8

FURIOUS PURE

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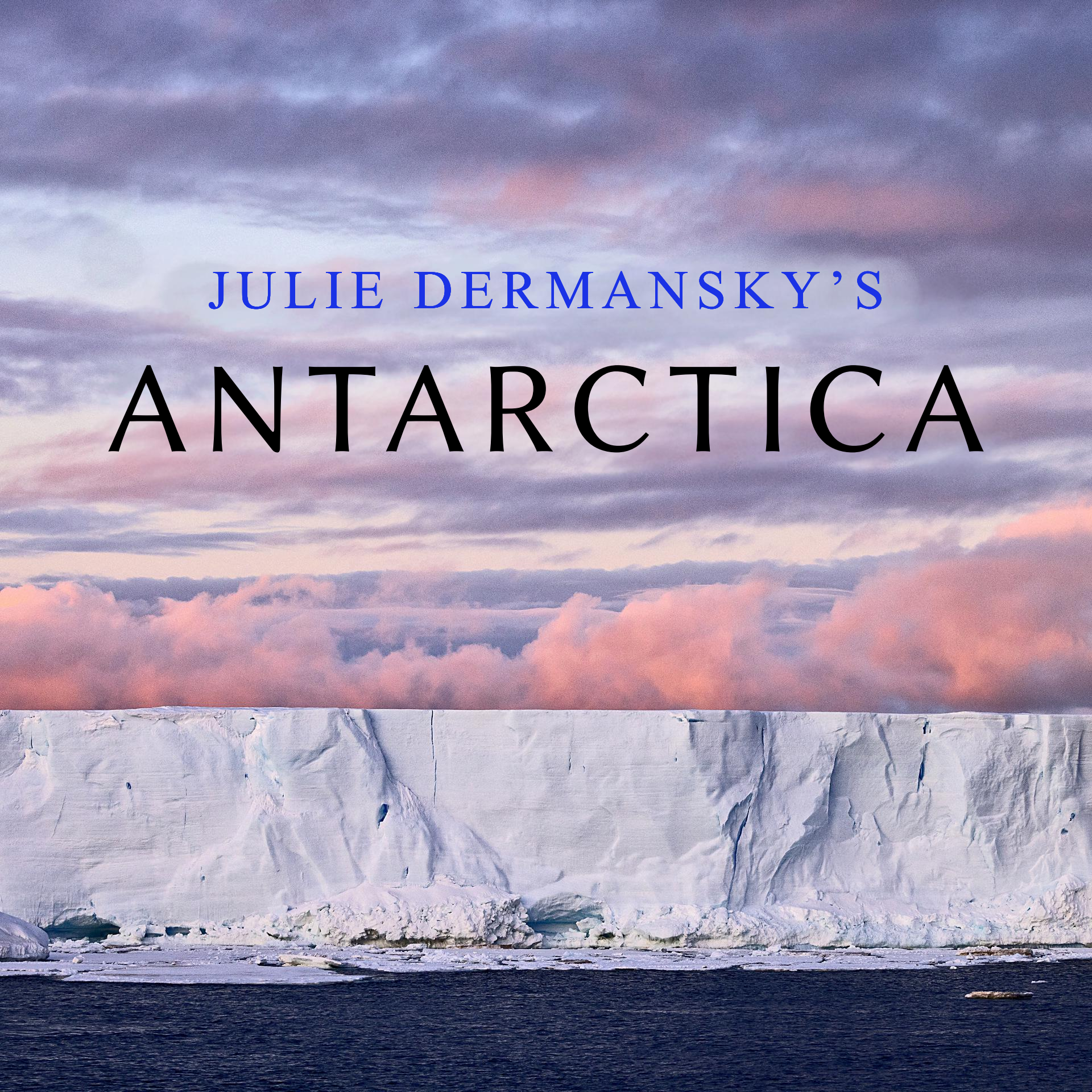
PHIL TAGGART

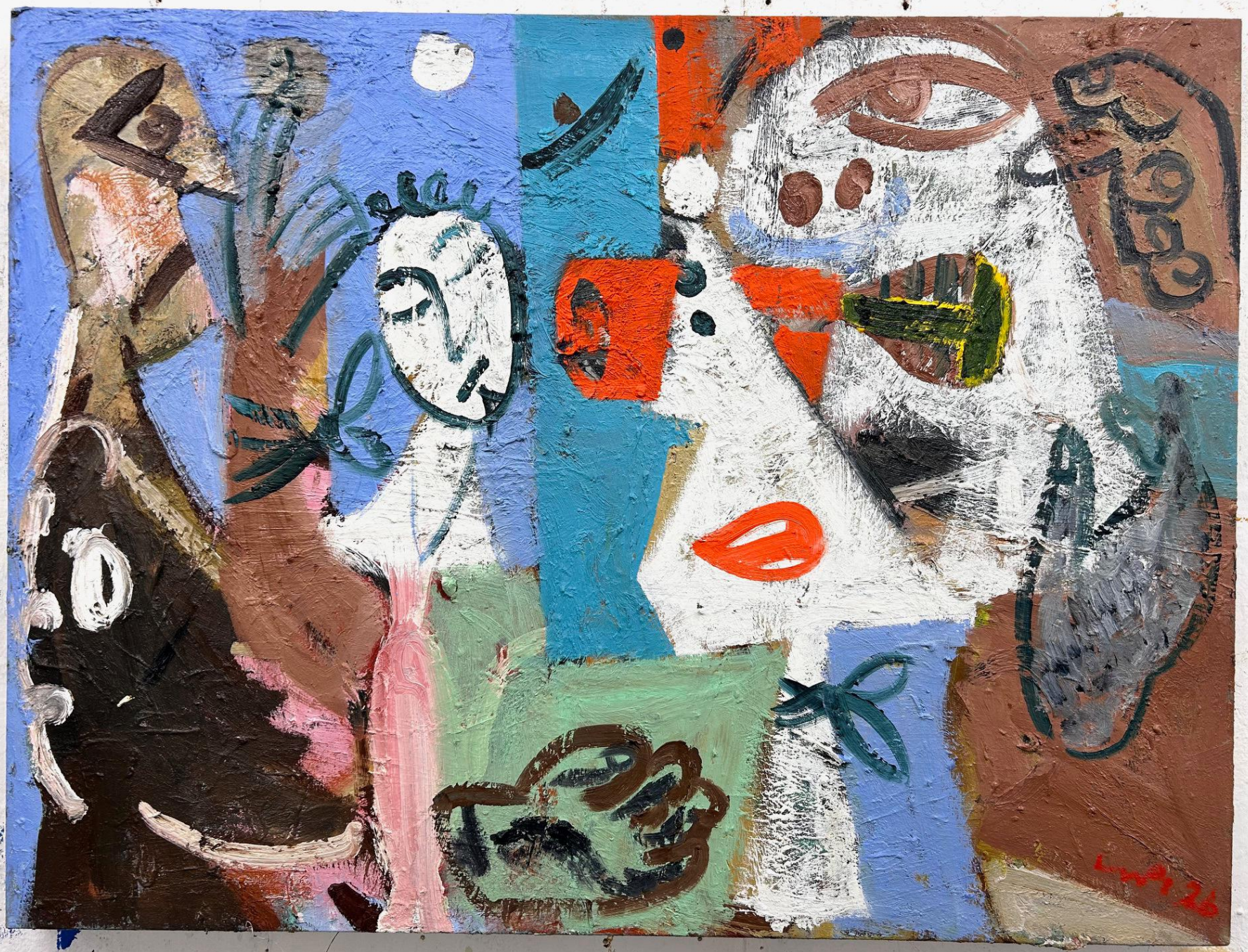
DH DOWLING

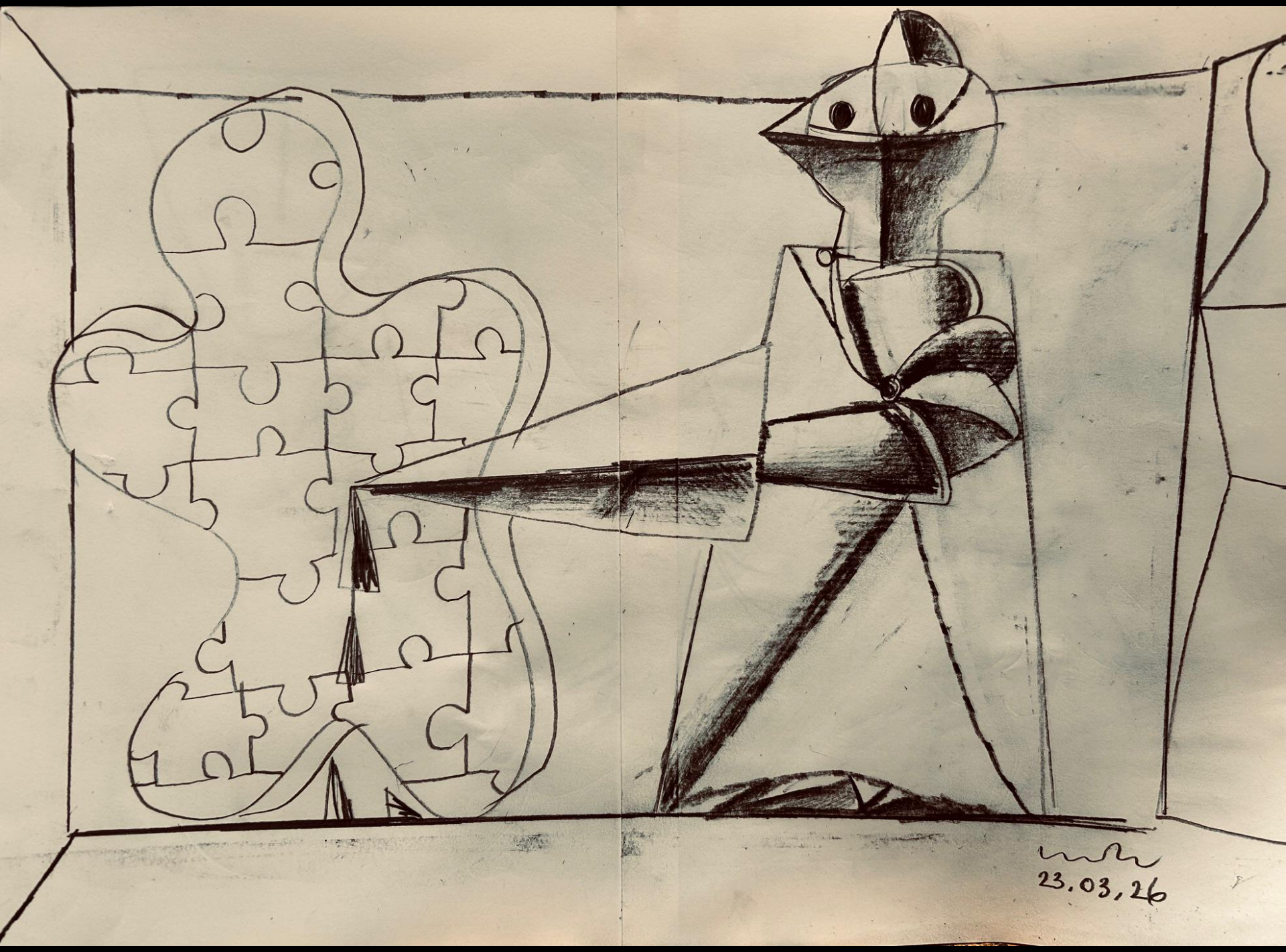
ARTIST PAGES

COVER ART BY RACHEL WINSLOW


JULIE DERMANSKY'S
ANTARCTICA

LUKE HANNAM

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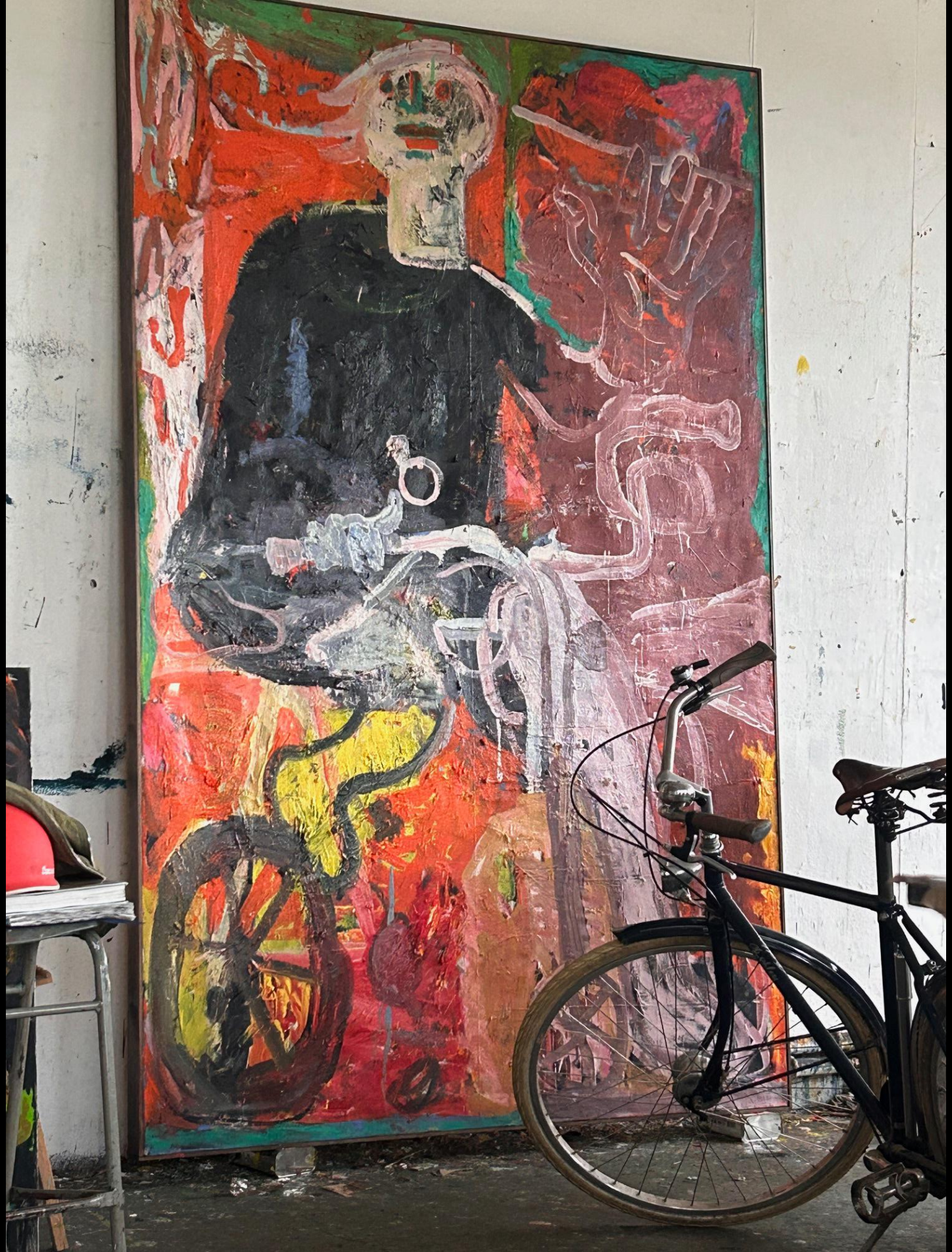

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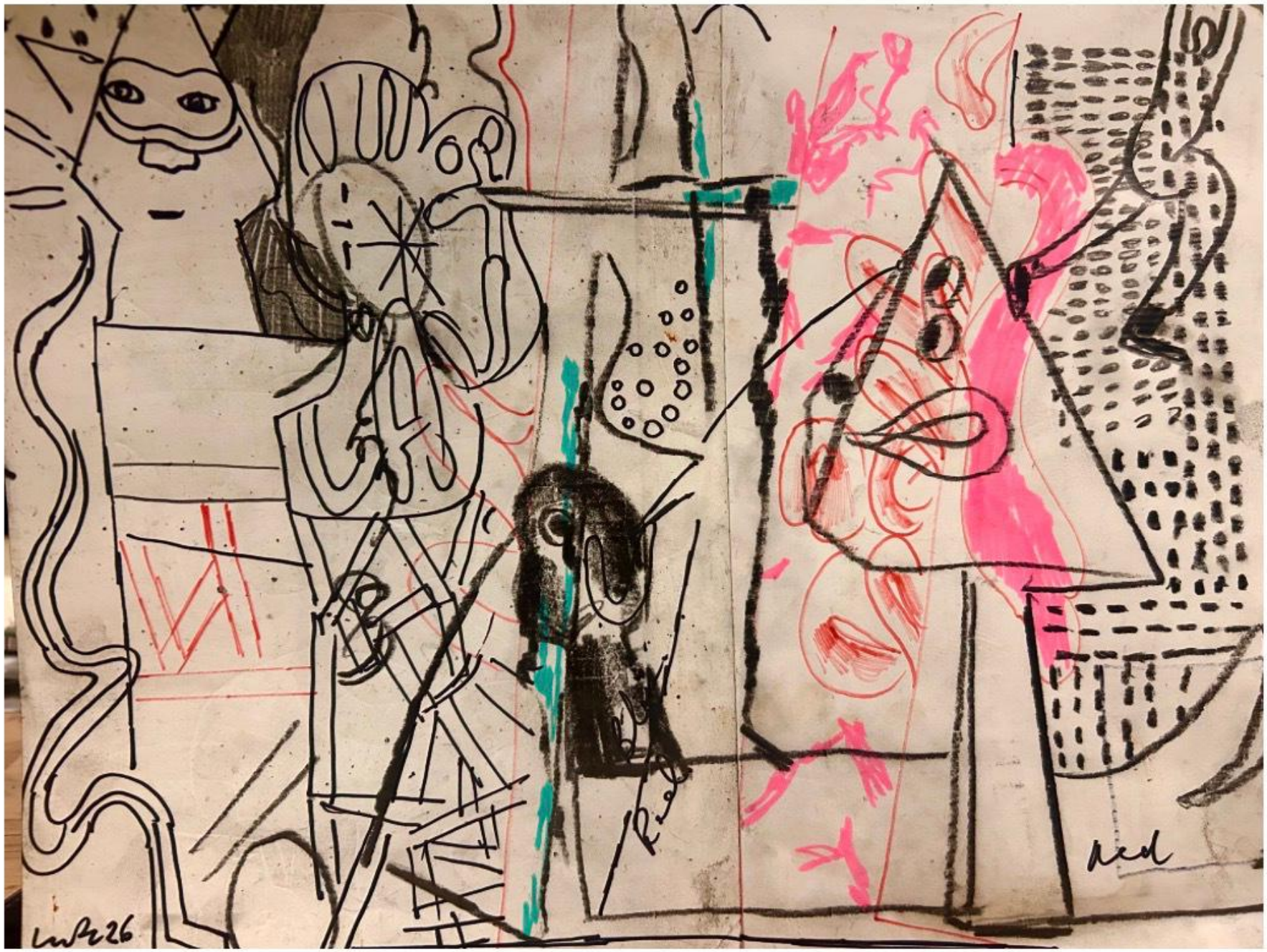

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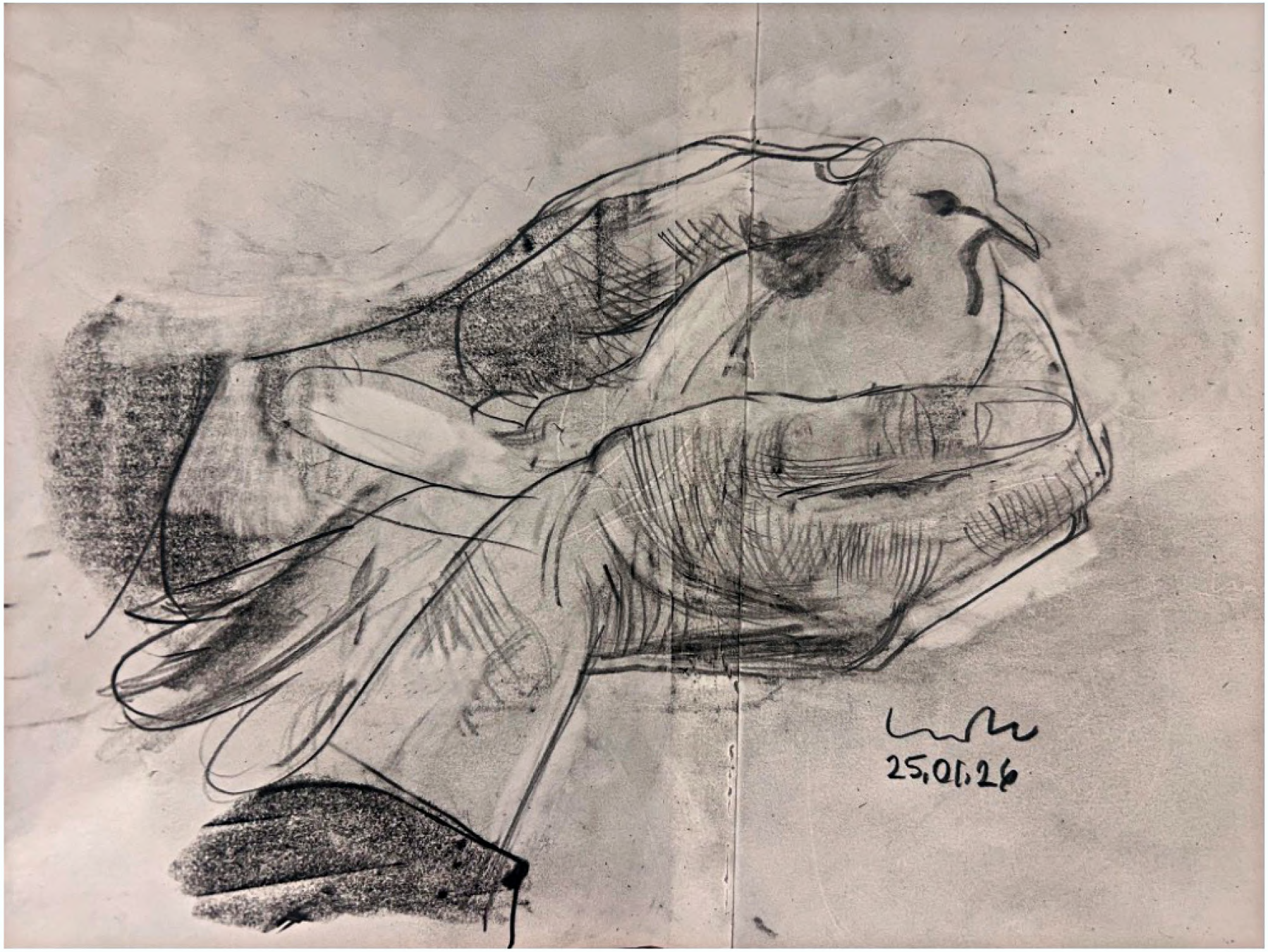

25.01.26

RACHEL WINSLOW

18 YEARS WITH A CAMERA IN MY HANDS

M.I

D152FFF001K
1090 mg 11:23

HANIMEX
PRAKTICA super TL

Canon

M131DUT001J
1080 mg 20:46

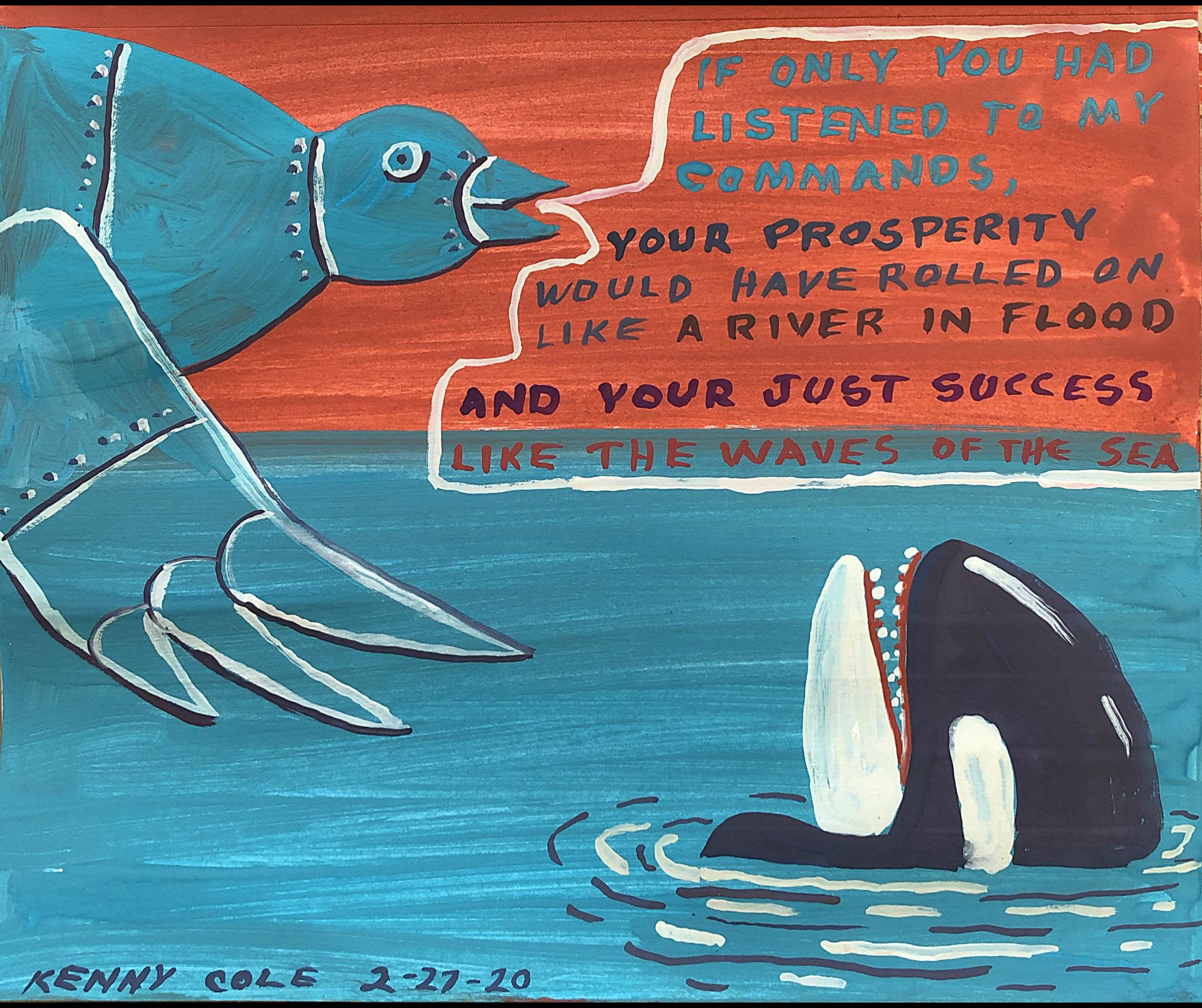
Green Mill
COCKTAIL
Lounge

KENNY
COLE

KENNY COLE
12-11
20

3-24-22
KENNY COLE

KENNY COLE 8·26·11


IF ONLY YOU HAD
LISTENED TO MY
COMMANDS,
YOUR PROSPERITY
WOULD HAVE ROLLED ON
LIKE A RIVER IN FLOOD
AND YOUR JUST SUCCESS
LIKE THE WAVES OF THE SEA
KENNY COLE 2-27-20

KENNY COLE 12-29-20

KENNY COLE

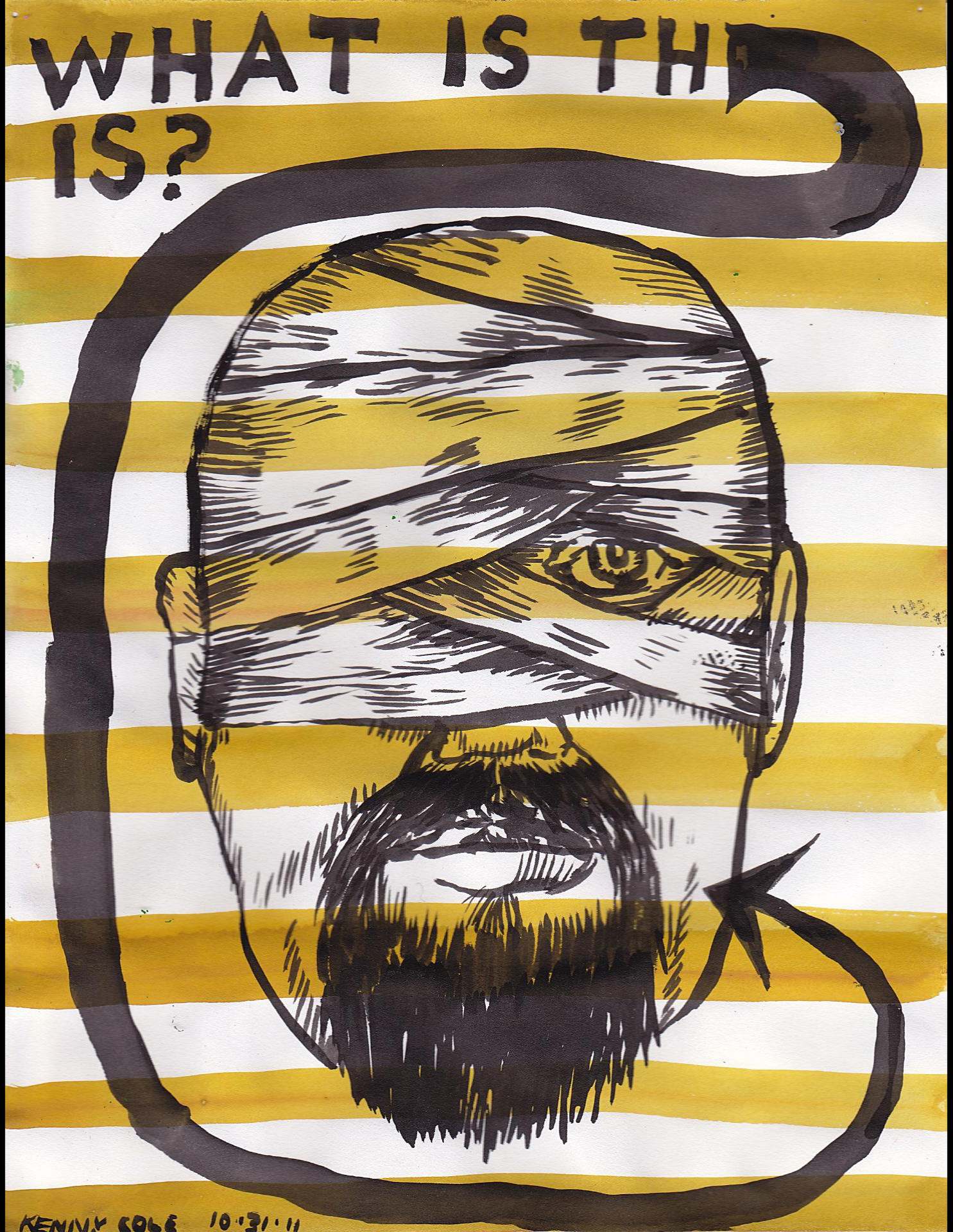
KENNY COLE
1-7-23

KENNY COLE 1·19·10

DID I NOT WEEP FOR THE MAN WHOSE LIFE WAS HARD?
KENNY COLE
2-19-21

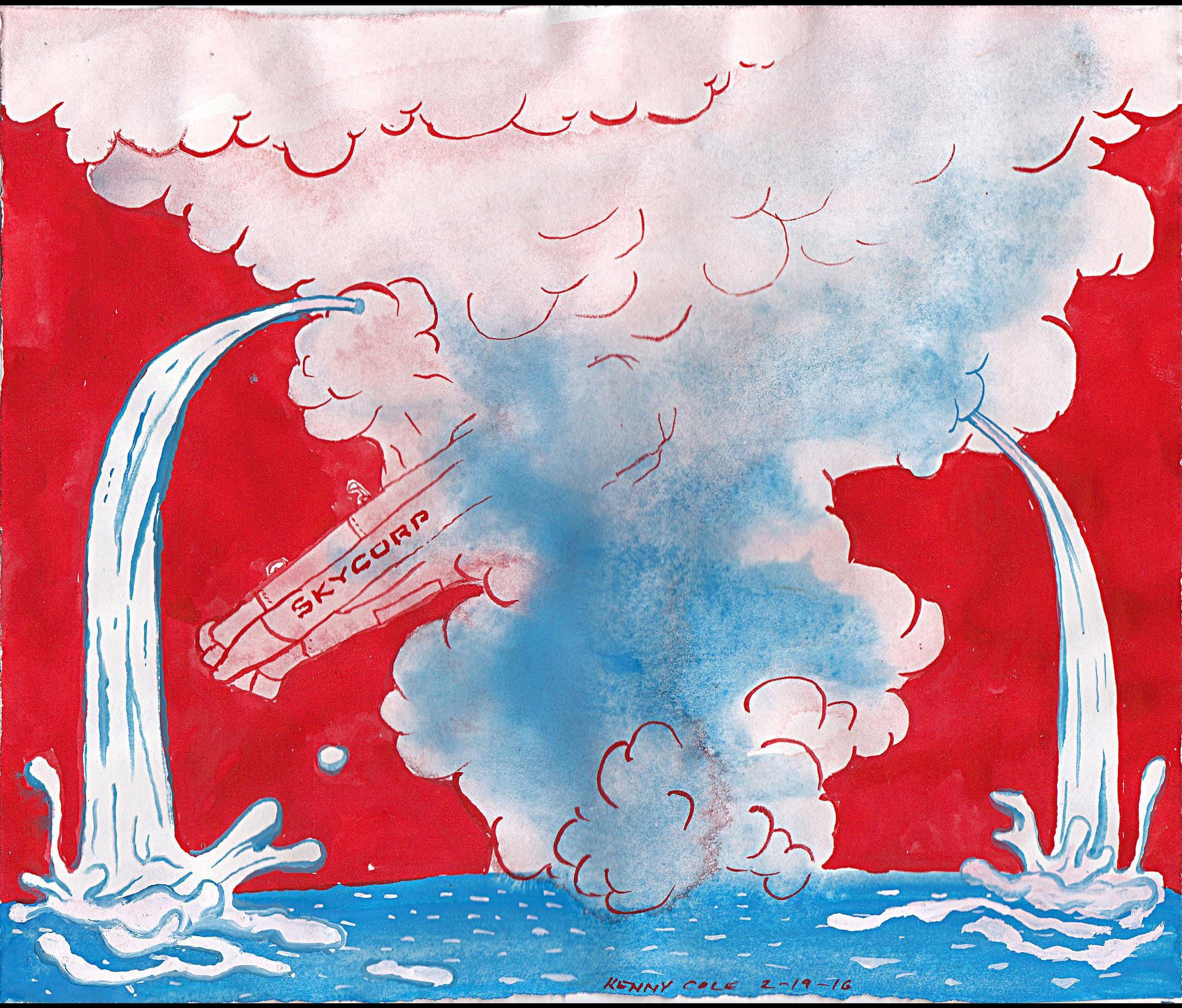
KENNY COLE

KENNY COLE 1·14·13


WHAT IS THIS?
KENNY COLE 10·31·11

KENNY COLE 6"29" 11

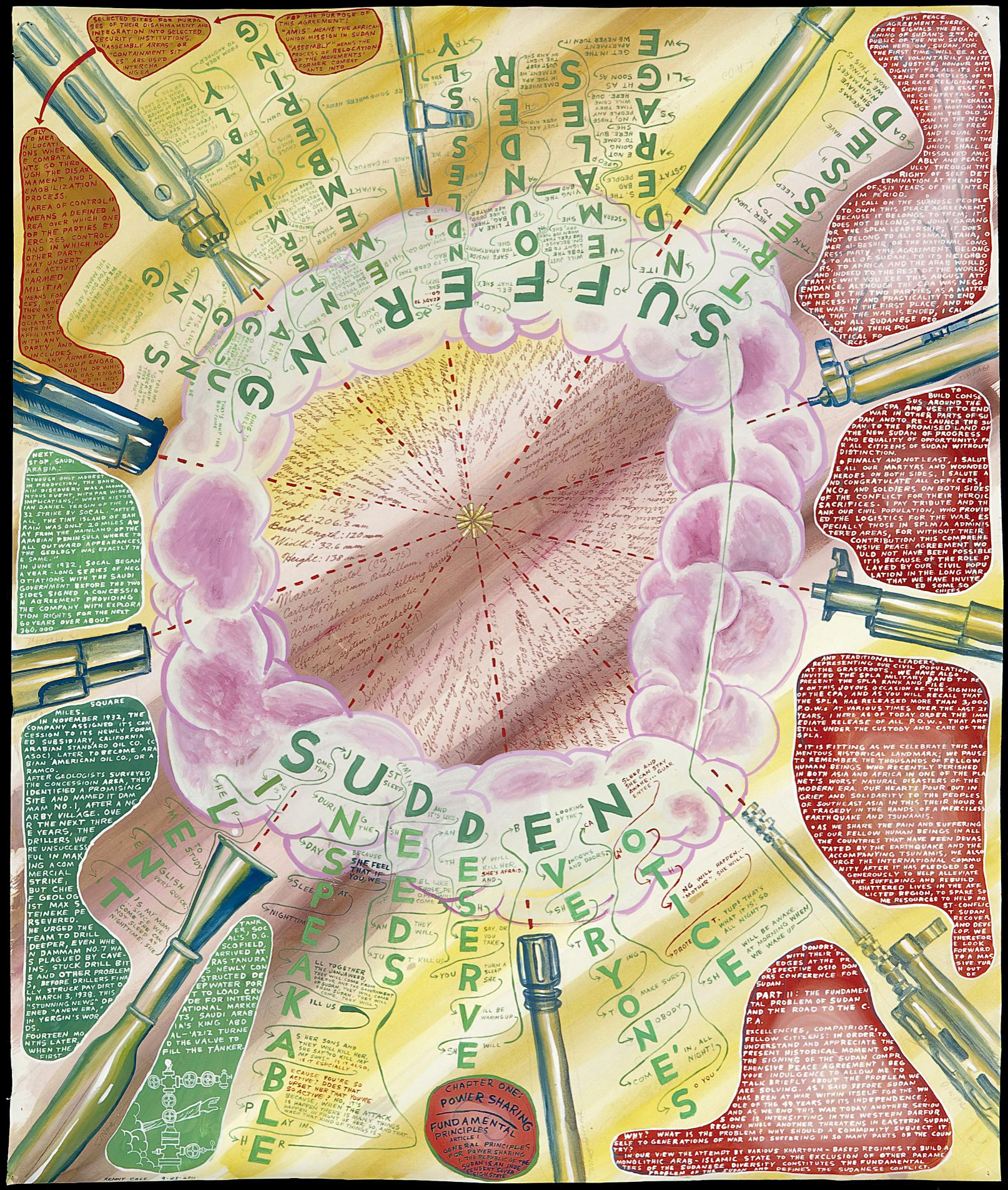
KENNY COLE
2-14-20


SKYCORP
KENNY COLE 2-19-16

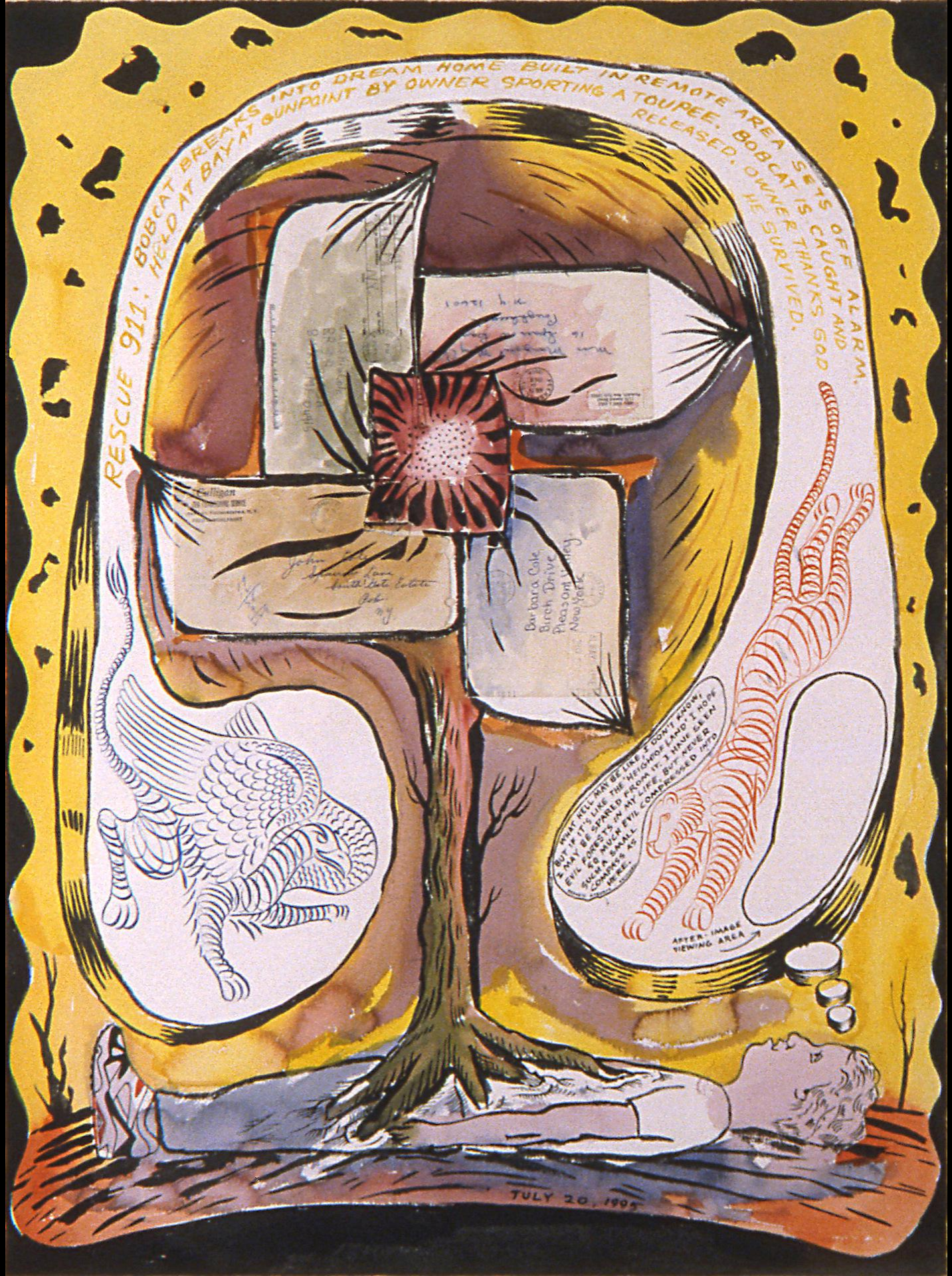
KENNY COLE
1-25-21

11-30-23
KENNY COLE

like this.
of the


SELECTED SITES FOR PURPOSES OF THEIR DISARMAMENT AND INTEGRATION INTO SELECTED SECURITY INSTITUTIONS. "ASSEMBLY AREAS" OR "CONTAINMENT SITES" ARE USED INTERCHANGEABLY TO MEAN LOCATIONS WHERE COMBATANTS GO THROUGH THE DISARMAMENT AND DEMOBILIZATION PROCESS.
FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS AGREEMENT: "AMIS" MEANS THE AFRICAN UNION MISSION IN SUDAN "ASSEMBLY" MEANS THE PROCESS OF RELOCATION OF THE MOVEMENTS OF FORMER COMBATANTS INTO
"AREA OF CONTROL" MEANS A DEFINED AREA OVER WHICH ONE OF THE PARTIES EXERCIZES CONTROL AND IN WHICH NO OTHER PARTY MAY UNDERTAKE ACTIVITY
"ARMED MILITIA" MEANS FORCES, WHETHER OR NOT ASSOCIATED WITH OR AFFILIATED WITH ANY PARTY, AND INCLUDES ANY ARMED GROUP ENGAGING IN OR WHICH HAS ENGAGED IN HOSTILE ACTIVITY
NEXT STOP, SAUDI ARABIA:
"THOUGH ONLY MODEST IN PRODUCTION, THE BAHRAIN DISCOVERY WAS A MAMMOTH EVENT, WITH FAR WIDER IMPLICATIONS," WROTE HISTORIAN DANIEL YERGIN OF THE 1932 STRIKE BY SOCAL. "AFTER ALL, THE TINY ISLAND OF BAHRAIN WAS ONLY 20 MILES AWAY FROM THE MAINLAND OF THE ARABIAN PENINSULA WHERE TO ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES, THE GEOLOGY WAS EXACTLY THE SAME."
IN JUNE 1932, SOCAL BEGAN A YEAR-LONG SERIES OF NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE SAUDI GOVERNMENT BEFORE THE TWO SIDES SIGNED A CONCESSION AGREEMENT PROVIDING THE COMPANY WITH EXPLORATION RIGHTS FOR THE NEXT 60 YEARS OVER ABOUT 360,000 SQUARE MILES.
IN NOVEMBER 1932, THE COMPANY ASSIGNED ITS CONCESSION TO ITS NEWLY FORMED SUBSIDIARY, CALIFORNIA ARABIAN STANDARD OIL CO. (CASOC), LATER TO BECOME ARABIAN AMERICAN OIL CO., OR ARAMCO.
AFTER GEOLOGISTS SURVEYED THE CONCESSION AREA, THEY IDENTIFIED A PROMISING SITE AND NAMED IT DAMMAM NO. 1, AFTER A NEARBY VILLAGE. OVER THE NEXT THREE YEARS, THE DRILLERS WERE UNSUCCESSFUL IN MAKING A COMMERCIAL STRIKE, BUT CHIEF GEOLOGIST MAX STEINEKE PERSEVERED. HE URGED THE TEAM TO DRILL DEEPER, EVEN WHEN DAMMAM NO. 7 WAS PLAGUED BY CAVE-INS, STUCK DRILL BITS AND OTHER PROBLEMS, BEFORE DRILLERS FINALLY STRUCK PAY DIRT ON MARCH 3, 1938. THIS "STUNNING NEWS" OPENED "A NEW ERA" IN YERGIN'S WORDS. FOURTEEN MONTHS LATER, WHEN THE FIRST TANKER, SOCAL'S D.G. SCOFIELD, ARRIVED AT RAS TANURA'S NEWLY CONSTRUCTED DEEPWATER PORT TO LOAD CRUDE FOR INTERNATIONAL MARKETS, SAUDI ARABIA'S KING 'ABD AL-'AZIZ TURNED THE VALVE TO FILL THE TANKER.
SUDDENLY
SUPPERTIME
DESSERTS
DOMESTICS
SERVANTS
SERVICE
SERVE
SERVERS
SERVERS
SERVERS

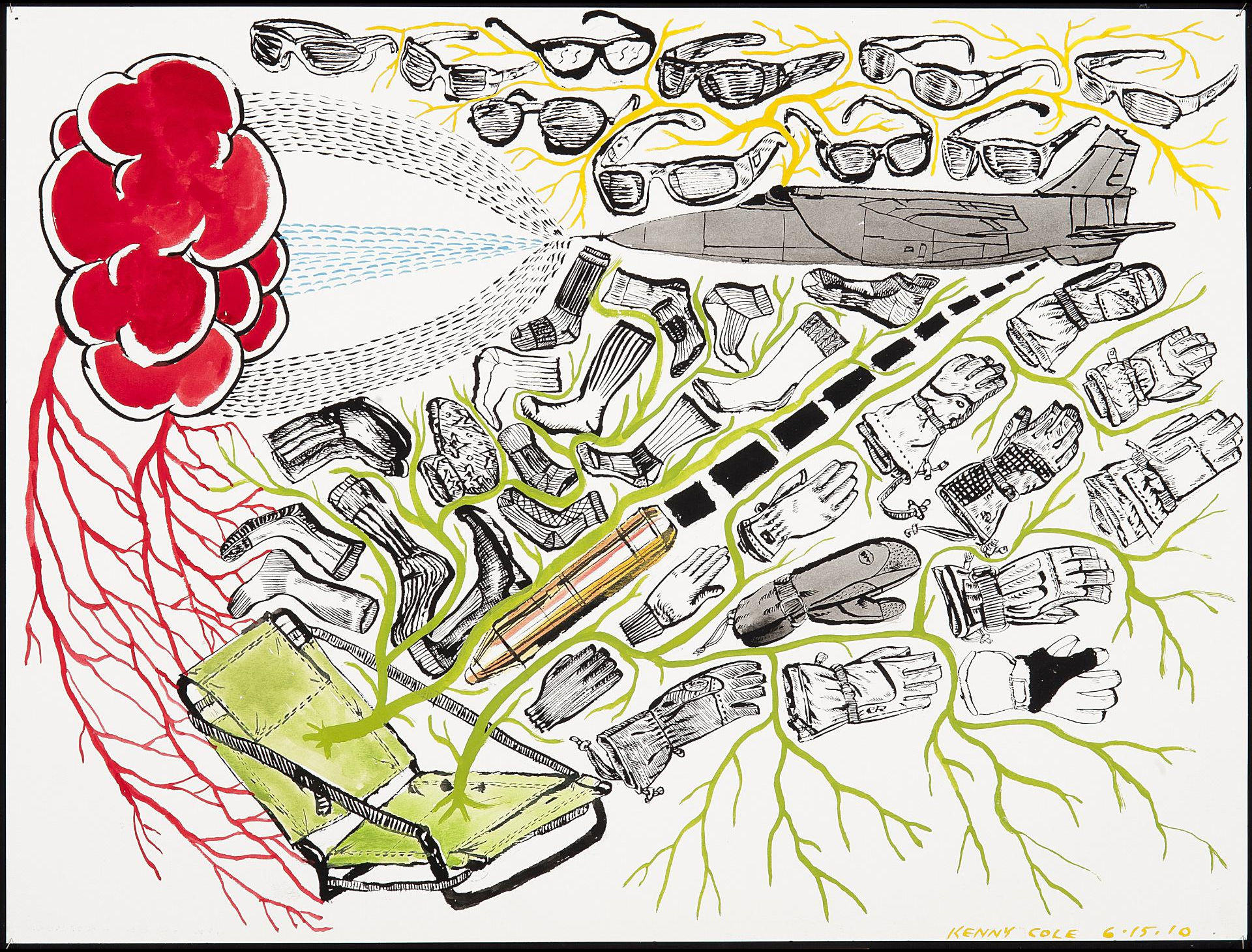
KENNY COKE 1-30-22


RESCUE 911: BOBCAT BREAKS INTO DREAM HOME BUILT IN REMOTE AREA SETS OFF ALARM. HELD AT BAY AT GUNPOINT BY OWNER SPORTING A TOUPEE. BOBCAT IS CAUGHT AND RELEASED. OWNER THANKS GOD HE SURVIVED.
Barbara Cole
Birch Drive
Pleasantville
New York
WHAT HELL MAY BE LIKE, I DON'T KNOW; BUT IF IT'S LIKE THE 'HEIGHOF LAND' I HOPE I MAY BE SPARED FROM IT. I HAVE SEEN EVIL FORESTS IN MY LIFE, BUT NEVER SUCH A SMALL AS MUCH EVIL COMPRESSED INTO COMPASS AS HERE.
AFTER-IMAGE VIEWING AREA
JULY 20, 1995

A/P

"SNOWBALL'S CHANCE! PARTY"

6·27·12


KENNY COLE 6·15·10

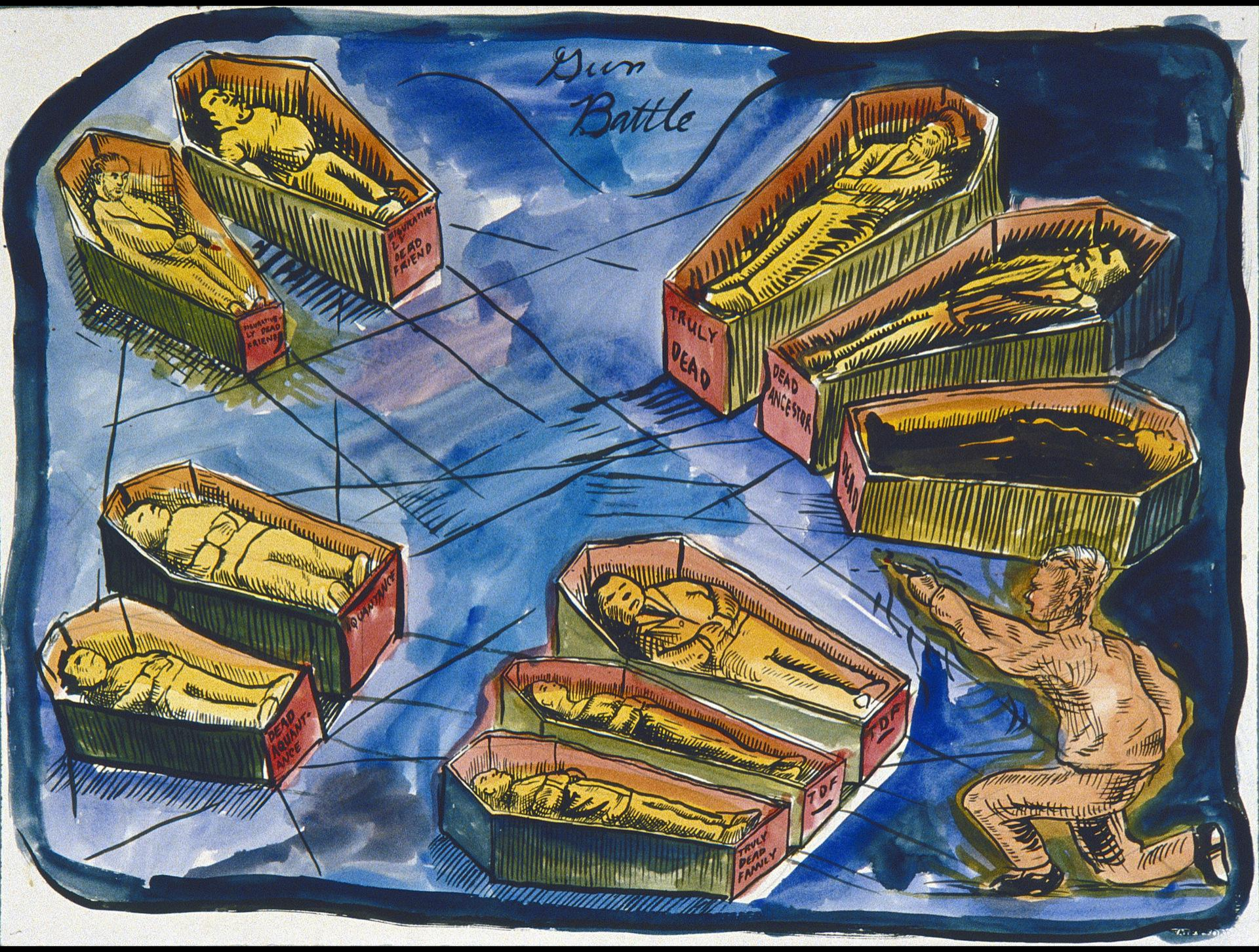
1-4-17 KENNY COLE

MYKO
OL JAK
PSUN
KENNY COLE 4.4.12

2-3-22
KENNY COLE

EVEN NOW THE REAPER
DRAWS HIS WAGES.-JOHN 4:36
KENNY COLE 6/18

KENNY COLE
3 10 25


Gun Battle
PRESUMATIVE-LY DEAD FRIEND
PRESUMATIVE-LY DEAD FRIEND
TRULY DEAD
DEAD ANCESTOR
DEAD
DEAD ACQUAINTANCE
DEAD ACQUAINTANCE
TDF
TDF
TRULY DEAD FAMILY

DAVID TRINIDAD

I Dreamt Last Night

I dreamt last night
that I bent down
and pulled several
books from a low
white bookshelf.

And when I tried
to put them back,
one of them wouldn't
fit. It was a thin volume.
The title was *Dreams*.

Sunset

I take
a picture
of the
one poem
I liked
with my
phone a
way to
keep that
elusive pink
you have
to capture
now or
it will
be lost
then put
the book
in the
pile near
the front
door for
the free
library I
just wanted
to read
a ghost.

Memory Museum

Jimmy once took me
to a Courbet show
in Brooklyn

What did he see
in him, I wondered,
that he was so fond of

I remembered this
recently when I
met Nick at the Getty

in Los Angeles and
encountered a Courbet
painting of a cave

A cave
with a black
Orphic mouth

And stood there
an eternity in
museum time

looking into it

MARK GLEASON

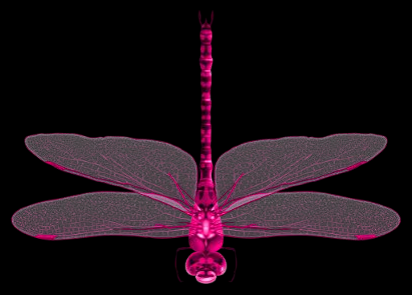
DRAGONFLY

There's a question we painters get all the time. "Gosh. How long did that take you?" This inquiry is good-hearted, and the viewer wants to engage, but when I'm feeling particularly snide toward it I respond "my whole life." I'm trying to open up the question, to steer it away from the idea of punching a time clock, and toward the notion that there is an entire constellation of life experiences, observations, academic study, problem-solving, trial, and error that go into the painting act and image. All of the circumstances of our lives add up and are scaffolded so that whatever we are doing today is a summation, seen through the lens of what has preceded our current state.

More than a simple premise, such as “that’s pretty, I think I’ll paint it,” my particular approach to imagery with oil paint is arrived at. Something like a magnetic attraction of sights, thoughts, and background material.

Sometimes this can be fed. There are certainly some things I have done, sometimes fruitful, and sometimes foolish, because I thought it would add to my character and then come out somehow in a painting. My senses are always receptive, and are sometimes calculating in terms of coming up with the next big idea for a painting.

CHERRY BOMB
GLEASON



In this frame of mind, I had a hunch about cultivating some elements that could contribute and turn my painting around. I have always been a Japanophile, always drawn to the Japanese aesthetic, to Kurosawa, to Zen gardens and wabi-sabi, to ukiyo-e and martial arts. I have also always been partial to the visual poetry of Tarkovsky, and to the poetic sensibility in general.

I was excited to land on the idea of understanding haiku, its structure, its insight, its possibilities in informing my visual art. I had already been titling my paintings with oblique names, often three-part names that I felt would triangulate with the painted image to create a meaning that stands outside the subject matter.

G

So, I set about to teach myself more about the three-line, seven syllable form of poetry, to see if my own work could turn on its principles. Could the combination of three or so separate elements create something different, something newly spoken and poetic, in my painting? One of the things that also really attracted me to haiku is its observation of life in pure and subtle terms, one with its subject. My hope was to add to my repertoire of what goes into a painting, striving to have the viewer feel the power of poetry and recognize the image as true.

INSECTS OF AMERICA
GLEASON

Sitting outside in the summer sun, unbothered, is an ideal reading experience. I took a book called “The Japanese Haiku” by Kenneth Yasuda to my nearby Westport Connecticut Nature Center and strolled its paths through the woods to a lichen-covered bench close to a stream. The air was alive with red dragonflies zig-zagging in their strange geometries, occasionally catching a flash of sunlight on their wings.

I kicked back on the bench, propping the book against my shorts with upraised knees, and read in the humidity of my setting.

I read about the traditions and nature of haiku, and I felt a resonance in passages that a haiku attitude and an aesthetic experience are an inseparable, and are a co-existing experience. The poet Coleridge also wrote of “a coalescence of subject and object,” and as I reclined and read, lulled by the stream, the leaves, the birdcalls, I was very deeply wrapped up in this aesthetic inquiry.

GLEASON

A particularly interesting introduction in the book spoke of a “haiku moment.” It is an aesthetic moment, and just prior to acknowledging it, we are receptive enough to sense that the observation is about to come into being. The haiku moment refers to a power of resonance which arises from an incident that is as mundane as it is eternal. It is a realization of experience that creates a sense of immediacy that is common to all artists.

The truly realized haiku moment is what Ezra Pound called “an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time…It is the presentation of such a complex instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.”

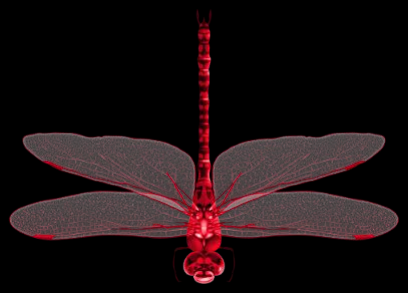
GLEASON

My reading was interrupted by a tingling on my knee hairs, obscured by the book in front of my face. I folded it toward me to see a mosquito drawing blood from my knee, growing fat with it.

This is where things became remarkable. I reached forward and flicked my index finger from my thumb, sending the mosquito airborne. A dragonfly came out of nowhere to my right, caught the jettisoned mosquito in mid-air, and landed right there on my knee to feast. Same spot on the knee, my blood in the mosquito, taken in by the red dragonfly.

Haiku moment indeed.

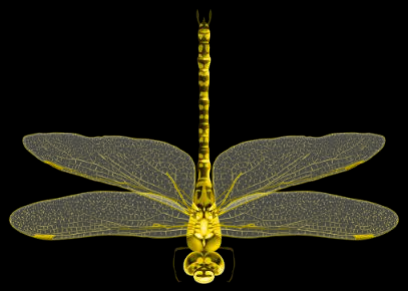
GLEASON



I had one of those Candid Camera reactions, and though I was in solitude I wanted to ask “Did you just see that?” to anyone, the world. “You’re kidding me.” Jung would’ve called it Synchronicity, casually unrelated events that coincide in time, and appear deeply meaningful. I strove to process what I had just seen and felt, to formulate it and maybe some day create an image that would be my insight.

I had been painting dragonflies in my studio, in fact, during that period. Further reading of Yasuda’s book even mentioned a dragonfly in illustrating an example of a poetic experience. I had encountered a small thing that occurs all the time in nature, without our witnessing, and it resounded in me. Like the proverbial tree falling in the forest. Like when you learn a new word, and suddenly there it is in the things you read and on other’s lips.

GLEASON



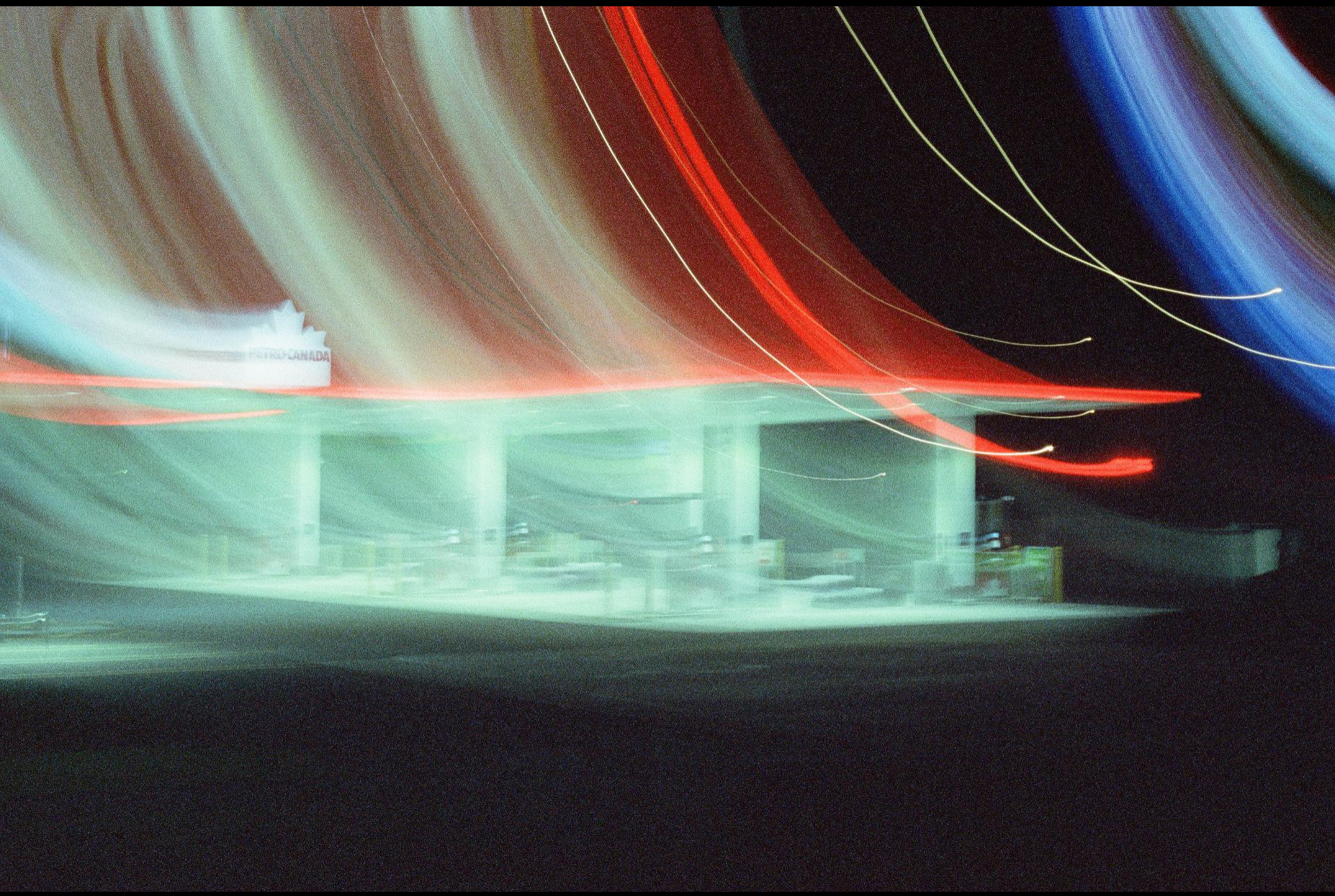
Mind. Blown.

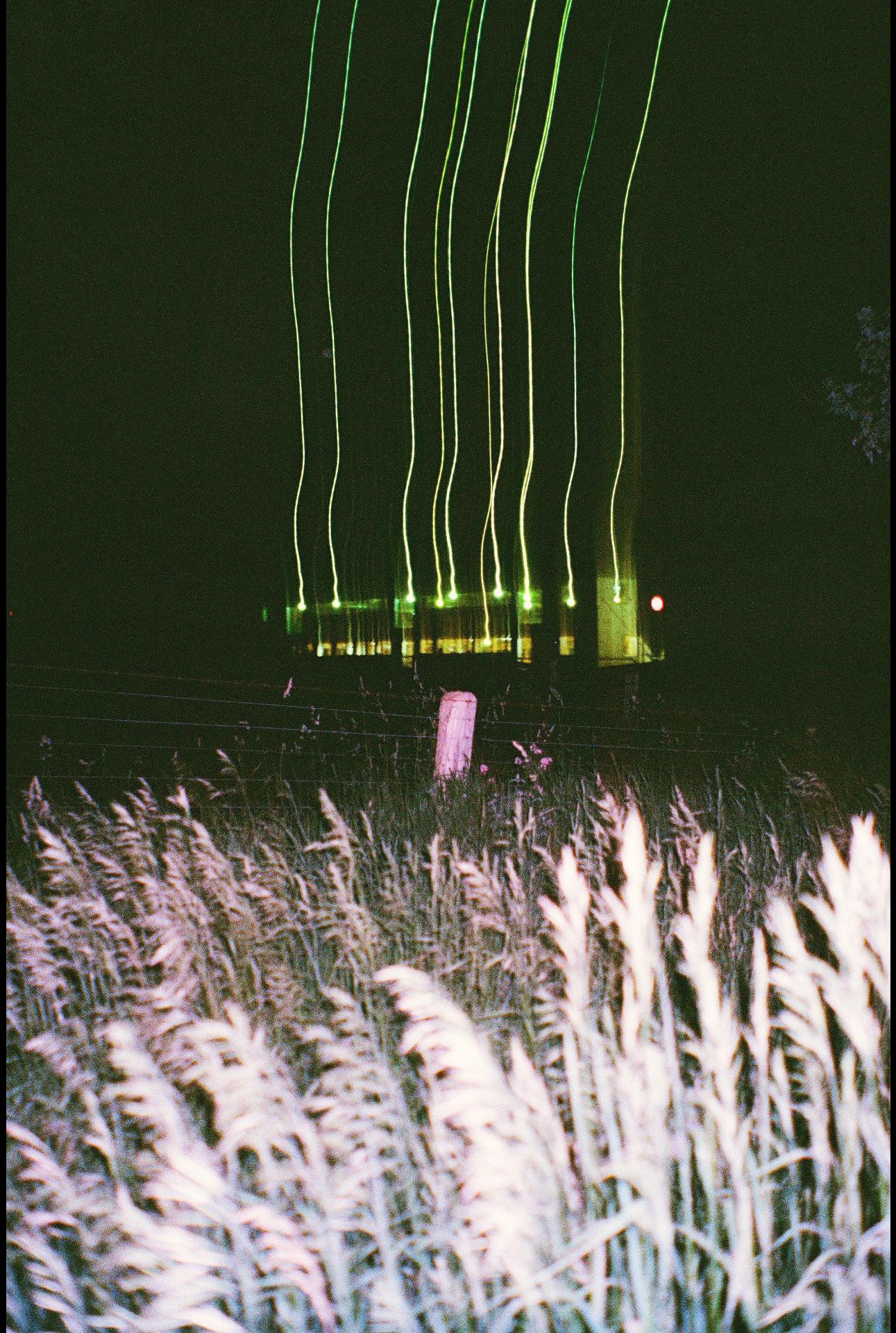
As we say today, though this was 30 years ago and it still lives in me. These things happen, and we enrich ourselves by being sensitive to and resonant of them. This is one of my favorite personal stories, and encounters like this are certainly one of the constituents that manifest in my aesthetic.

GLEASON
GLEASON
GLEASON
GLEASON
GLEASON
INSECTS OF AMERICA
GLEASON
GLEASON
CHERRY BOMB
GLEASON

COLE SAUNDER'S

LOST ERA


PETRO-CANADA



HOMESTEAD
MOTEL

JIM NATAL

CROW TIME

We each have our own crow stalkers,
sooty angels every morning to remind us
of our failures, pick the scabs off regrets,
goad us in no uncertain terms as we wake
that it's one more day past redemption o'clock
and that, yes, it's probably too late to change.
Crack the bedroom curtains and venture a peek:
They're still staked out downstairs, loitering on
the sidewalk across the street just like yesterday,
smoking, ringed by butts, leaning against a tree.
Admit it, they are the truest mockingbirds, know
us better than a pushed-beyond-the-limit spouse
delivering an exhausted ultimatum, bloodless
surgery before packing up and leaving for good.
It's beyond prayers now—it's crow time.

INDISTINCT

Now I remember: thin rites on a cold night.
Now I remember: you sitting, legs outstretched,
on a bench in a rustic train station.
Was it Italy? Yes, I think it was Italy.
It comes back— permanent fragment,
like bone bits in a funeral urn, never to be
scattered. You're transfixed on that
hard wooden bench, regular quick glances
at your wristwatch, the clock on the wall,
bag beside you on the tile floor that's been
chipped by thousands upon thousands of wheels,
and leather luggage with brass-reinforced corners.
I was there too, the eyes behind
the camera, mind entombing images—
snap, snap—my hand flat between us
on the slats of the bench, not holding yours.
Now I remember: staring at the floor
counting tiles, recognizing, rearranging
the pattern, centuries-old design that survived
the history of the place, the landscape
outside the station scarred as the wired glass
over the face of the clock. All those ghosts
waiting for trains or never boarding,
passengers who failed to arrive or arrived
to an empty platform: the whistle, screech,
rumble, then down the tracks and into
a tunnel. But we're still there, drab colors
already fading, a set piece seen through
sheer curtains, a diorama, a tableau.
Was it France? Maybe it was France.

PARTISAN SONG

Wolf sleeps beside the leopard
What has happened to my country

Hieroglyph heads on human bodies
Jumping the line for shares of my country

Weapons cached stacked crates pried open
More bloodshed imminent in my country

Antiquities ruins no longer sacred
Violated history of my country

Pillars toppled arches collapsed
Projectiles pock the stone of my country

Heirlooms plundered limbs dismembered
Eyes gone blind to the plight of my country

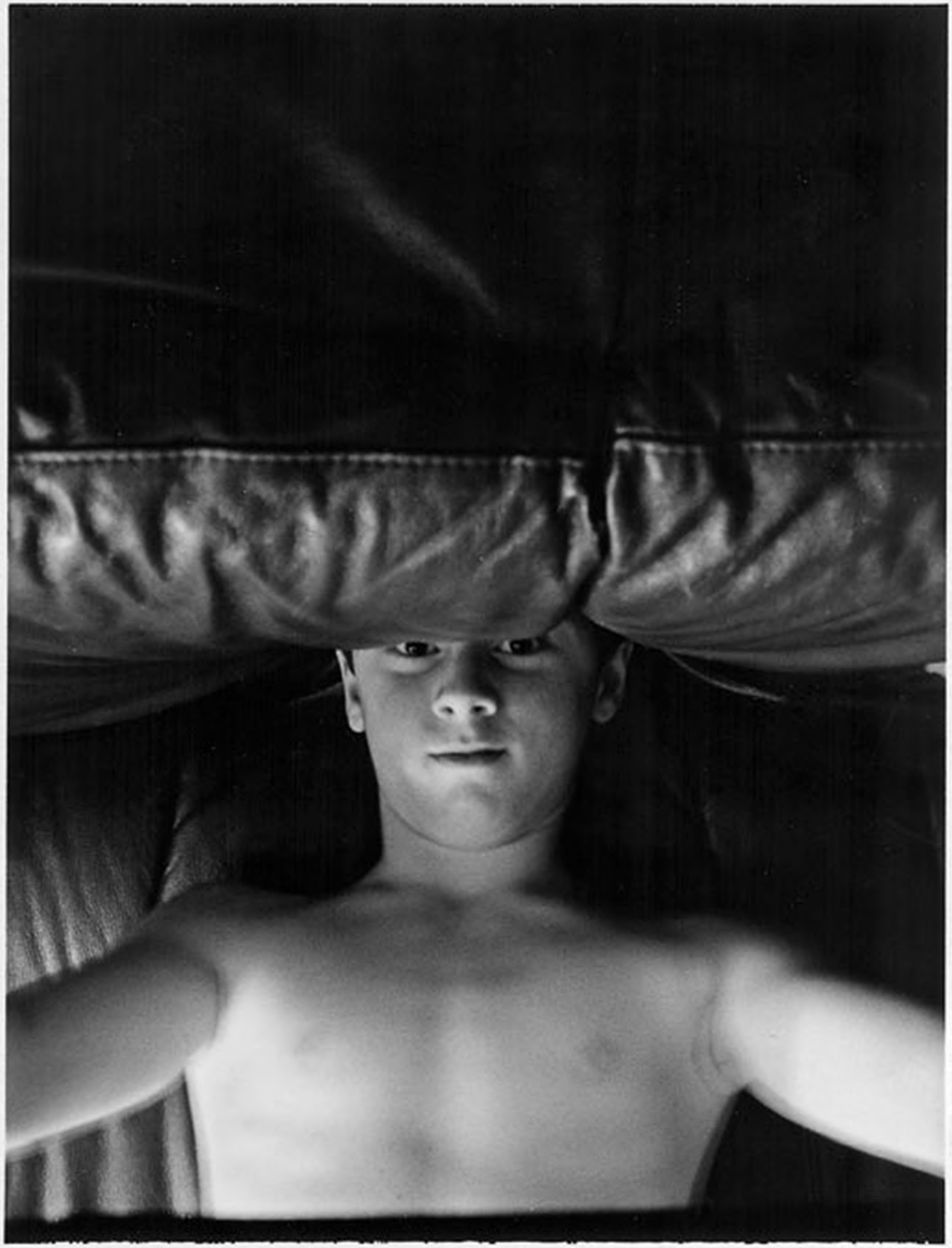
Folding the flag I almost cried
What have they done to my country

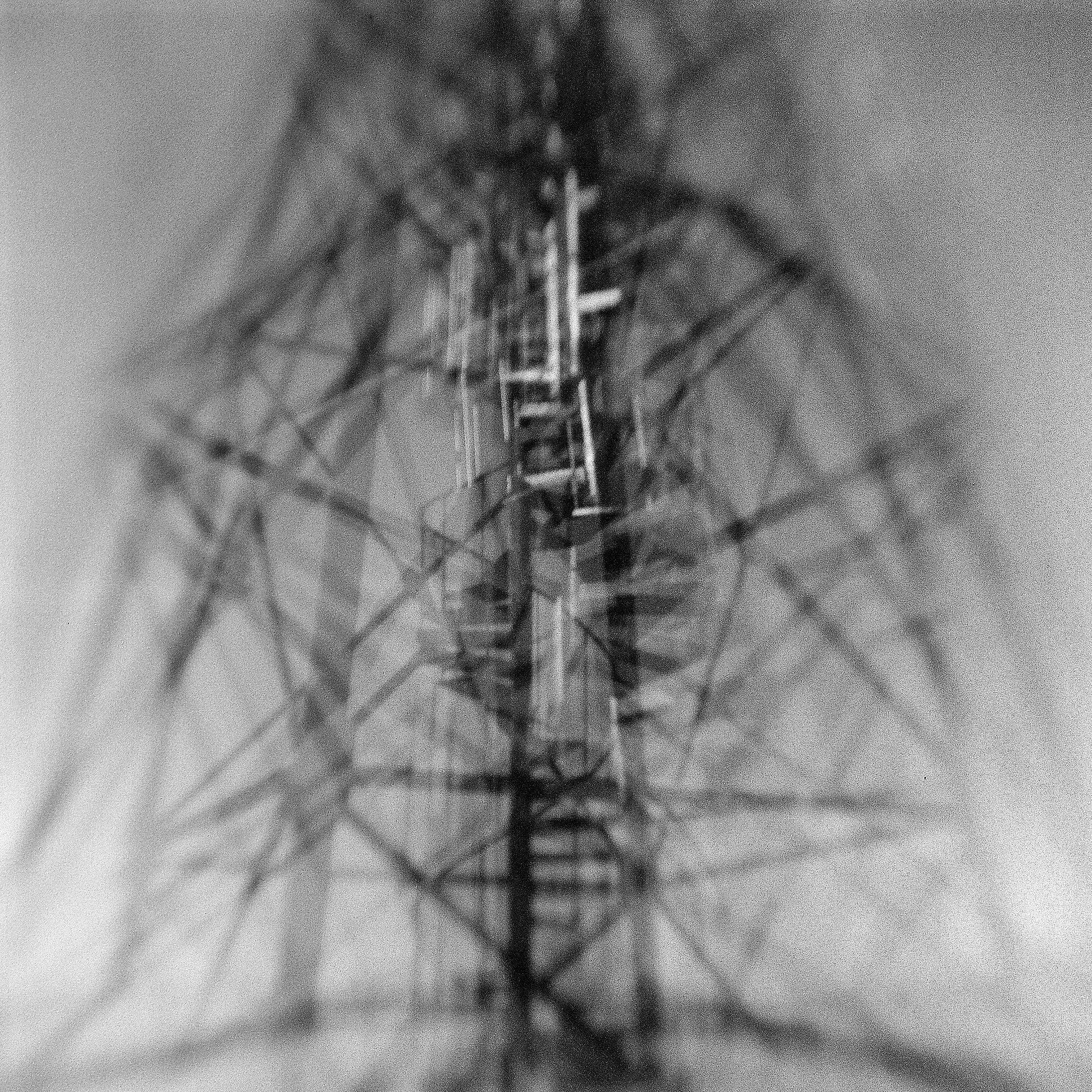
ROBERT SCHNEIDER

AIR

COOP

NO PARKING
VIOLATORS WILL BE TOWED AT VEHICLE OWNER'S EXPENSE
NOTICE
ALL ACTIVITIES MONITORED BY VIDEO CAMERA





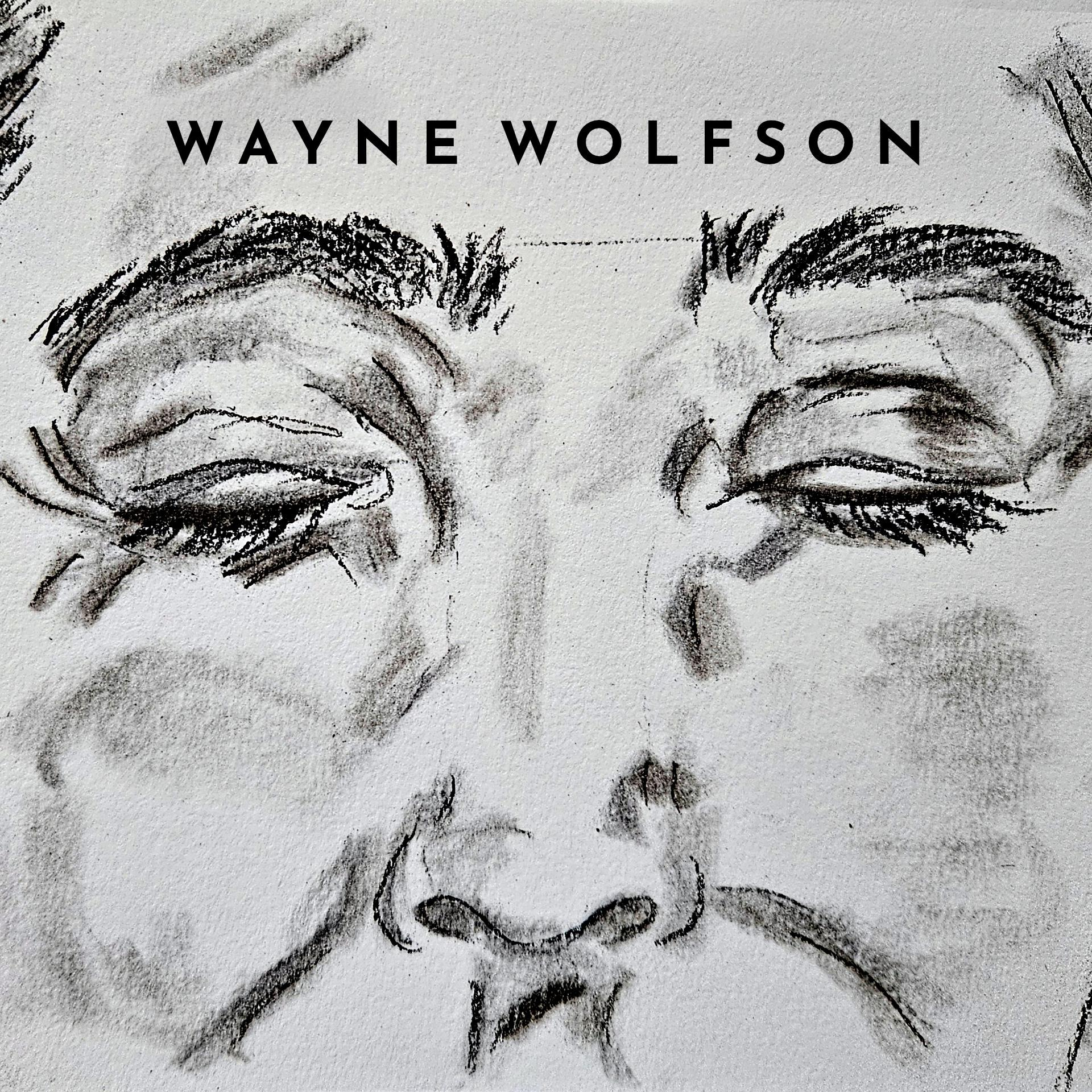
Door
To
Hell

191
HANK'S
BITE SIZE PORTIONS

UNITED

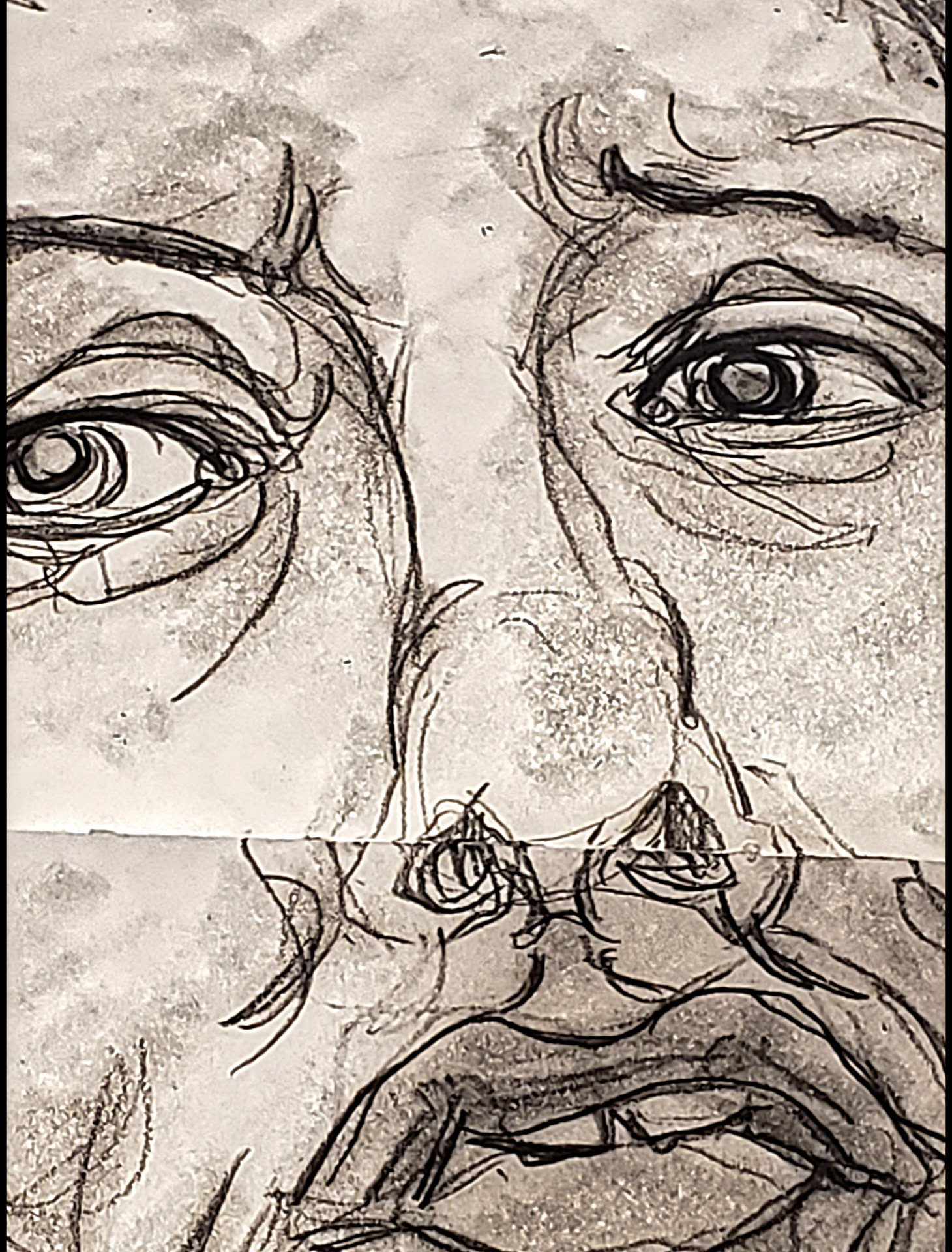
VALUE
+ CHIPS
CHIPS
+ CHIPS
R + CHIPS
TIE + CHIPS
+ CHIPS
S + CHIPS
BURGER + CHIPS
CHIPS
OLL + CHIPS
Y + CHIPS
E + CHIPS
+ CHIPS

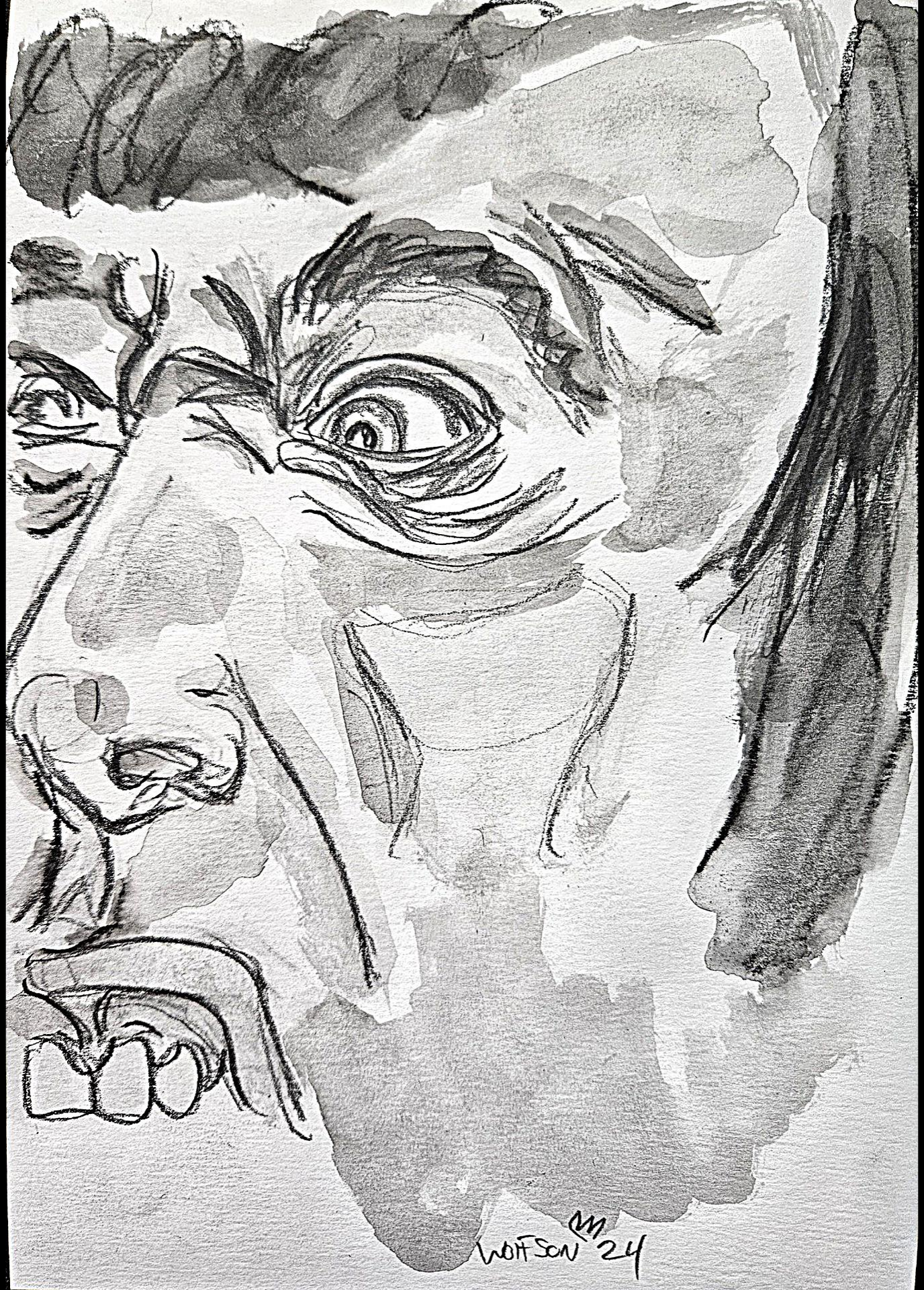
WAYNE WOLFSON



WOLFSON '17

THE WOLFSON '16

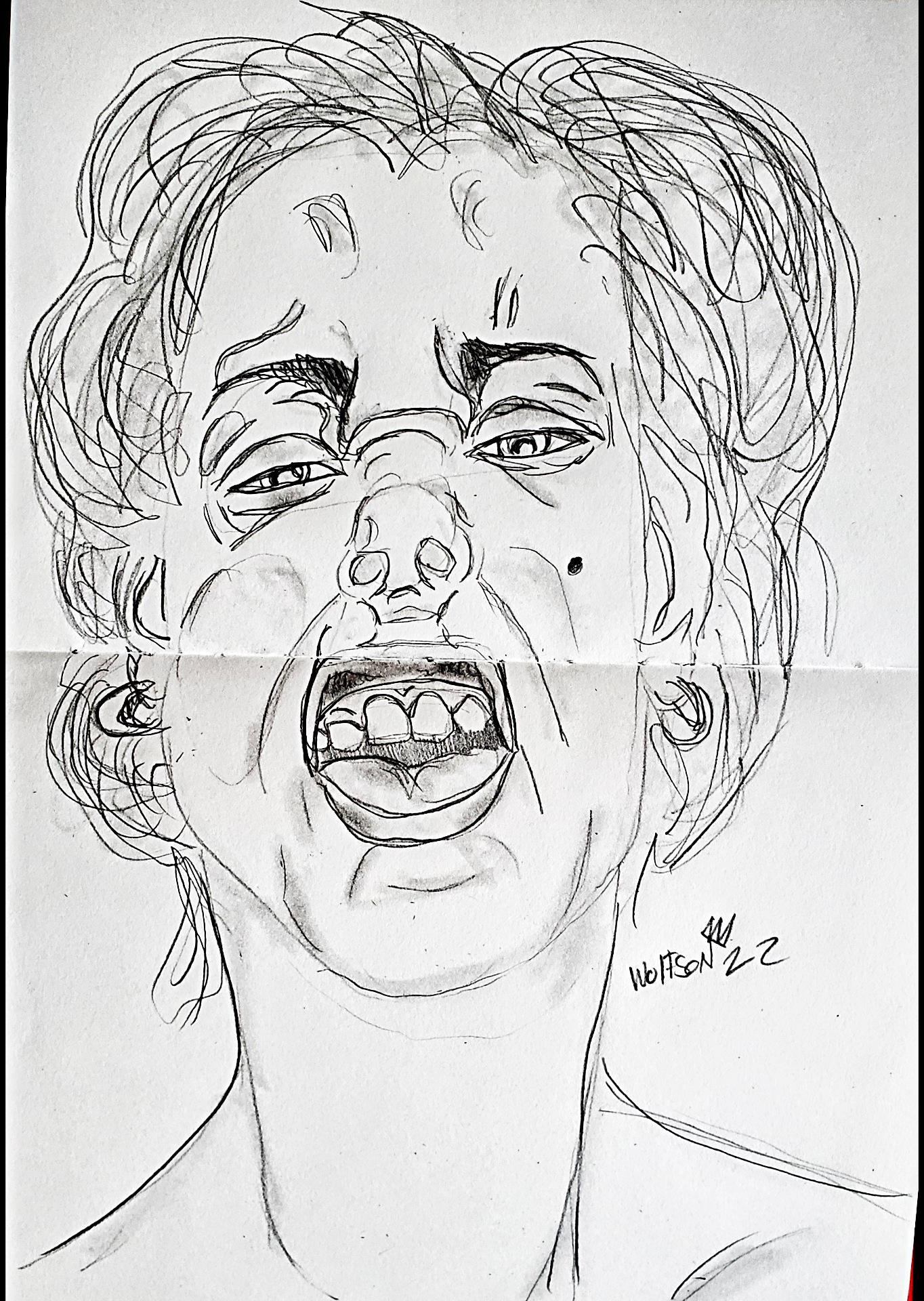



WOLFSON RM 24

WOLFSON 23

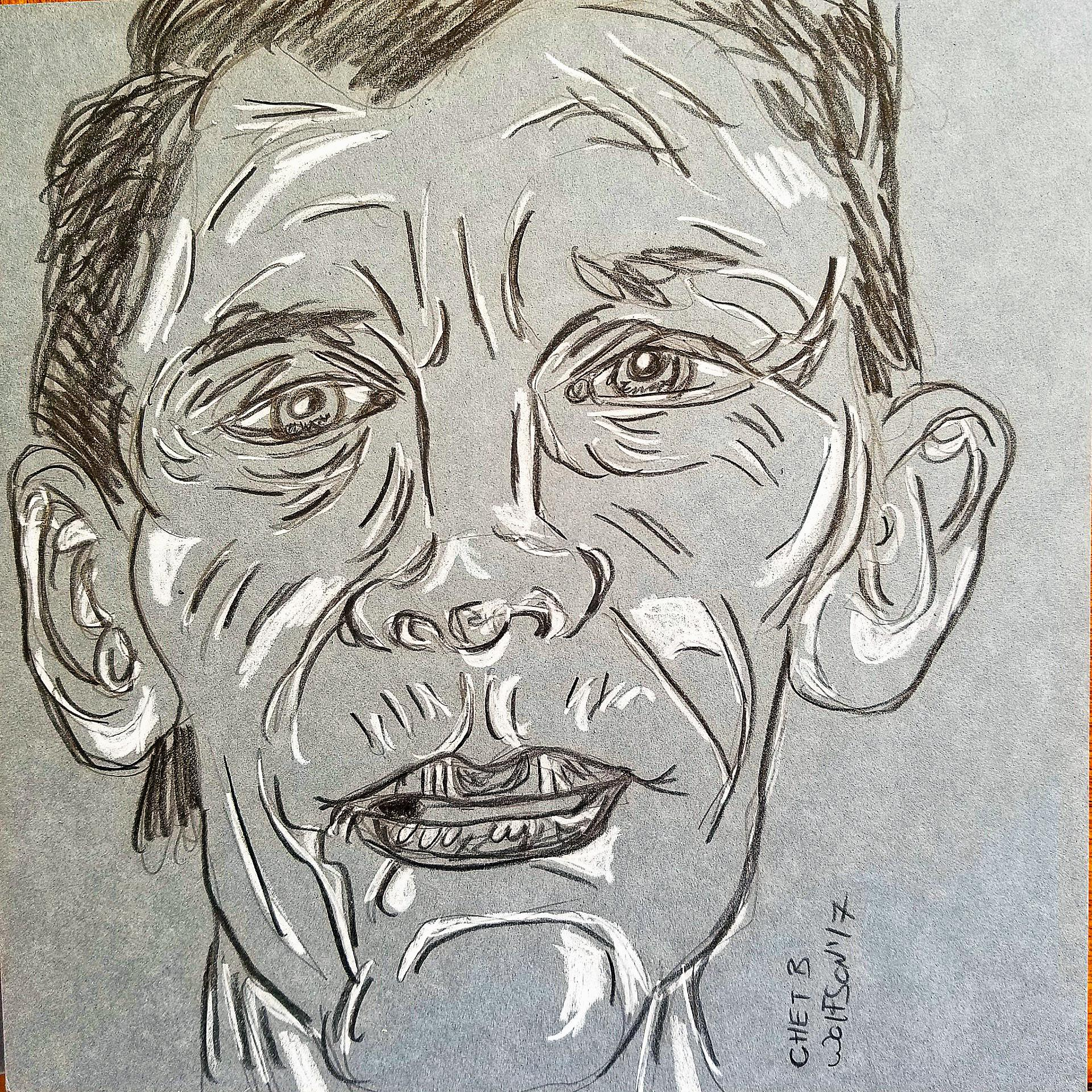
WOLFSON 26

WOLFSON 26


WATSON 22

WOLFKOW 21

WOLFSON
24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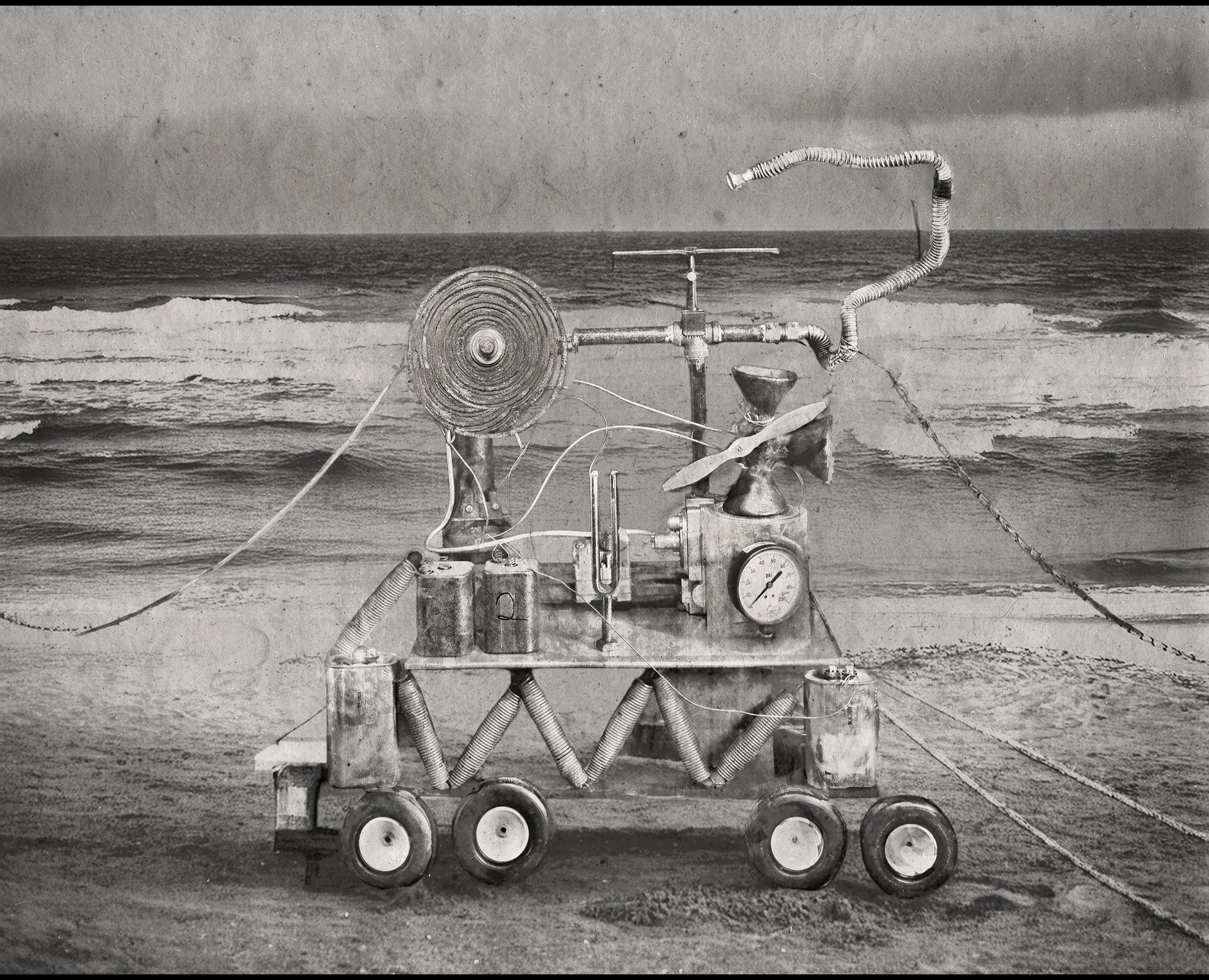
WOLFSON 17

ROBERT SULKIN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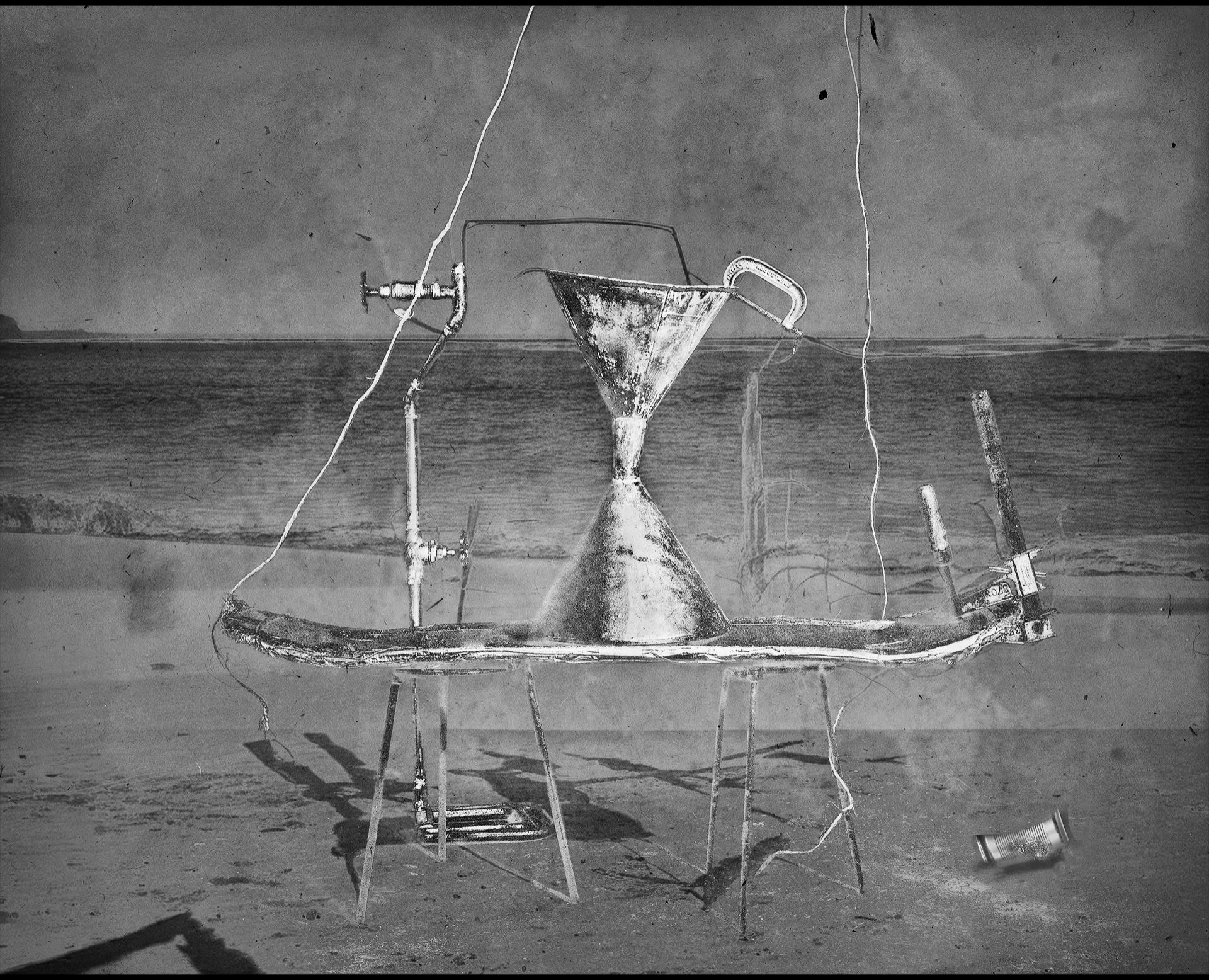
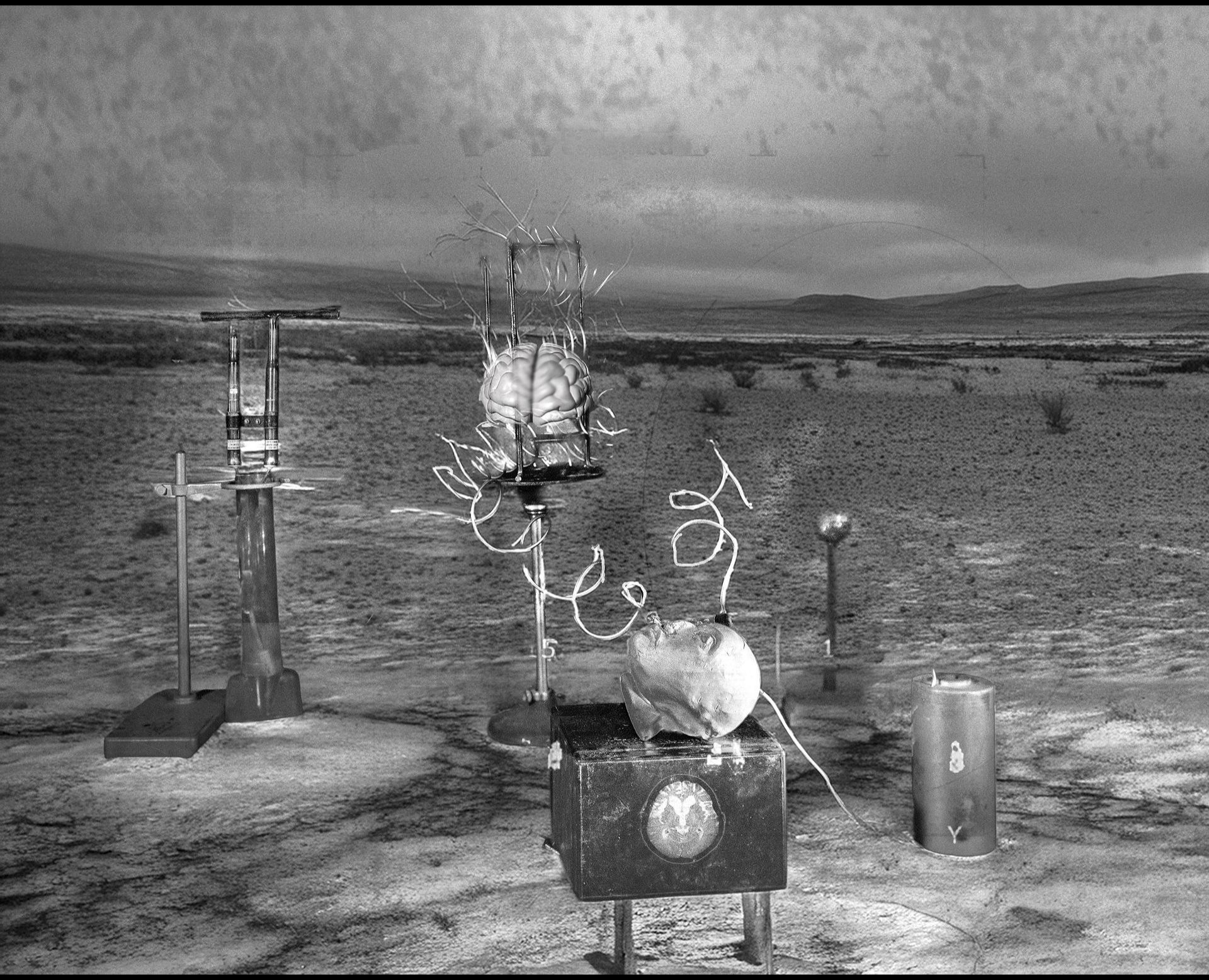
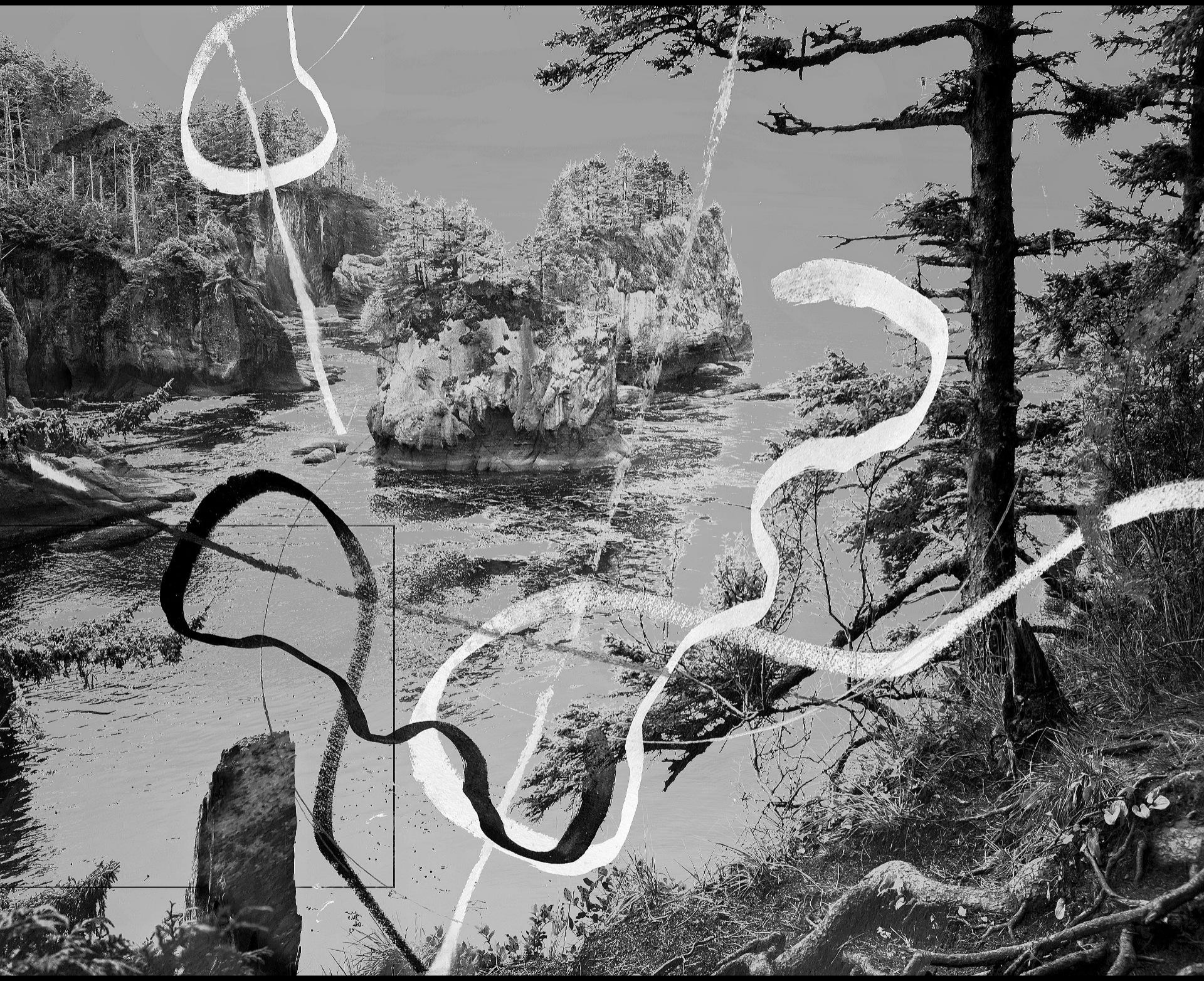






PHIL TAGGART

a pink moon

With a hammer and nails and a fear of failure we are building a shed
- Christopher Thille – "Hear and Heaven" in Goat Rodeo

on the 101 heading home driving towards a pink moon

change / witness fills my heart
words from a community of angels
transcend a bickering magic
we pull together

went to Tommy's yesterday grease burger chili cheese the usual
started in high school Beverly & Rampart lines past midnight

stand outside tables attached to walls somehow this became
a habit not my worst now ask for the senior discount

have slowed down enough to see the moon this pink one's
wow once I knew things but knowledge has changed

Ricky your long straight brown hair brown eyes haunted
wary always thin except when the drugs

plumped you up *wonder what happened to your plaster*
horned toad now we're both bald at Tommy's a few days

before you died you couldn't eat next day drove you to hospice
goodbye now you and the moon stay with me

looks like the onramp to the 126 is also the onramp to a pink moon

Ginsberg's Harmonium

Credo quia absurdum – **Tertullian**

There's no place like home – **Dorothy, The Wizard of Oz**

It was just water / oil floating separating glass on glass
light passes through a mirror lens light magic

at 17 borrowed an overhead projector from chemistry class
SteppenWolf high school assembly *Born to be Wild*
we were cool *Summer of Love*

angelheaded hipsters wheel of amoeba drop of scented color
cell membrane proteus cytoplasm fission twins

hundreds of thousands Ginsberg harmoniums dancing on the head of a pin

it was tubes lighting analog dripping oil into oil into oil again and again

in heaven we emerge on earth we become
waiting for war to find us don't forget the tie-dye

becoming old becoming tomorrow the past
becoming slow becoming weak happy sad becoming sleepy

as time passes we forget ourselves live in fear
and want it all everything is everything all the time

all this time spent becoming something later
the truth is just become now here and now

sometimes I would lose myself eyes connected to a screen
a wall watermelon sugar with colored oils dripping into water
wow

The atomic bombs exploded in the Bikini Islands, at Hiroshima and Nagasaki awakened and irradiated Godzilla. Then the movie. Mothra and the Luminous Twins are part of this pantheon. Mothra_protects the earth. The twins became pop music stars in Japan. Their music has been rediscovered.

Mothra the Twins_Surf City_

the twins_pronounce_*we're back_in the public's_eye*
the movies keep them busy *the new green screen work is*
a bit time consuming but Mother concedes *it helps our mission*

oil spill_Huntington Beach_they're off again
heading south fly over Ormond Beach_Oxnard_
Haalaco_Superfund radioactive_slag heap

seeps to the sea
luminous twins talk over their musical
negotiations American Idiot? Laurie Anderson?
they decide The Industry it's based in LA

the twins ask Mothra if she read about
the Saffer oil tanker off Yemen *yes, we all read about it*
more than a million_barrels of oil on board the ship is still there
decrepit_verge of collapse threatens lives of millions

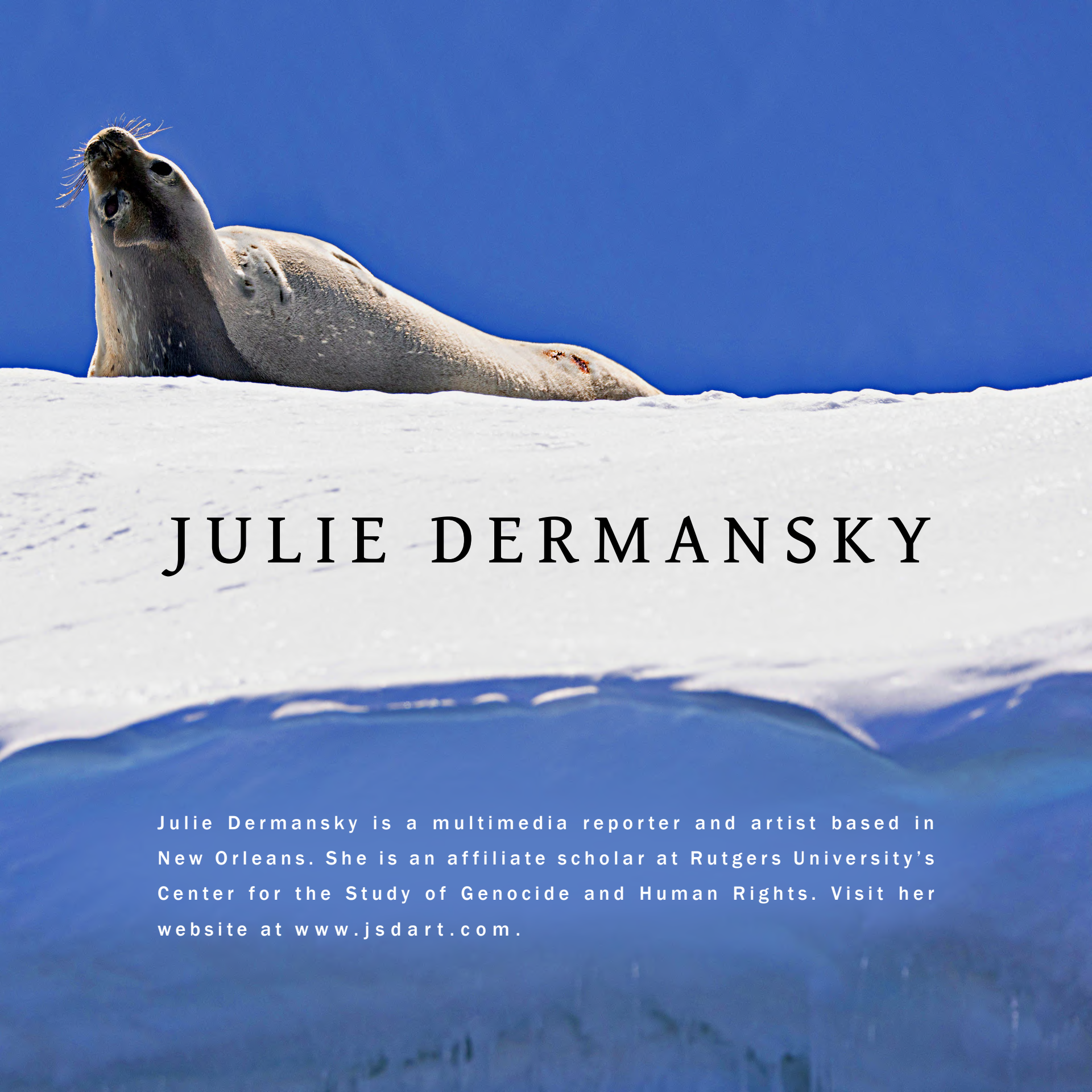
Huntington was always_about oil high school team *the Oilers*
Surfers_can't surf offshore pipeline leak it's_not so bad

Business_is_business business is good

framework rust
hiding under paper
Money_siphoned away

10:09
BY DH DOWLING

ARTIST PAGES



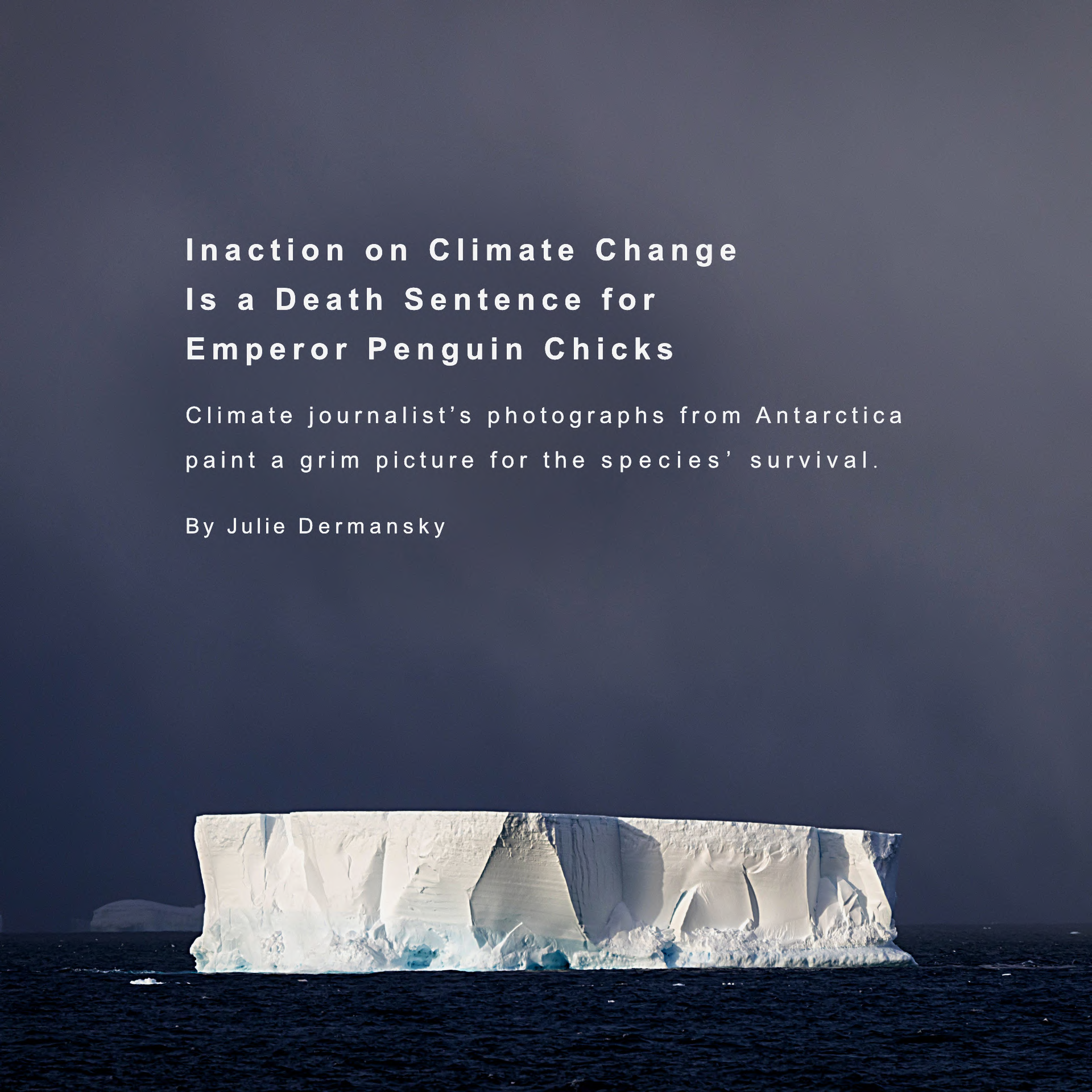
JULIE DERMANSKY

Julie Dermansky is a multimedia reporter and artist based in New Orleans. She is an affiliate scholar at Rutgers University's Center for the Study of Genocide and Human Rights. Visit her website at www.jsdart.com.

Inaction on Climate Change Is a Death Sentence for Emperor Penguin Chicks

Climate journalist's photographs from Antarctica paint a grim picture for the species' survival.

By Julie Dermansky



Inaction on Climate Change Is a Death Sentence for Emperor Penguin Chicks

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By Julie Dermansky

My fellow cruise ship passengers toasted to their luck for being able to partake in a celebratory barbeque on the ship's deck after visiting Snow Hill — a remote island in Antarctica's Weddell Sea that is home to an emperor penguin colony. While it was warm enough to dine outdoors that evening on November 21, I couldn't bring myself to raise a glass.

The unseasonably high temperature that made outdoor dining possible was also melting snow and ice at all of the emperor penguin colonies in Antarctica, condemning to death many of the chicks that we just travelled long distances to observe. Despite the great lengths emperor penguins go to protect their chicks — made famous by the movie March of the Penguins — if the sea ice where they hatch and grow breaks up before they are done fledging they will drown or freeze to death.

I shared my misgivings about the toast to one of the staff members on board. "Antarctica is a pleasant place to experience the apocalypse," he surmised.

Oscar-winning filmmaker Alejandro González Iñárritu and his wife, María Eladia Hagerman, were among the few I met onboard who didn't find the warm temperature something to celebrate. Like me, despite having misgivings about taking a cruise geared towards tourists, they wanted to visit Antarctica to see the emperor penguins before it is too late. Since the only way to get to an emperor penguin colony is with a tour operator, we found ourselves on the same luxury cruise ship.

Also on board were a few of the scientists who co-wrote an alarming study, published on August 24, about catastrophic breeding failures at some emperor penguin colonies last year. Their research pinpointed a direct link between breeding failures in four of five colonies and disappearing sea ice in Antarctica. While we visited Snow Hill on November 16 and 17, they continued their research.

Inaction on Climate Change Is a Death Sentence for Emperor Penguin Chicks

Seabird ecologist Norman Ratcliffe, one of the authors of the report, explained that they attached a satellite device onto several adult emperor penguins that makes it possible for them to track the birds. He noted that the warm weather made adhering the devices to the penguins easier than he expected.

Although visiting Snow Hill was exhilarating, I am haunted by the dead chicks I spotted and pools of melted snow and ice that are a death trap to the remaining chicks that might fall into them. Worse still was my awareness that each step I took was likely speeding up the melting snow and ice. While emperor penguin chicks have a high mortality rate, the scientists confirmed that the number of dead chicks at the colony was not a good sign, nor was the fact that many were smaller than they should be by this time in their development.

Experiencing impacts from climate change is a normal part of life for me, since I am based in Southern Louisiana. I have been reporting on climate impacts and the expansion of the fossil fuel industry in the region for DeSmog for the past decade. Not only have I documented the aftermath of extreme weather events, but I have also lived through a major hurricane that caused catastrophic damage.

While finding numerous dead emperor penguin chicks at the colony on Snow Hill was disturbing, it didn't surprise me. However, the messaging from the travel industry about its efforts to mitigate its contribution to planet-warming emissions did surprise me. The airline and cruise ship industries undeniably have a large carbon footprint. Pledging to move toward net zero emissions isn't the same as cutting them — but these pledges offer travelers the illusion that there is nothing to worry about.

On my flight, a message about Delta's goal to achieve net zero emissions by 2050, and its efforts to create less plastic waste, followed the standard safety instructions over the plane's intercom. After the trip, I learned that a recent InfluenceMap analysis of nearly 300 companies atop the Forbes 2000 list found Delta "to be at significant risk of 'net zero greenwash.'"

Inaction on Climate Change Is a Death Sentence for Emperor Penguin Chicks

Quark Expeditions, the operator of the tour I was on, also touted its plans to cut carbon emissions. Shane Evoy, the expedition leader, told passengers that the company takes pride in being a member of the International Association of Antarctica Tour Operators (IAATO), before going over new rules it set this year.

In hopes of limiting the spread of avian flu in Antarctica that threatens to kill countless animals, IAATO is restricting access to some of the popular disembarkation spots that tour operators shuttle guests to on zodiac boats. It also set new rules prohibiting visitors from setting down anything that hasn't been disinfected first and establishing distances people need to keep from the penguins. While the flu is already devastating some penguin colonies and sea mammals, it hasn't spread to any of the emperor penguin colonies yet, according to the scientists onboard the ship.

Another new rule requires helicopter passengers to wear a waterproof suit. Though likely set with safety in mind, the rule doesn't seem to take into account the warming temperatures.

Quark provided guests with wetsuits to wear on the brief helicopter ride from the ship to Snow Hill, and on short aerial tours that were offered. Like most wetsuits, the ones the company purchased were made of neoprene, a synthetic material that doesn't allow skin to breathe.

These neoprene wetsuits clash with the company's message of environmental stewardship. While most wetsuits are made of neoprene, wetsuits made of nontoxic materials are now available.

A host of toxic chemicals are emitted during the manufacturing process of neoprene, including chloroprene, a likely human carcinogen.

In late 2016, the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency informed the predominantly Black community that lives closest to the DuPont/Denka plant just outside New Orleans — which makes neoprene — that they have a lifetime risk of cancer from air pollution that is 800 times higher than the national average.

I have covered that community's fight for clean air since then, as well as a growing number of communities in Cancer Alley fighting for environmental justice, which made putting on the suit a bit cringeworthy to me.

Like others on the trip, I wore layers under and over the suit, as we were advised to do in case the temperatures dropped suddenly while we were at Snow Hill. The suit made the one-mile trek from where the helicopter let us off to the penguin colony more strenuous than it otherwise would have been. Many grumbled that the wetsuits were causing them to overheat.

On the last night of the trip, I talked to Iñárritu about his work and the intensifying climate crisis. He told me that he is currently developing a project about the large ice sheet that detached from the Larsen Ice Shelf, which is located in the Weddell Sea, and that his next film will take a satirical approach to addressing climate change.

He was excited to visit the Weddell Sea and be in close proximity to where a large part of the Larsen Ice Shelf broke off years ago. But he felt conflicted about taking this trip. "We as tourists or whatever we are doing here are participating in destroying the things that we care about," he said. The trash created and fuel burned in the operation of the massive cruise ships like the one we were on undeniably has a negative environmental impact.

He fears the growing Antarctic tourism industry will be disastrous to the animals in the region, and doesn't plan to return unless he has an important reason to be there.

"We are not rational beings. We are emotional beings," he explained. "So even when the facts and our bodies are sensing the change of weather, and we are seeing the facts, facts mean nothing." For this reason, he predicted that when I publish photographs of the dead chicks we encountered, partially buried in the snow, those who have an interest in maintaining the status quo will dismiss the visual documentation I produced as propaganda.

Inaction on Climate Change Is a Death Sentence for Emperor Penguin Chicks

Those profiting from destructive things create their own narratives to manipulate people's emotions. The age of alternative facts has rendered documentary work less likely to inspire meaningful change. This explains why titans of the fossil fuel industry, like Exxon and Shell, have been able to rebrand themselves as the arbiters of finding a climate solution, despite being exposed for misleading the public about their products' role in driving the climate crisis in the first place.

Iñárritu expressed respect for journalists who try to raise awareness about climate change, which he actively tries to do as well. After he won his second Oscar for directing The Revenant, a movie filmed in the Arctic that stars Leonardo DiCaprio, they used their shared platform to discuss climate change.

However, Iñárritu is fearful that even the latest tragic climate milestones that made the news while we were on the trip will not result in meaningful action to stop climate change fast enough to save the emperor penguins.

While we were in Antarctica, the average global temperature had spiked above 2 degrees Celsius for first time, Taylor Swift had needed to cancel a concert after a fan died from the heat, and a massive iceberg in Antarctica that has been stuck on the bottom of the Weddell Sea for the last 30 years in now on the move.

The results of COP28 proved him right. The gathering ended with an unenforceable pledge to transition away from the fossil fuels that are warming the planet.

Besides not nearly enough meaningful action to curtail climate warming emissions globally to slow climate change, the expansion of the fossil fuel industry along Louisiana's Gulf Coast that I have been documenting, has left me with little doubt that emperor penguins will join a growing number of species now extinct.

In retrospect, I think holding a wake instead of a celebratory dinner after getting all of us to the emperor penguin colony would have felt more appropriate. I would have raised a glass in honor of the dead chicks, and the species as a whole, that our continued reliance on fossil fuels has jeopardized.

LUKE
HANNAM

Biography 2026

Luke Hannam is an English painter born in 1966 in Oxford. Hannam grew up in Derbyshire on the edge of the Peak District which he describes as having a profound effect on his imagination and inner resourcefulness. He often describes his childhood as happy but troubled by school and curious about the wide open spaces of the countryside. Hannam describes himself to this day as a day dreamer with a very strong work ethic.

He studied art initially at Chesterfield college in the early 1980s where he spent most of his time drawing and enjoying the fully immersive positivity of being around like minded tutors and peers. He was spotted early by the head of printmaking who was also the life class tutor as having a natural ability to draw from the figure. Hannam remembers this as a formative experience and the beginning of his journey as an artist.

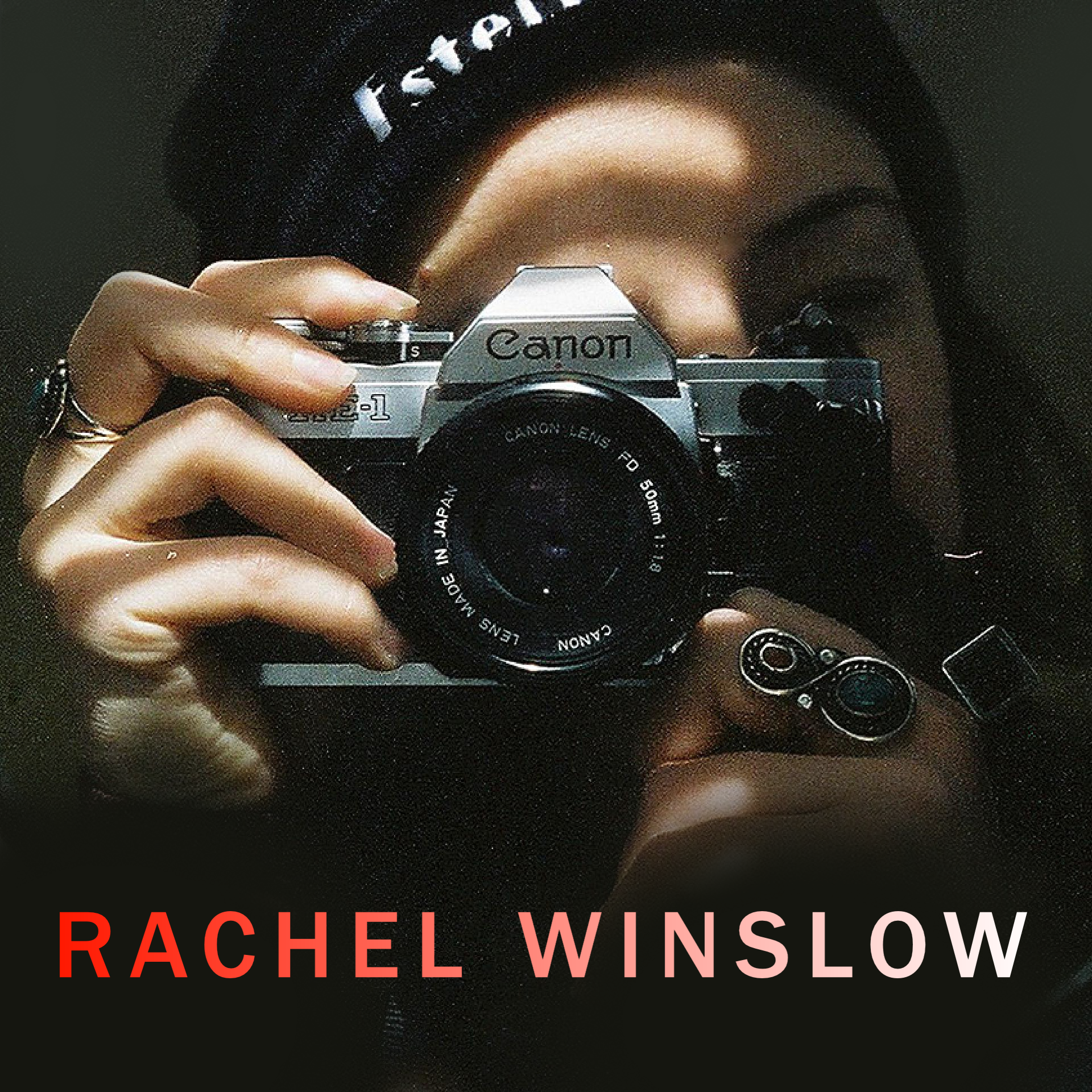
Hannam went on to study at Canterbury College of Art where he was tutored by Mali Morris RA, Stass Paraskos and Rob Welch, all of whom he cites as having a major effect on his approach to painting. After graduating, Hannam moved to the North-East of England principally to paint, but also to make music. Hannam found success as a musician in the 1990s initially with his band ENC, but later with his second project GRAMME that signed to Trevor Jackson's hugely influential record label ‘Output Records’. Post Punk, hip-hop and Dance culture went on to have a major impact on Hannam’s creative personality, establishing a deep commitment to mixing languages and styles, which later proved to be so fundamental in his painting. His approach to bass playing has often been compared to the way he draws and paints – passionate, brutal and distinctly beautiful.

Hannam returned to painting as a central focus of his creative output in the early noughties, although he has continued to write, record and tour with his band Gramme. After exhibiting in a number of provincial galleries across the UK, Luke secured representation with Anima Mundi, directed by Joe Clarke. During this time, he held two major solo exhibitions with the gallery: *The Compass and Rosary* (2021) and *God's Body and Devil Chains* (2023). Both shows were well received and contributed to the growing international recognition of his work.

His work has also been exhibited at the Saatchi Gallery and 8 Holland Street. In addition, Hannam presented a solo exhibition in Narrowsburg, New York, alongside *The Weight of Colour* at Sarah Kravitz Gallery in London.

Hannam is no longer represented by Anima Mundi gallery which he felt was restricting his need to furiously experiment. Hannam represents his own work and values his turbulent practise which he says does not require fixing. His career continues to evolve, his work is collected internationally and he is currently considering possible collaborations with galleries and future shows, but the emphasis is on making paintings and developing his teaching practise through his own art school Practise Room which is rapidly gathering respect and engagement around the world.

https://www.instagram.com/lukehannampaintings/



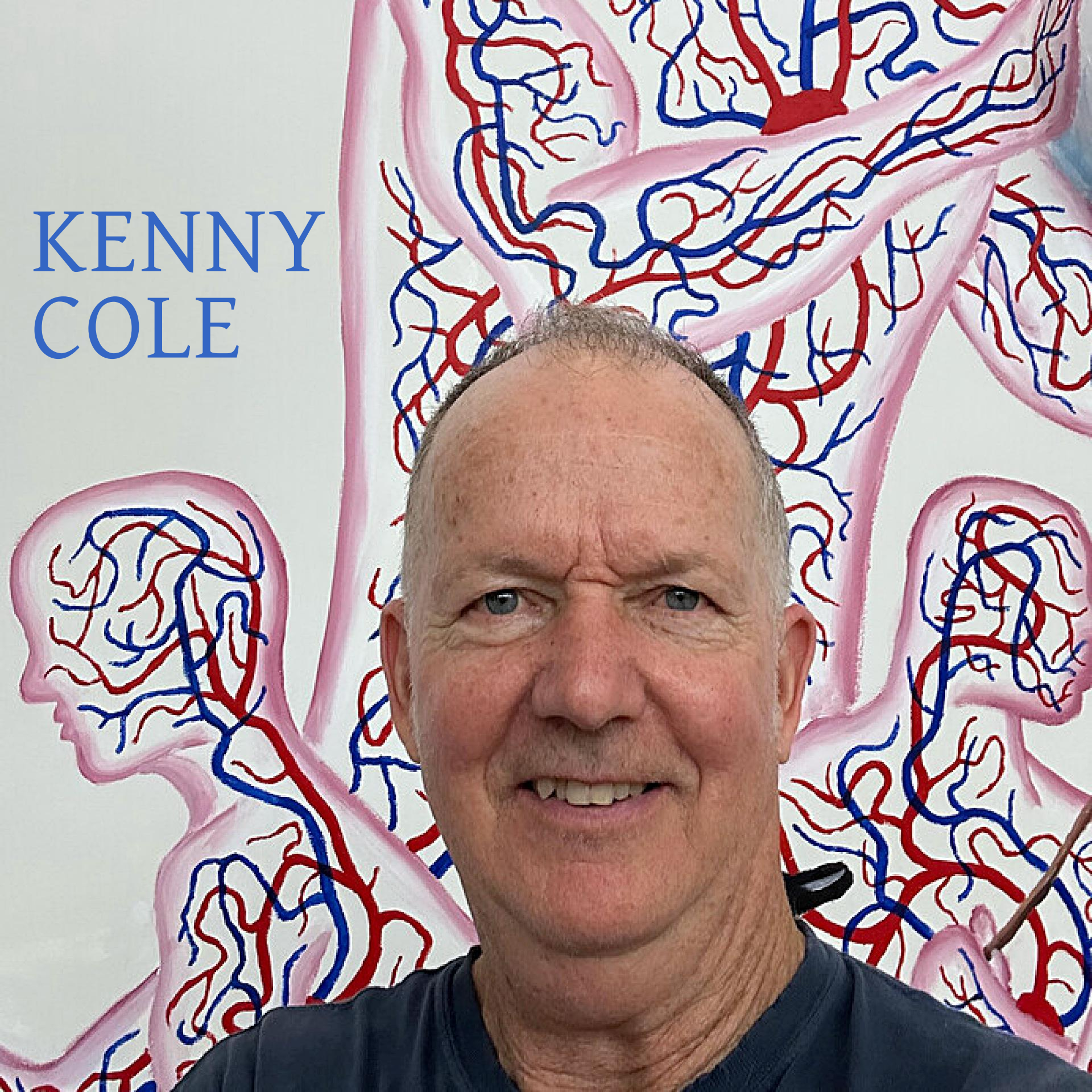
RACHEL WINSLOW

Rachel Winslow is an experimental analog photographer and innkeeper based in Leland, Michigan. Working exclusively with film and Polaroids, she embraces the unpredictability of vintage, toy, and homemade cameras to create images that feel both intimate and otherworldly. Her process often incorporates expired film, prisms, and in-camera multiple exposures to transform fleeting moments into layered and abstract compositions rich with texture and light.

Rachel first picked up a camera 18 years ago, driven by a quiet curiosity about how the world could be transformed through a lens. While many photographers aim to capture life exactly as it appears, Rachel was drawn to the opposite - to images that shift reality, bending color, light, and perspective into something more dreamlike. Over the years, her work has continued to explore the space between reality and imagination, using the camera not just to document the world, but to reinterpret it into images that feel more like memories or fragments of a dream.

https://www.instagram.com/rachelwinslow/

KENNY COLE



As an artist, looking at one's own artwork, I can see all my various intentions and the things that I believe are my successes and failures. When a viewer comes along and selects a large grouping of work that interests them and, to them, feels like a representation of me, I suddenly see in their selection a form of chaos, a different perspective and that my ideas of success and failure are being turned on their head. This out of sync perspective happens more than I would like or think. I have my own intentions with my work and I work towards developing ideas, motifs and themes and invariably someone else's perspective sees pieces that, to my mind, are secondary and pulls them to the fore from outside of my plan or order. This invariably throws me off, puzzles me and gives me pause… They are finding qualities, features and even contexts that I am unable or maybe unwilling to see. This is probably one of the best things that can happen to an artist and, may even be the ultimate purpose of being an artist. It is the moment or transition point when the creation leaves the studio and takes its place in the world. It is a two-way street; the viewer discovers an image or expression, reacts to it, and projects his, her or their own thoughts and feelings onto it as a sounding board and gives the work a purpose to their needs, the artist, in turn, has just gained a collaborator, for better or worse, and the work as a result is changed slightly. For this edition of Furious Pure my 32 pieces span a 40-year period. This alone is hard for me to fathom…what have I been doing all of these years? Seeing and feeling the curatorial choices, I realize that I have been digging into my own psyche more than I've realized, which, in turn, has been a reflection of the human psyche, condition and travails of my time, time past and time future. There is self portraiture, existence inside of caves, creatures living within us, manifestations of our innate violence, smoke, laughter, grimacing and tears…a frenetic waving of schematic stripes of color, clarion calls against our worst and sadly most absurd behaviors and actions, a foreboding and a hopelessness. I thought that I was getting somewhere, but I now see that we all have always been in the same place. The gun battle scene among coffins, I could easily dismiss and forget as a moment of self contemplation, created in my early 30s at a moment when my coming of age relationships had begun to deteriorate for the first time, yet my more recent trio of head-on missiles breaking through the pitch of phosphorescent pink smoke and clouds, aimed squarely towards the gaze of the viewer, I now see as an equally self-reflective, contemplation of life and death. We humans have created tools. Will we mount our massive technological weapons of war on melting ice floes, will we continue to cheer on funny men in funny clothes despite the signs of destruction and degradation they engender, will we read the tea leaves or look for the forms and shapes in the curling and billowing smoke to see our own identity, nature and reflection? Thank you for resurrecting my work from its vault, allowing me to see clearer and hopefully helping others to see clearer too.

– Kenny Cole, March 2026

https://www.kennycole.com/

DAVID TRINIDAD

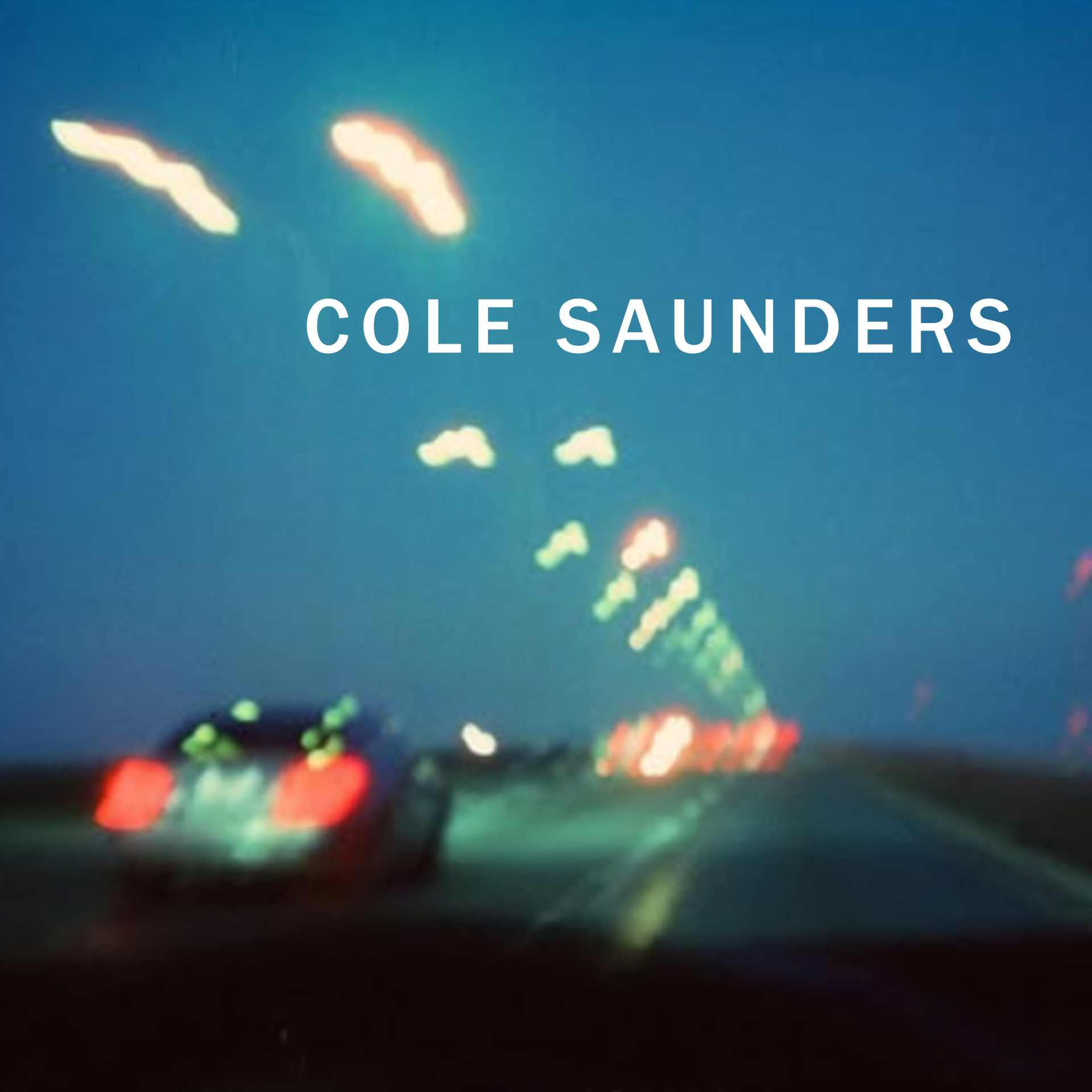
David Trinidad's most recent books are New Playlist (Pitt Poetry Series) and Hollywood Cemetery (Green Linden Press). He lives in Los Angeles, CA

MARK GLEASON

Mark Gleason is an oil painter based in the San Francisco Bay Area. His work explores the tension between figuration and implication, drawing viewers into dreamlike worlds rich with emotional depth and quiet mystery. Through subtle distortion and evocative imagery, Gleason creates paintings that linger in ambiguity, inviting personal interpretation.

Mark's work has been exhibited internationally. Following a long career in teaching, he has turned his full focus to painting.

https://www.markgleason.org/



COLE SAUNDERS

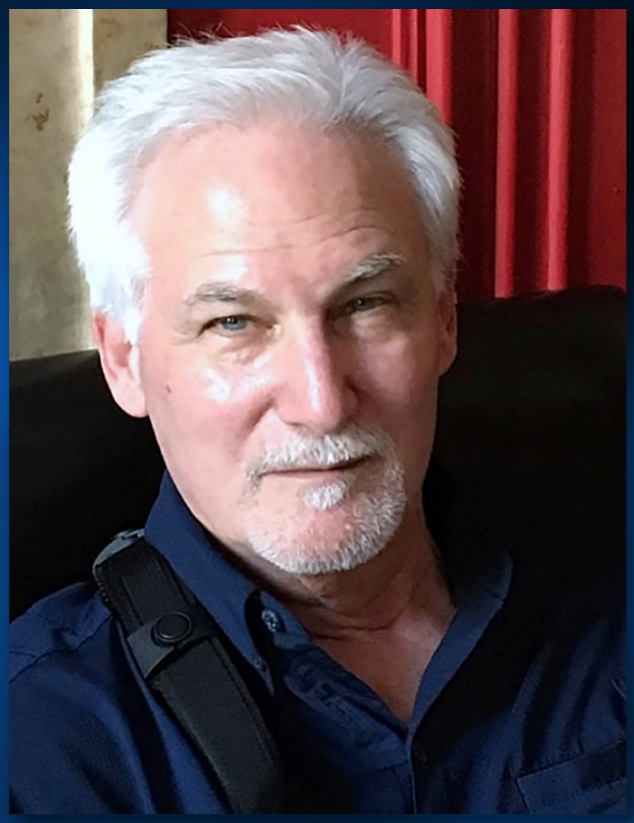
Lost Era is an audio-visual project I have been working on since 2020. It was originally intended to be the name of a band I would eventually start, but self-expression through photography took over. My main goal is to make the mundane appear otherworldly, or at the very least, interesting enough to take a moment and immerse yourself. I aim to capture feelings of dreamlike nostalgia, but for memories that are not your own. Certain scenes come alive when the light hits the right way, and I find this is the best technique to preserve them. I often try to use the camera as an instrument that paints light onto the film, to create something with more emotion than what my eyes could see. Some moments are so pure that I try my best to hold it steady while the shutter is open.

Embracing imperfections and limitations is a key part of my style, because I think it showcases some humanity and authenticity. Personally, I believe that this applies to all forms of art. Perfectionism can lead to the death of creativity. It is difficult to let go, and put a piece of yourself on display for the world to see. The weight of judgment is heavy. There is so much pressure that artists seem to put on themselves to be deemed "good" or acceptable by traditional standards. I think it leads to imitation, and polishing over the quirks that make something distinctly yours. I know I've struggled with that from the beginning, and of course I still catch myself drifting into those traps. Experimentation is high-risk, and it gives the highest rewards.

– Cole Saunders, 2026

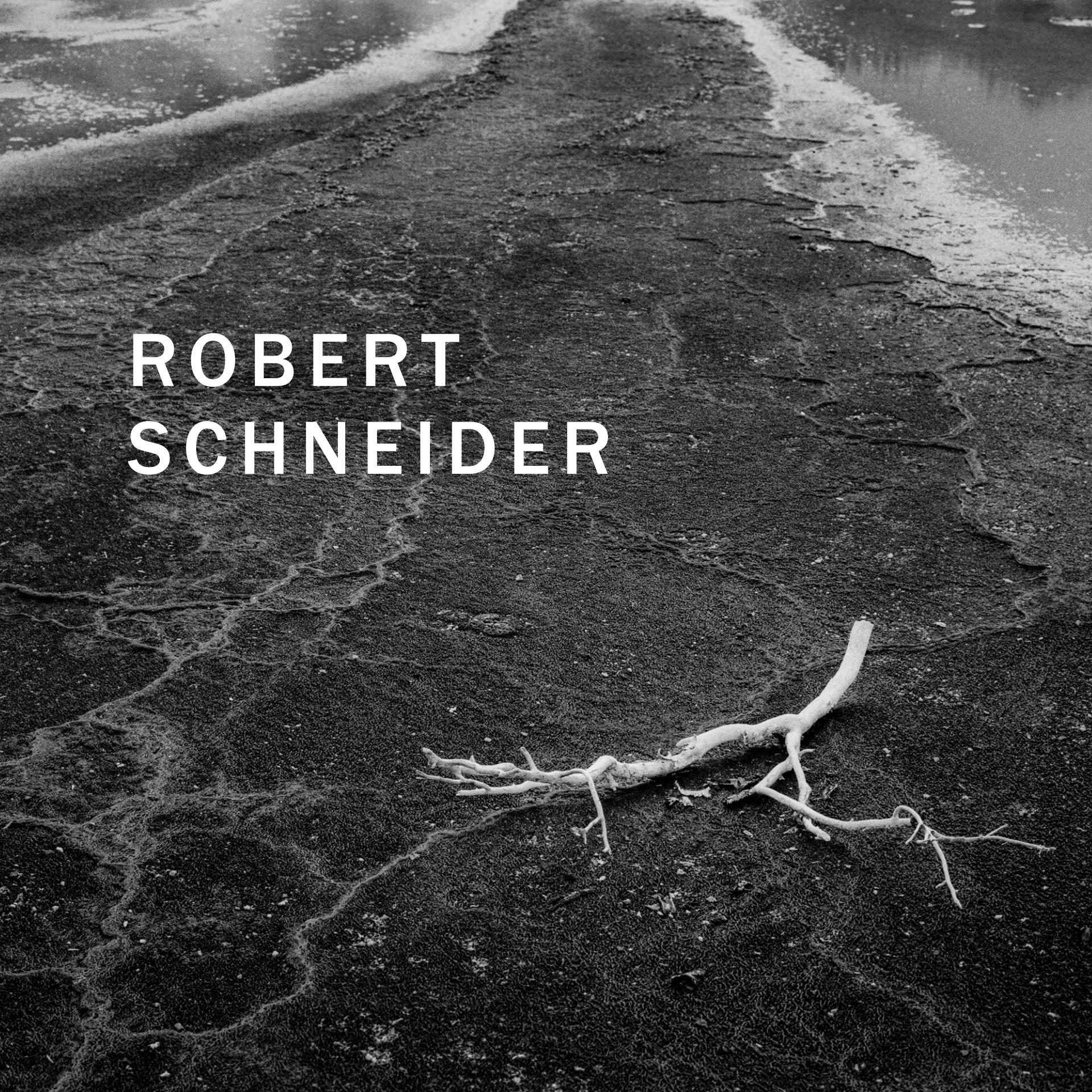
https://www.instagram.com/_lost_era_/

JIM NATAL



Los Angeles poet and literary presenter Jim Natal is the author of five full-length poetry books including *Spare Room: Haibun Variations* and *Memory and Rain* as well as the chapbook *Étude in the Form of a Crow.* A new collection, *Everything Changes Everything*, is forthcoming in 2026. The co-founder of indie publishing house Conflux Press, his work has appeared widely in journals and anthologies.

https://www.jimnatal.com/



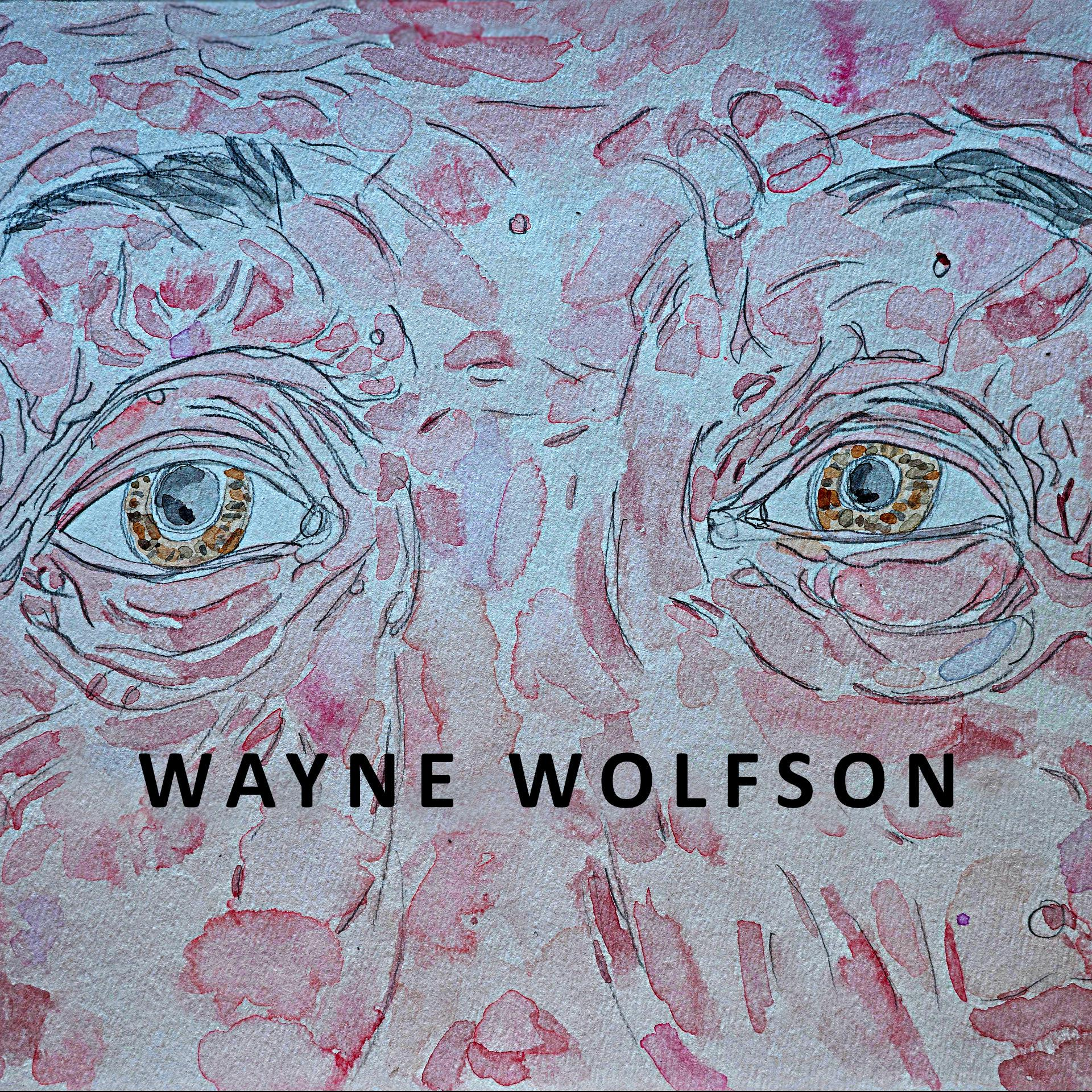
ROBERT SCHNEIDER

“If you want to make photographs, all you do is point the camera at whatever you wish; click the shutter whenever you want. If you want to judge a good photograph, ask yourself: Is life like that? The answer must be yes and no, but mostly yes.”
—— Charles Harbutt

Robert Schneider is a photographer based in Alameda, CA. To be fancy one could say Rob works “intuitively.” More directly that means he photographs what catches his eye — usually something graphically/geometrically interesting, something off-kilter, or something that’s just amusing for any number of reasons. What did Garry Winogrand say? “I photograph to see what things look like photographed, by me.” That works.

Rob has studied with Charles Harbutt, Eugene Richards, and Sylvia Plachy. Rob loves to work with both old and odd film cameras and expired film. They tend to make photography a little more complicated as well as more of a game.

http://robertschneider.com/



WAYNE WOLFSON

Brush in Hand

For my entire life I have always drawn and written. I only ever would have considered myself an author and for many years that was the only public face I wore. Slowly, I started really working at my visual work too, gaining skill as I became more and more serious about it.

I am completely self-taught. Being well outside of the academic, studio and gallery systems as well as trends has allowed me to follow my own North Star and develop my own voice.

Traditional beauty has always bored me, it becomes generic and forgettable as soon as it is no longer in front of your face. All of my work has always been about wanting the viewer to feel something and have it linger after the fact.

I want to capture emotions, never worrying about their categorizations (happy, sad, angry, aroused, et al). If it is real, it is beautiful.

One of my greatest pleasures is portraying flesh with paint. I want the viewer to sense the blood throbbing just below the surface of the skin, the gooniness of flesh.

Always, I have been most into my recent works. I do not disavow my older stuff but never go back to look either. In seeing where I have been, it is better than I remembered it. It shows that it was an organic evolution with hints of today found yesterday.

https://www.waynewolfson.com/

ROBERT SULKIN

There is a level of inscrutability to much of my work as unexpected phenomena occur against altered and often apocalyptic landscapes. These might involve a large drawn eye on the side of a vibrating sheep, funky Rube Goldberg machines against a grainy sea, images from old Life magazines against a warped landscape and a series of abstract drawings placed in nature as though they might belong. While these images might struggle to find a place in the so-called rational world, I strive to give them a home in the world of each being a photograph, providing the viewer with a new experience, born in dreams, nightmares, musings, and the subconscious. It is important to me that they maintain a reference to actual familiar things and that they are presented in visually coherent ways that honor traditional formal values associated with black and white photography.

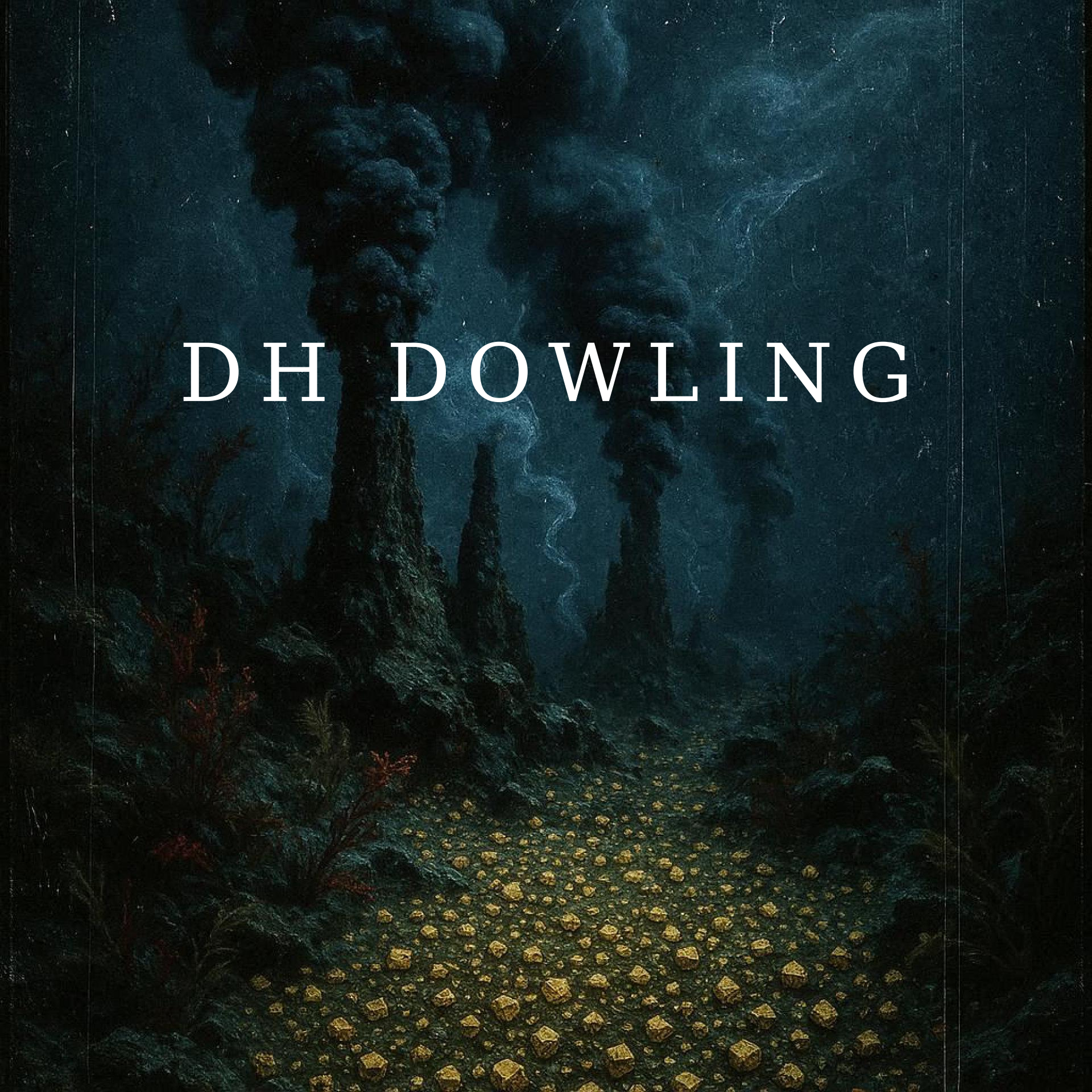
– Robert Sulkin, 2026

https://www.robertsulkin.com/

PHIL TAGGART

Phil Taggart was the 2nd Ventura County Poet Laureate. His last two books are, *Walking the Dog in a Time of Rage* and *Rick Sings*. He teaches Broadcast Digital Media at El Camino High School at Ventura College. Phil is running a regular poetry reading at EP Foster Library and helps with The Ventura County Poetry Festival at Studio Channel Islands in Camarillo.

In 2009, Phil was named "Champion of Mental Health" by the Turning Point Foundation with recognition from various government electeds including US Congresswoman Lois Capps and President Barack Obama. This was in part because of his work in bringing awareness of homelessness and mental illness to the community at large, through his poetry, photography and video work (Rick Sings). Phil grew up in South Whittier and lives in Ventura with Marsha de la O. www.PhilTaggartPoet.com



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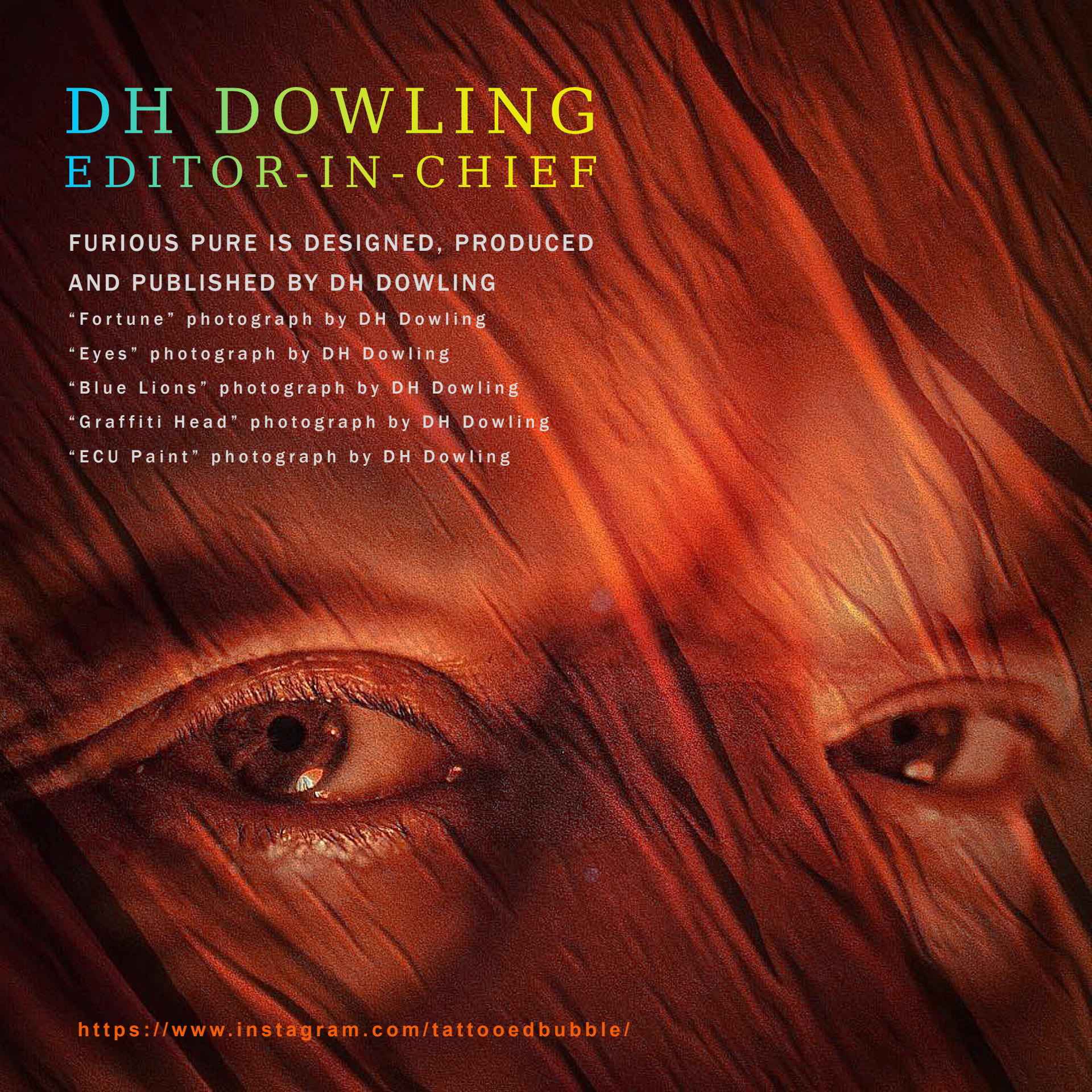

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HOLADAY MASON
POETRY EDITOR

"David Trinidad" and "Phil Taggart"
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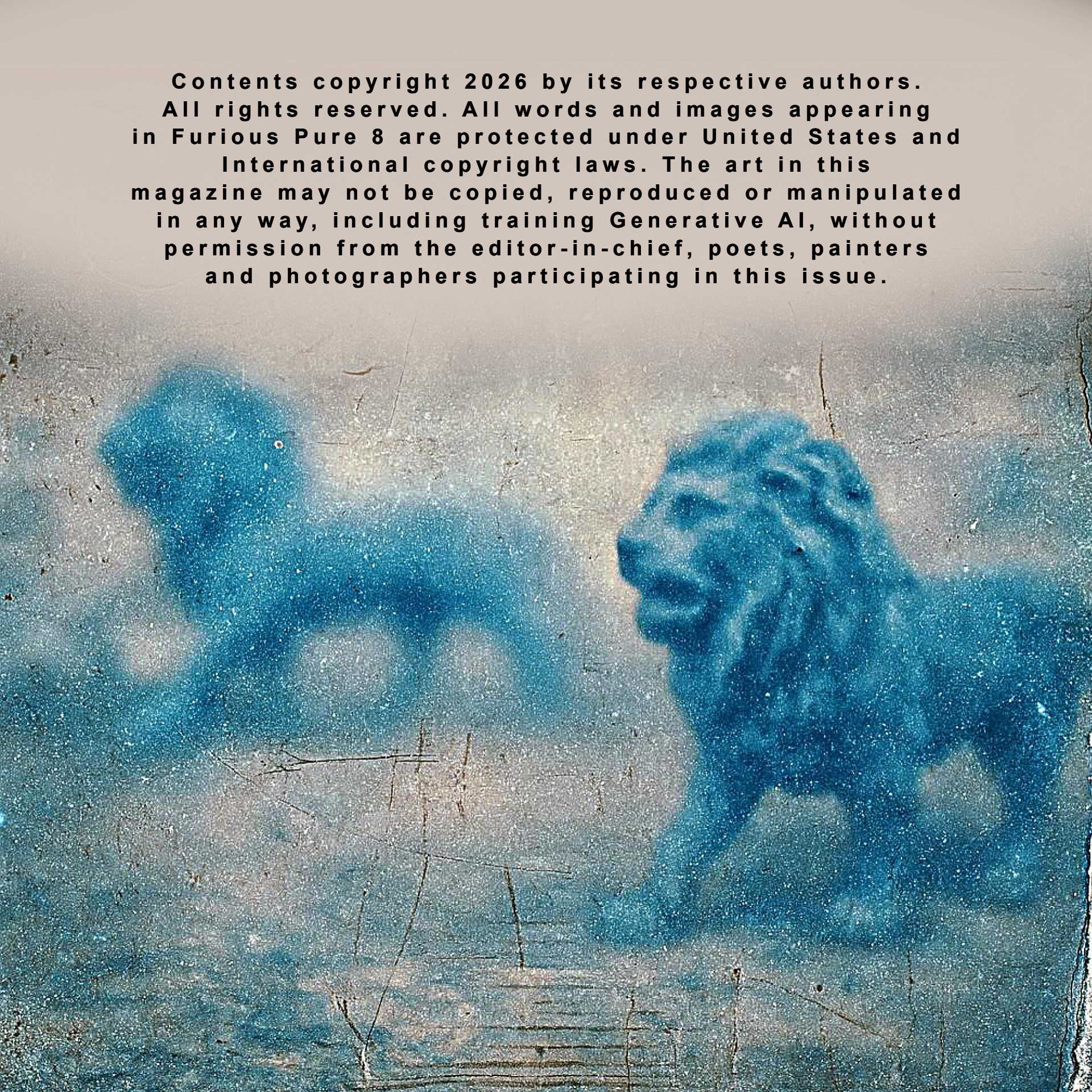

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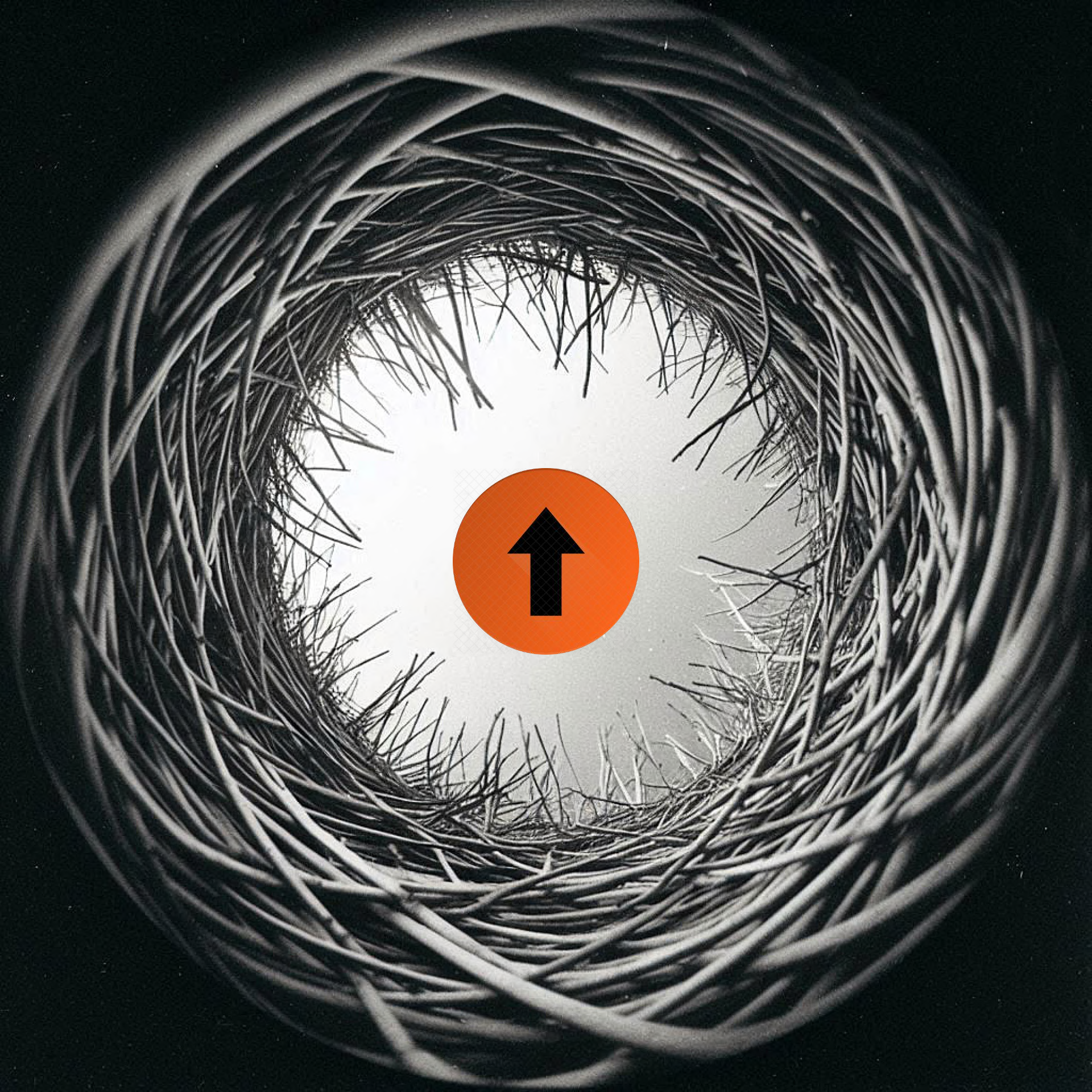
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