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COVER ART: "DoubleRedPearl" BY VICTOR RODRIGUEZ



























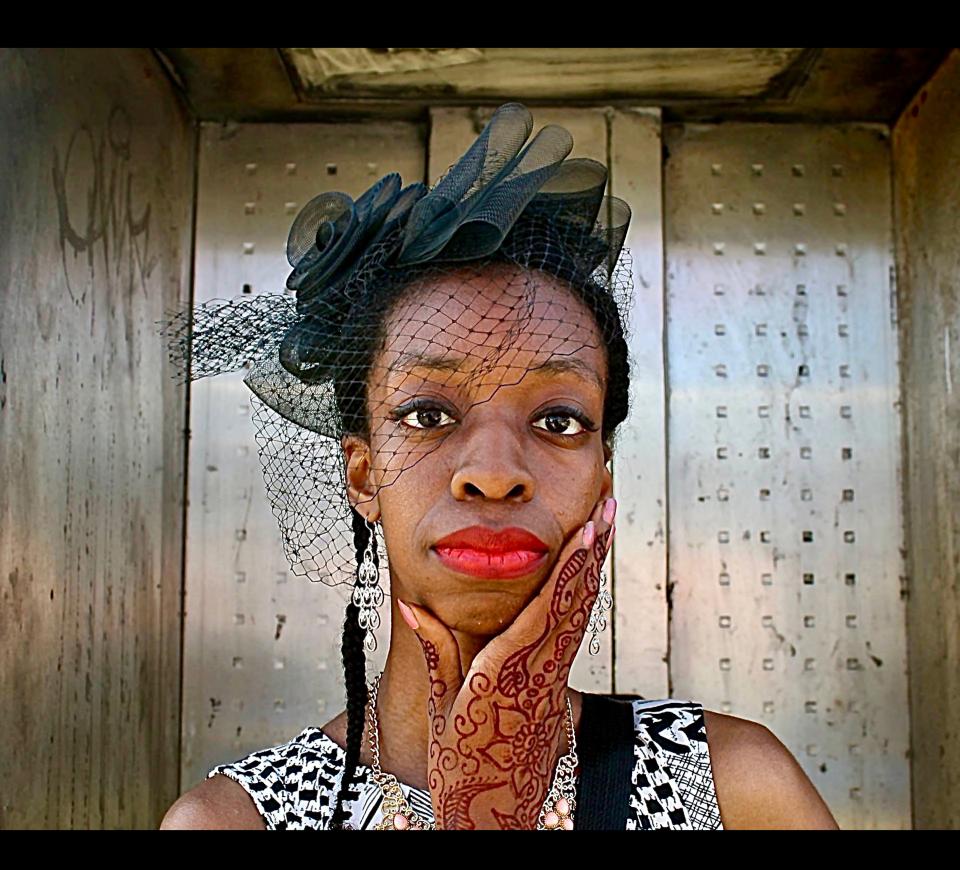




























## ARREARTOR























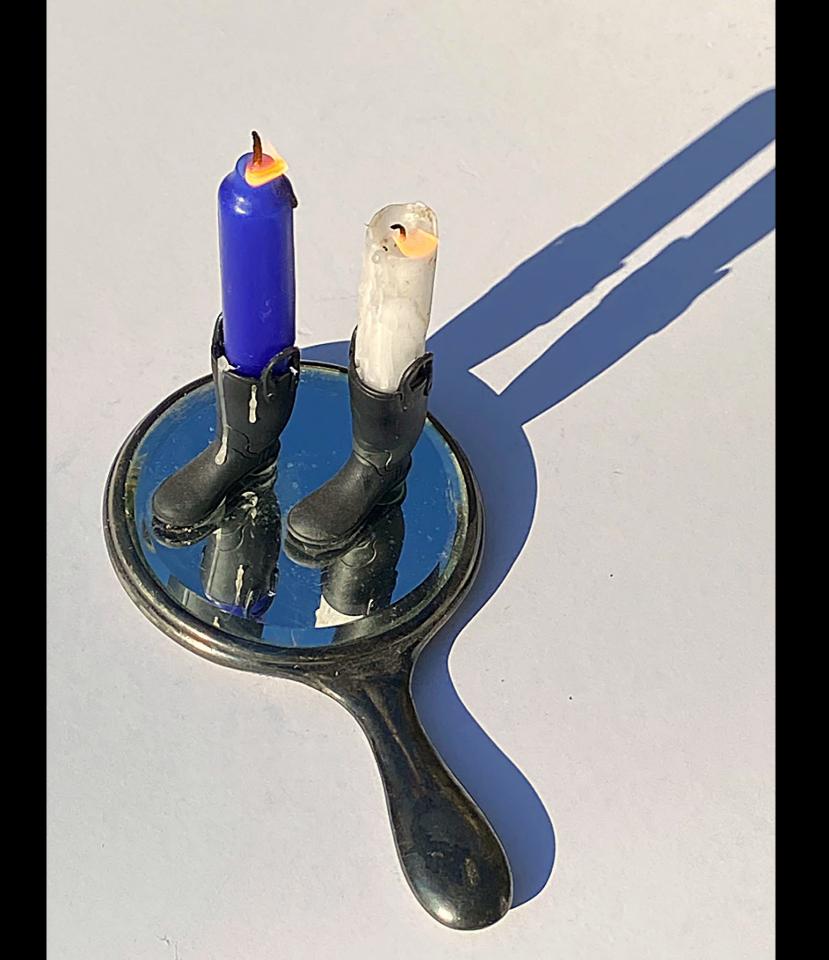












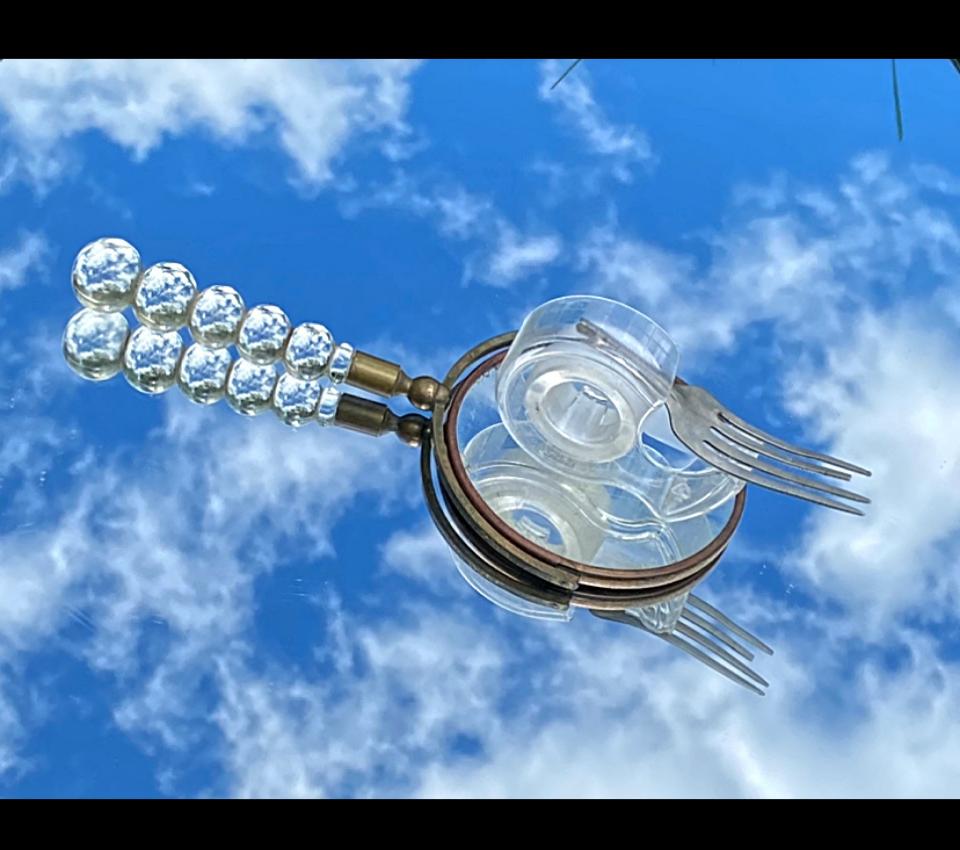












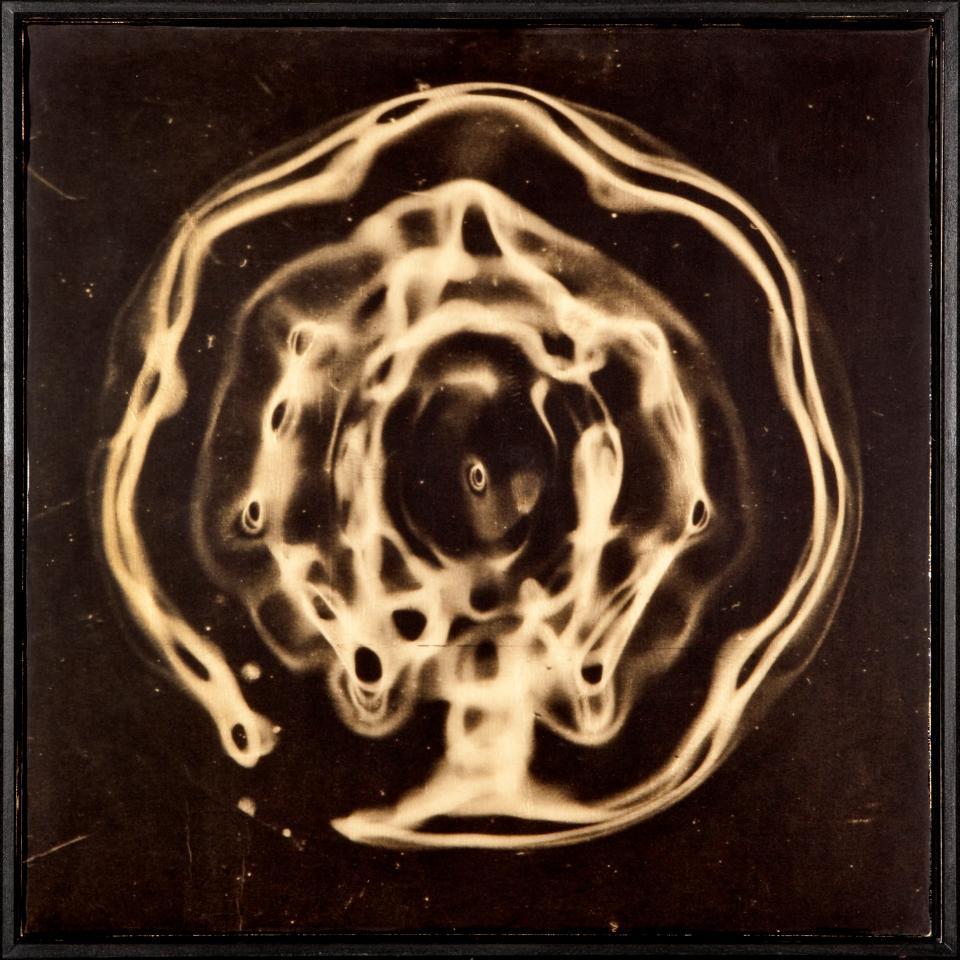


## LOUVIERE + VANESSA

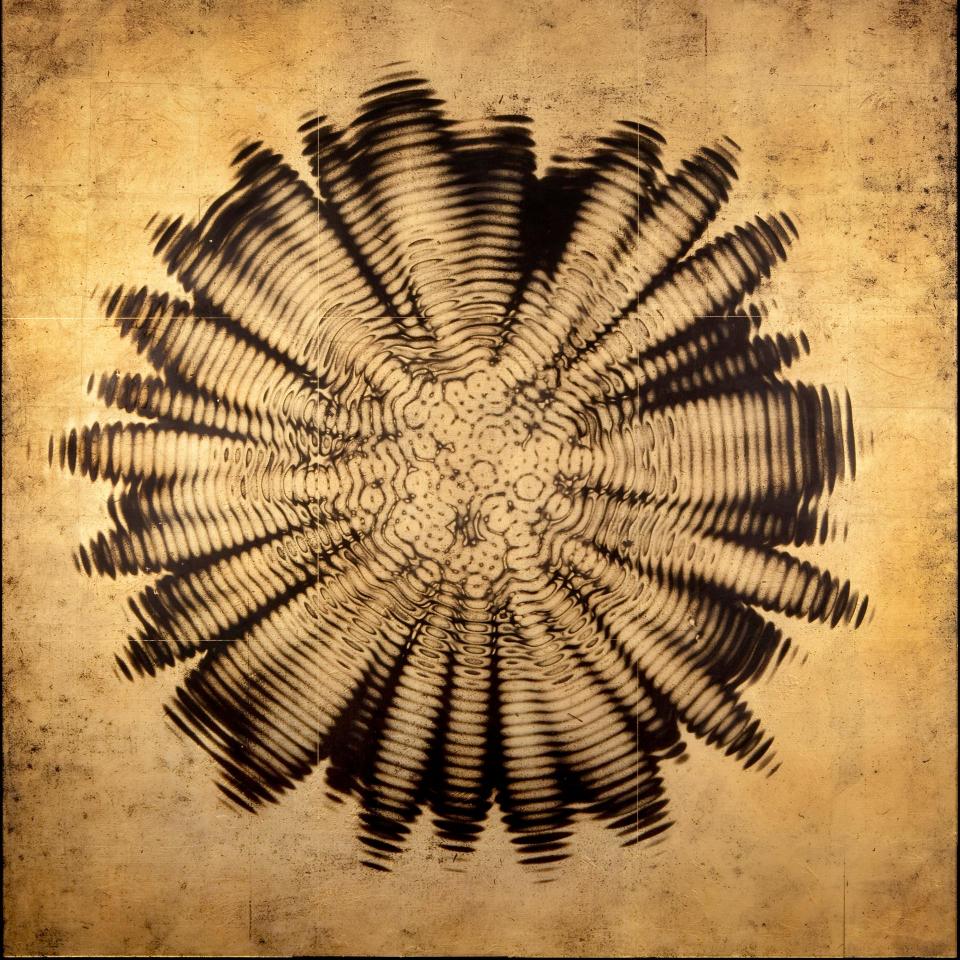




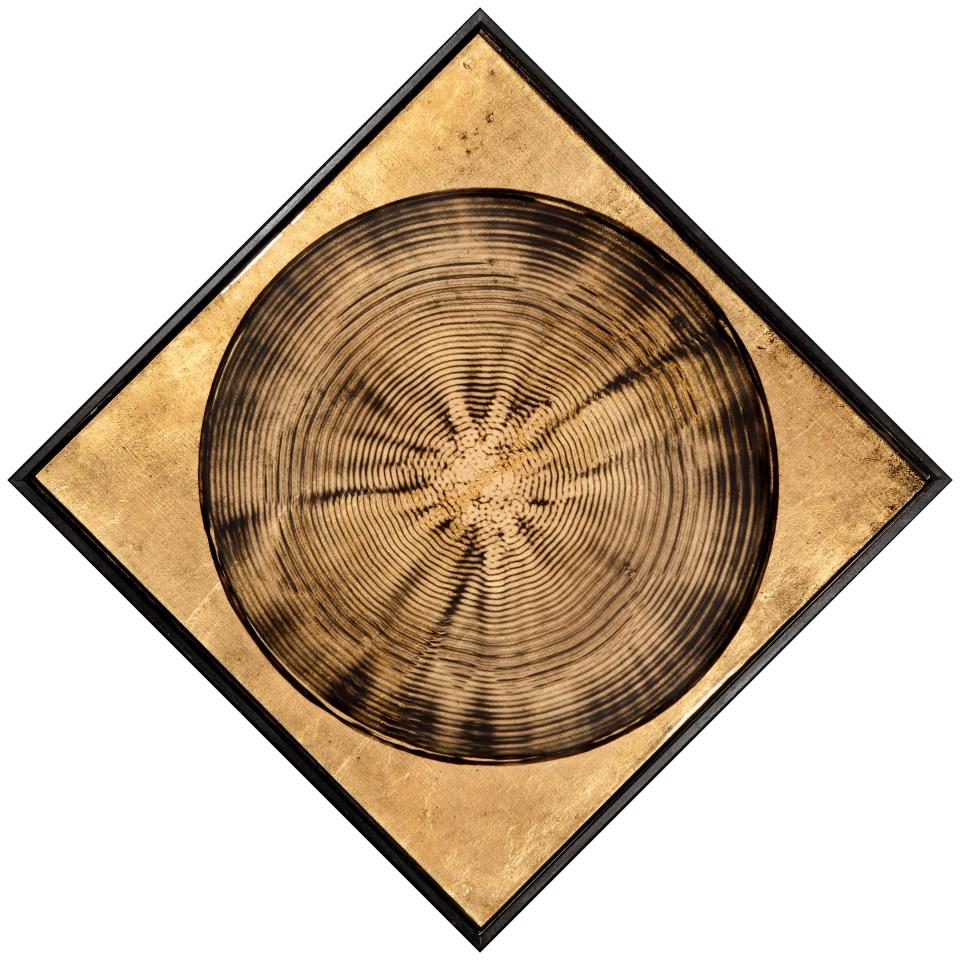






























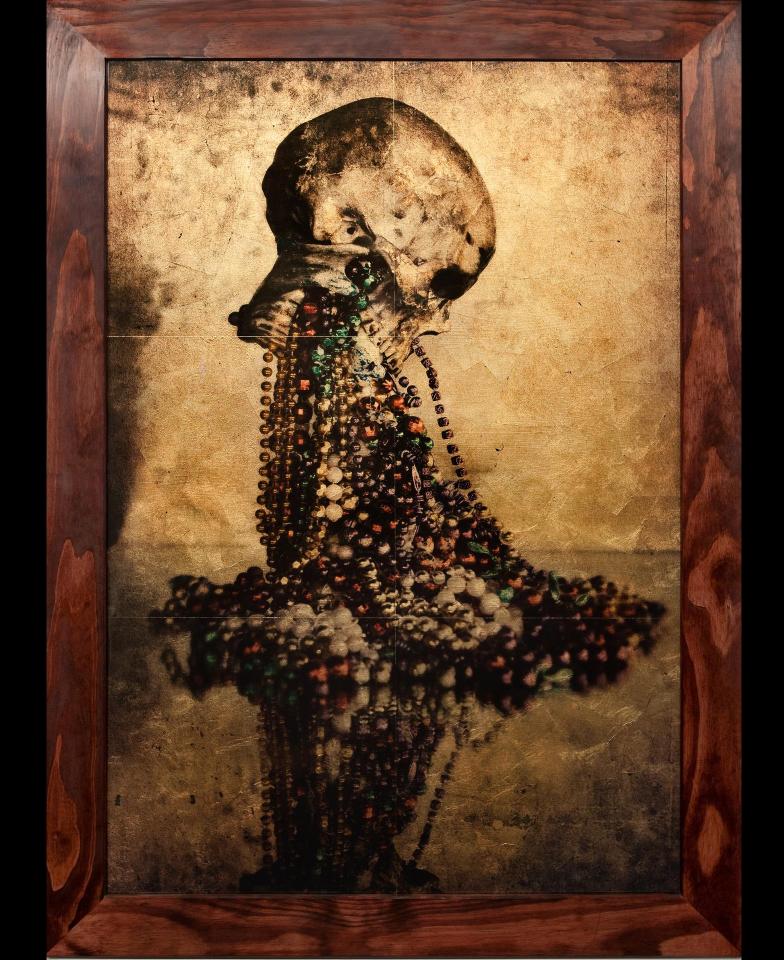




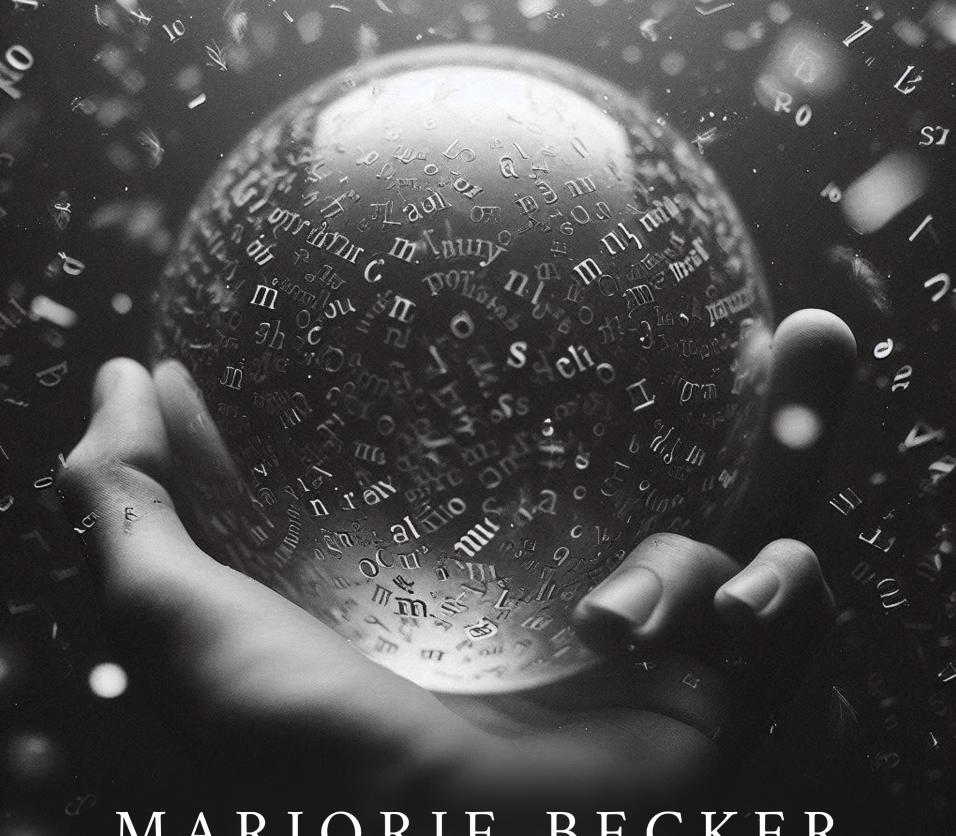












MARJORIE BECKER

## And When the Wild Naranjas

Unlike so many men, both there and here, Arnulfo never pawed nor seized ancient gems that I possessed, instead he shared his moto drove me down around a town in Paraguay, and stopped when we were hungry.

Nearby, a place for men, but then again,
I knew the owner well enough to babysit the son
and she, la *Señorita*, and I recovered fruit
for sudden summer soup, its ripe repair,

as though those wild *naranjas* bloomed, resumed, provided time and space for us to juice, to share, prepare some way to say just stay awhile to let the moto trips

within that heat produce, then reproduce symphonic songs and ways of staying in that world while singing, yes, and bringing out such supple kinds of peace.

## Inventions, Plights of Tenderness

Who, you ask, my love, was wearing bearing, even sharing purple notes

and silk so still beside you waiting there in Georgia where the heat itself

implacable, felt deranged, estranged because you gave and gave again until

a man named Peter found you weeping, pale and asked just how to help and

then your silken lavender, the amethysts around you proved the path as you

the dancer who had brought the light in Spain they knew you as *La Luz* 

and Peter learned from your experience the inner cast of tenderness and wild

despite the heat within the heat within the purple respite and

destiny's magenta.

How We, The Lavenders Found, Re-found *La Luz* through Singing,
Bringing about Cascades of Open Emeralds,
the Sheerest Sapphires,
a Rare Rebound of Rubies as Hors d'oeurves

Syncopate, rejuvenate, reply in tears, as she, *La Luz*, so permanent, so relevant to hope and care as we, the Lavenders, a singing group from new imbued Madrid remembered light and thus we dreamed her coming and remaining hopeful as we planted and supplanted

entireties in song, our open purple
throngs of notes reminded her
of Clara's gypsy ways of what
the disregard had been until she sighed,
she sang, retained a portion, then a notion
of an atmosphere of gemstones falling
far away from cruel and careless necks

that beckoned her to wild reveal
how light itself so predicated
and harbored hope and tenderness for us
as we were also singers of the sudden
somehow courage against the dense disturbing cruel.







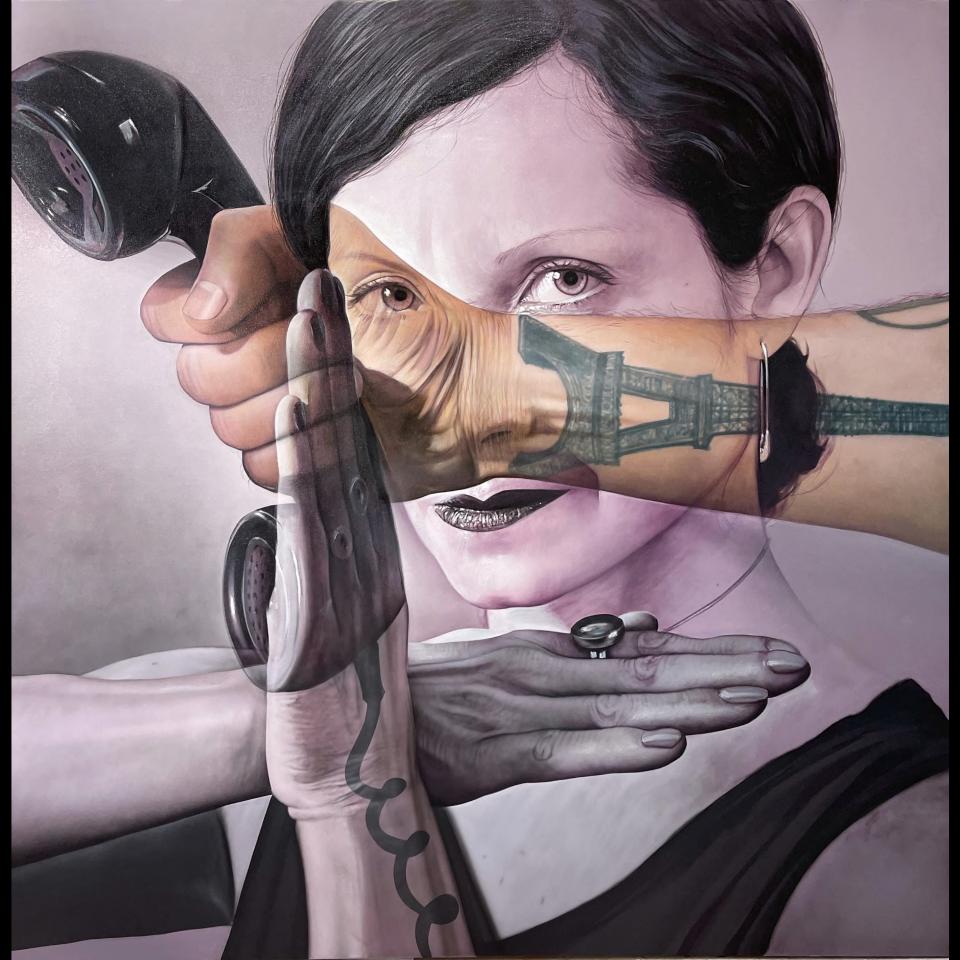




















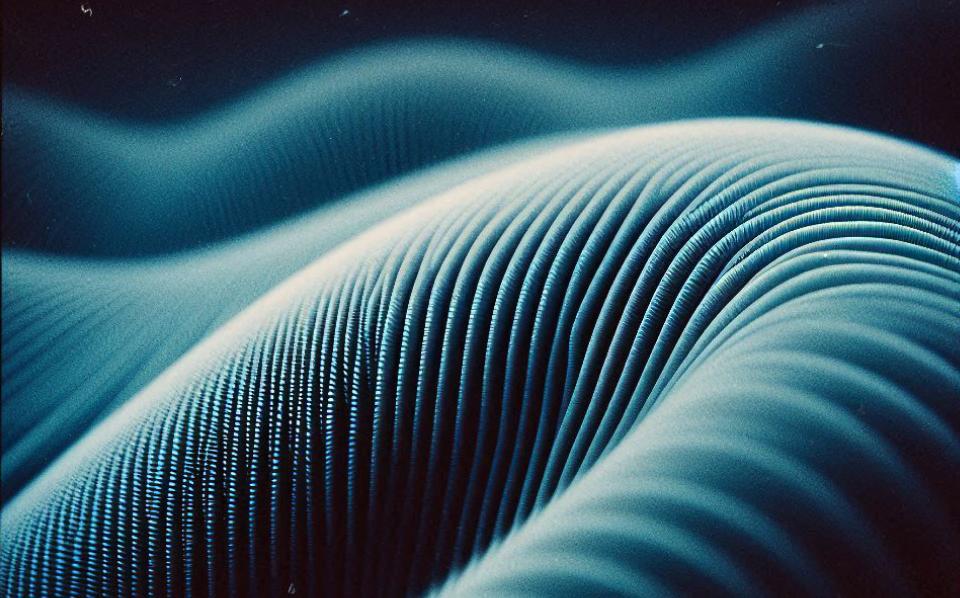








## GAIL WRONSKY SHAPED ERASURES



es casual dismissal, by vising up against us in elienc be why each time I drive post a certain phabited property on the warehouse road I had my vere born for no reason but to die and become believe. inter-argument except that I was born o reason; I will die and be forgonen. Od riddiy

annoyed by the jangling crystals of the chandelier in my brain. I'm cutting off tendrils of my hot weather pettiness at their roots. I'm seeing cat ghosts everywhere. You? You're window-shopping your past. You're wondering why there's nothing under your funereal umbrella but bad memories éven shade.

about the way the word porous phymes with Boris." Clearly, both of your are poets. So both of you are as vague as gossamer, and Whole you wonder whole to look what are body's boundaries, what makes Being so much more attractive than You will remember meeting her Many years ago by a lake the color

AND HOWHER as on fire. Some tlays I sit with crows on top of a hill. Some days I am loratealar, speechifying on a rock while others around me drown in black waters My favorite bracelet had black rhinestones that looked like the eyes of frightened mice I miss it. Now I spend my time in.

ampternal city that smorts and strains.

is full of tiny numerium are we together? It could be because my arm is made of glass too, or because h we walk about barefoot over grass, we feel the ghosts of the underworld ng the soles of our feet. Some days you glimme ld morning light as if coated with the powderyemnants of soft multi-syllabic whisperings Of your transparency is as blinding as the snow fi ich arctic insects write their lives.

to an egg me size of a si Don't you? I grope and sniff, lost already somewhere in the blinding noise of the da I call and no one answers. It's a while since even the wind w up in obsessive caresses. Listener, you think that a state de diche

## what falls over and a tiger leaps,

someone cries with conviction, "No, it's

And now I feel apprehensive about future buring. Must I give up fathoming

the depths of life?

The sky is bone-hard.

Wand issuing from someplace not from

## mericulous, and sufficient

y serene days of immortality. A m separates us from her. The green sea

There are white rats gnashing.

Ill the girls who wrote poetry hquake is rumbling somewhere

lous yellow day is almost arising.

oak free she had nothing to do with your souly

you want to know why God gave you sall a law

deal with the fake rich dire and all kind of a dirty" wick not what you bargained for beautiful in its

way of course though where does that weird optimism come from the way each of us at first believes.

that we won't be the ones robbed of life by

Cause yoursee points of the is sold off or forgotten the warm zone of the us somewhere in back of the backdrop of se cr the question is not whether semineman jours temporality the question is now to del the hawks merge and couplein n kicked out of hell, before no one answered the question before Topanga meant Mountains to the Ocean, before

dark clouds rose in the south, before Galileo looked

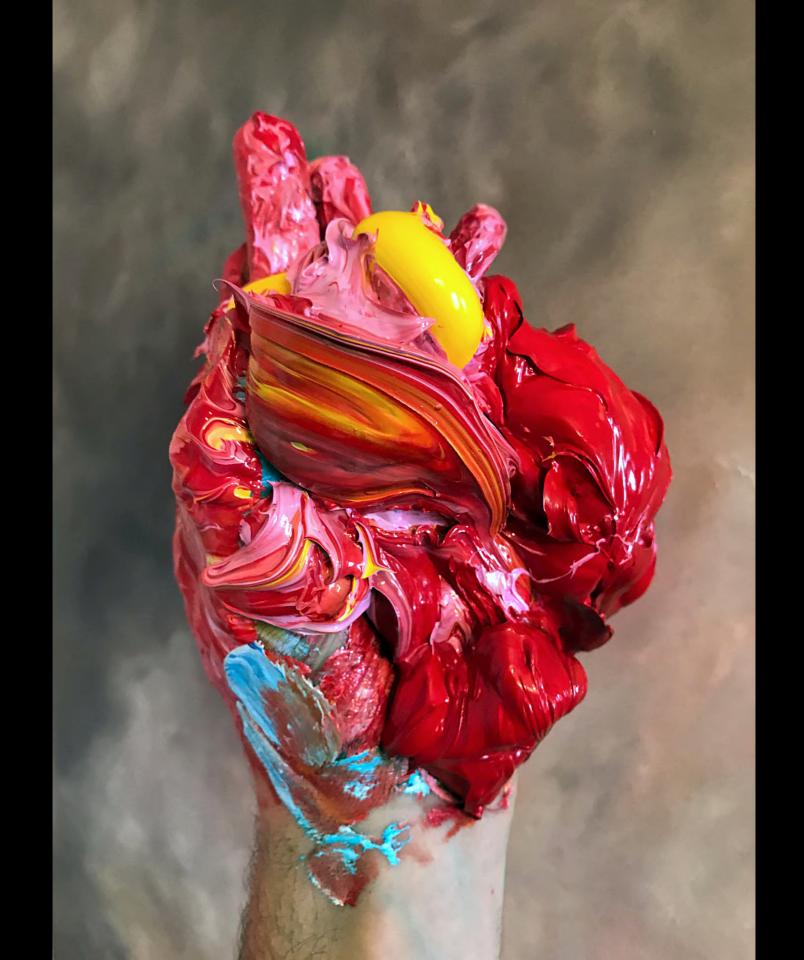
fa-solda and made it a nightmare, before any mando

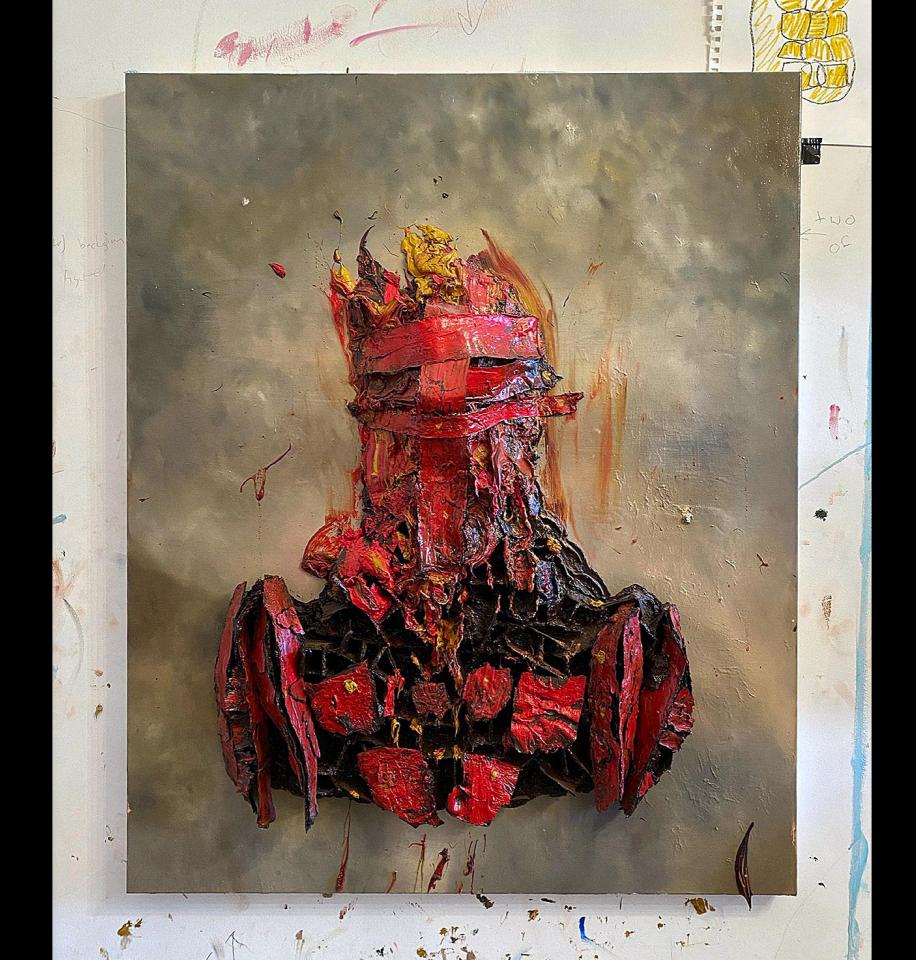
Dan put the sale and pepper in his poetry which be

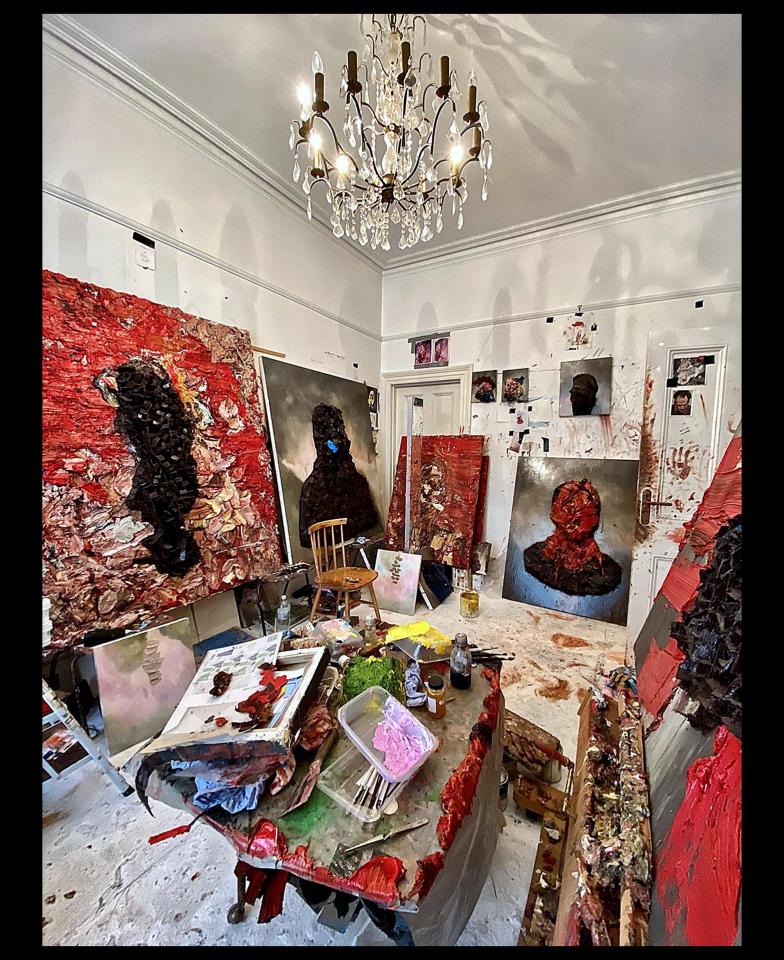
going or people getting on and off of trains, before

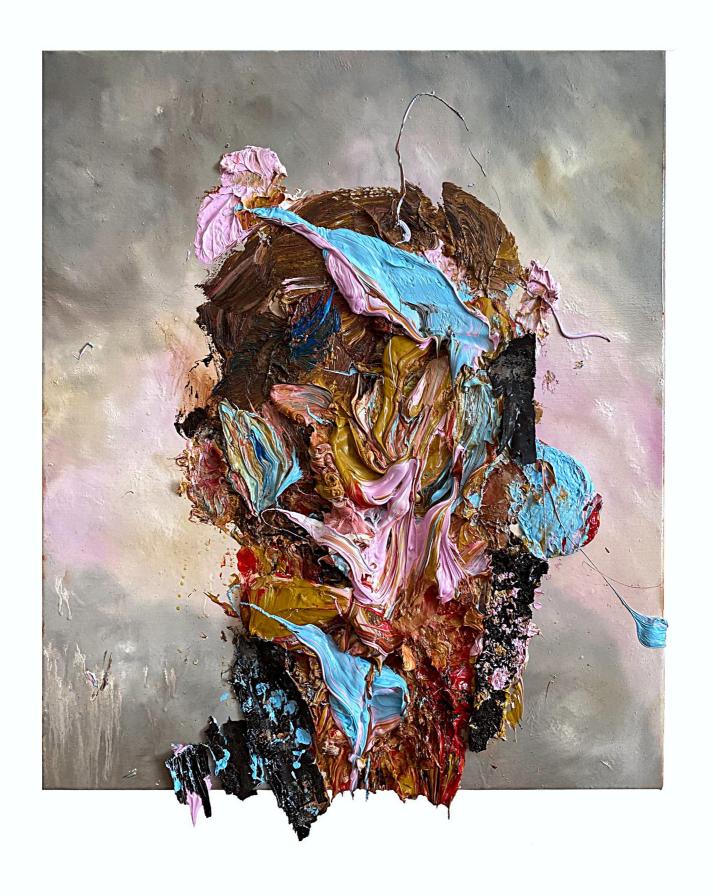
## ANTONY MICALLEF

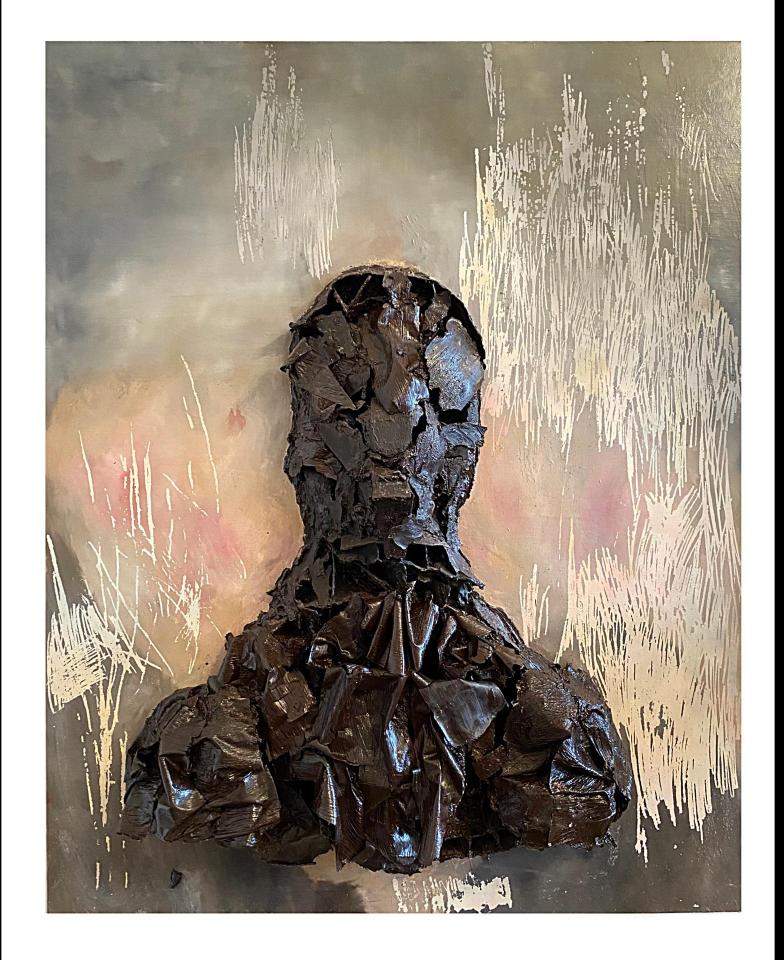










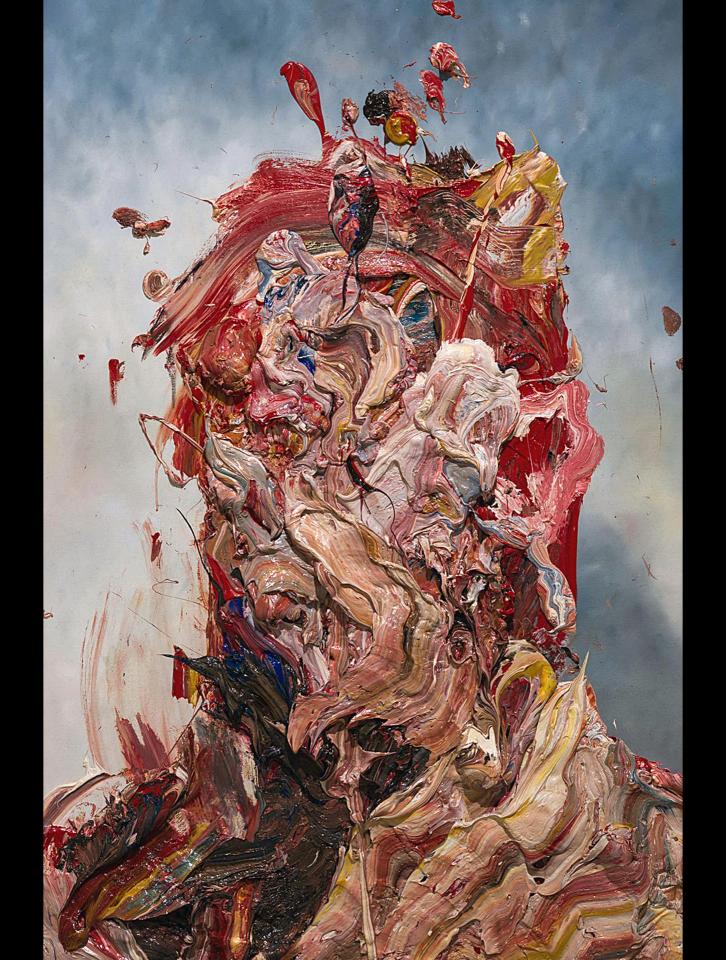










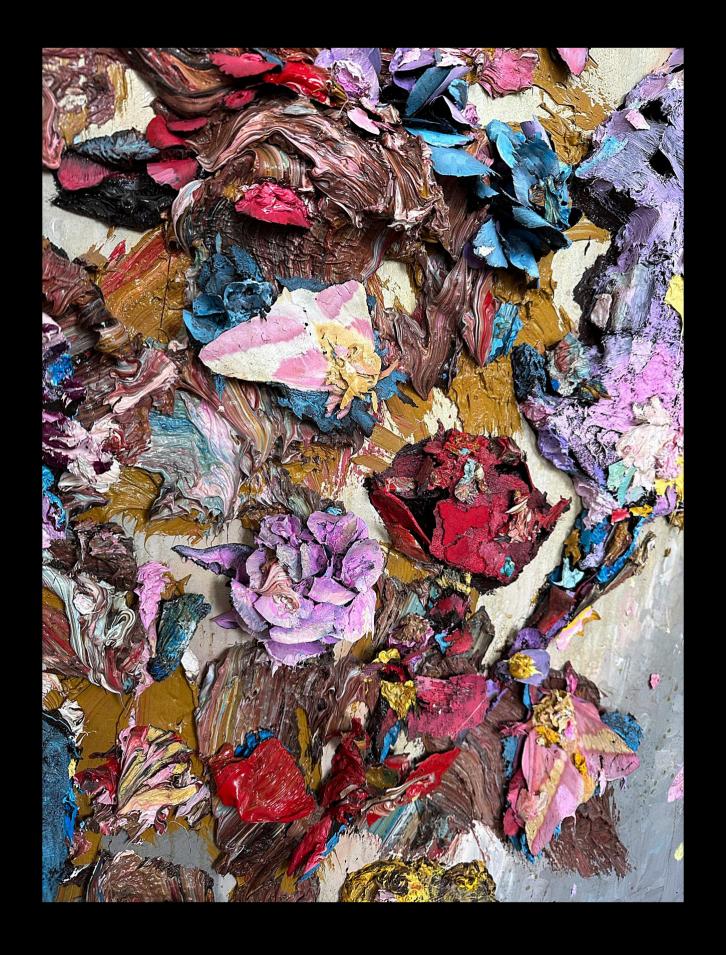






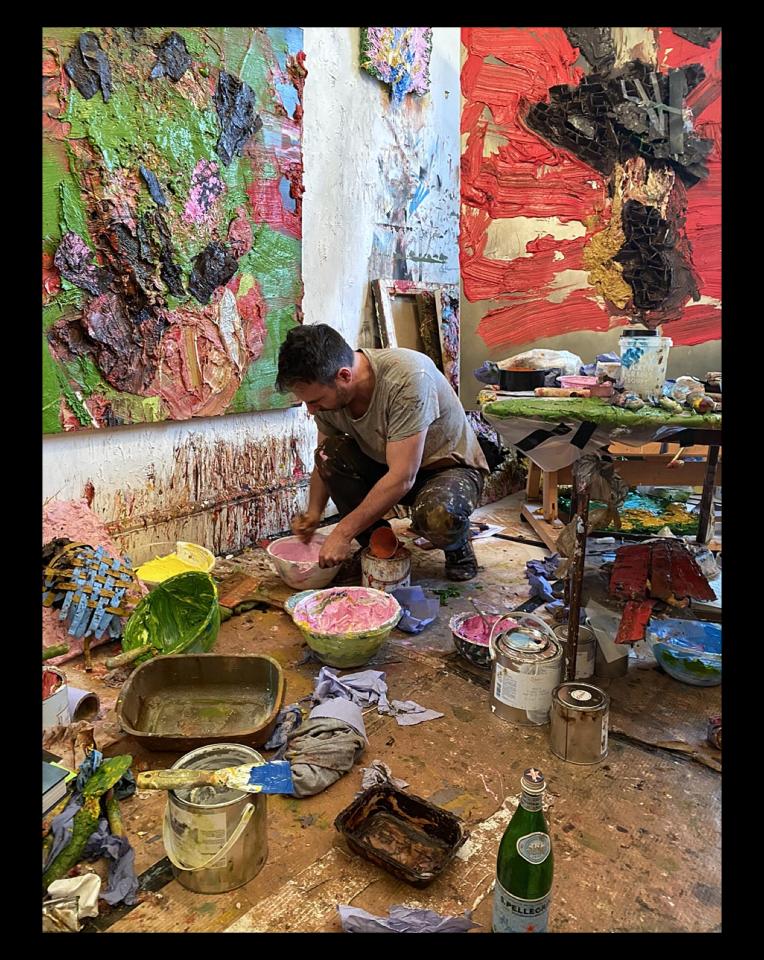




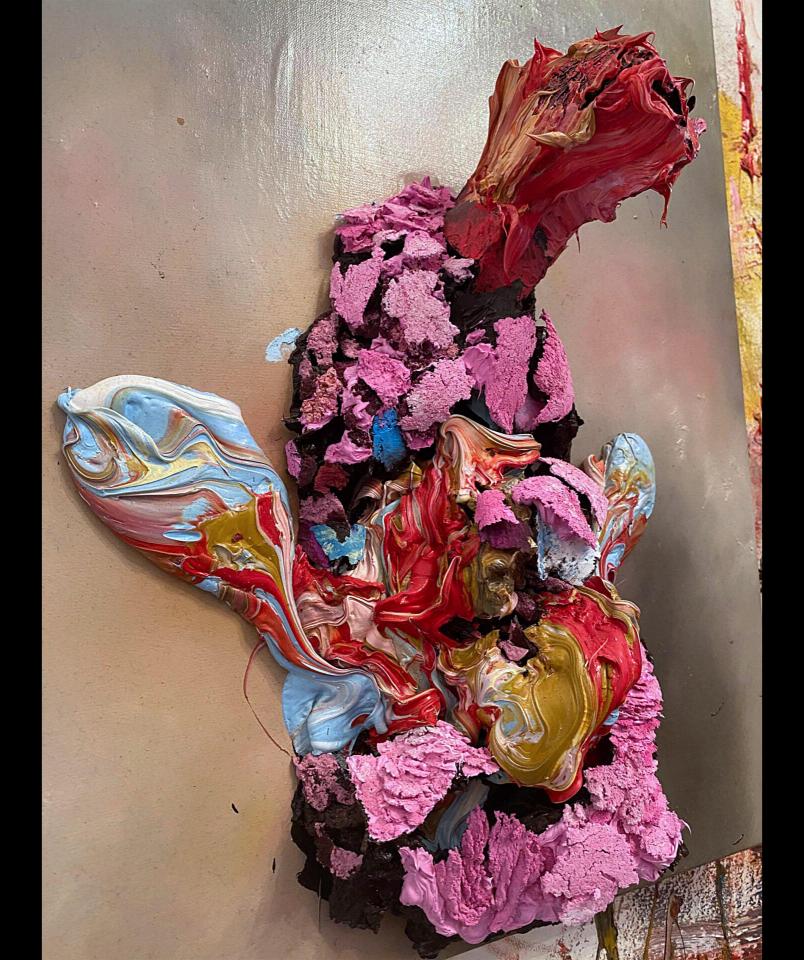




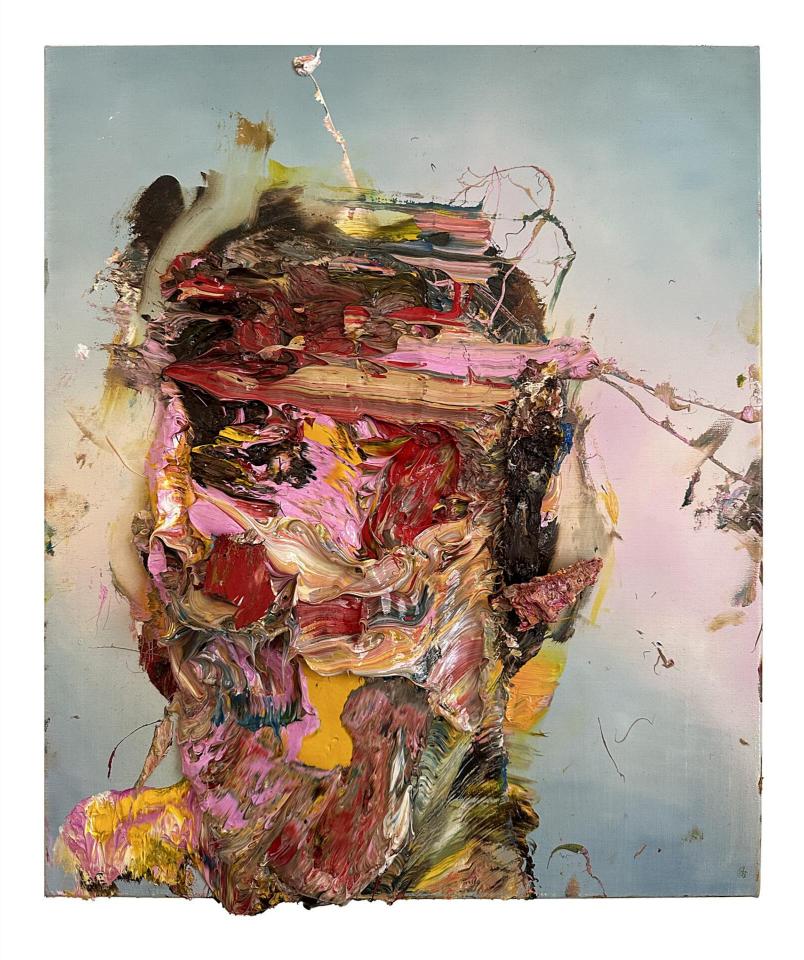




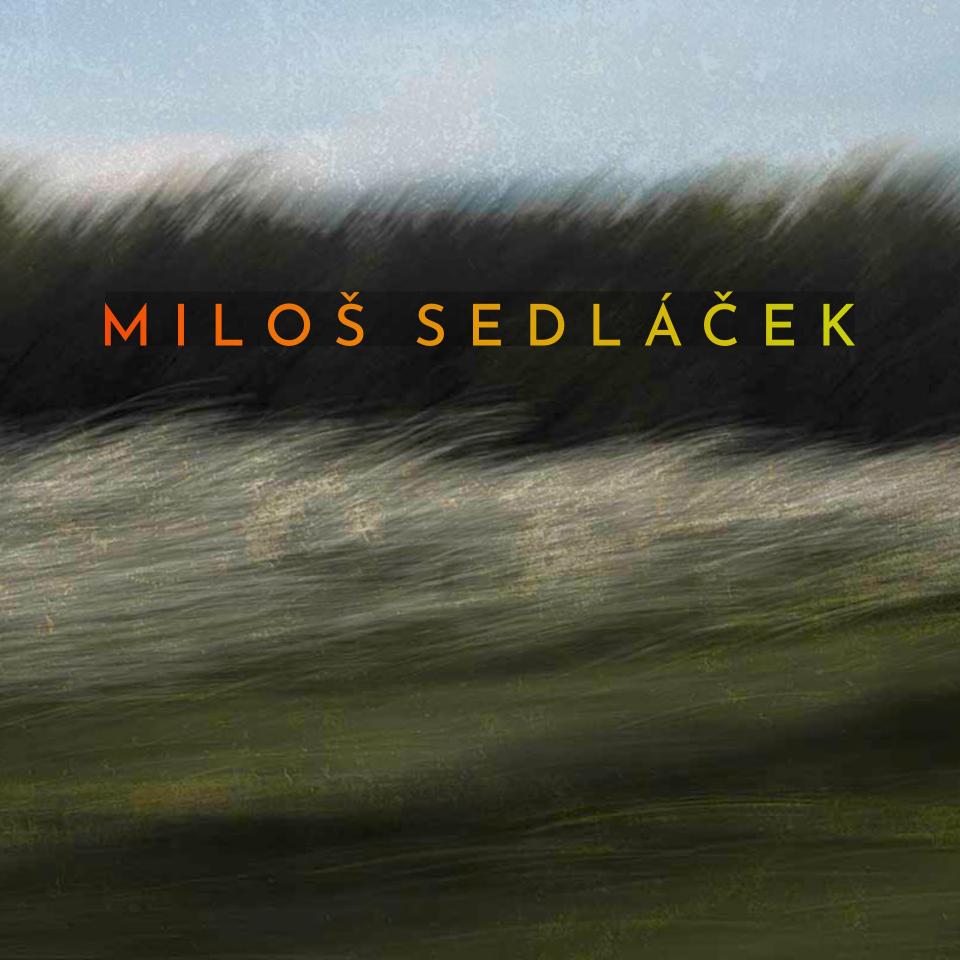




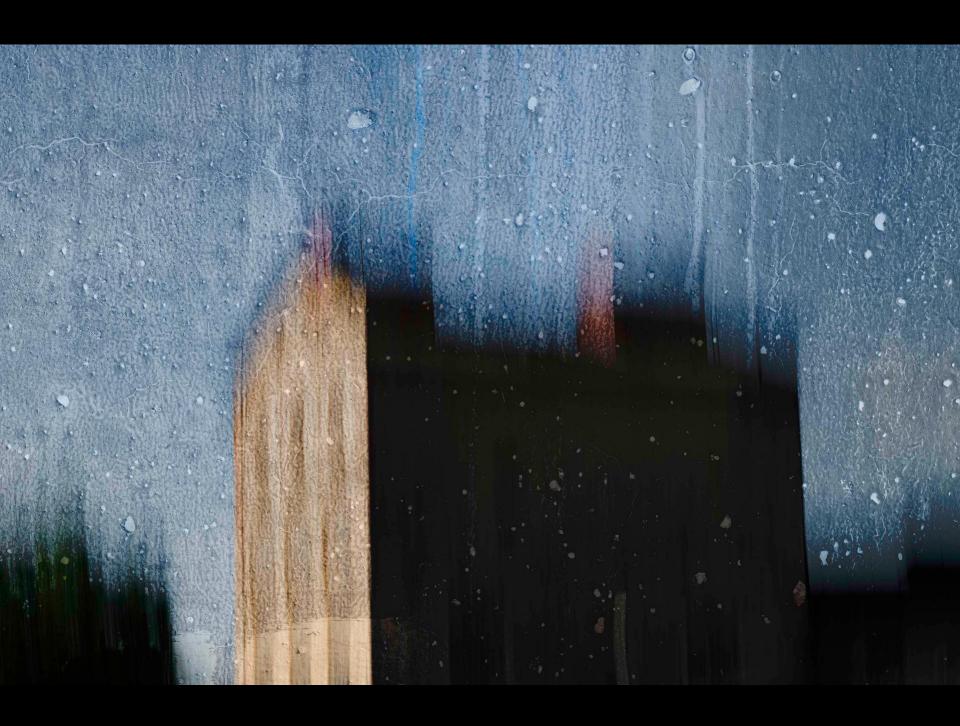








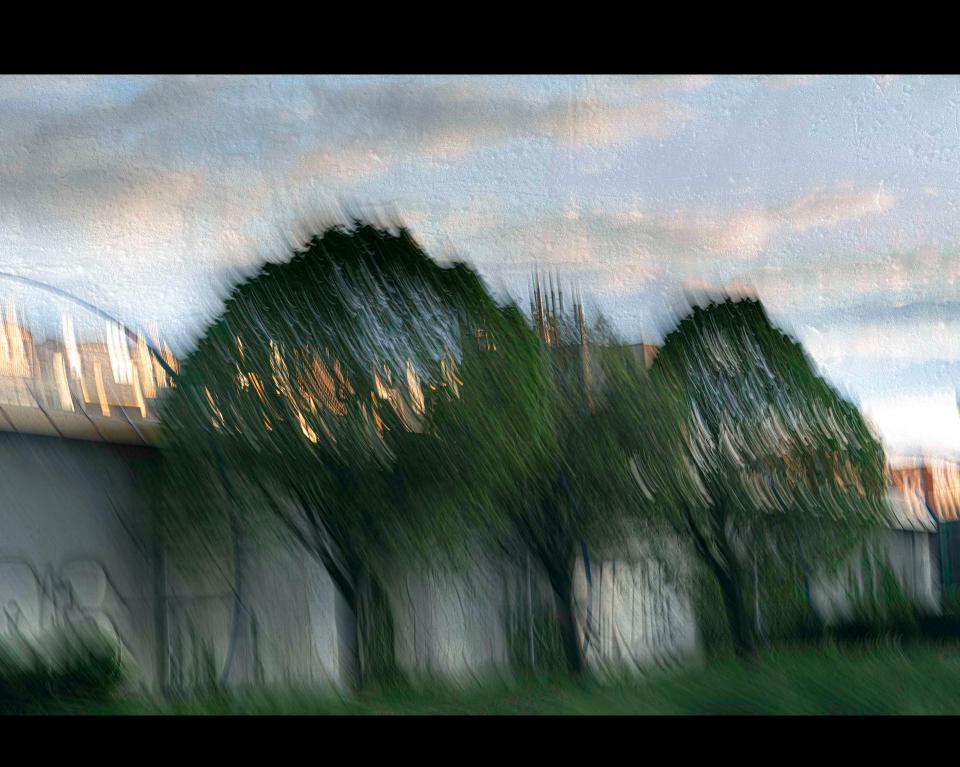


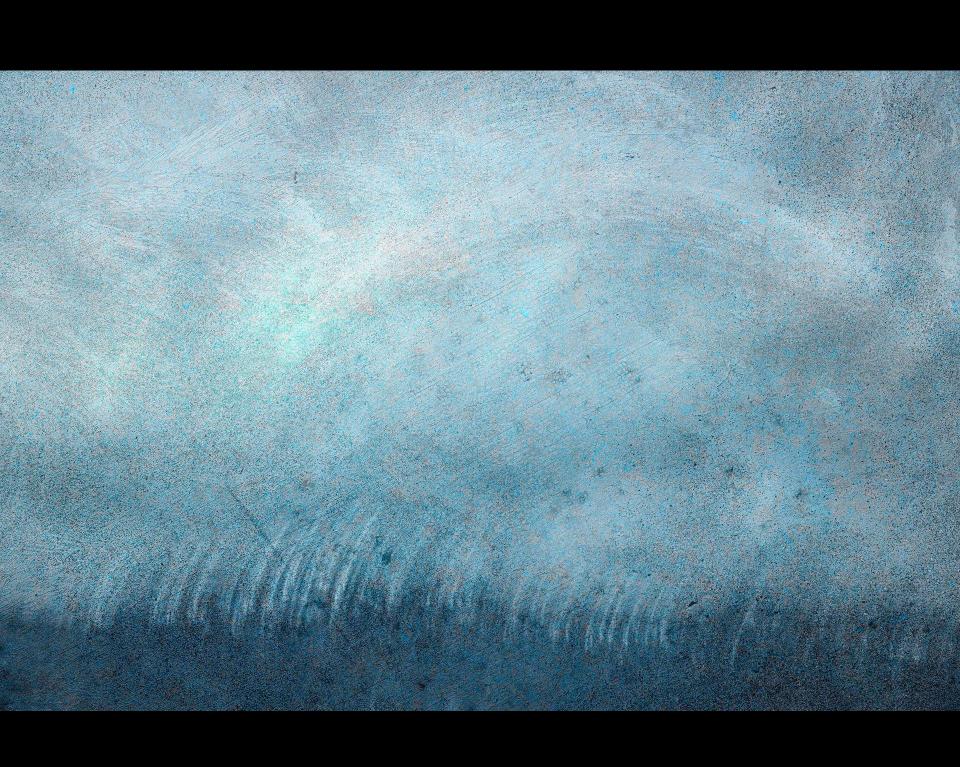


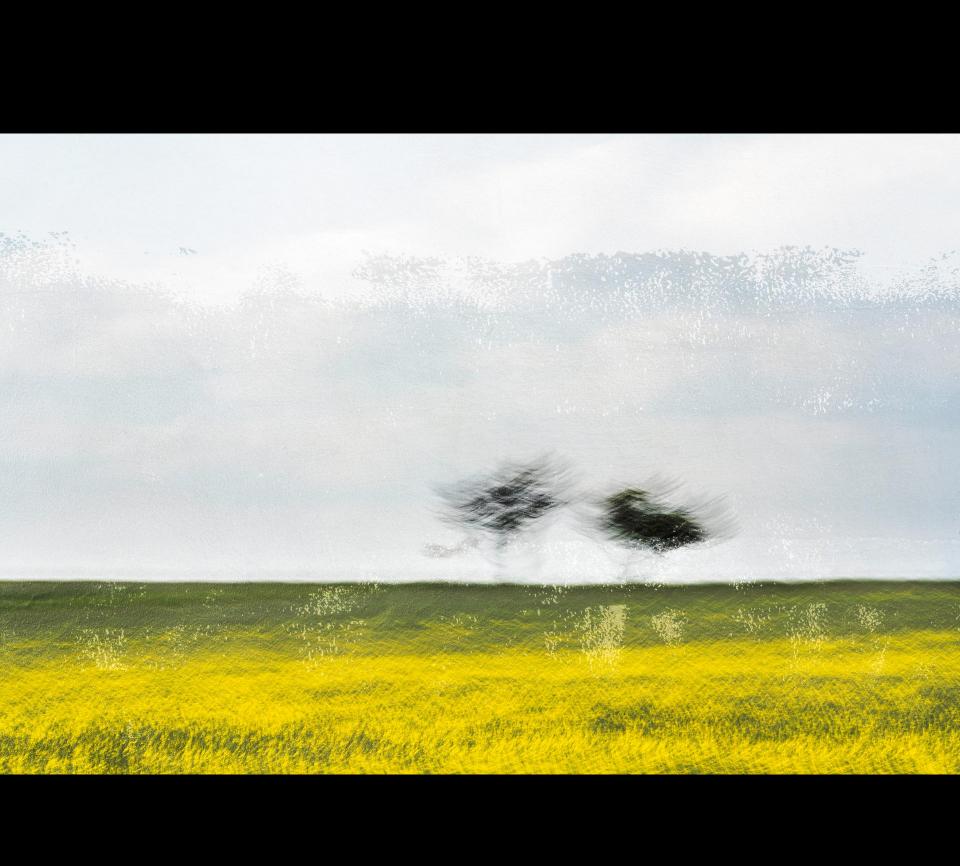








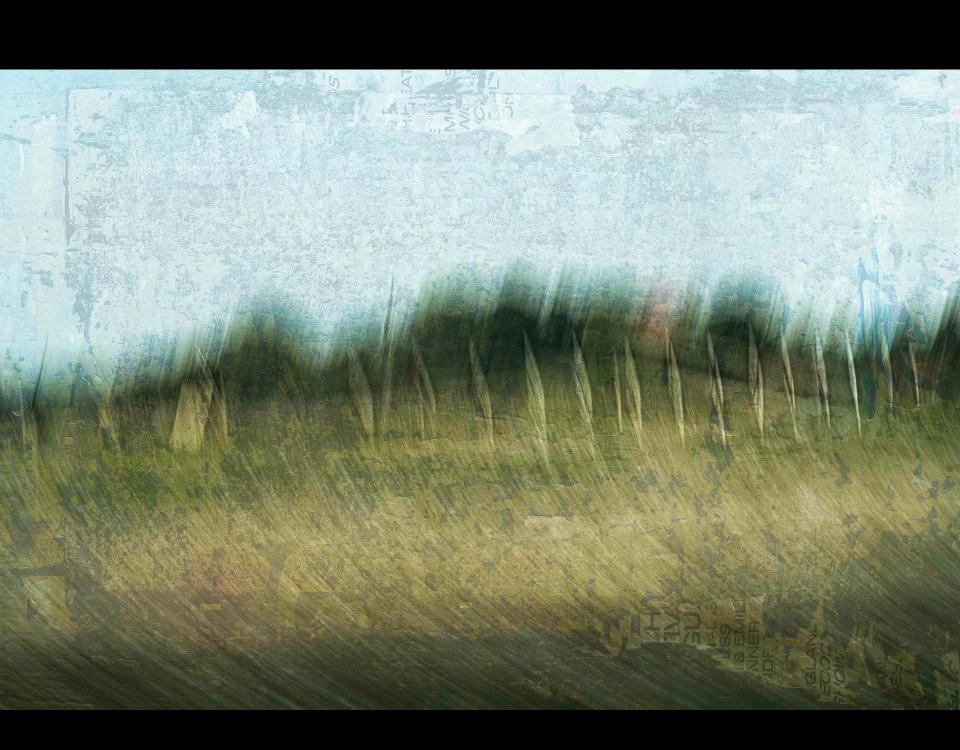




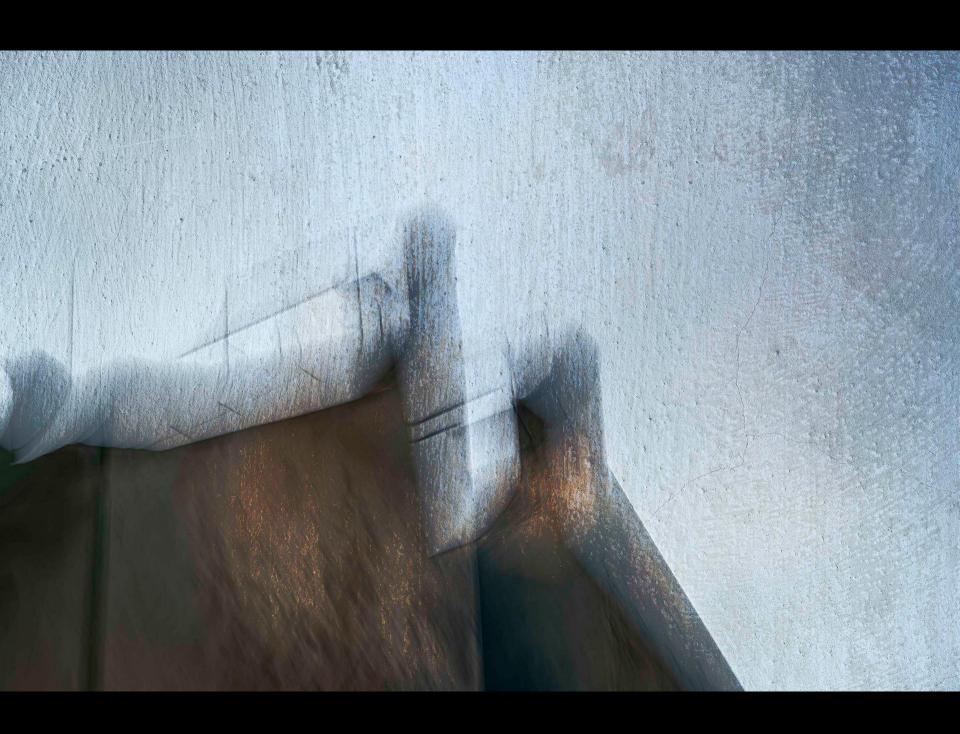










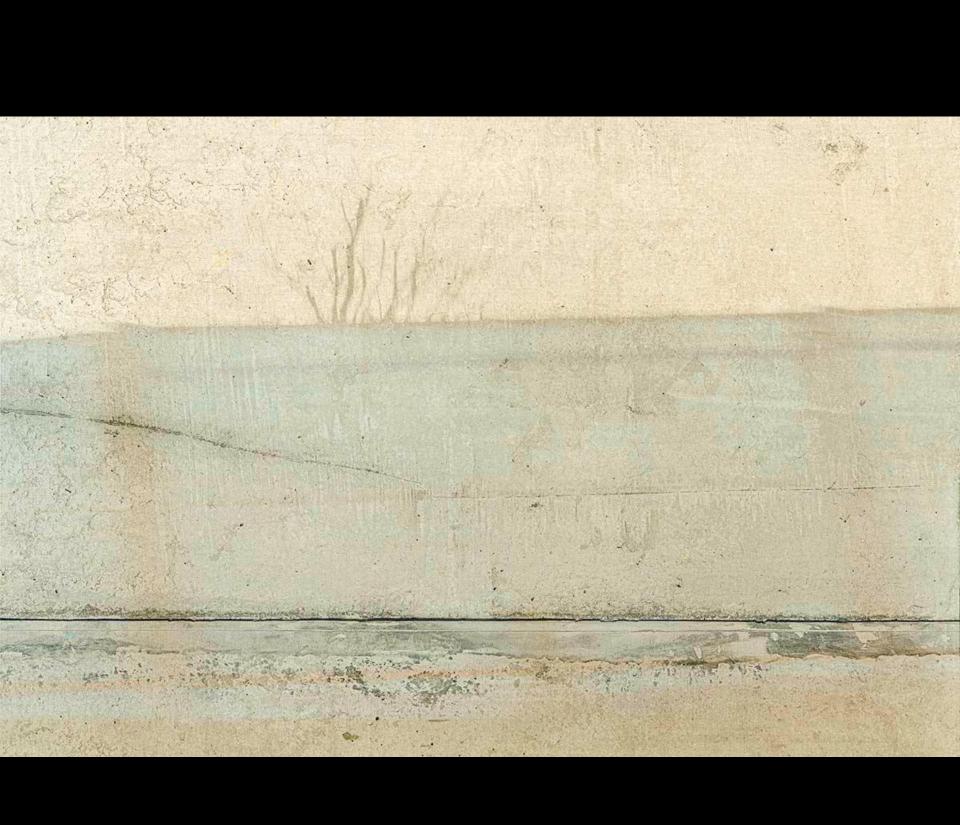


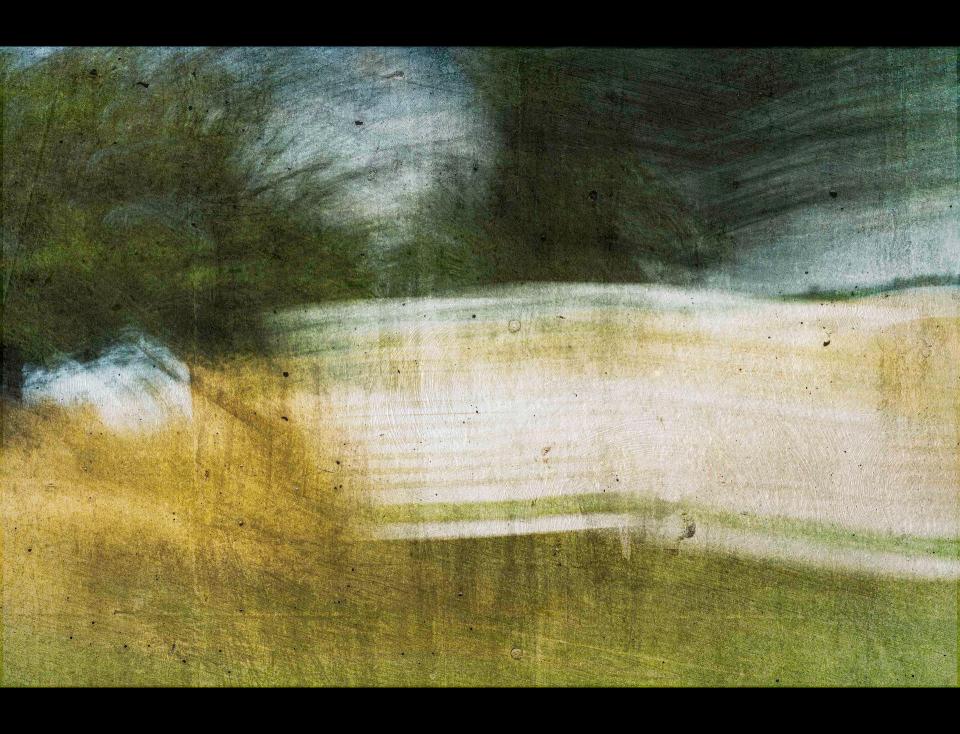






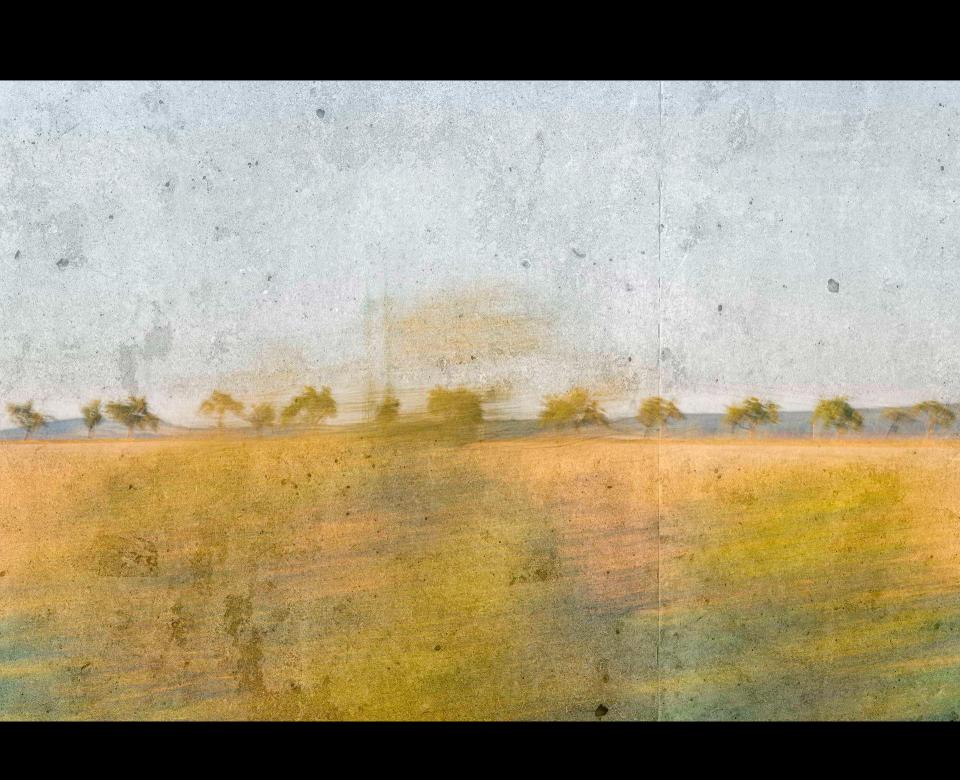




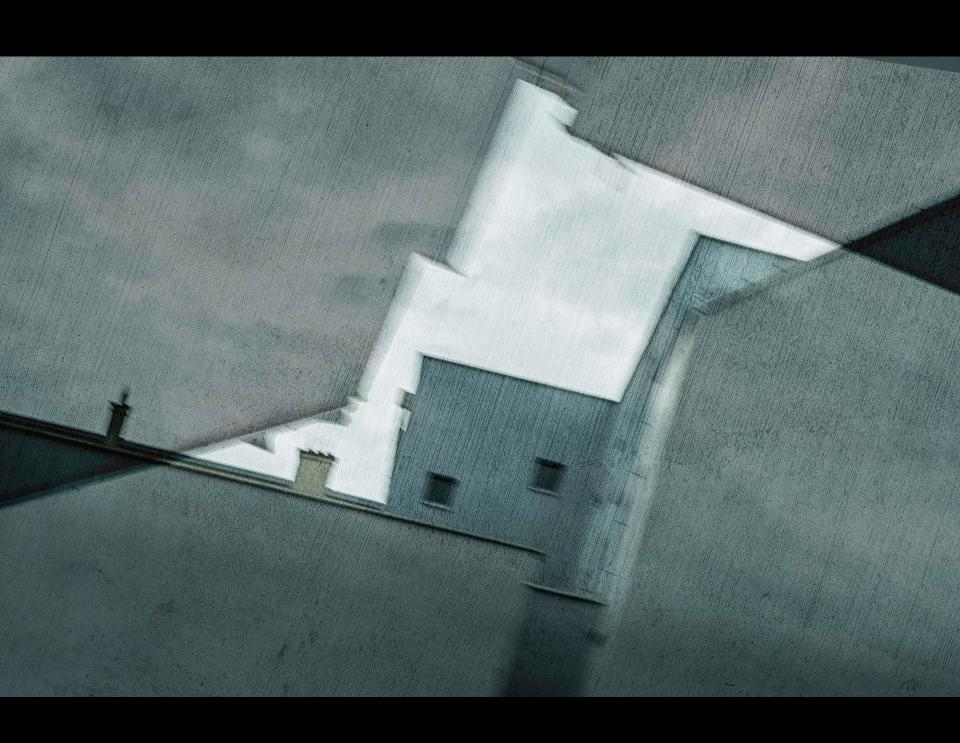














HARRY E. NORTHUP

## **A Stillness**

In this chapel I am not alone
"I saw you crying in the chapel
Where lonely people go to pray"
Voices of joy & suffering surround me

After watching "And God Created Woman" With Bardot, I walked up the rustic path With its bamboo railings to get here

Light through the window guides my hand The one quiet place in the prison Was on the steps of the chapel

He built a porch for the church
He washed the mud off the soles
& sides of my shoes & left them by the steps

A sense of calm has settled within

Fire sought by some, to always be burning

This interior, sacred, cool, quiet

Often the sunlight, valley & road connect

## Husks

And there you can find him
In the chapel, walking to the pavilion
And there he sits & prays
And he stares at the old Valley Oak

And there he sits on a wooden bench
And there he reads from *The Prelude*,
By Wordsworth, out loud
And the path between two loves

And there you can find him
Listening to Paul Desmond
And there yellow leaves cover
boundaries
Of grass & sidewalk

And there he walked with love
And there he sits by a pool
And there he was always walking
And there among deaths

## First Time in Ninth Decade

We walked, in triple-digit temperature, to The Lodge, to see Jacques Becker's gangster picture about brotherhood, "Touchez Pas Au Grisbi (1954)

Her body was warm when I reached over & held her hand
She held my hand between her hands against her lower chest
"You're warm," I said
"I love you," she replied

She got cold & left about ten minutes
before the end
I called her & told her that Jean Gabin's
character sacrificed gold for friendship
Her body wheat & milk, an elegant caress
Our bodies' warmth helps us more than words



ELIZABETH

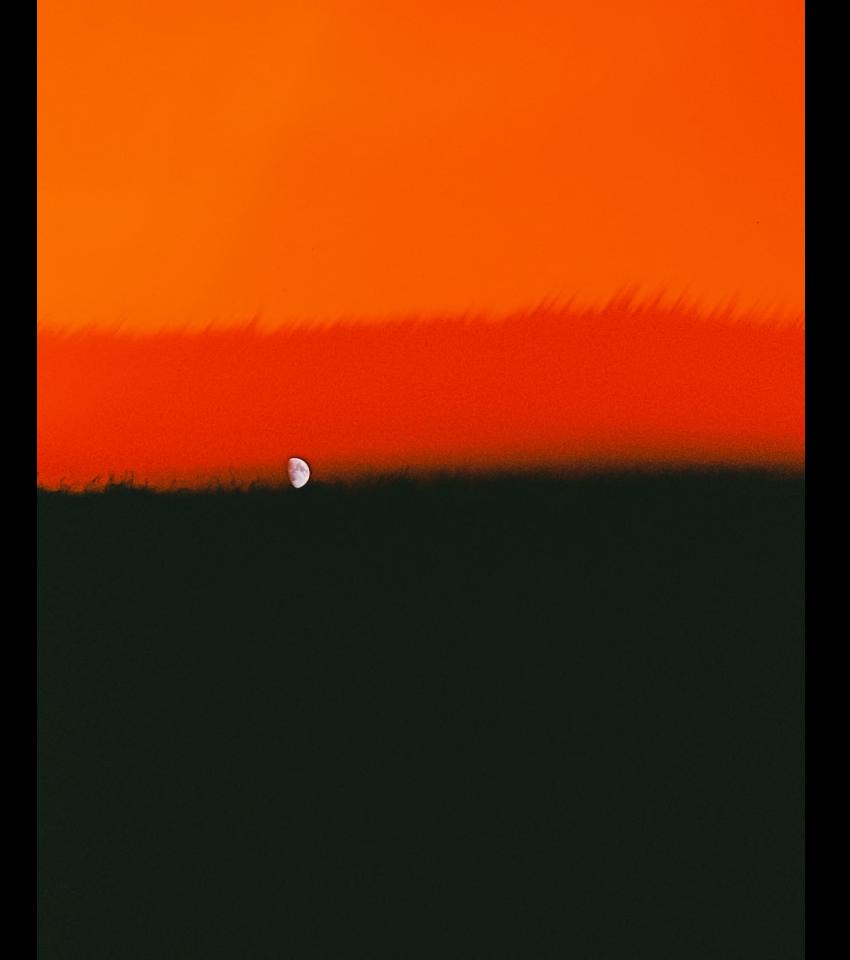








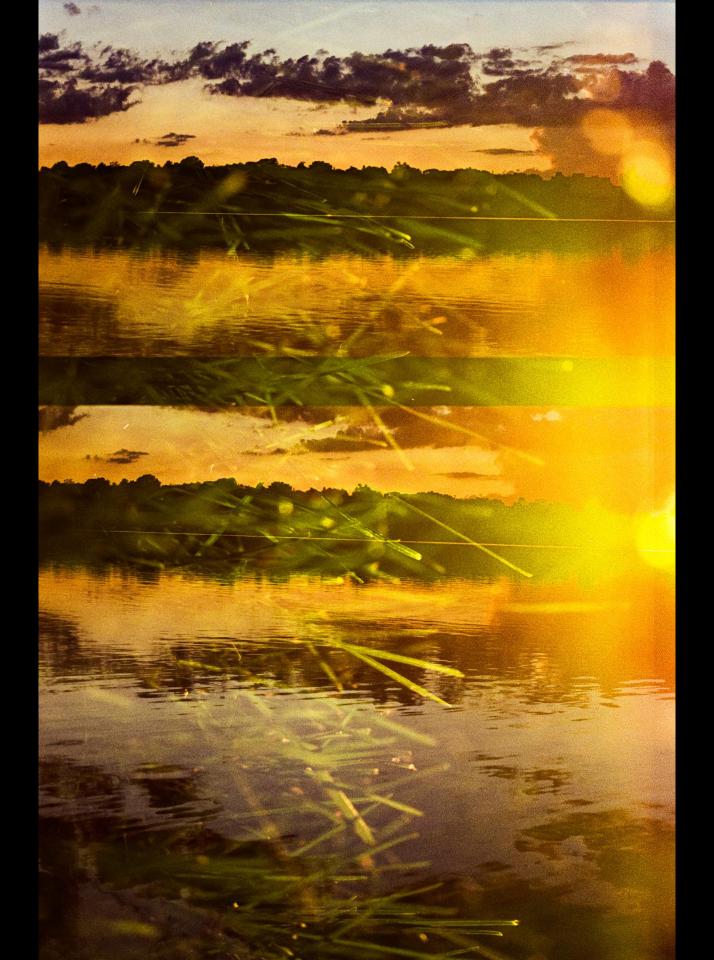


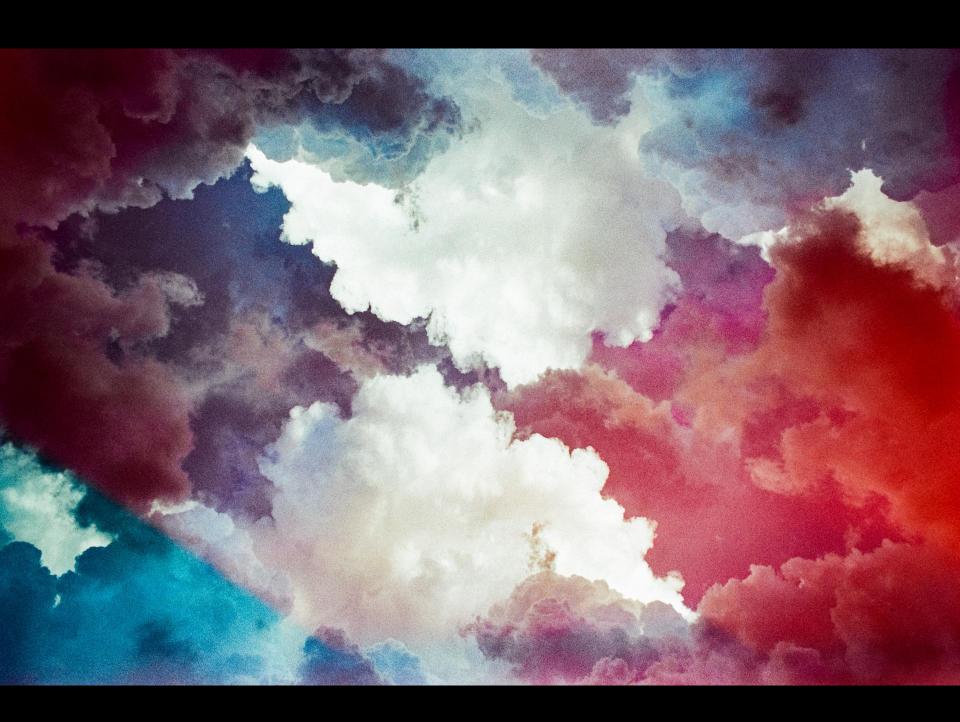


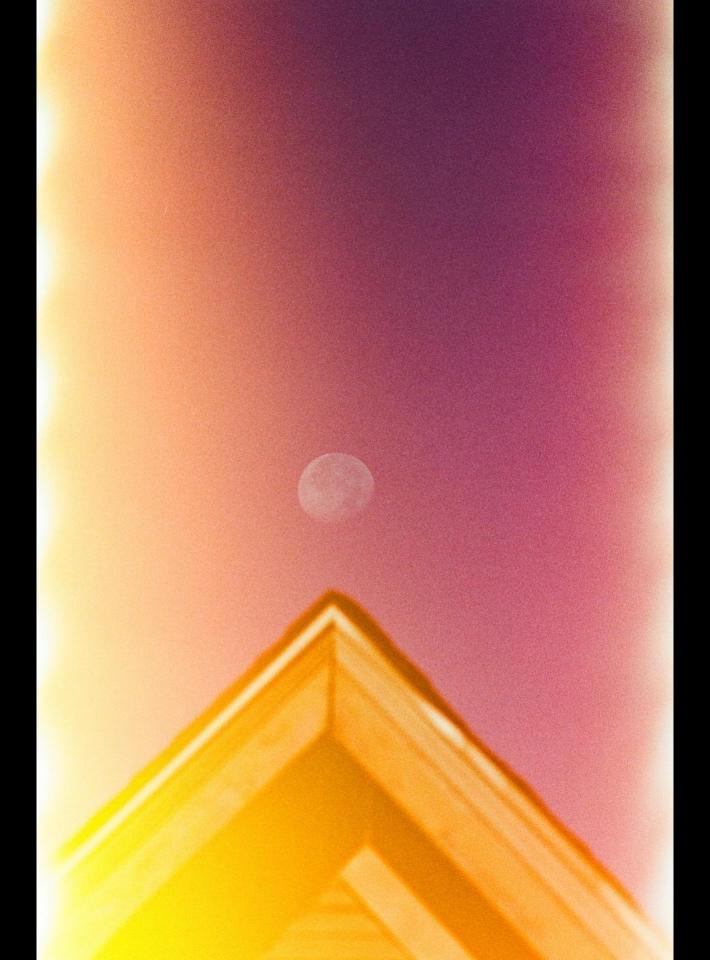








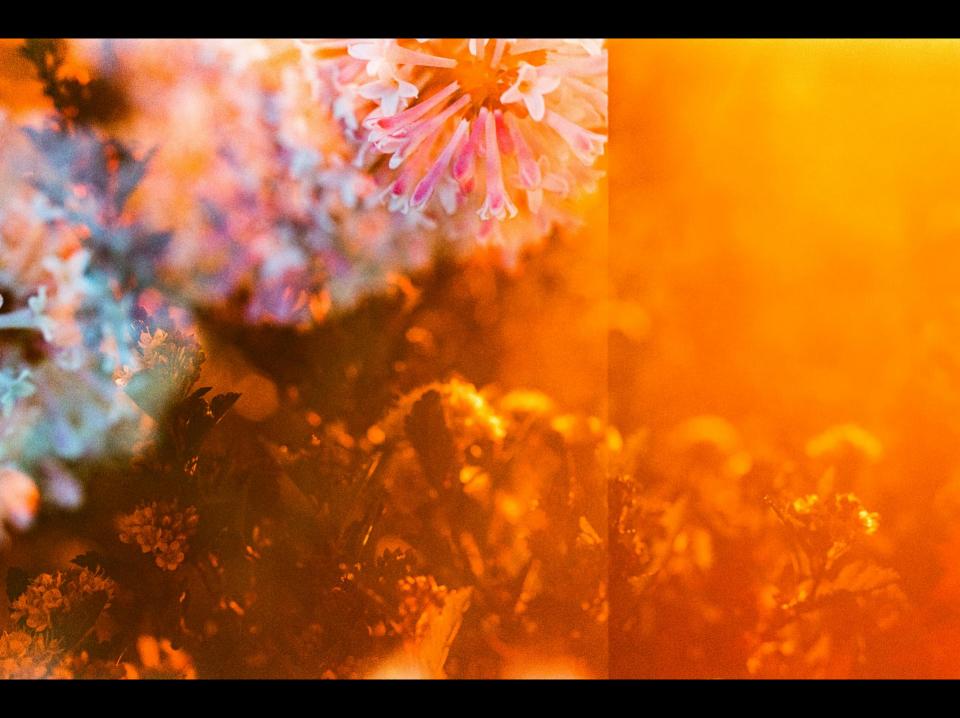






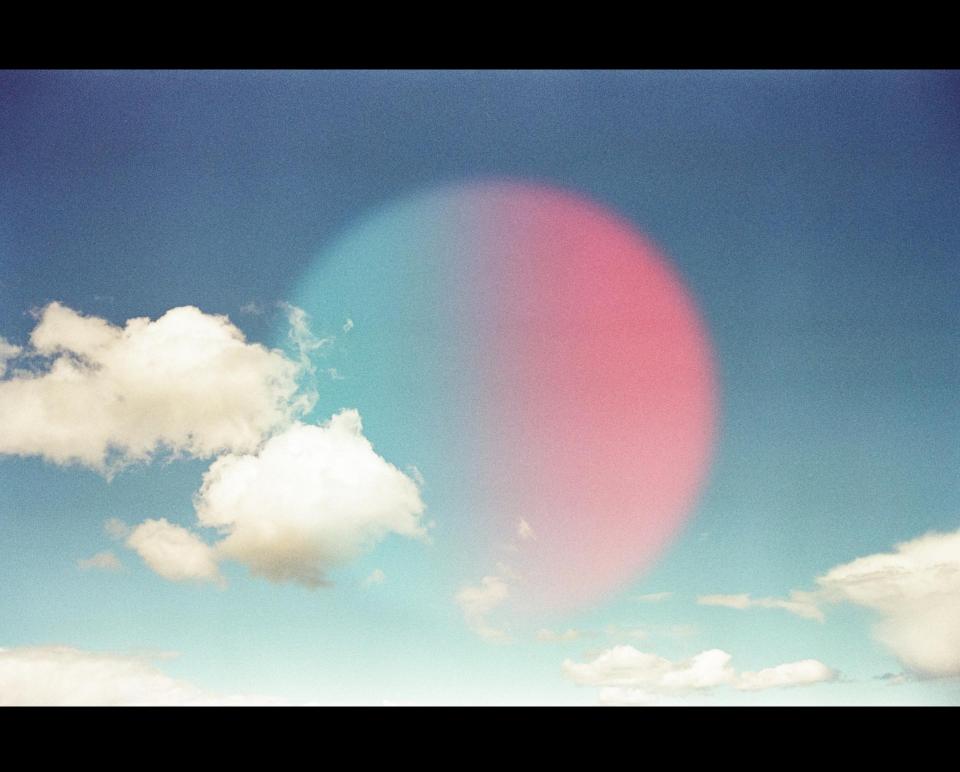


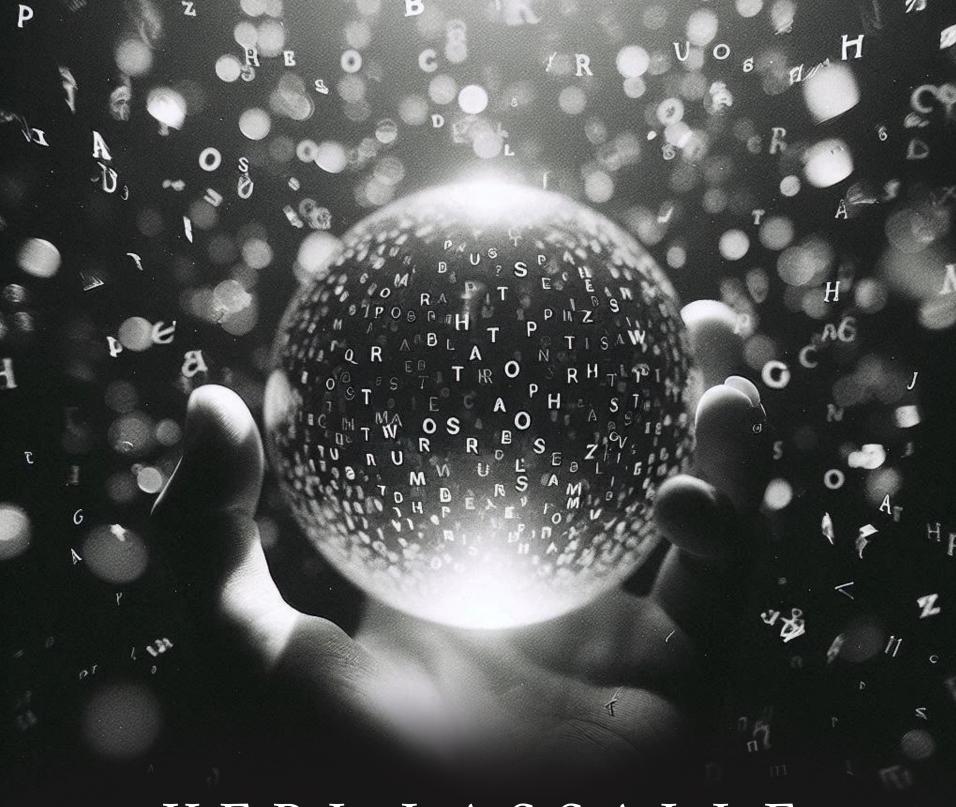












## KERI LASSALLE

### Abduction

Assuming the kidnapping happened at the time of the crowning, imagine the scene;

your breakfast nook of a bedroom,

(too small to lay out flat in your bed)
is carpeted in all colors of knitting yarns.

A thousand, mostly Japanese, candy wrappers act as wallpaper. You fit in, origami style and through the broken window,

escape,

while fast asleep.

#### Hymnist

There is no way to say it: A sung prayer perhaps,

to trace this relative bind, a chain link, like a clamp.

Had we not been one, once? and then, the sacred fire,

risking each other's bones boiling away the human parts.

And even in the early days of nights hung with grey, wet loss, and

altered into the small sour fruits, I was sent stalking below ground

tracking my white-crowned sparrow to where you interposed and slung

your arrows of hymns and odes to bend the acoustics of forgiving.

Forget what I told you about dying, about squandering your gifts.

You say you did not hear it or, I did I not say it out loud.

It bares release, this fist of starlings. You would be the one to remind me,

Hades is only a grim god, not an evil one.

#### Inviolable

Almost, at the beginning again, small sacred frame; nearly a woman, wearing an antler crown.

At the core, in the bone

of the bones within the
hidden repeats and deliberate
stumbling, you might say you
are the simple instrument—
while stubbornly

holding the door—

You walk to the edge of your construct, lay face up, and sing to the sun, ready to drink the holy.

Though eyes fixed as follower, you are the bearer of fire, out of time, hands in earth, arguing to remain.

# ROBIN CROFT



EPHEMERAL GUERRILLA INSTALLATIONS



Portal 2016, Potomac River



Zigzag 2023 (seen from rear wall), Liberia House park



Trapped bird 2018, Potomac River, (Robin Croft standing beside sculpture)



Ketch Sketch '18, Potomac River (Marcos Smyth standing beside sculpture)



Drowning refugee '16, Potomac River,
(concept by Robin Croft; arm constructed by
Marcos Smyth; head constructed by Robin
Croft, pictured at work)



Liberia House Zigzag '23 (seen through large entrance), Liberia House park



Ketch Sketch '18, Potomac River



Stage '21 (for Howard), detail of "curtain", Azule Arts Residency, Hot Springs, NC



Oregon inlet #1 '04, impromptu driftwood shipwreck sketches on the riprap sea wall protecting the Herbert C. Bonner Bridge at Oregon Inlet, Pea Island National Wildlife Refuge



Pandemic portal '20, Occoquan River
At Lake Jackson dam,
detail view through wall opening



Death Ship, Occoquan River at Lake Jackson dam, detail of shipwreck stern, (homage to H. C. Westermann's Death Ships)



Cacapon River wreck, Cacapon River, West Virgtinia



Stage '21 (for Howard), Azule Arts Residency,
Hot Springs, North Carolina,
(Robin Croft standing on stage)



Burnt crop, Liberia House park



Burnt crop '24 (detail), Liberia House park, (sculpture made from the arson remains of Zigzag)



Trapped bird, Potomac River,
(Marcos Smyth's Dancing Man in background)



Workboat, FMD

(Foundered, Marooned, Deserted),

Fairfax County Government Center trail



Art pyre (Back cloud) '24, Liberia House park (sculpture made from the arson remains of Zigzag)



Dam Sight '20 (Dam Site, Damn Sight, Damn Site), Occoquan River at Lake Jackson dam



Dam Sight '20 (Dam Site, Damn Sight, Damn Site),
window view of dam's waterfall,
Occoquan River at Lake Jackson dam

(an homage to Étant Donnés referencing its waterfall and perspective view)



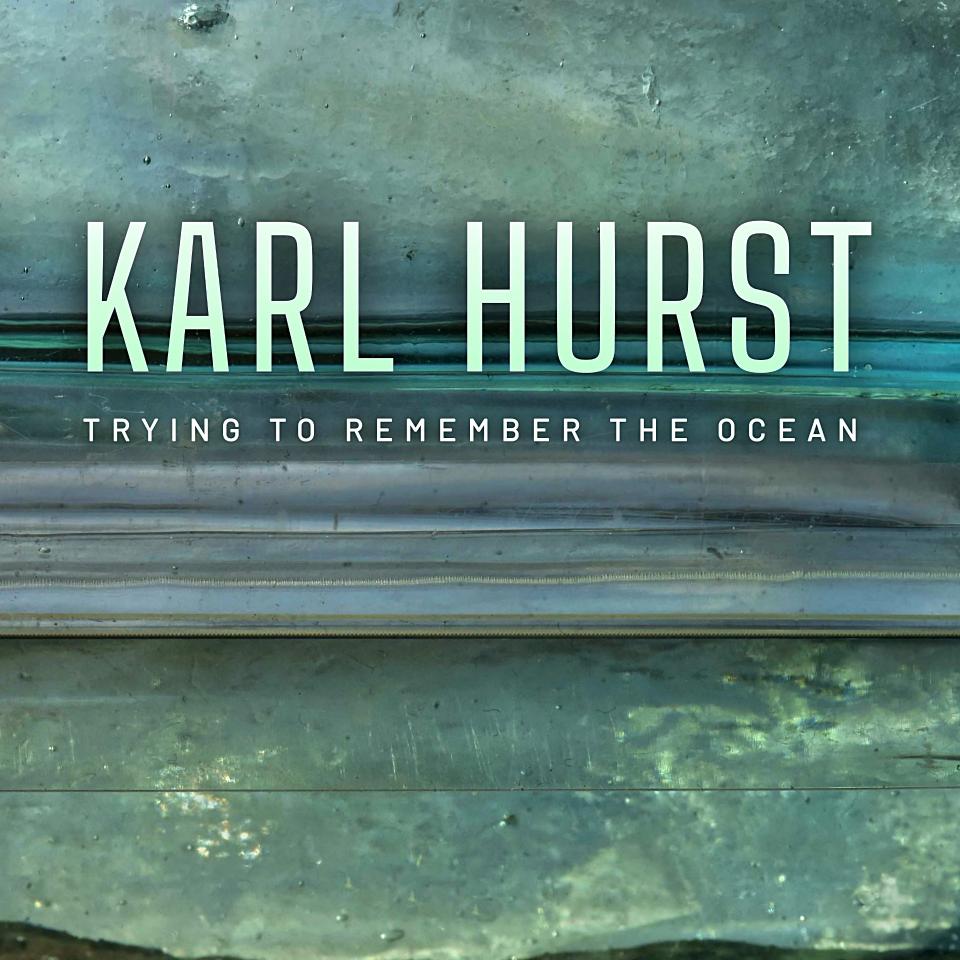
Death Ship HCW '14, Occoquan River at Lake Jackson dam, starboard view, (an homage to H. C. Westermann's Death Ships)



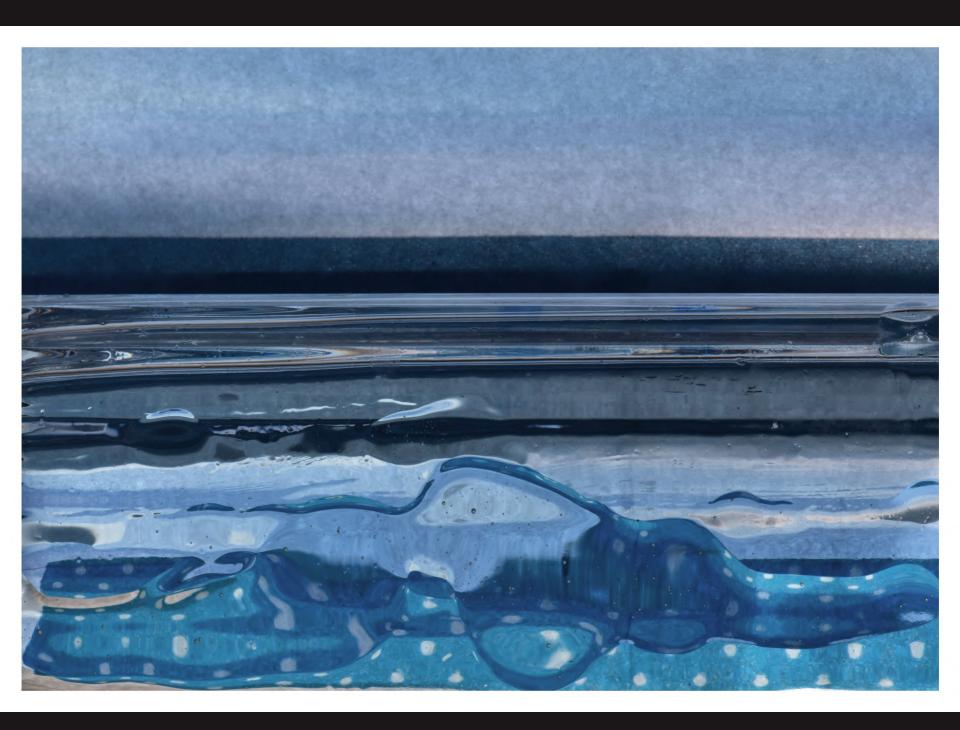
Shorebird, Kitty Hawk, Kill Devil Hills, Nags Head shoreline, Outer Banks, NC.



Drowning refugee (in progress) was made of gathered debris on the Potomac River. All three of the Refugee installations were collaborations with Marcos Smyth.

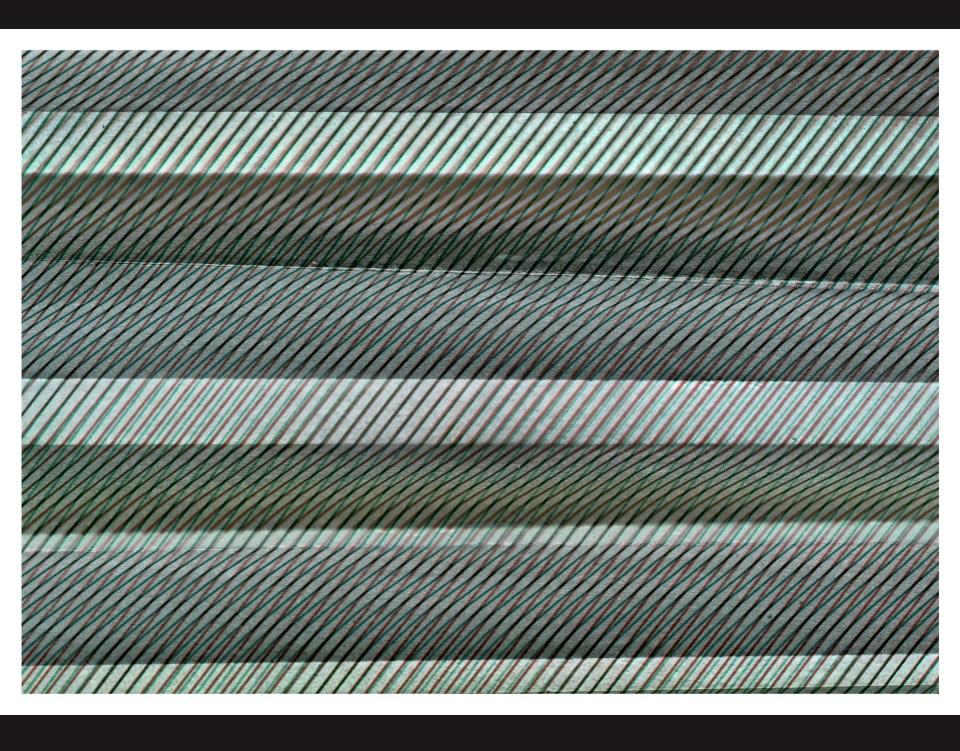










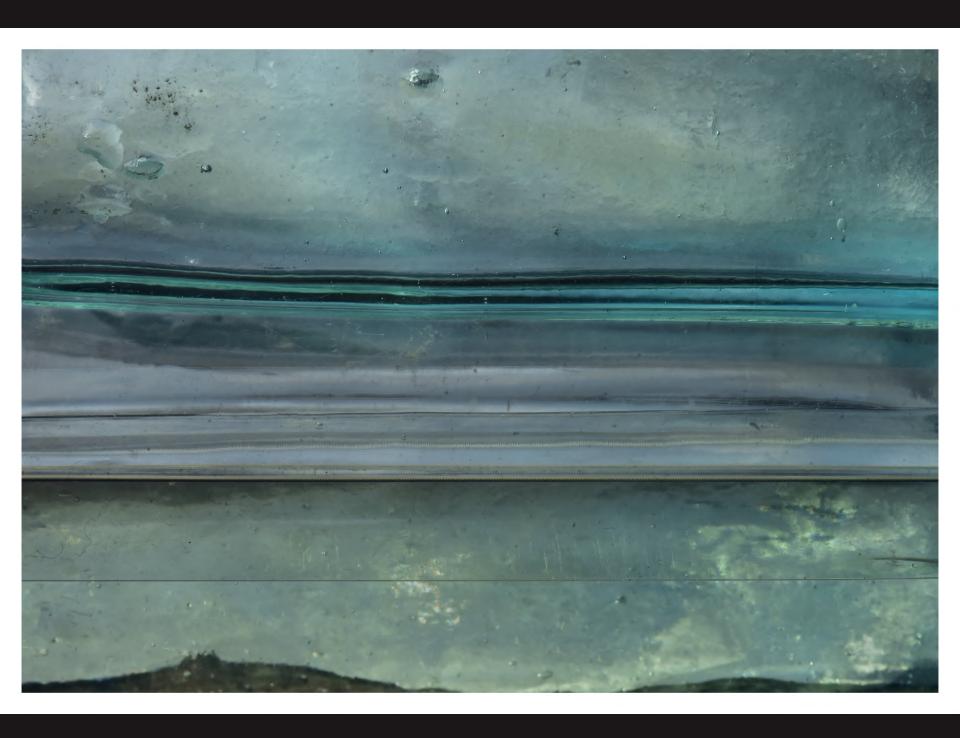


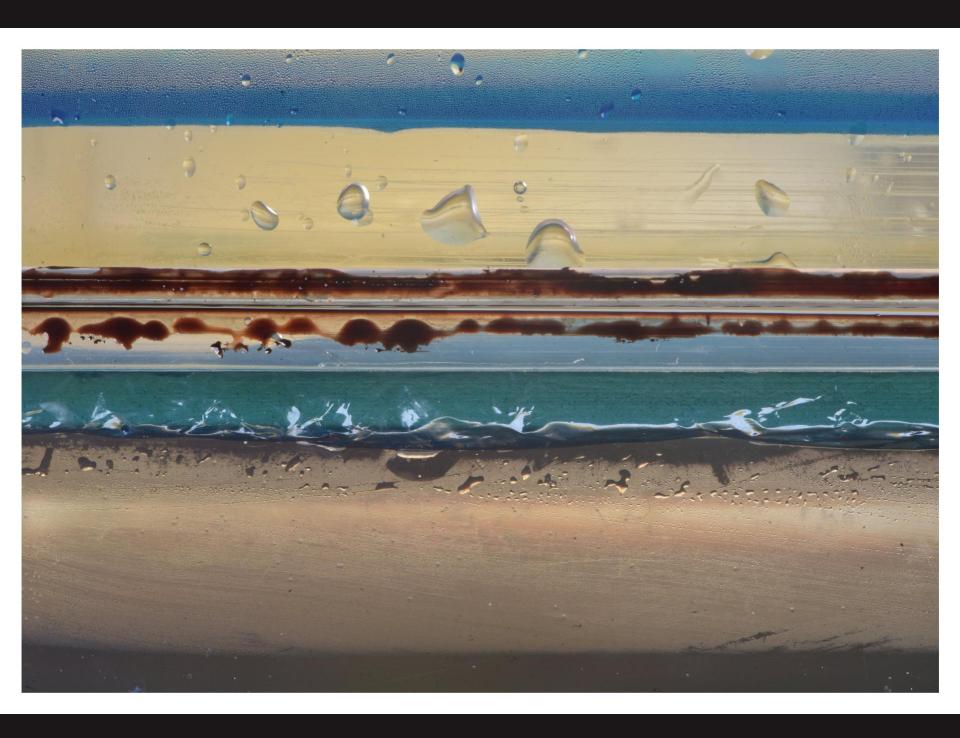








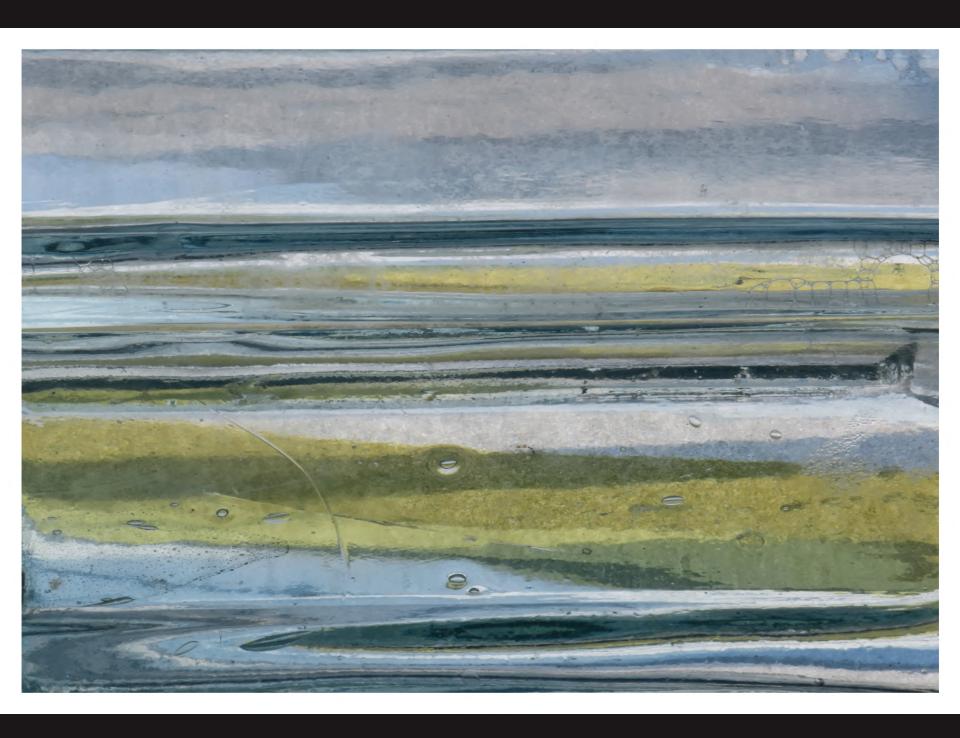


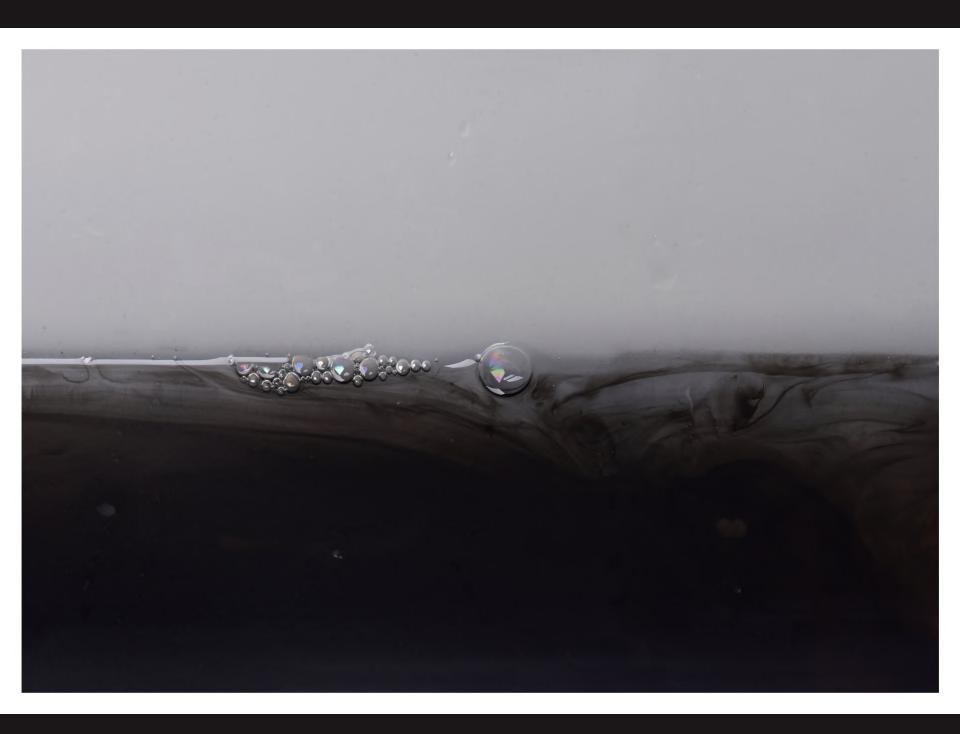






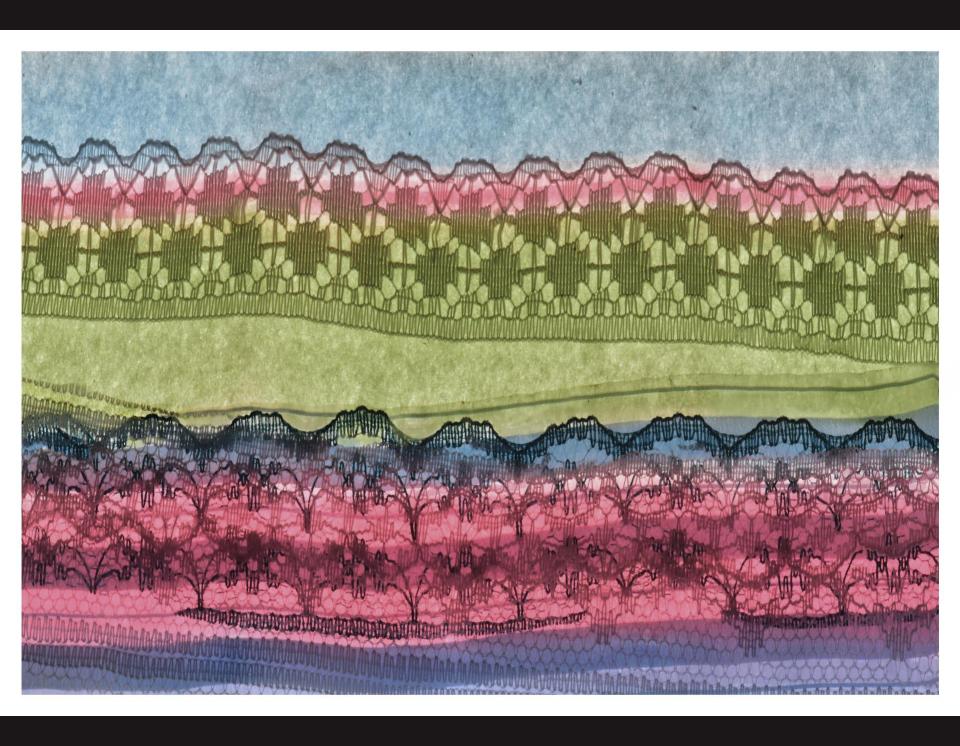




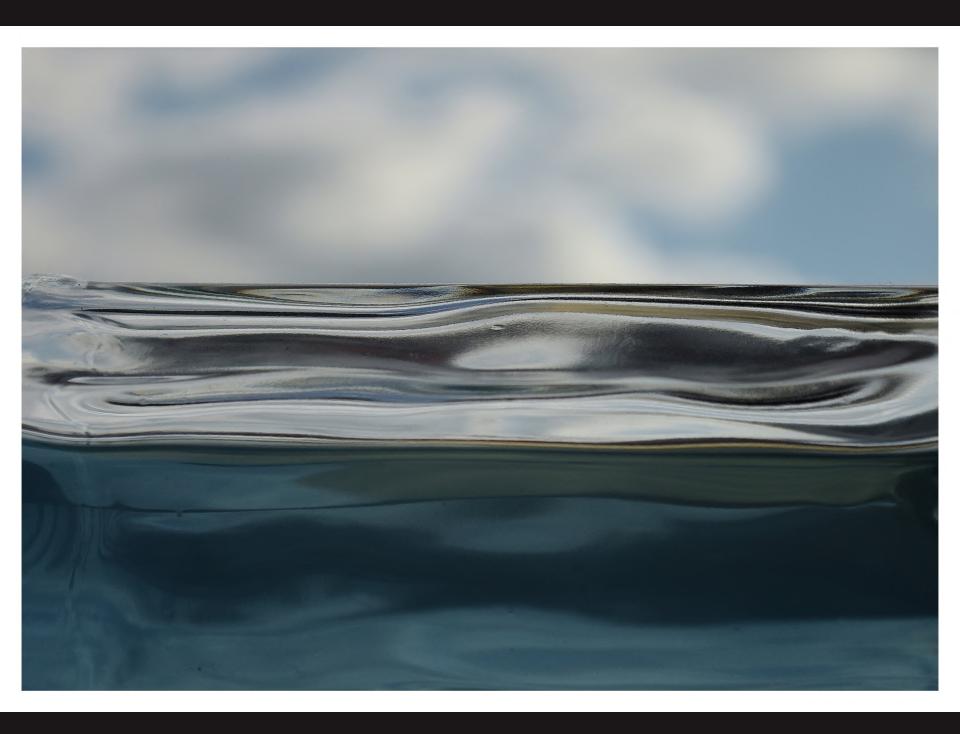




















DOWLING











































# RUBEN NATAL-SAN MIGUEL



Ruben Natal-San Miguel is a self-taught artist, architect, fine art photographer, curator, creative director, and critic who was born in Puerto Rico and now lives in New York City. His stature in the photo world has earned him awards, features in major media, and countless museum and gallery exhibitions.

Before becoming an artist, Natal-San Miguel worked in finance and was in the World Trade Center when it was attacked by terrorists on September 11, 2001. Since surviving that terrible day, he has dedicated his life to making art that celebrates the lives of the marginalized and oppressed, especially LGBTQ+ and communities of color.

His photographs are in the permanent collections of El Museo Del Barrio in NYC; The Center for Photography at Woodstock, NY; The Contemporary Collection of the Mint Museum, Charlotte, North Carolina; The Time Out Youth, Charlotte, NC; The Bronx Museum for the Arts; School of Visual Arts, NYC; The Fitchburg Museum of Art, Massachusetts; The North Carolina Museum of Art at Raleigh, NC; The Minneapolis Institute of Art; The Leslie Lohman Museum of Art; The Studio Museum of Harlem; The Museum of The City of NY; The Provincetown Art Museum; The Frances Lehman Loeb Art Museum Center at Vassar College; Kruziega Art Museum; Hope College, Michigan; The Griffin Museum for Photography; The Art Crawl of Harlem; The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, MA; Colby Museum of Art at Colby College, Maine; Des Moines Art Center, Des Moines, Iowa; The Newark Museum of Art, NJ; Nasher Museum of Art at Duke University, Durham, NC; El Centro at Hunter College, NYC; and Wave Hill Art & Cultural Center, Riverdale, NYC.



nexussingularity.com > about-nexus-singularity

www.instagram.com > aarneanton



#### Be Bop Bio:

Aarne Anton is known as the eyes behind American Primitive Gallery and Nexus Singularity. The gallery was known for presenting Outsider Art and American Folk Art. The NYC gallery closed when Covid began and became Nexus Singularity which continues in the country and online. He has been a pioneer exhibitor at the Outsider Art Fair since its beginning.

Returning to creating art he began a series, Mind as Mirror: Mirror as Mind which continues to evolve. What began as a collection of hand mirrors has moved into photography of illusion and magic.

#### Aarne

### LOUVIERE + VANESSA

www.louviereandvanessa.com

Jeff Louviere and Vanessa Brown make their home and art in New Orleans. Their work combines the mediums and nuances of film, photography, painting, and printmaking. They utilize Holgas, scanners, 8mm film, destroyed negative, wax, gold, and blood. They have a long fascination with themes of duality and paradox: beauty as horror, creation as destruction, the personal as a universal. Craft, concept, and history are the devices they use to explore the gray zone within those themes.

Since Louviere + Vanessa began showing professionally in 2004, they have been in more than 80 exhibits and film festivals in America, Australia, China and abroad. Louviere + Vanessa's photographs and films are held in the collections of The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, George Eastman House, New Orleans Museum of Art, Ogden Museum of Southern Art, as well as the Ford Foundation and the film archive for Globians International Film in Potsdam, Germany.



### MARJORIE BECKER

Marjorie Becker, a Macon, Georgia native, holds a Yale doctorate in Latin American History. She served in the Peace Corps in rural Paraguay, was a reporter in Macon, and is Professor of History and English at USC. She is the author of six books, including three poetry collections and the multi-genre *Dancing on the Sun Stone: Mexican Women and the Gendered Politics of Octavio Paz.* Her poems have been widely published and she was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry. She lives in Santa Monica.

marjorierbecker.com



Victor Rodriguez was born in Mexico City in 1970 and has lived in Brooklyn since the mid-1990s. Self-taught, his first solo exhibition was presented in New York with the OK Harris gallery, at the invitation of renowned art dealer Ivan Karp. Karp was co-director of the emblematic Leo Castelli gallery, which allowed him to collaborate with Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and Robert Rauschenberg, and present important individual exhibitions before creating his own project that pioneered the spread of photorealism, a branch of contemporary painting from which Victor Rodriguez emanates. During the transition from the 20th to the 21st century, figurative painting, especially photorealism, represented, in Rodriguez's words, "a necessity and a heresy," the beginning of "a path that today is accepted and exercised by the younger generations". Victor Rodriguez's painting is based on the argument that photorealism "is more than a form and the absence of content," he says: "I use it as a language, and vaguely, among others, because I am not even interested in the perfection of its manufacture, but always something else."

Since then, twenty-five years ago, Rodríguez's work has been exhibited in fifty solo exhibitions in galleries and museums in cities such as Panama, Monterrey, Houston, Berlin, Santo Domingo, New York, Milan, Birmingham, La Jolla, Lima., Oaxaca, Madrid, Paris and Atlanta; Among these exhibitions, the retrospective hosted by the MARCO museum in Monterrey stands out: Víctor Rodríguez / Painting 1997-2009. Likewise, Víctor Rodríguez has participated in the 7th Osaka Triennial (Mydone Museum), in the 3rd and 7th Salón Bancomer (Bancomer Cultural Foundation) and in the exhibitions Photorealism Revisited, organized by the Tucson Museum of Contemporary Art, Flor y Canto, presented by the Salt Lake City Museum of Art, In the Nineties: A view of Contemporary Mexican Art, hosted by the Mexican Cultural Institute in Washington D.C. and Trans-figuration, exhibited at the Palazzo Mediceo in Seravezza.

Víctor Rodríguez has received the Acquisition Prize of the XI Rufino Tamayo Biennial of Painting (2002), the Acquisition Prize of the I BID Contest for Young Painting (1997), the Acquisition Prize of the XIII National Meeting of Young Art (1996) and the Honorable Mention of the III Biennial of Monterrey (1997). His work is part of the collections of the Museum of Latin American Art in Los Angeles (MOLAA), the San Diego Museum of Art, the Brooklyn Museum of Art, the Monterrey Museum of Contemporary Art, the Mexican Foreign Ministry Museum, the Fundación Colección Jumex, the Instituto de Artes Flint, Aguascalientes Cultural Institute, British American Tobacco, FEMSA Collection, Narbona Collection, Inter-American Development Bank, Siqueiros Cultural Polyforum, Jauregia Collection and Franks-Suss Collection.



"DoubleRedPearl" BY VICTOR RODRIGUEZ

extraordinary? At the same time two is these days we're like people sitting har while our homes have become scenes a and no one has called us yet with the to Lalso worry about flaming sequoias) th similarity between despair' and disre one green particle of infinity chars go

# GAIL WRONSKY

https://www.gailwronskypoet.com/

Gail is the author, coauthor, or translator of eighteen books of poetry and prose, including Mockingbird's Proverbs (White Pine Press, 2025), Some Disenfranchised Evening (Swan Scythe Press, 2024), Under the Capsized Boat We Fly: New & Selected Poems (White Pine Press, 2021) and the poetry collections Imperfect Pastorals; Poems for Infidels; and Dying for Beauty, a finalist for the Western Arts Federation Poetry Prize. She is the translator of Argentinean poet Alicia Partnoy's book Fuegos Florales/Flowering Fires, winner of the American Poetry Prize from Settlement House Press. Her poems have appeared in many journals, including Poetry, Boston Review, Antioch Review, Denver Quarterly, Poetry International, Guesthouse, and Volt.

Gail is the recipient of an Artists Fellowship from the California Arts Council. Her work has appeared in several anthologies, including Pratik, the LA Issue; Poets Against War; The Black Body; In Possession of Shakespeare; The Poet's Child; Wide Awake: The Poetry of Los Angeles and Beyond, and Coiled Serpent: Poets Arising from the Cultural Quakes and Shifts of Los Angeles. The Moose in the Moon, her book of poetry for children, was published by Tsehai Publishers. Gail is co-editor of the anthology What Falls Away is Always: Writers Over 60 on Writing & Death (What Books Press, 2021). She taught creative writing and women's literature at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles where she was awarded the Harry M. Daum Professorship.

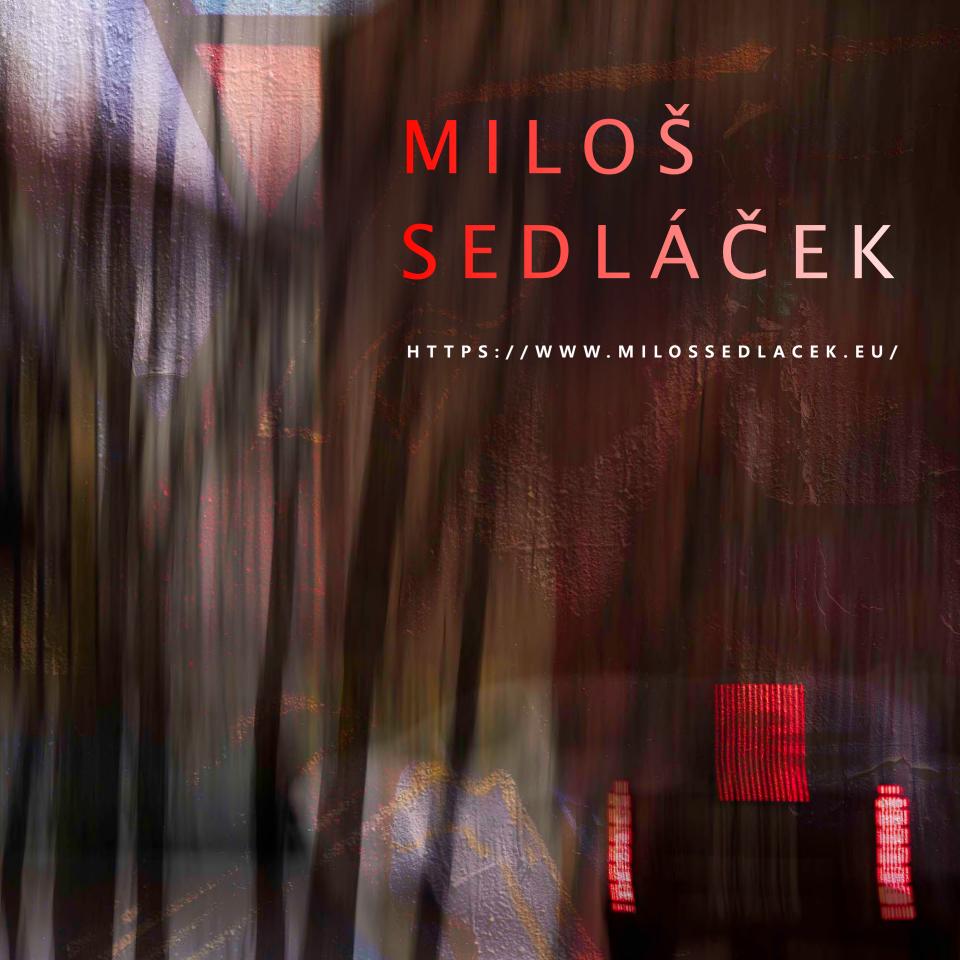
Born and raised in eastern Pennsylvania, Gail attended high school outside Detroit, Michigan, then went to Kalamazoo College. After two years, she transferred to the University of Virginia. She received a BA in English with High Distinction there, then continued on for an MFA in Creative Writing: Poetry. After teaching English for a year at Foxcroft School in Middleburg, VA, she attended the PhD program at the University of Utah, receiving her doctorate in English and American Literature in 1982. Since then Gail has been teaching at LMU. She is married to the novelist Chuck Rosenthal. Their daughter Marlena Dalí is a performance artist in Sydney, Australia.



Micallef has been selected as one of Louis Vuitton's Visionaries and is currently taking part in a world tour showcasing his work. His paintings feature in collections across the world, and has two pieces in the permanent collection of the London Design Museum. He also exhibited in group shows in prominent institutions as The National Portrait Gallery, The Royal Academy, Tate Britain and the ICA.

Described as a modern Expressionist and widely recognized as one of the finest painters in contemporary art today, Micallef roots his work in social commentary and self-examination. Known for his visually charged figure paintings, Micallef's series of works in his exhibition *Raw Intent* were a complete departure from his earlier artworks. In his more recent works, he builds up a relief-like surface with heavy paint to depict a figurative mass in front of a muted background.

His heavily laden, texture-rich canvases are reminiscent of artists as diverse as Auerbach, Kossoff, the White Russian-French painter Chaim Soutine and the British painter Walter Sickert, whose works explore and ultimately foreground the pure materiality of the medium of paint. All these artists are united by the desire to exploit the expressive possibilities of oil paint, with the emotional power of material form on canvas seen as an end in itself. For Micallef, painting takes on traits of a violent struggle in which the paint is thrown onto and knocked off the canvas.



Milos was recently awarded The Federation of European Photographers Committee's highest photographic quality QEP (Qualified European Photographer).

He spent his early childhood in the charming small town of Chlumec nad Cidlinou. He has lived in Prague for the rest of his life.

In 1975, he graduated from the Humanities Gymnasium in Prague.

Since 1984, he has been working as a professional photographer, focusing on architectural photography, technical photography, and promotional photography.

In 1985, he completed an extraordinary study of Art Photography at the Prague FAMU under Prof. Ján Šmok.

Since 2004, in addition to his photographic work, he has been teaching photography to students of the Architecture and Construction Department at the Faculty of Civil Engineering of the Czech Technical University in Prague.

Since 2006, he has published a number of articles, essays, and books. For example: Time in Photography and Photography in Time, The Truth of Photography, Presentation and Communication, Photography in Professional Practice, New Media for Professional Workers.

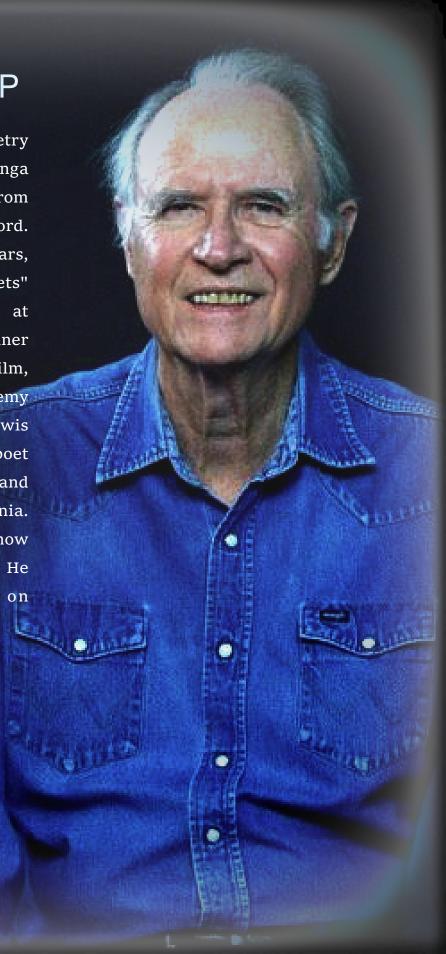
In 2018, together with Acad. Mal. Vratislav Ševčík at the birth of the FSv Gallery and has been its curator since then.

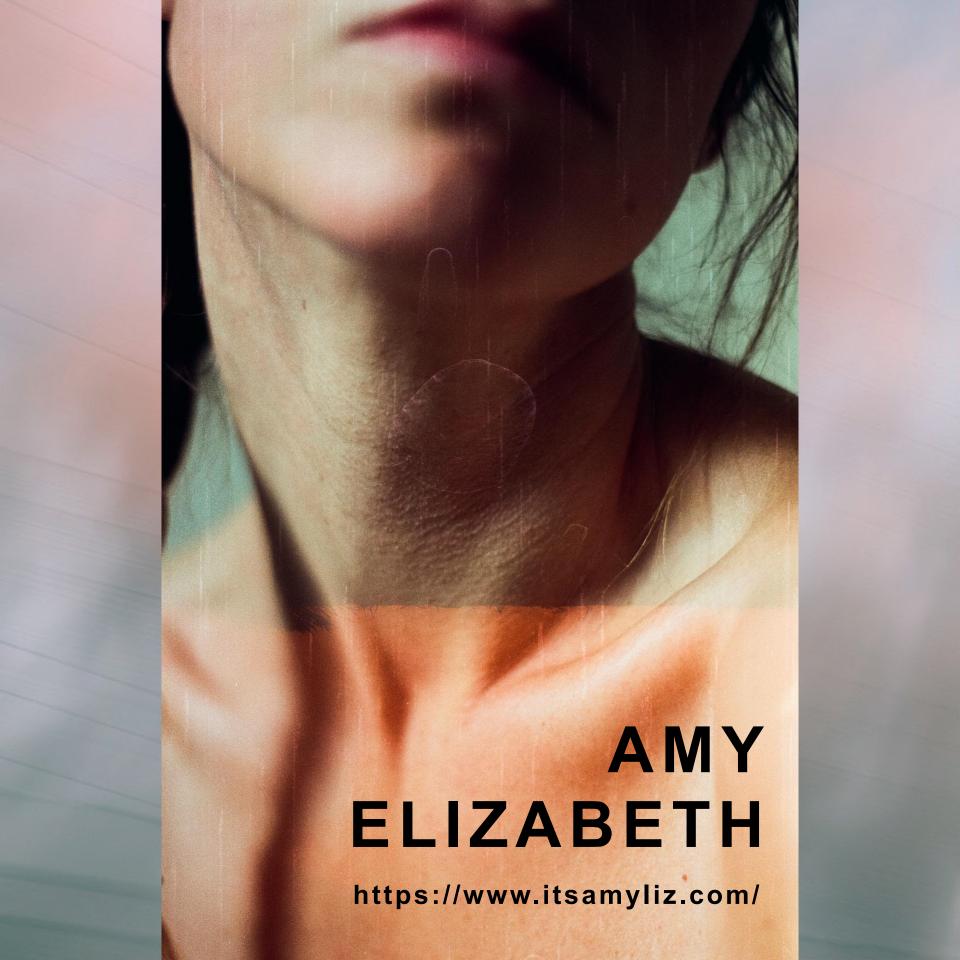
In 2020, he was nominated for the Personality of Czech Photography - awarded by the Association of Professional Photographers of the Czech Republic. In 2021, he was accepted into the Association of Professional Photographers of the Czech Republic.

### HARRY E. NORTHUP

Harry E. Northup has had twelve books of poetry published, the latest being: Love Poem to MPTF (Cahuenga Press, 2020). He received his B.A. in English from C.S.U.N., where he studied Verse with Ann Stanford. Northup made a living as an actor for thirty-four years, acting in thirty-seven films, including "Mean Streets" (1973), "Taxi Driver" (1976 Palme d'Or Winner at Cannes), "The Silence of the Lambs" (1991 Oscar Winner for Best Picture). He starred in the acclaimed cult film, "Over the Edge." Harry has been a member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences since 1976. Lewis MacAdams, in the *L.A. Weekly*, wrote, "Northup is the poet laureate of East Hollywood." He lives in the Motion and Picture Television Fund, in Woodland Hills, California. Harry produces & hosts a weekly, one-hour poetry show on ZOOM, Harry's Poetry Hour, Creative Chaos MPTF. He has done 251 shows & 239 of them have been posted on Harry's Poetry Hour YouTube.

Harry's Poetry Hour - YouTube





Amy Elizabeth is an artist, The Art Lab guide, Post-Processing podcast host, Illuminate teacher, and Film Lab 135 owner/operator currently residing in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She fell in love with film photography in high school photo class and has made it her primary medium ever since. After a brief dalliance with digital photography, she re-entered the film space, reacquainted herself with the basics of shooting and developing, and found herself pushing past the constraints of the box to embrace myriad experimental techniques such as long exposures, light leaks, intentional camera movement, multiple exposures, exposing both sides of the film, and film soup.

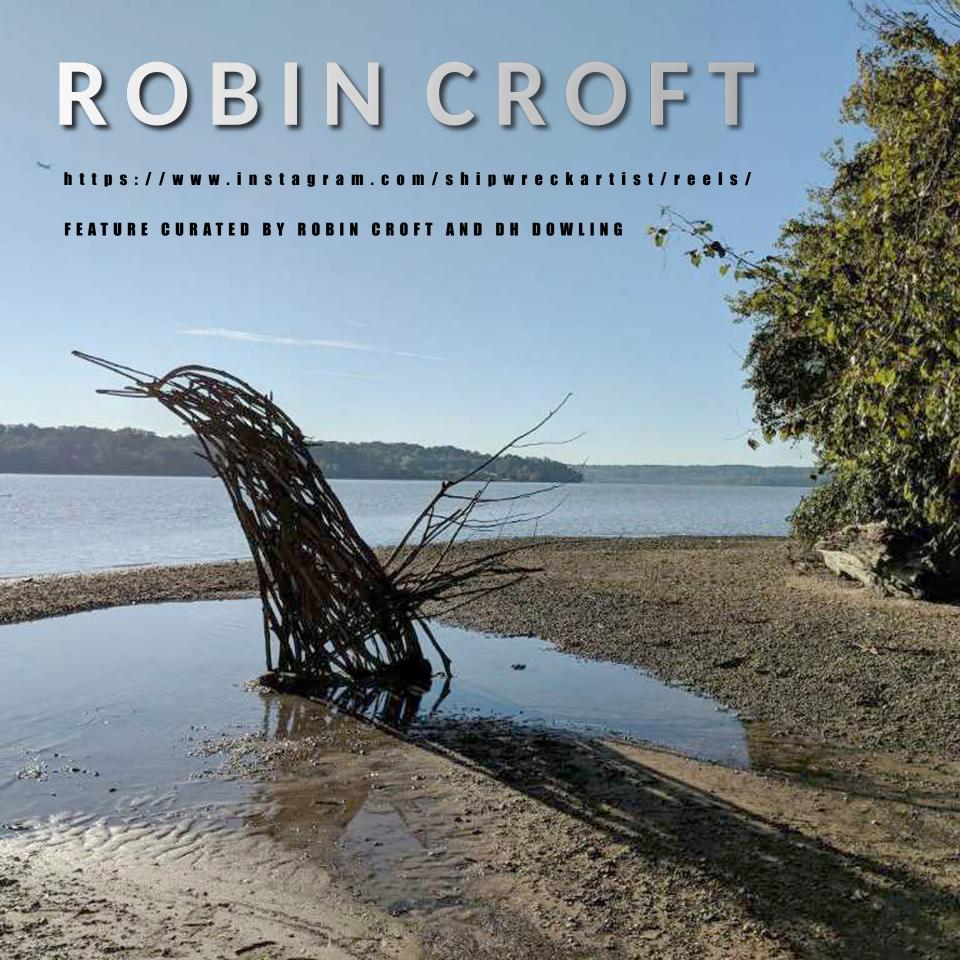
She found her home in the film space by moving past a more traditional, representational style of photography and into expressionism, with this goal always in mind: don't tell me how it looks, show me how it feels.

Whether she is mentoring other artists, capturing self-portraits, or developing film sent to her boutique lab, her goal is to empower people to be vulnerable, take up space, open up, and find they are accepted exactly as they are right now.

## KERI LASSALLE

somewhere between East Sussex, UK,
Provence and Santa Monica
California. The Daughter poems are in
the final stages of editing. She's mother
of three young adults, and she's also
been a journalist in Paris, a film critic,
a celebrity interviewer and a fashion
designer. Doing her best writing in the
French countryside, Keri loves to camp
out in the mystical realms where she
weaves myth and spirit into poems about
her beloved and complex family.





"Nothing can be taken for granted. Constant change proves to be the only reliable point of reference. Equilibrium being as fleeting as life itself, one fuses an array of thought fragments retrieved from memories into a drawing of graphite, metal or wood. By doing so, the artist builds a fragile mental world of metaphor that lends meaning to his largely unnoticed visit among the general population.

"Among the works shown here, A Taunt Done, eh? is an homage to Duchamp's "Étant donnés," which extracts the perspective aspect of his barn door, wall and the distant waterfall, then reverts them to an actual outdoor setting. (The wattle enclosure with window was constructed about 100 yards from the dam's spillway.) Perpetual Notion Machine (aka Sisyphus machine) is from a "Railcar/dolly" series of metaphorical self-portraits embodied by abandoned wheeled vehicles featuring absurd routines, introspective dead ends, malfunctioning equipment and failed objectives: A ball bearing sitting in a receptacle beckons the viewer to insert it in the upper hole, and the unseen ball makes a loud clanging that resembles an idling steam engine as it traverses a staccato path to the lower cup. Perpetual Notion Machine tacitly invites the viewer to attempt to operate manual controls, hit the kill switch, read the solar-powered temperature gauge's gibberish, and blow or poke a ball bearing (the dilating eye) from one side to the other."

- Robin Croft

John Kelly article and video for "Death Ship, HCW" 9/24/14

http://www.washingtonpost.com/local/with-piles-of-driftwood-and-his-imagination-virginia-artist-creates-ghostly-works/2014/09/24/4944ed2e-43f0-11e4-9a15-137aa0153527\_story.html



The aesthetics of crisis may not at first appear as terrifying or even disconcerting. Capitalism devours the normative process and feeds it back to us. What once would have been a benchmark in ecological thinking is no more now than an acceptance of the value of over production as desire. It's worth the risk because of its exclusivity, that watch, those shoes, this phone. The cost of consumption is beauty and functionality as inbuilt obsolescence. Forest fires, floods, the dissemination of communities all barely register over the excitement of the latest releases.

I began Trying to Remember the Ocean a year before I took a single photograph in the series. Collecting all the plastic around each food product consumed I quickly began to realize that the material I'd collected was done for the convenience of distribution and bore little relationship between production and consumption except as waste. A couple of months in and I was quite frightened by how much waste I'd collected. Where would it go, recycling, landfill, the ocean. I can't recall now the first time I had the idea to create a simulacrum, a mise-enscene to re purpose this waste as memory but I guess I quickly realized, having childhood memories of the coast, that two way illusion of loss could be universal. Memory often survives in scraps, fragments, seaside postcards, what we can retain of what it was like before we flooded the sea with waste.

### DHDOWLING



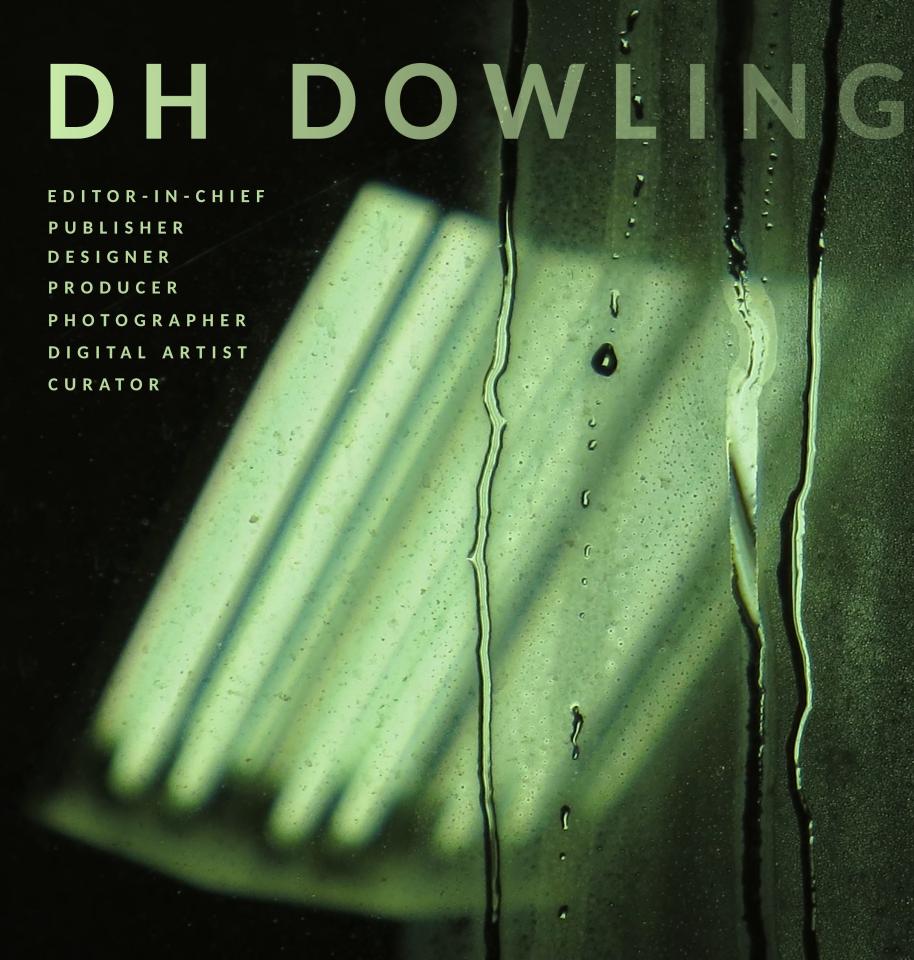
https://www.instagram.com/tattooedbubble/



DH DOWLING is a producer, writer, curator, designer, photographer, and director of television commercials and long-form films and videos. His work has garnered Telly awards, a Mobius award, a Mercury Award, New York Festival Awards, Monitor Awards, ITVA awards, and Society of Technical Communicators Awards of Distinction. He has managed a rock-and-roll recording studio composed soundtracks and for off-Broadway plays. He was co-founder and editor-in-chief of Mental Shoes Magazine. Portrait of twenty-something me

painted by my mother Jean Dowling.

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RUBEN NATAL-SAN MIGUEL IS FROM HARLEM, NY CITY AARNE ANTON IS FROM POMONA, NEW YORK LOUVIERE + VANESSA ARE FROM NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA MARJORIE BECKER IS FROM SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA VICTOR RODRIGUEZ IS FROM BROOKLYN, NY CITY GAIL WRONSKY IS FROM LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA ANTONY MICALLEF IS FROM LONDON, ENGLAND MILOS SEDLÁCEK IS FROM PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC HARRY E. NORTHUP IS FROM LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA AMY ELIZABETH IS FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA KERI LASSALLE IS FROM SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA ROBIN CROFT IS FROM MANASSAS, VIRGINIA KARL HURST IS FROM SHEFFIELD, UNITED KINGDOM DH DOWLING IS FROM NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT





EMOTIONAL INTELLIGENCE IS GREATER THAN ARTIFICIAL INTELIGENCE

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