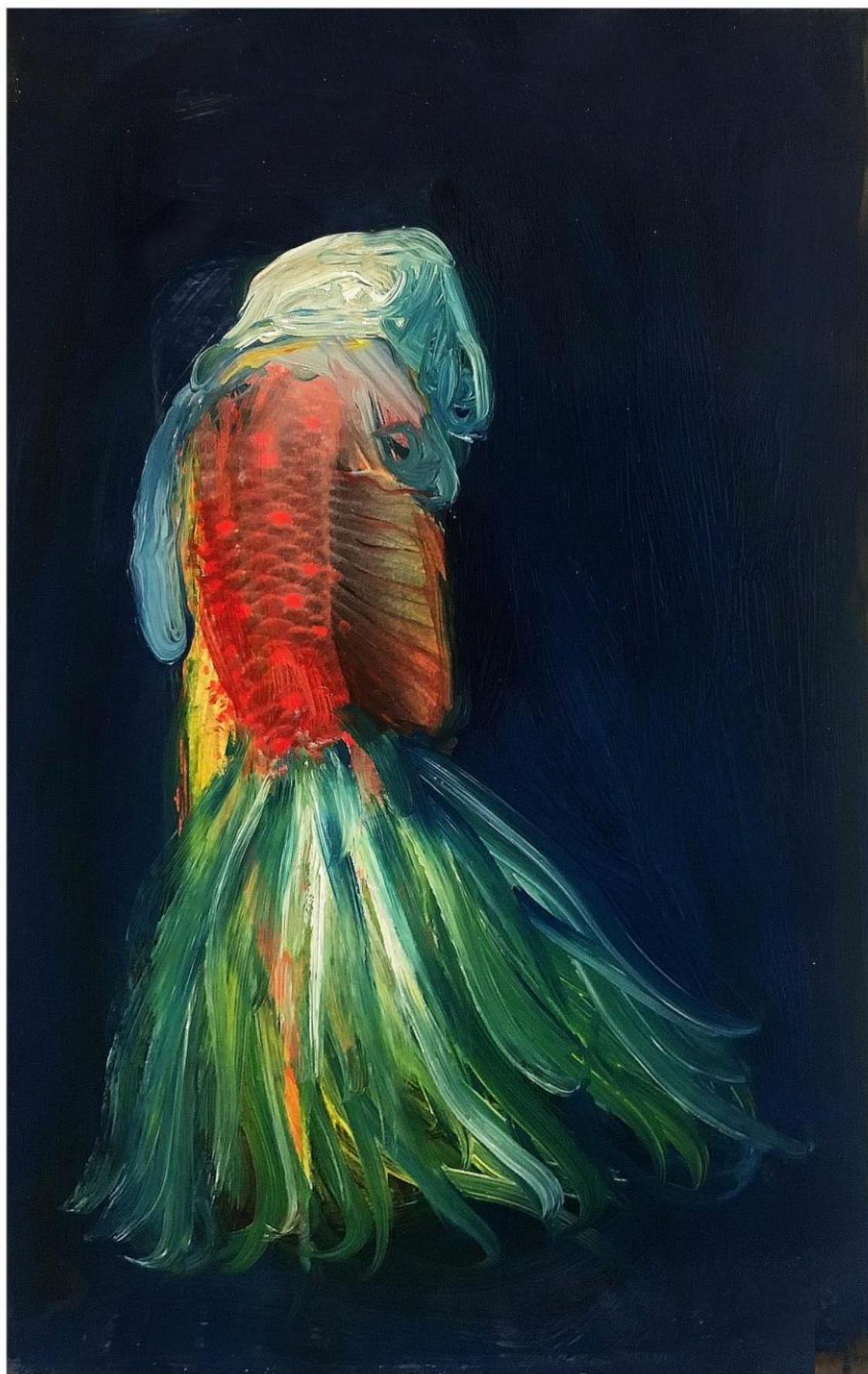




JOSEBA ESKUBI





















GEORGE KOUTSOUVELIS























ASH GOOD

i think enough about

the man at the interchange i see twice with a sign & my role
in this. i calculate the distance between here & four hours—no five—&
autopilot is what body will do without mind. i draw a map of 39 obstacles
between here & freedom. a caged lion will drive freeway loops at night.

a new lens captures the sky's rapture behind me & all i see is
arm cut at precise point it appears largest & how dare anyone shoot from
below. the past is under my feet generation by generation. i list the names
& the proximity of disappearance is striking.

i feel into the unknown of my back body & lack resolution. it's not that
i was hiding but that you didn't see. it matters how you say things when i'm
frayed in front of you. i have these stories & stories look for our help to be true.
i gutted the victim's cry. strung it up into creation's moonrise.

robot attempting to cure insatiability instructs

take three minutes & write every thought since waking. we gotta humor an earnest healer which is to say—laughing/still bleeding & the dragonflies bite as i try to catch just one & i watch another scoot down

a reed ass-first into the swamp. now swarm of nymphs uncountable & only cup on hand to catch creeping bodies has holes. did you know dragonflies shed & reform without chrysalis? right out in the open. but you

were asking what i am thinking—i think in flying predators. could mr. attenborough please voice over this chaos into prudently digestible nature? you have to admit thinking like breathing can go wrong. the dragonflies

are mating again & the acrobatics are mesmerizing. have you ever watched thought conceived midair? i hate pinning down living things only for the libra in me to mount the beauty. robot suggestion interrupts:

reframe the thought. i feel exposed. is this what you wanted robot? now i know i am hungry.

we do not name a start

slide into gradation so we need not claim the activity.
work starts sometime between now & noon. war starts
sometime between mon & thurs. crying starts sometime
between lights out & lights out. the plant, animal or mineral
in me capable of productivity has lost ground to claws & wings
i cannot count & i'm dissolved. my mind nor my body
nor my calendar nor my comrades want your boundaries.
what we try to capture never sings in captivity. yet i'm here
in the seat to wring another sacred sound from the formless
beast & the murder that lives wild in the firs behind the house
has everything to say about it.



V

V I C T O R R O D R I G U E Z

R







































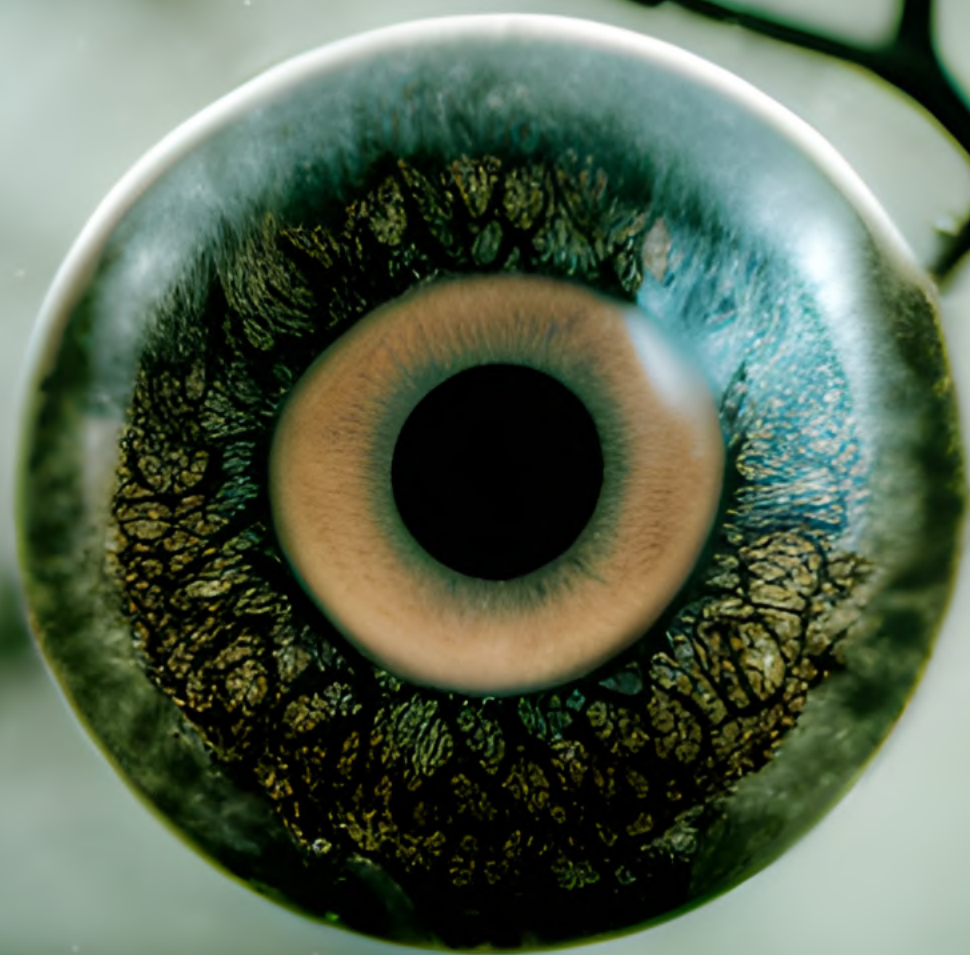


5.D37









ARTIST PAGES

JULIE DERMANSKY

An aerial photograph of a flooded landscape, likely a coastal area. A river or canal winds through the center, surrounded by vast, flat, brownish-green marshes that are partially submerged in water. The water reflects the sky, creating a shimmering effect in the lower right portion of the image. The overall scene depicts the aftermath of a major flood event.

1. TITLE PAGE: HURRICANE DELTA AFTERMATH
2. ISLE DE JEAN CHARLES
3. FLOODING IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA
4. ALLIGATORS IN DAVIS POND
5. HURRICANE ISAAC
6. ROOKERY JEFFERSON ISLAND
7. HURRICANE ISAAC DAMAGE
8. FLOODED ISLAND ROAD
9. HURRICANE FLORENCE FLOODING
10. FLOODED LIVING ROOM
11. FLOODING IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA
12. DEAD DOLPHIN
13. ST. JAMES PARISH POST HURRICANE IDA
14. FLOODING ISLE DE JEAN CHARLES
15. BOAT IN HOUSE HURRICANE ISAAC
16. DAMAGED DOLL
17. MOORE TORNADO
18. ALABAMA TORNADO CLUSTER
19. HURRICANE IDA AFTERMATH
20. NEW YORK HURRICANE SANDY
21. HURRICANE BARRY FLOODING
22. FLOODING IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA
23. MOORE TORNADO AFTERMATH
24. FLOODING IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA
25. VIRGIN MARY ON VIRGIN ISLAND
26. HURRICANE MICHAEL DAMAGE
27. FISHING CAMP IN PIERRE PART
28. HURRICANE MICHAEL DAMAGE
29. HURRICANE MICHAEL DAMAGE
30. HURRICANE HARVEY FLOODS TEXAS
31. LAKE MAUREPAS
32. THIS PAGE: HURRICANE DELTA AFTERMATH



LINNEA STRID

1. TRAPPED
2. HAPPY TEARS
3. THE WITNESS
4. MAKES ME FEEL PRETTY
5. FLOOD
6. ALONE AGAIN
7. ALL EYES ON ME
8. SCREAM
9. WHAT WE ARE MADE OF
10. NOT GOOD ENOUGH
11. DEEP DOWN I'M JUST
A CREEPY PLUSH ANIMAL
12. A HEAVY BURDEN
13. IN YOUR FACE
14. WITH TEETH
(PAINT BRUSH)
15. THIS PAGE: TRAPPED
(DETAIL)

JJ CROMER

1. YANKEE DROOG (ROBED AND TRACTABLE)
2. STIFF GENTIAN (GENTIANELLA QUINQUEFOLIA)
3. THE MOON I SAW RISING ON SEPTEMBER 2, 2020
4. SANTA-WITH-A-DEATH-FACE (YOU NEVER KNOW WHICH SIDE OF THE HAND HE'LL GIVE YOU)
5. READY, SET, FROM START TO OH
6. BABIES!
7. A SMALL MATTER OF THE STRENGTH THEY'RE NOT NOTICING
8. RAISE THE BEDS FOR ALL THE BEST WORDS
9. APPARENTLY WHAT'S IN THE CHASM IS UP FOR GRABS
10. EDGE AND GRIN (SHOULD SAY MORE WITH HIS LETTERS)

GAIL WRONSKY

1. Rendezvous with a dead lover
2. I know you're not asleep so don't pretend
3. This isn't death; it's a hair salon



Bio:

Gail Wronsky is the author, coauthor, or translator of 15 books of poetry and prose.

The Stranger You Are, a book of poems by Gail and artwork by the renowned artist Gronk, is just out from Tia Chucha Press. Under the Capsized Boat We Fly: New & Selected Poems was published in 2021 by White Pine Press. Her poems have appeared in POETRY, BOSTON REVIEW, ANTIOCH REVIEW, DENVER QUARTERLY, GUESTHOUSE, VOLT and other journals.

HOUSES

8

GARETH FARFAN

Gareth shoots captivating photographs of Vancouver and beyond, ghost signs, vintage neon, abandoned buildings, and decay, with a keenly observant eye.

CHARLES BLACKBURN

Charles is a commercial and fine art photographer who develops award-winning ad campaigns in his studio in Seattle, Washington. His *Charles Blackburn Gallery* on Instagram is legendary, beautiful and consummately curated.

JOSH HEATH SCOTT

Josh explores the world taking exquisite photographs that transform the ordinary into the extraordinary. He is the creator/president of *JHS Pedals*, an innovative guitar effects pedals manufacturer.

ERIC J MEOW

Eric shoots stunning photographs of deserts and prairies with vintage cameras and expired film. He publishes two zines: *Conspiracy of Cartographers* and *In This Land*. He is also the co-host of the *All Through a Lens* Podcast.

GREG GERLA

Greg is a commercial and fine art photographer whose striking images evoke strong moods with attention to craft and style. He is represented by several stock agencies and his work has been published world-wide.

KEVIN DUFFY

Kevin operates *Candler Arts*, a gallery site that focuses on nontraditional art and antiques. When traveling or delivering food in Atlanta as a volunteer, he takes profound photographs with authentic understanding of human spirit.

DH DOWLING

Doug is the editor-in-chief and sole designer of *Furious Pure* magazine. He is a writer/photographer/designer and seeker.

JACK GERMSHEID

Jack's magnificent photographs are saturated with nostalgia and infused with insight. He is a masterful storyteller. He is the creator of Instagram's celebrated *The Motel Of Lost Companions*.



CISCO JIMENEZ

1. TITLE PAGE: UNTITLED
2. FRACTAL OLMECA HEAD
3. UNDER AND INSIDE THE VOLCANO
4. UNTITLED
5. UNTITLED
6. UNTITLED
7. TURNTABLE
8. UNTITLED
9. CELULAR MARGINAL
10. MISERIA AUTO STOP STEREO SYSTEM
11. PHYSIOLOGICAL STILL LIFE
12. HELLO CELL
13. PYRAMID PROTOTYPE WITH TWO
14. THIS PAGE: UNTITLED

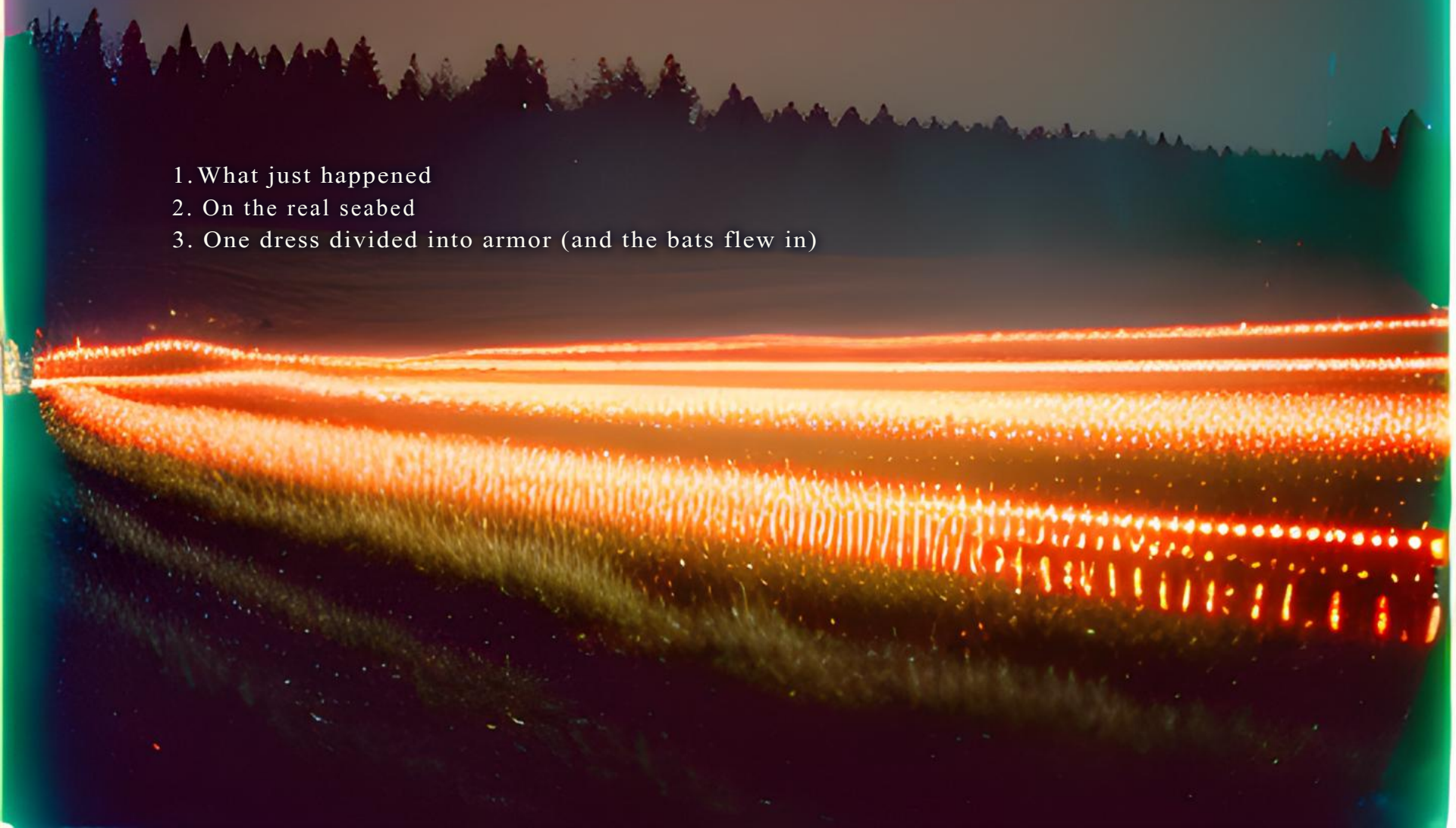
CELESTE GOYER

Bio:

Celeste Goyer is a poet and visual artist living in Los Angeles, CA. She edited a literary quarterly for fourteen years and her poems have appeared in *Aperçus*, *Columbia Review*, and *Times Times 3*, among others. Celeste is a member of the Wild Orchid Collective, based in Venice, CA, an interdisciplinary literary and visual arts collective. Born in Northampton, Massachusetts, Celeste Goyer has lived in California since age 11, mostly in remote towns of the Mojave and Great Basin Deserts.

All poems from *The Shoes of Our Guests*, forthcoming in October 2023 by Giant Claw Press, an imprint of What Books.

1. What just happened
2. On the real seabed
3. One dress divided into armor (and the bats flew in)



EMMA POWELL KIRSTEN HOVING

- 
1. TITLE PAGE: MEMORIAL (DETAIL)
 2. ANGEL
 3. HOUSE OF THE REINDEER MAGICIAN
 4. AGAINST THE STORM
 5. LABYRINTH
 6. IMPASSE
 7. TURNING THE TIDE
 8. LOOKOUT
 9. MEMENTO MORI
 10. INTO DARKNESS
 11. WARNING
 12. HOPE
 13. DROUGHT
 14. SWIFT
 15. TENDER
 16. TALISMAN
 17. THIS PAGE: NESTING (DETAIL)

JOSEBA ESKUBI

ALL 15 OF JOSEBA'S PAINTINGS ARE UNTITLED



GEORGE KOUTSOUVELIS

1. TITLE PAGE: FROM REALITY TO DREAM (DETAIL)

2. NIGHT GLIMPSES

3. LOST

4. MAN AND THE CITY

5. CLOUD CATCHER

6. KILINI'S PORT, ACHAIA

7. THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

8. PORTO LIMIONAS, ZAKYNTHOS ISLAND

9. UNTITLED

10. MAN AND THE CITY

11. THIS PAGE: CLOUD CATCHER (DETAIL)



ASH GOOD

1. I think enough about
2. Robot attempting to cure insatiability instructs
3. We do not name a start

Bio:

ash good is the author of *us clumsy gods* (What Books Press, 2022), co-founding editor of First Matter Press 501c3 nonprofit), and a reader for Frontier Poetry. Their writing has been nominated for Best of the Net & appears in *Faultline*, *Cimarron Review*, *45th Parallel* & many others. They live in Portland, Oregon.



VICTOR RODRIGUEZ

1. Title Page: 16Eyes2
2. Portrait: Victor Rodriguez
3. 6PhonePyramid
4. 9Butterflies
5. YellowFootSkull
6. AfterCondo8(3Heads)
7. YellowSputnik
8. DaphneEscape
9. EggsPhone
10. 2OrangeButterfly
11. H2OPencilBlackTriangle
12. ButtonHead2
13. SleepCassetteBrooklyn
14. GreenPhoneGodComplex
15. 7SinsWing
16. CardsPinocchio
17. AfterCondo10(SilverFinger)
18. BrancusiDelphica
19. FuneralMonument
20. RedSilentEgyptian
21. BirdsFixed
22. 1937RedBeret
23. BeautifulLies
24. 12RingBrancusi
25. This Page: 56TrapezoidDelphic

Julie Dermansky is from New Orleans, Louisiana

Linnea Strid is from Stockholm, Sweden

JJ Cromer is from Tazewell, Virginia

Gail Wronsky is from Los Angeles, California

Gareth Farfan is from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Charles Blackburn is from Seattle, Washington

Josh Heath Scott is from Kansas City, Missouri

Eric J Meow is from Seattle, Washington

Greg Gerla is from Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Kevin Duffy is from Atlanta, Georgia

DH Dowling is from New Haven, Connecticut

Jack Germsheid is from Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Cisco Jimenez is from Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico

Celeste Goyer is from Los Angeles, California

Emma Powell is from Ames, Iowa

Kirsten Hoving is from Charleston, South Carolina

Joseba Eskubi is from Bilboa, Spain

George Koutsouvelis is from Athens, Greece

Ash Good is from Portland, Oregon

Victor Rodriguez is from Brooklyn, New York



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JJ Cromer www.jjcromer.com

Gail Wronsky www.gailwronskypoet.com

Gareth Farfan www.instagram.com/ghostsigns_etcetera/

Charles Blackburn www.blackburn.gallery

Josh Heath Scott www.instagram.com/joshuaheathscott/

Eric J Meow www.instagram.com/conspiracy.of.cartographers/

Greg Gerla www.greg-gerla-7ywz.squarespace.com/

Kevin Duffy www.instagram.com/candlerarts/

DH Dowling www.instagram.com/tattooedbubble/

Jack Germsheid www.instagram.com/motel_of_lost_companions/

Cisco Jimenez www.instagram.com/ciscojimenezzz/

Celeste Goyer celestegoyer.com

Emma Powell www.emmapowell.photo

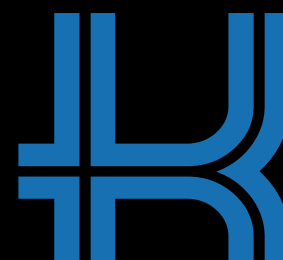
Kirsten Hoving www.kirstenhovingartworks.com

Joseba Eskubi www.josebaeskubi.com

George Koutsouvelis www.instagram.com/yiorgoskouts

Ash Good www.ashgood.com

Victor Rodriguez www.instagram.com/victorrodrigueznyc/





Furious Pure

E D I T O R - I N - C H I E F

furious pure

D H D O W L I N G

Interstitial artwork and title page art for
Linnea Strid, JJ Cromer, HOUSES, and Joseba Eskubi
created by DH Dowling

P O E T R Y E D I T O R

furious pure

H O L A D A Y M A S O N

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 001 who were so patient and supportive. You're all geniuses. Thank you for trusting me with your work.

To my brilliant wife Alice whose clarity and insight is incalculably important to this creative process.



ADS

4

A R T I S T S

■ the stranger



you are



Art by Gronk
Poetry by Gail Wronsky

"The Stranger You Are roars back a remedy as it marries the wild genius of Gail Wronsky's poetry with artworks by Los Angeles' iconic artist Gronk... This is a rare book worth revisiting again and again. "

— Elena Karina Byrne



Expired

NEW BOOK BY ERIC J MEOW

<https://www.instagram.com/conspiracy.of.cartographers/>

PHOTOGRAPHS ON DEAD FILM

Volume 3: A Summer of Ansco Triple S Ortho

EXPIRED SEPTEMBER 1955

OPEN ONLY IN PHOTOGRAPHIC DARKROOM

HOLADAY MASON

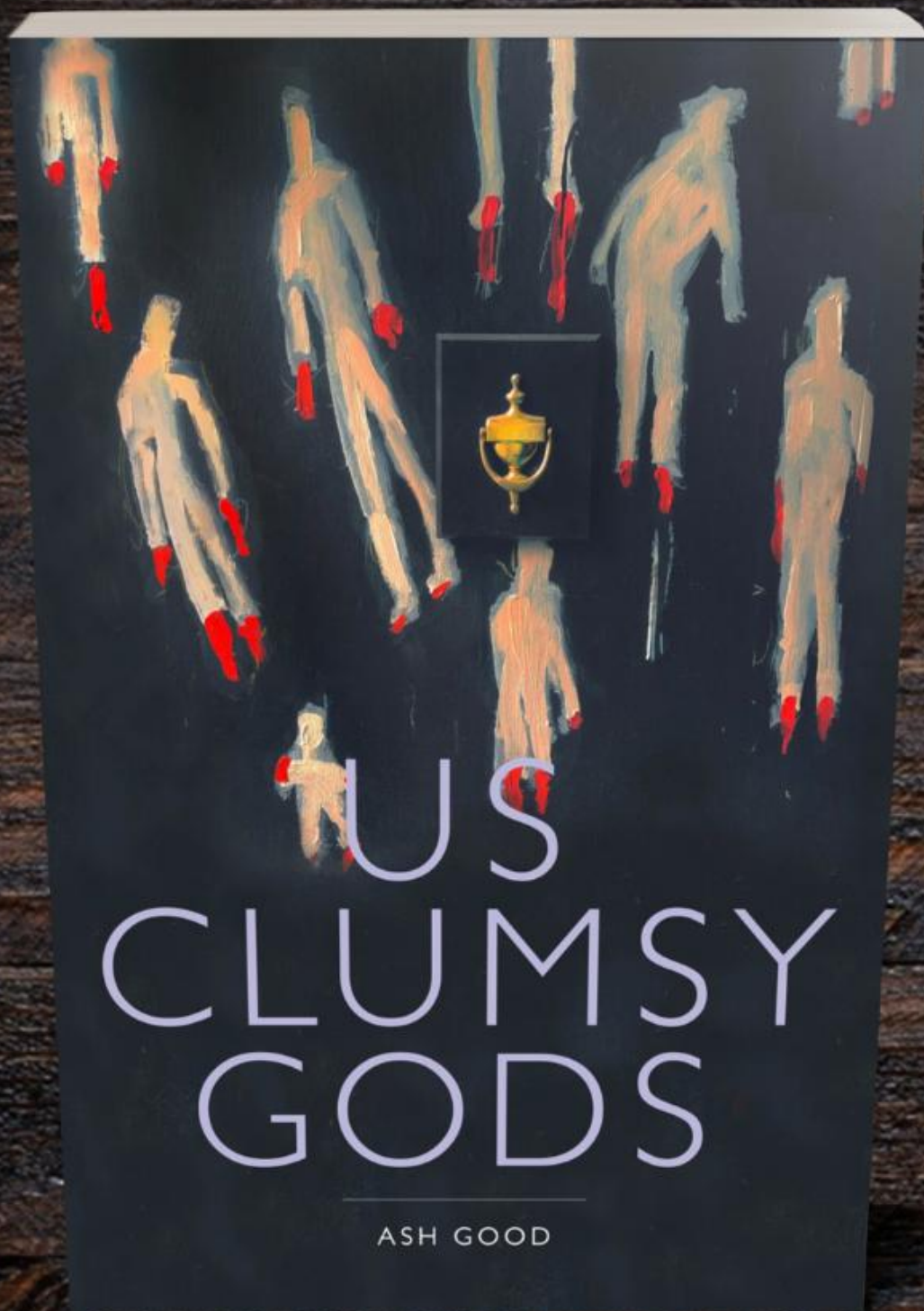
P o e m s



The Weaver's Body

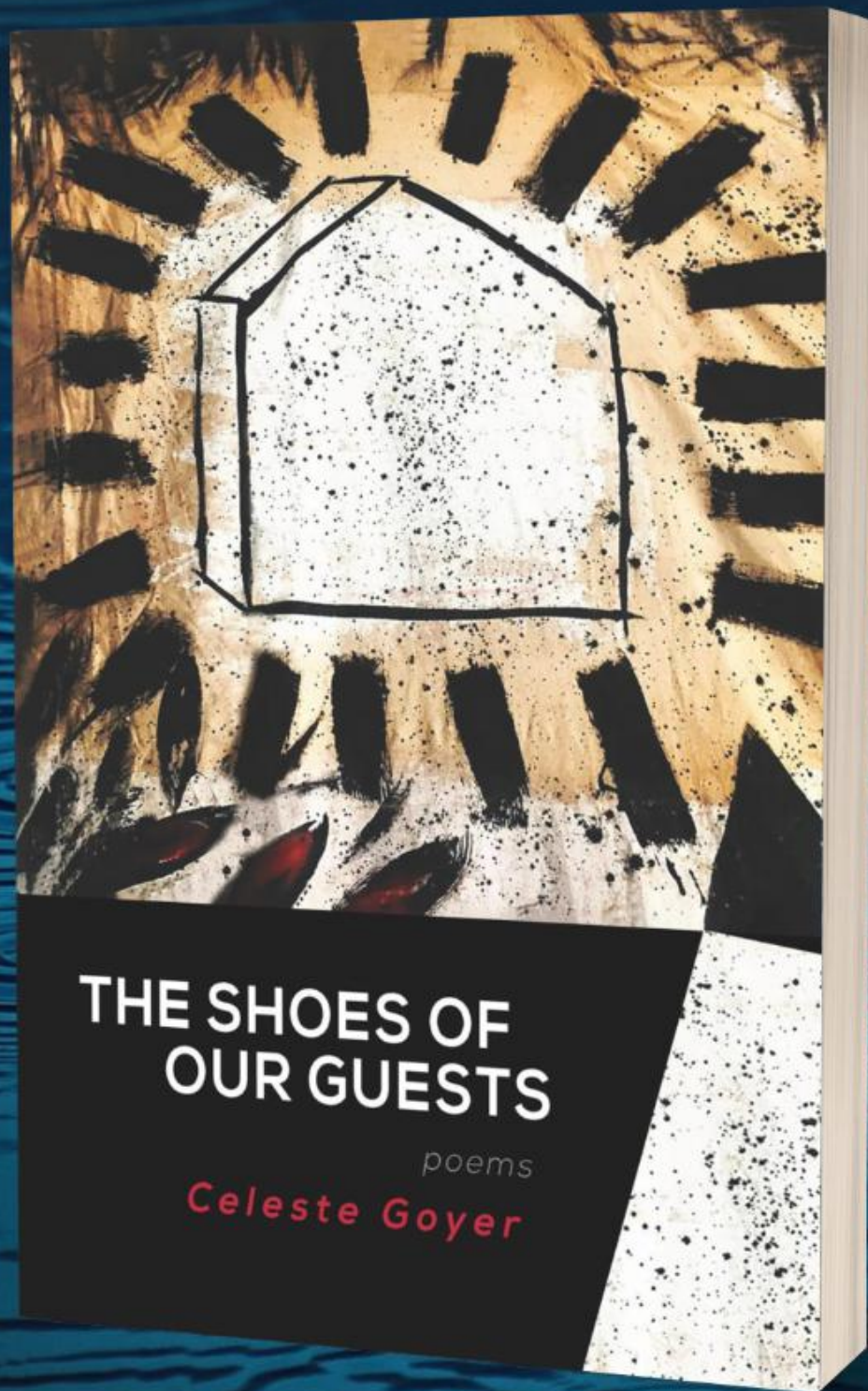
"These poems aren't so much written as they are excavated, pulled from the deep ground of human grief, followed by the reclamation of a self who has unearthed every shard. Holaday Mason's language is stunning."

—Holly Prado

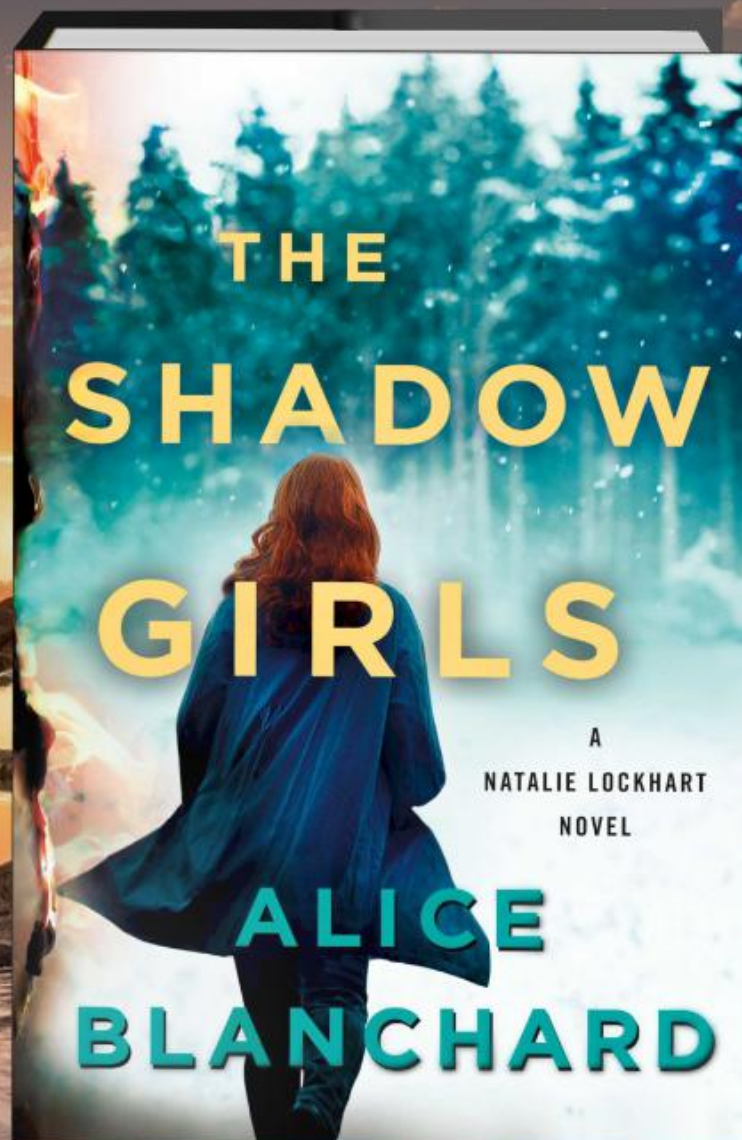


“A movingly expansive and innovative collection...
In these gorgeous new poems we are reminded
how to reunite with each other, with nature and with truth.

—Holaday Mason



"To read this collection is to leap
into the teeming waters of dream."
— Amy Gerstler



"Alice Blanchard masterfully weaves in history and contemporary issues as she explores how the tragedy of a community and a family are intertwined."

ASSOCIATED PRESS



aliceblanchard.com

The image features a central, circular object with a vibrant green, slightly textured interior. This green circle is surrounded by a thick, irregular ring of brown material that appears cracked and weathered, resembling a cross-section of a tree trunk or a piece of aged wood. The entire composition is set against a dark, textured background that looks like a close-up of a rough surface, possibly stone or wood, with various shades of brown and black. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the central object and the surrounding background.

EPILOGUE

Schwarz-Weiss

rote grünen Bezeichnungen erinnern, nur dass es sich für diesmal Obstaus um Blau-Gelb handelt. Dann werde ich Gelb-Rot darstellen und den Rot-Blau und also wieder zum Ausgangspunkt zu gelangen. Das zwar diesmal (in dieser Weise) nur fünfgliedrig. (Arithmetisch)

(Fig. 10)

	4 Blau + 0 Gelb	Blau	oder grünblau
	3 " + 1 "	Blau	oder grün
	2 " + 2 "	Grün	oder gelbgrün
	1 " + 3 "	Grün	oder gelb
	0 " + 4 "	Gelb	
	4 Gelb + 0 Rot	Gelb	
	3 " + 1 "	gelborange	oder orange gelb
	2 " + 2 "	Orange	oder rotorange
	1 " + 3 "	Rotorange	
	0 " + 4 "	Rot	
	4 Rot + 0 Blau	Rot	oder viel rot
	3 " + 1 "	rotviolett	oder violett
	2 " + 2 "	Violett	oder blauviolett
	1 " + 3 "	Violett	
	0 " + 4 "	Blau	

Fig. 10
Dieser Tabelle entspricht der einzig befriedigende praxische Weg, die periphere Farbbewegung darzustellen. Denn wenn die Tatsache des Anwachsens, Kulminierens und Abnehmens unberücksichtigt bleibt, erreicht man, zumal beim Aquavell wo der weisse Untergrund hinter mit zu heller Hauptfarben und zu dunkler Mischungen.

Also links der Primäre Operation in der Mitte die Berechnung des direkten Farbcharakter, rechts die Charakterisierung der Mischungen, die Effekte der Operation, der indirekten Farbcharakter.

Denn nach ist grün der indirekte Farbcharakter von blau und gelb zu mittelbar.

gleichen Teilen, und analog verhalten sich Orange und violett wie Wirkungen zu ihren Ursachen Gelb-Rot bzw. Rot-Blau. Wir sind also wohl berechtigt, den teils erscheinenden Farben verschiedenen Rang beizumessen. In der Darstellung

Die geometrische Darstellung des ganzen Geschehens wird uns dies mit noch knapperer Deutlichkeit zeigen.

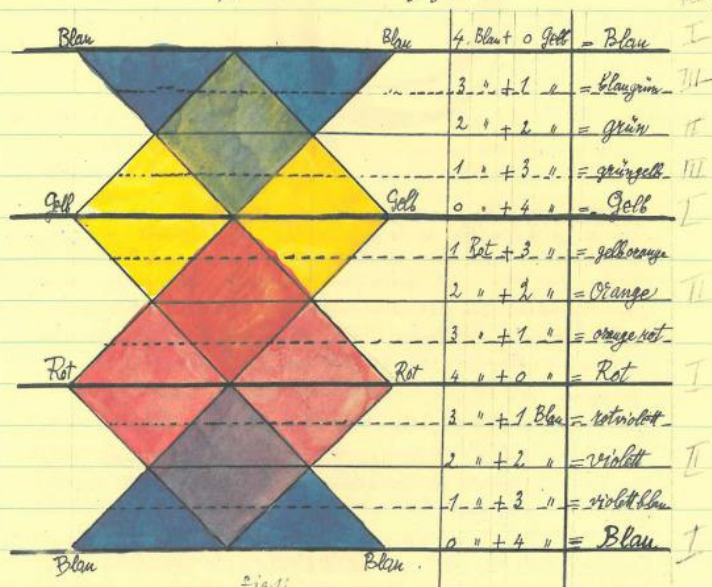


Fig. 11
Jetzt springt der sekundäre Charakter der drei Mischungen direct ins Auge. Ihre Einordnung in die primäre Blau-Gelb- und Rot-Beziehung hat klarer nicht zum Ausdruck kommen. Die Ursache liegt der den Primären

The big fat book on the coffee table when I was growing up was "The Thinking Eye, The Notebooks of Paul Klee, Volume 1" and, when I picked it up and flipped through the pages, the sketches, diagrams and drawings that illustrated his notes fascinated me, and still do today. Yes, Klee's analyzing color and form, but he's also talking about looking inside ourselves, and embracing our relationship to reality, as we engage the artistic process.



This is Klee's painting "Open Mountain," a framed print of which was hanging above the living room fireplace in my parents house when I was a kid. Created in 1914, it is an abstract of a mountain ridge with what look like searchlights shining inside it, as if elemental forces are at work beneath the Earth. Done in watercolor and pen and India ink on paper, its flat planes, dynamic light paths and colored circles create an aura of the prophetic. This is why I love Klee. His eyes are open in wonder.



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