

*Memories of  
Curt Allan LaFurney  
1958-2019 rip*

Curt's last Facebook post. Jan. 22, 2019

*I'm taking a vacation from Facebook. If you need to contact me use my e mail calcutterpost@yahoo.com.  
I'm going to be non political for awhile.*

My old friend, and cohort since 1981 in all my production endeavors, [Curt LaFurney](#) died tuesday night at our apt. He will be sorely missed, as he was a water buffalo of a guy, crusty though he might of been at times on the outside, He was sensitive and caring on the inside, he touched many peoples lives, and left behind a trail of many films, videos, and live events, that he edited or was a part of in someway.

He was always pushing me, and us, to be better.

Peace an Happy trails thru the universe.

*Brian S. Hanish:*

*What fallows is a collection of stories and memories contributed by friends and family*



*Salvatore Matteo:*

My contribution is an ironic quote by the great  
Curt LaFurney himself about the death of Anthony Bourdain;  
"I'm mad as hell that that fucker killed himself! Where does that leave us?  
Oh yeah I'm mad, absolutely!"



*Jessie Allan Cooper:*

Curt was a part of the Cooper Sound Waves family for over 25 years his crusty personality and artistic contributions will be missed may he rest in peace...

*Bridget Powerz:*

Will be missed. Always in my heart.

*Brett A Brown:*

The best thing about Curt was seeing something on my Facebook timeline that made me say who the hell is this!?  
Then when I saw it was him I thought, Oh, that's cool.





*Patrick Liberty:*

*The thing I liked most about Curt was his curiosity about the life I lived on the road in my bare feet and a white robe for six years. Curt was fascinated by the stories of the nuts and bolts aspect of daily living on the street in faith. I remember he told me he had started to be thankful for the food he ate and he would thank Amen because he had seen me do it. It amazed me that someone as secular as he was, would be interested. That facet of him was surprising. He had some kind of appreciation of the spiritual aspects of being alive. However, on one matter, we did disagree. Curt always contended that when you died, you went to the worms. Physically speaking, this is true. The body rots. But there is a non physical aspect to Curt, that has not gone to the worms. It lives on in my heart and always will. The memory of a beautiful soul that burned through this world and my life and added his light and meaning to my existence. For this, and having gotten to know you,  
I am very much grateful for.  
Thank you, Curt!*







Curt....you lived your life in a manner that suited your whims and you spoke in terms that expressed how you passionately felt about the world. You left too soon, and there is a puzzle and sadness in our hearts because of your departure.

Fly free Curt and be happy. I am happy to have known you. ☺☐

Mary Heth Aguado:







Ruben Soto:

Curt LaFurney.

Our brother left a void on everyones heart  
when he went on a permanent vacation logging out from Facebook.  
who would have known that he was never coming back.

I was very fortunate and lucky to have known such a special person,  
we click in many ways through his editing on my movie Willoughby  
his art and energy will always live forever,

I want to say thank you for inspiring me and being there for me  
when somebody else was just putting me down you believed in me.  
I know wherever you might be you'll be on my side no matter where  
you are I will conquer the world because I know that you wouldn't  
want to see me fall. Whatever success I'm celebrating I will think of  
you first because you were my biggest inspiration and I want you to  
be proud of me. Now I know that I have an angel looking over me  
thank you for your time and your kindness in this world.

Were going to miss you a lot.

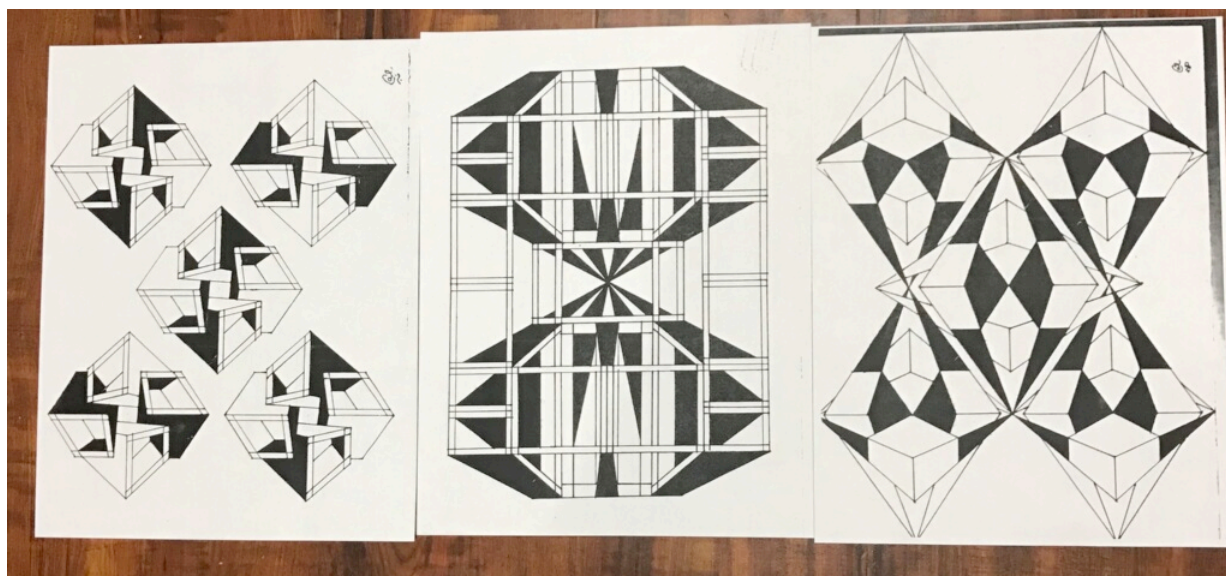
Until we meet again.....

Sharron Shayne:

What I wanted to say about Curt is that I remember his generosity  
when he was flush. There was a time before 2002 when my dear  
husband Larry Simeone was alive that for some reason Curt liked to  
take me out every few months or so for a steak dinner! Larry and Curt  
were good friends so there was never anything between us , but it was  
just me and Curt going for a filet mignon and fries." We would talk  
about art since I had just started studying visual art, and as you can see  
by these abstract drawings Curt was really an artist. I had a wonderful  
time in his company in those days. He was always encouraging and was  
gifted, and not only in film and editing and special effects, but in abstract  
graphics. I'll also always be grateful for his and Brian's filming of my  
marriage to Larry as well as the inspiration and thoughtfulness of  
sneaking back into the Stargate Film location to snatch part of the set



which Curt and Brian presented to us as a wedding present. Only a good friend would brave the perils of jail time to give a friend a very special gift. Curt, I will for sure miss you.



Curts Art



Paul Cohen:

Hey!

The story you are trying to access may cause offense, may be in poor taste, or may contain subject matter of a graphic nature.



This story was written as a satire or parody. It is entirely fictitious.

If you wish to back out now, please [click here](#) to go back to the home page.

image for Man Eaten By Angry Vagina

The Man was Yelling at the Vagina, "Clean My Car!!!"

A man, yet to be identified pending notification of the family, is presumed dead, after being consumed by, a large, angry, oozing, vagina.

Curt, the world will be colder without you.

Hardcore, but very soft in the middle.

I was always surprised and pleased at how much you liked me and cared for me. And you expressed it, You appreciated me and i appreciated you.

Thank you for being my friend.

We've been through alot and to Burningman and back 10, 15, years +

You borrowed \$1000 bucks once.

Rent, boots, shampoo i don't know what you needed it for .

Out of ALL my friends that ever borrowed a few bucks You are the ONLY one to pay me back.

And you thanked me.

That says alot and more , the honorable gentleman that you were.

Sure you cut a lot of butts, boobies and VJJ's, but i appreciated that you unleashed your talent and generosity when you spent 250 hours cutting and recutting the Water Woman Festival Of art and Ecological Design. It came out GREAT!

Just like you my friend.

A true gentleman in flip flops.

Your warmth, humor, wisdom and Qua of Curtness WILL BE MISSED.

ONWARD and UPWARD  
P.C.



Gary Hanish:

2/8/2019

Curt Lafurney: The Man, the Myth, the Marshmallow

Come gather close to the campfire boys and girls and I'll tell you what I know about the man who's shadow has barely passed from the room.

First off, I know he wouldn't be happy with my choice of font for this writing. Using his own words, "fuck it!"

He was a funny guy so that's why the font.

He edited porn. That I know for sure. Some folks said he could edit a scene blindfolded. I never saw that. He claimed he taught the top editors in the XXX biz how to edit. Maybe he did.

He was a man committed to his computer. When I would come by to visit my brother, Curt would usually be sitting at his screen. Sometimes cursing at it. (he had C.I.T.S. Computer Induced Turrets Syndrome)

I don't know how many hours he spent on the documentary "The King and

Me", but I know it was a lot. He was a man about details.

I remember his pride when he showed me how he'd "spray painted" words

from the poem The Raven, onto a train that sped through a short film opening. The words went by and would be seen almost subliminally, but it was about the little details for Curt.

There was a period when Curt was writing humorous pieces. I remember being impressed by his insight, humor and overall depth of writing. He never spoke to me about his schooling, but the man could write!

A few days before his passing, I had some time alone with him where I was shocked to find out that he didn't like watching violent things like American Horror Story. I never knew that about him. That night he spent 5-10 minutes scrolling through the shows he had access to, trying to find what he wanted to share with me. "It's one of the best shows on t.v." he said

Finally he found it and clicked on the program to start it: Young Sheldon. Really? The gruff, crotchety old guy who edits porn is sharing with me this silly, sentimental show about a brilliant child in an adults world who don't understand him.

The marshmallow. I'm sure Curt would not have wanted me to share this all with you, but hey, that's what happens when you leave the room before I start to write.

Happy trails Curt. May you find an amazing journey now that you're off the couch and out of the apartment. I love ya dude!





Barbara Karm:

Dear Brian

I want to let you know how terribly sorry I am for the great loss you have suffered.

Though I did not know Curt very well, my several encounters with him were always pleasant, often fun and, on occasion, quite enlightening. I always felt he possessed a good, sweet soul, evidenced by the bright, almost mischievous (but highly perceptive) light shining through his lovely eyes. He never failed to treat Adam and me with great kindness and respect, and he could, always unexpectedly, make us laugh. I often sensed about him a substantial touch of genius which, I believe, sometimes (or often) made him a bit uncomfortable in his own skin. People in possession of uncommon, rare and extraordinary gifts often suffer feelings of isolation and eccentricity when, in fact, their sight and insight could greatly benefit us all, if only we could recognize and encourage them. Especially considering how very difficult his days could be, he still (heroically, in my opinion) managed to make many important and lasting contributions during his years among us. Even from this distance of time and space, I will never forget him and his brilliant, lasting light.

He was your great friend and invaluable partner, Brian, and you were his. I feel certain that the deep friendship and rewarding professional partnership you shared provided him the security and comfort he required in order to access as much of his truest self as he could possibly manage in this crazy, judgmental, and often unkind world in which we live. His years with you provided him enormous peace and comfort, along with strong professional satisfaction, which, without you, he would never have achieved. You were his safe space within which he could actually be himself, and feel loved, respected and appreciated -- without judgment. You gave him purpose, without which life is sadly devoid of meaning.

As you pass through this sorrowful period of grief and mourning, I pray that you will console yourself with thoughts and memories of the true happiness and pleasure you

consistently brought to your dear friend, Curt. Though I've already mentioned this, I cannot emphasize enough that, without you, Curt could never have known or experienced the many joys and satisfactions of the life he shared with you.

I want you to know that you are in my prayers, along with Curt, and I will pray each day that your grief will lessen, and that the lovely memories you made together will bring you solace, peace and hope for the future.

In closing, I must mention that I believe Curt's spirit is around you now, and will remain so for quite some time. He is reluctant to leave you and, of course, he does not wish you to grieve, though he knows you must. If you can, I ask that you try to speak to him (aloud or in your head), saying all the things in your heart which you believe have been left unsaid. I feel (strongly, Brian), that if you do this and then allow yourself to become quite still, and intently listen, you will hear his authentic replies in your mind and in your heart. He is with you, Brian -- I can feel it. (And when you speak with him, please give him my love and Adam's, and let him know that he is sorely missed by many.)

With my warmest wishes, always,



Brian LaFurney:

Wow Brian that was great heart touching

Yes I had the same difference with him as you did he told me since I believed in God then I might as well believe in the Easter Bunny hopefully God has over looked that he didn't believe, he had a very big soft heart.





*Michael Karm:*

I was over on De Longpre with Brian & Curt the day before Curt died. Brian was helping fix my car's tail light and then wanted me to see their newly renovated bathroom...

As I walked in, Curt was just getting up...sitting on the couch.

"Hi Curt...Oh wow, your new couch/bed...Cool...How you be?"

"Same brain tumor!" ...He'd been saying that for decades.

Brian showed me the new tub and shower in the john.

When I was leaving, I bumped fists with Curt, "Take care...see ya."

Brian called me the next afternoon and told me the shocking news.

I'm still in and out of the pain of Curt not being here anymore.

We three have been friends for almost 40 years.

We all met and started driving at Celebrity/Red Top Cab about '84.

Curt & I shared Cab #664. I drove days & he drove nights.

We used to have wild arguments when he came in late.

Many times when I look over to my digital clock, and it reads 6:64,

I'll think about Curt and many our cab days.

One Christmas I brought over a quart of Jack Daniels.

Curt said, "What did you bring Brian?"



Curt & Brian served as crew on John Mendel's (aka Johnny Neurotic) beautiful, 62-foot, teakwood, motorized sailboat.

They invited me to join them a few times. It was spectacular!

On my last voyage with them, we smoked Johnny's powerful weed.

John went below to nap, Brian took the helm, and Curt & I sat on deck in the stern.

Suddenly there was a jolt. Brian ran over Sewer pipe off El Segundo, about 200 yards from the beach.

The boat suddenly started to fall over, then righted itself, then fell way over to the other side.

I was moaning, "Whoaaah...whoaaah!" John ran up and grabbed the wheel & put the gears in reverse.

Then it started tipping and falling over so far again that I could put my hand in the water.

As I frantically stuffed my watch in my pants pocket, I blurted to Curt, "Get ready to swim Curt...can you? ...This things going down!"

"Maybe...maybe not."

Two life guards were swimming out to the boat...

Johnny was able to get us loose from the tanks and the Coast Guard escorted us back to port.



We all worked together on actor's reels, music videos, presentations, and shot and created an amazing website for a client, Respect and Understanding.

My son, Adam, hired us to make trailers for 4 films.

After finishing the first, Adam came by and viewed it..."Nope, that's not okay!"

So we started over with Adam directing us and then got it right.

The next day when I came over, Curt showed me a formula he wrote out that encapsulated the way our editing should follow Adam's...It was sound and a clear path for us to use and It worked well.

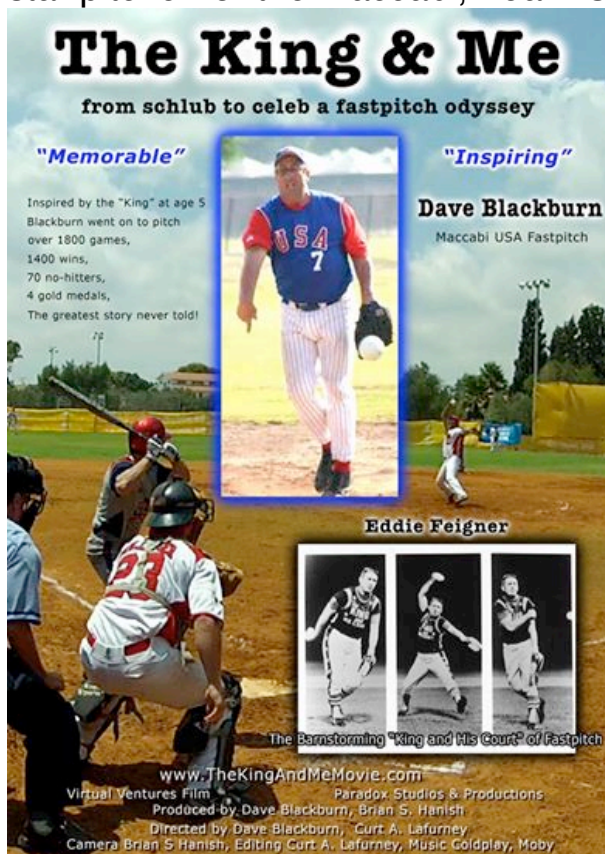
When Curt showed me what his job entailed downtown at the Conga Room, part of the LA Live Complex, I was truly amazed.

He was operating 5 cameras (remotely) at once by computer and recording his takes; a one man band!

He was proud of his dexterity and talent.

He named a thousand guests standing in the audience with their phones held up, as "I-Flies."

For the last couple of years Curt & Brian were making a film about their friend Dave Blackburn,  
star pitcher for the Maccabi, Team USA fastpitch softball team..



Curt & Brian would ask me to come over and view how it was shaping up. We had a sound trust about all we had done and all we'd gone through together.

Whenever I stopped by to work or visit, Curt was most always cutting porn.

He was great at it and worked for some major and minor producers.  
He'd always shout, "Hey, Mike, take a look at this!"  
It was always outrageously shocking to me and he would laugh & laugh away at the look on my face.  
His unique laugh was like that of some deeply crazed pirate.  
Many times because of some glitch in his edit, he would shout, "Fuck, Fuck, Fuck it,"  
and leave his editing table and have a smoke next to the hall's open window...watching people walk by.  
"You see that woman over there," he'd smile, "she's naked underneath her clothes!"

He had strong feelings about the government too...lots!  
About so many things.  
There's lots of other wonderful feeling moments...days I remember, but that's the way it is about life.  
We're all flooded with the memory of times we shared with friends and loved ones.

It's difficult to stop now...Curt was a friend and I miss him.







Christy:

Curt was a special guy. He had been through enough and seen enough to know enough about the human condition. While publicly defending his misogynist views to an anonymous person on Facebook, he gave me one of the best compliments that I have ever received. He called me an "unapologetic water buffalo". I will cherish it for the rest of my days. Here it is below. May he rest in peace.

Sincerely,  
Christy Oldham

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Oct 17, 2017

"Hi Christy, I gave you props in an argument recently thought you might like it..."



"you can't male shame me with your pathetic PC bullshit, I don't go there and I won't sit and be browbeaten by your low level attempt to embarrass me into submission. I know the games some women play to advance themselves in business/career and then act all innocent and shocked when they get caught. I'm not saying all women elect to pursue this path in life but at the same time I'm not going to ignore the ones that obviously do and not say anything about it. I know a lot of women that put in the time and effort , they kick ass. There is a woman I recently worked with that does the leg work, she's serious, she's a unapologetic water buffalo, she stomps the tundra, she advances herself thru putting in the time and effort. Not all women do that. I even asked her why she didn't take advantage with her sexuality, she just gave me that look that said, "I don't compromise that way", major respect! When you call the, "short cut", women on the carpet they hate you because of it, they think they are soooo slick,,,no one is suppose to see thru their low level, lame assed bullshit. I could care less about what people think. If they can't see a situation with objectivity and clarity without following the brainwashed media barrage then "f" you. I'm sorry you experienced sexual harassmt in your life but one person's sexual harassmt is another person's mindless goofing. Buck up butter cup the world is a sucky place then you die a horrible death. While you are swilling in your privileged, entitled, pathetic horrible world of sexual harassmt a child was just born in Africa that won't live til the end of the day because they have no food to eat. That's harassmt! Don't ever try to male shame me again, Have a nice day."

-Curt Lafurney

*We called them Curtism's (Brian)*



### MIKE JOHN

*Curt... I miss the old days and regret loosing contact so I am stoked that you reached out. I learned a ton from you and consider you among my good friends even though we haven't spoke for well over ten years I think. How's your boy Brian, are you still up in Hollywood? I just moved out of my house. I am down in Costa Rica now, but should be back in March we will have to hang out then.*

### CURT

*Michael... I miss our talks and the time we spend together, I learned a lot from you too Michael, like to see you if your in town.  
Hope to hear from you soon*

### Mike John:

Hey Brian I am sad to not be able to be there today I will be there in spirit and thinking of Curt and all the fun we had and things he thought me he mentored me and set a good example of how to take things easy "water off a ducks back" he used to say. I took him to sushi for the first time ever, he noticed the wasabi and asked "what's that" I replied "Japanese guacamole " he then said why didn't they give us more as he plopped the whole ball in his mouth "asshole" was all he said, classic curt.



Angela:

Curt has always been a very special person to me, someone with a beautiful heart. The first time I ever experienced losing a loved one, Curt was the person who came and helped me out the most.

When I got the news that one of my longtime friends had passed away, my boyfriend was out of town and wasn't able to be with me at the time. I had no idea how to tell my friends and family what I was going through. When I called my boyfriend and told him of my friend passing, he told me to knock on Curt's door, he would help me out. He told me 'Curt will be there for you', and he was. I never would have thought my neighbor Curt would help me out so much, because at the time, we were only neighbors and I didn't know him that well. I knew him, but never would have thought he'd be the one with me during the whirlwind of emotions that the loss brought.

Curt was always so loving and he always listened to me. I realized he cared for me dearly. That day I knocked on his door, he poured two shots, and said, "This one is for your friend," a simple gesture, but one that seemed to come uniquely from the heart, like he just knew. The following days, he would check on me to see how I was doing.

With the loss of my friend, within the next few days, something strange happened. I woke up to a hummingbird fluttering inside my apartment.



There he was, caught in my bedroom window next to a flower vase. I'm afraid of birds and I didn't know what to do in order get this hummingbird out. The hummingbird was fluttering around, flying into the window, and then falling to the floor in shock. I was afraid, so I knocked on Curt's door. He came over quickly to help me free the bird. He calmly guided me, I grabbed a hand fan and the bird jumped onto it, then he flew through the open window. I thought it seemed strange that when I freed the bird, he stopped, and looked right at me. I never saw a hummingbird look at me like that before.

About a year after my first loss, I found out that another one of my great friends passed away. Around the time he passed, another hummingbird was caught in my apartment. This time my boyfriend was with me to help get the bird out of our apartment. Somehow my boyfriend and I got into a conversation about what it meant to have a hummingbird visit. So we researched what it meant to have hummingbirds visit you, what we found was amazing.

Specifically, in Native American mythology, hummingbird visits with the passing of loved ones have been taken as messages of comfort from those loved ones, delivered by the birds. Furthermore, the sight of hummingbirds is often also taken within Native American myth to be a sign of good luck, or in the South American Andes, to be a symbol of resurrection.

I originally never even saw any type of correlation between the experiences of death and the hummingbird visits, but after reading what I found, I wasn't sure what to make of the information.

Over the time I lived in this apartment, Curt and I became good friends. I would often see him standing in the window next to the bird feeder. One day I came home from work and saw Curt standing by the window making strange noises. He told me he was talking to the hummingbirds, and at that moment there were multiple hummingbirds hovering around the feeder.

After reading all the stories about hummingbird interactions I can't help but be reminded of Curt standing at the window calling to the hummingbirds. Maybe he really knew how to speak to them? I will admit, I always thought of Curt as a kind of spiritual guru, he seemed so wise. He was always loving and kind; he gave the best advice in so few words.

Thank you Curt for always being there for me when I was in need. You were only a knock away.

This one is for you Curt ♥ Angela



*RIP Curt LaFurney you shall be missed.*

*I'll never forget meeting you at not burning man and your grand entrance..*

*#fucktheworld #bigassspeakerstrappedtoacaddy*

*Mindy Look:*

**Danny:**

**I would always look forward to coming home knowing Kurt would either be near the window with a big greeting or having his door open to ask how My day was. He was genuine when he would ask me and interested. Kurt was smart, funny, gentle and had a huge heart and big soul. You will be missed my friend. RIP**

Jimi Elwell:

"Curt and I spent a lot of time working together in the 90's.

Marking our celebration of the decade by getting food poisoning from oyster shooters on election night '92. After nearly a week of feeling like we were on a Dr. Kevorkian trip at old Ron Vogel's studio we pulled through and spent the rest of the decade exploring weird, wonderful and sometimes frightening encounters in life! He always managed to pull through with a smile and a twinkle in his eye! I could go on and on with wild tales that meant a lot to us, but I think the best way to describe my life with Curt in it was said best by Hunter S. Thompson, "You couldn't invent someone like Curt Lafurney. He was a... he was one of a kind. He was a mutant. A real heavyweight water buffalo type... who could chew his way through a concrete wall and spit out the other side covered with lime and chalk and look good in doing it." Here's to ya Curt! Thanx for being my buddy & (Brian) thanx for being you!!!"



Curt doing a live switch for John Riley at LifeStream seminar Oct. 2018





Rodney Eastman:

To know Curt, to really know Curt, was to love him... and to hate him. To some, that might sound like a bummer of a friend, but to me, these opposing forces are at the core of what made Curt such an incredible, confounding, funny, frustrating, loving lightning-rod of a powerful human being. The polar opposite sides of Curt coexisted, there was no way to appreciate Curt's place in the world, without acknowledging his good and bad, his depression and humor, his darkness and always at the end of the day, his bright, beautiful light.

I called Curt my own personal Yoda. There were many late nights, just the two of us, together at the upstairs window that looks out onto DeLongpre, (dubbed 'Curt's Perch'), drinking and smoking way too much for men of our age. We would get into to rambling, philosophical conversations. Some would end in a blissed out, devolution of thought, both of us losing the thread of ideas that we both had thought so important just minutes before. Then, after giving up the intellectual fight, laughing at our own shared ignorance, and having one last shot together, we would retreat to our mirror image apartments, surviving to fight another day.

But sometimes these conversations would find their mark. And more often than not, Curt was the marksman. He wasn't perfect by any means. To me, that was a big part of his charm and appeal. For every hit, there was a miss.

For instance; Curt highly recommended that I put salami into the teriyaki beef ramen that was both our favorites.

"The sauce from the ramen totally overtakes the salami taste. It's kinda like that cheap Chinese food you buy on Hollywood boulevard. C'mon Rodney, you need some protein. It's so good!"

So yeah, that one was a miss.

But sometimes with a few words, he could cut right to that heart of darkness that lives in us all.

The last bullseye Curt fired in my direction bears repeating.

A couple of months ago, I was sick and tired of my job. The first steady job I have ever held for over a year in alifetime spent chasing the dream. I was fed up! Ready to quit! Ready to march in and tell my employers what's what. I expressed these thoughts to Curt, and he listened. He was always a great listener. He offered no opinion, or advice, He just listened.

Two weeks later, when I swallowed my pride, and decided to go back to work, I walked out my door, freshly showered and spit-shined, and there stood Curt, at his perch.

"Where you going?" he asked.

"To work." I answered.

"At the bar?" He asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

"Good." said Curt.

Then he hit me with one of his undeniable, unexpected pearls of wisdom.

"I know you've had a lot of success, and you haven't had to kiss a lot of ass, and that's great. But I'm glad you're going back to work. Don't give up that job. In the past year, ever since you started working, I've seen you grow and develop. You've been happier, and more productive. Don't give up that job man. It might seem like nothing. But that job is your momentum. It's your momentum."

Dragging out the word momentum for emphasis. Making sure I heard the message.

I heard it.

I'm still working at the bar.

I'm happy at my job.

He was so right.

He changed my view. He changed my life. One more time.

I moved into DeLongpre Manor about 7 years ago. I was not doing well. Strung out on drugs and reeling from one more failed attempt at a relationship. Isolated in my new apartment, totally disconnected, with no desire to reconnect, I heard my neighbors; Mike, Marvin, Brian and Curt, Laughing, listening to music, telling stories, and building bonds of friendship that I yearned for, but no longer knew how to achieve. I wanted someone to give me a hug, but wouldn't let anyone get close enough to touch me.

But it takes one to know one. That darkness that was alive in me was all to familiar to Curt, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. He started asking me to join the fellas daily. He checked in on me constantly. He cared. And eventually I started to care, I started to

drop my guard. I started laughing again. And before I knew it, I had become part of the tribe. I belonged. I felt love. Curt did that. I rejoined the living, and Curt was my guide. My life is radically different today, and that never would have happened without Curt's quiet persistence.

He was an open book. He taught me about becoming a man without ever letting on that he was teaching me some of the most important lessons I've ever learned. He didn't give a fuck what anyone thought about him or his opinions, he let it all hang out, free in the breeze, free of judgement., of himself or the people around him. And that willingness to be judged, to be imperfect, to be himself, to own his darkness and light, fearlessly, and to be a mirror for the good and bad for all in his orbit, is what made Curt, to me, so beautiful, radiant, truthful and real. He said, 'We're all the same. We are all perfectly imperfect examples of humanity, crashing into each other trying to figure this whole thing out.' But he didn't always say it with his words. But he always found a way, however imperfect, to say so in his actions, with his tender empathy, and with his unexpected love and light, rising up from his deepest well of darkness. Reminding me, and all those he touched, of the power and grace we might discover, when we find the strength and courage to share the sorrows and joys we all share, opening our hearts to show love to others when they can't do it alone. Curt was a constant example. He helped me when I hated myself, but he was there to help others on the days he was hating himself as well.

To Know Curt was to love him. But all the things I hated about him, somehow, as these days drag on without him, somehow, these things make

me love him even more. Thank you Curt, for all the gifts I never even knew you were giving. Miss you more than I thought I could.





Mike A. :

Curt was one of my best friends and I already miss him more than words can convey. I met Curt close to 9 years ago, when I moved into the Hollywood building he and Brian had been in for the previous 15 years. Fresh out of a divorce and needing some support, I happened to luck out and rent the apartment downstairs from them. Curt and Brian were the first people I met when I landed on 6200 DeLongpre Ave.

I remember meeting them a few days in, as they were bbq'ing outside the place. I remember thinking to myself "man these guys are cool and little quirky" as they offered me a PBR and a burger, which I accepted. Super friendly, and real, and I felt good about the possibility of us becoming friends. In hindsight, I couldn't have asked for better neighbors/friends, and we would eventually experience many good times together, and become close as the years passed by.

Every time I reached out to Curt, I knew I was going to feel good about myself. That's because Curt, whether he realized it or not, instilled confidence and self worth into both, people he loved, and the projects they were involved with.

As gracious of an individual as you will ever find, humbled by life's harsh realities, it never stopped Curt from embracing life's opportunities, wholeheartedly.

Often going weeks and months on end with a new passion project, that Brian and others would bring to Curt, he would be ready to go, often

knowing it was his turn after the shooting was done. That was Curt's time to shine. He was a fine editor with a thirst for making films and shorts, sparkle and come alive.

As both an adult and mainstream editor, he wasn't afraid to dive into projects that others didn't have the guts to touch. ....And finish them with style and class, in a way only Curt could tackle. In his decades working in the post production field, Curt was the utmost professional, always talking up whatever project or live gig he may have been working on at the time.

He and Brian both worked alongside me, capturing all the performances from the Concerts I'd been promoting at Crazy Girls over a four year period, never complaining or bitching about the small budget, but always passionate about delivering a professional product. He and Brian both were at the forefront of the most current technologies, the latest, incorporating drones to help convey their stories, using them way before anyone knew they existed, and eventually saving and investing in some of the best drones on the market, delivering astounding imagery. Curt was a huge Howard Stern fan and listened religiously. He would alert me when something I may have been involved with, ever so slightly, made the broadcast. Once again, deliverer of things that would make you feel good. He was genuinely excited for others. He gave a shit. So refreshing.

Hanging out with Curt at an outing or going for a drink was easy. You didn't have to impress Curt. He took you for who you were, never looking down or trying to find faults. Just a comforting person you were lucky to have around.

Curt will be missed and thought of often. His laugh, his take on the world, his kindness, his energy, loyalty, and most of all, his friendship.

I'll miss you, friend. You were one of the good ones. I'll never stop thinking about you, and will always carry you in my heart. Thank you for everything.

**Rose Rossier:**

**Kurt touched so many lives with his art, his presence and his life. Some of us knew him longer than others, but we all are grateful for having spent time with him. Farewell to our friend Curt Allan LaFurney and may he rest in peace.**



*Curt was a lesson in true morality.*

*His persona spoke differently but his heart was always that.*

*Curt had strong opinions but he never judged anyone for being human.*

*He was a huge part of our family and always will be.*

*We will always love Curt.*

*Seth, Rebecca, and Emerson*