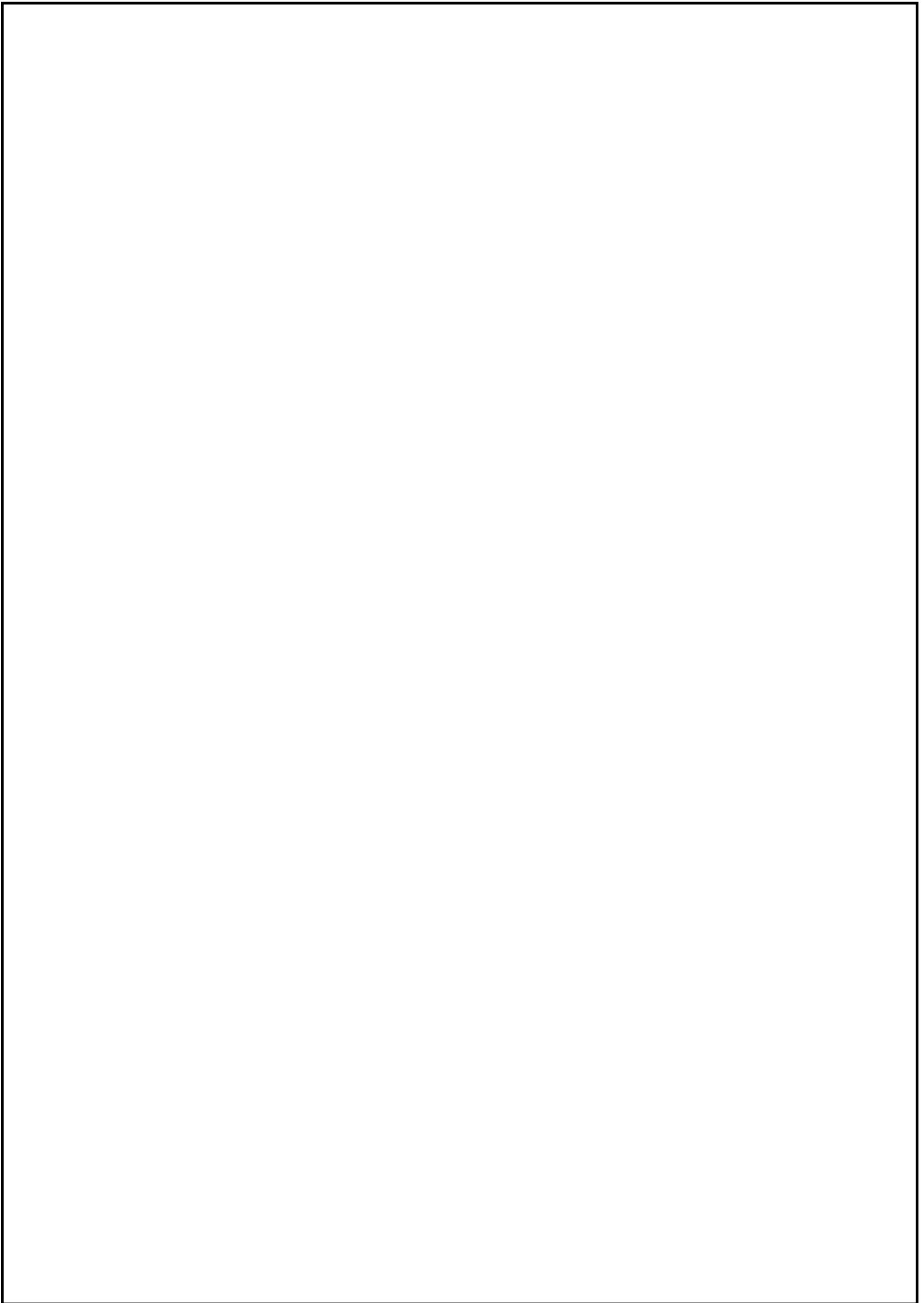
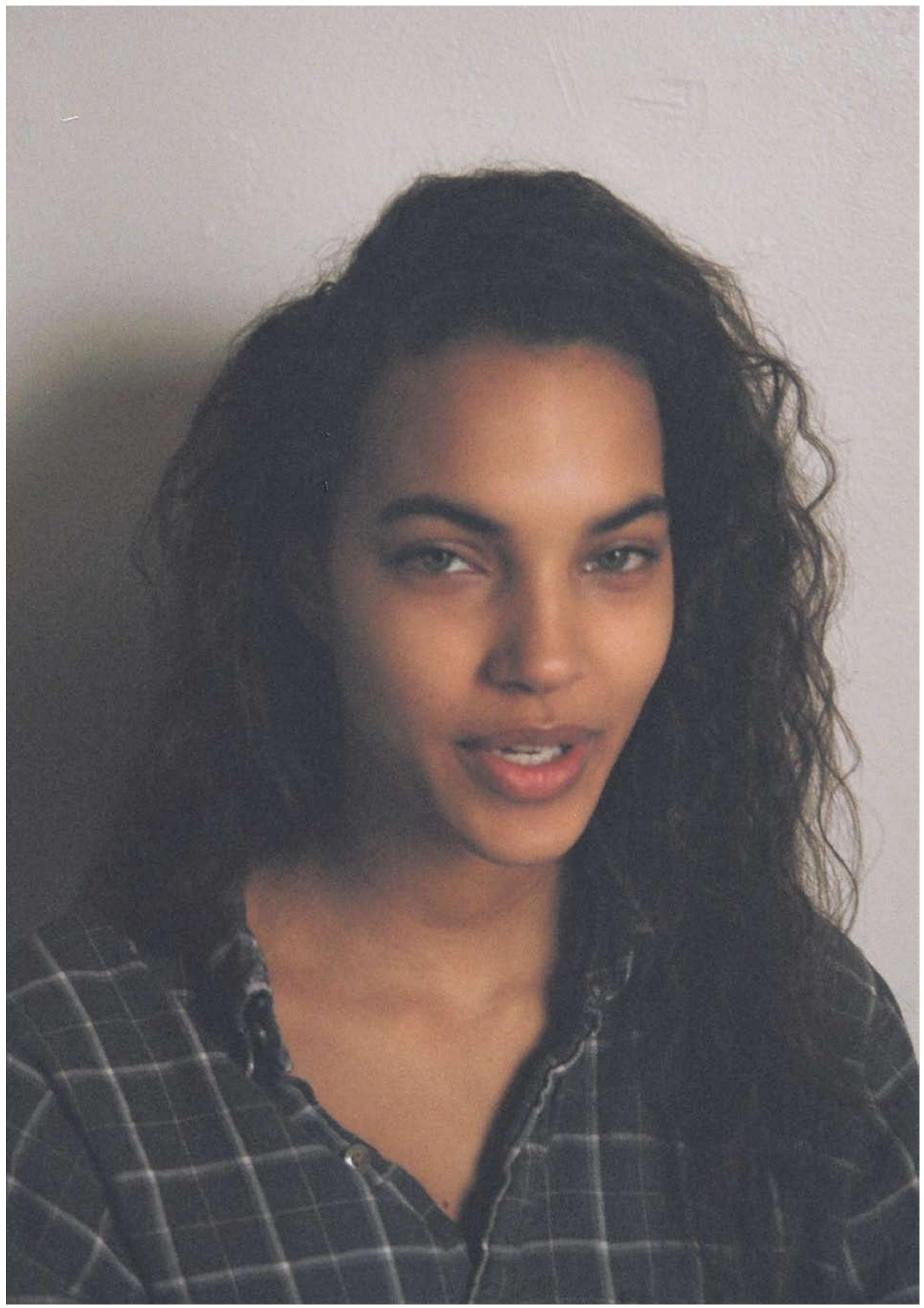


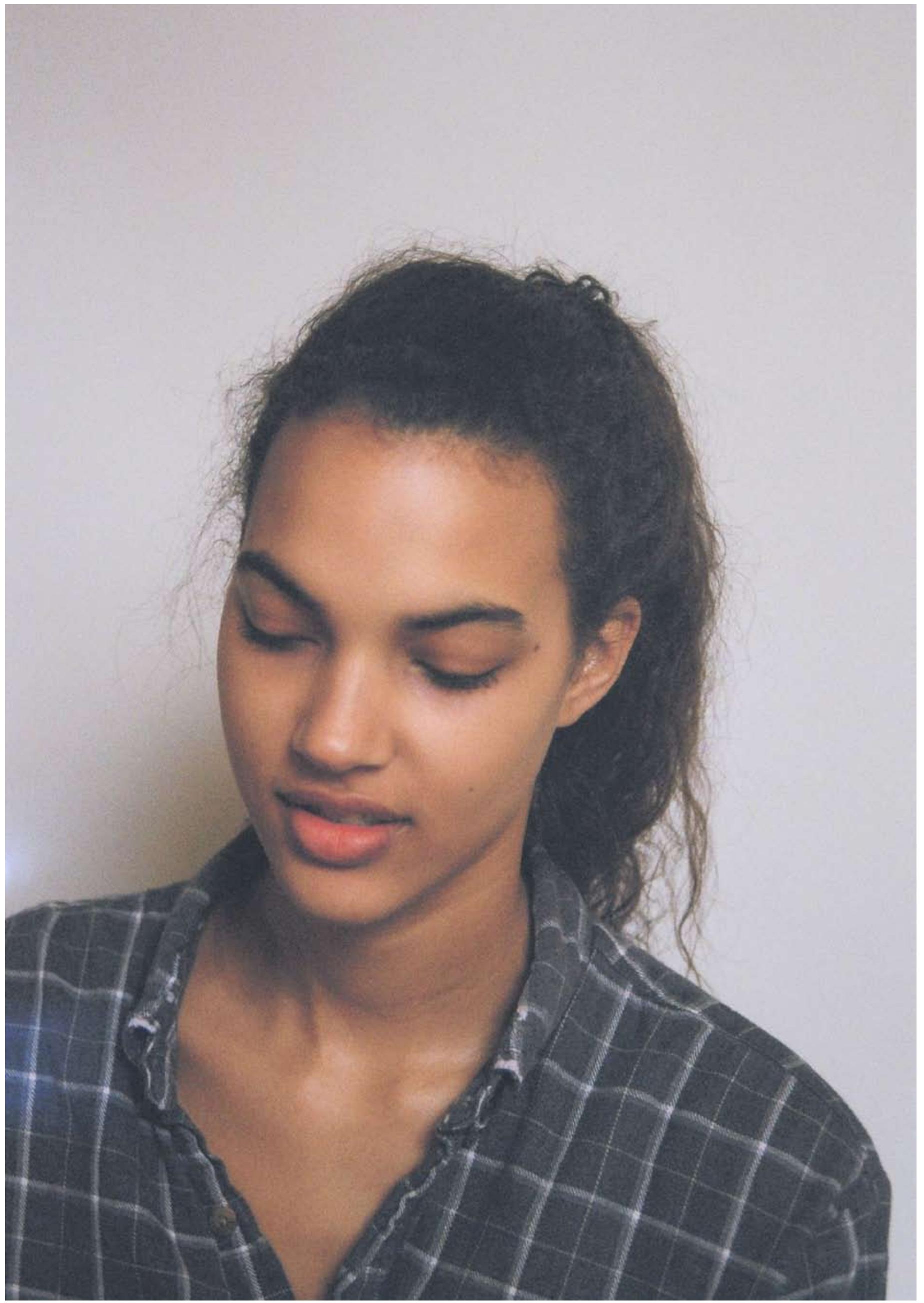
TRANSMISSION

ISSUE 03: TRANSFORM

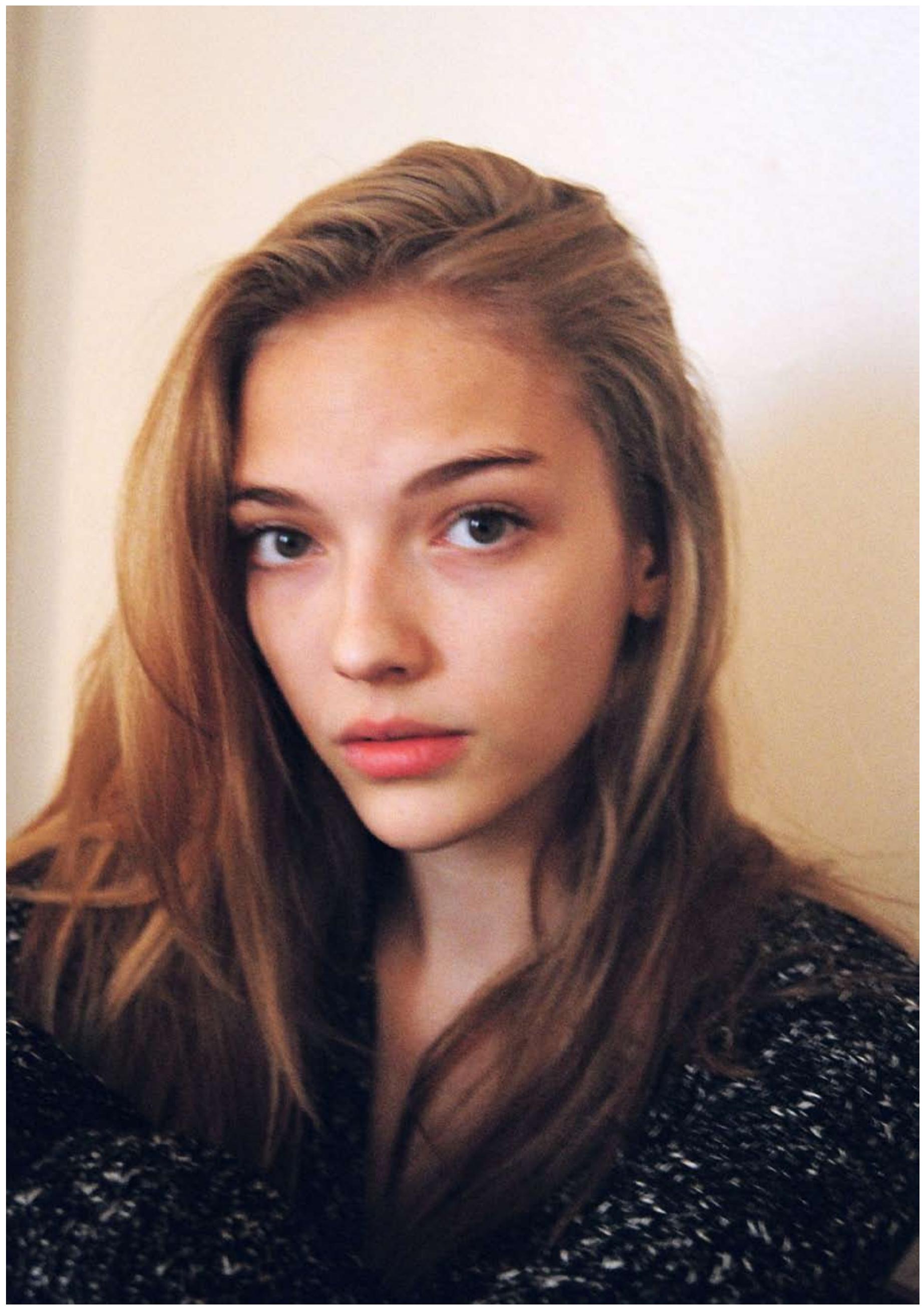


In order not to fall asleep, in order not to become victims of that insomnia which is called “living”, they resort to the drug of putting words together endlessly. This is *not* an automatic process, they say, because there is always present the illusion that they can stop it at will. But they cannot stop; they have only succeeded in creating an illusion, which is perhaps a feeble something, but it is far from being wide awake and neither active nor inactive. *I wanted to be wide awake without talking or writing about it, in order to accept life absolutely.*





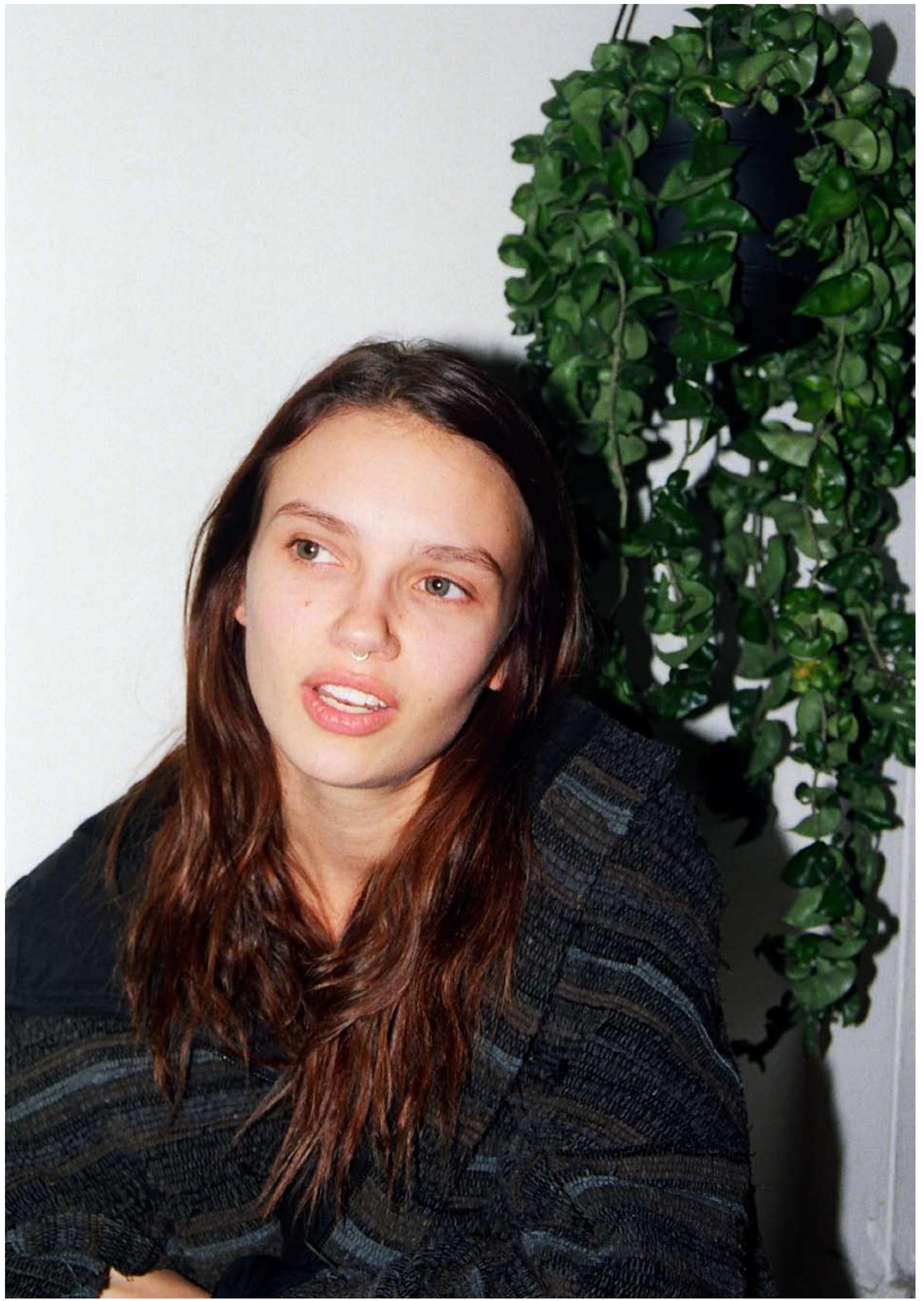
Jessica Strother @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg



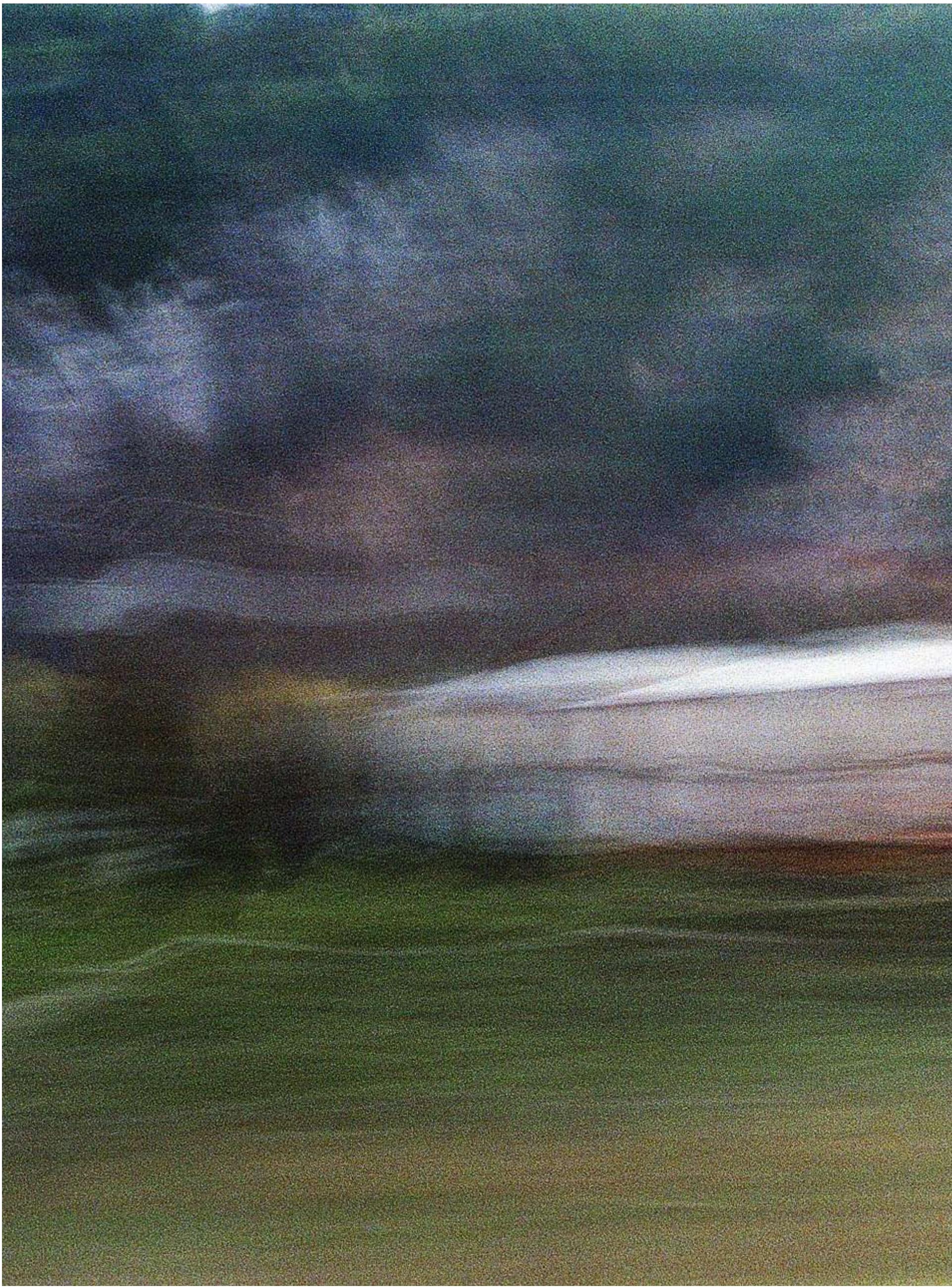


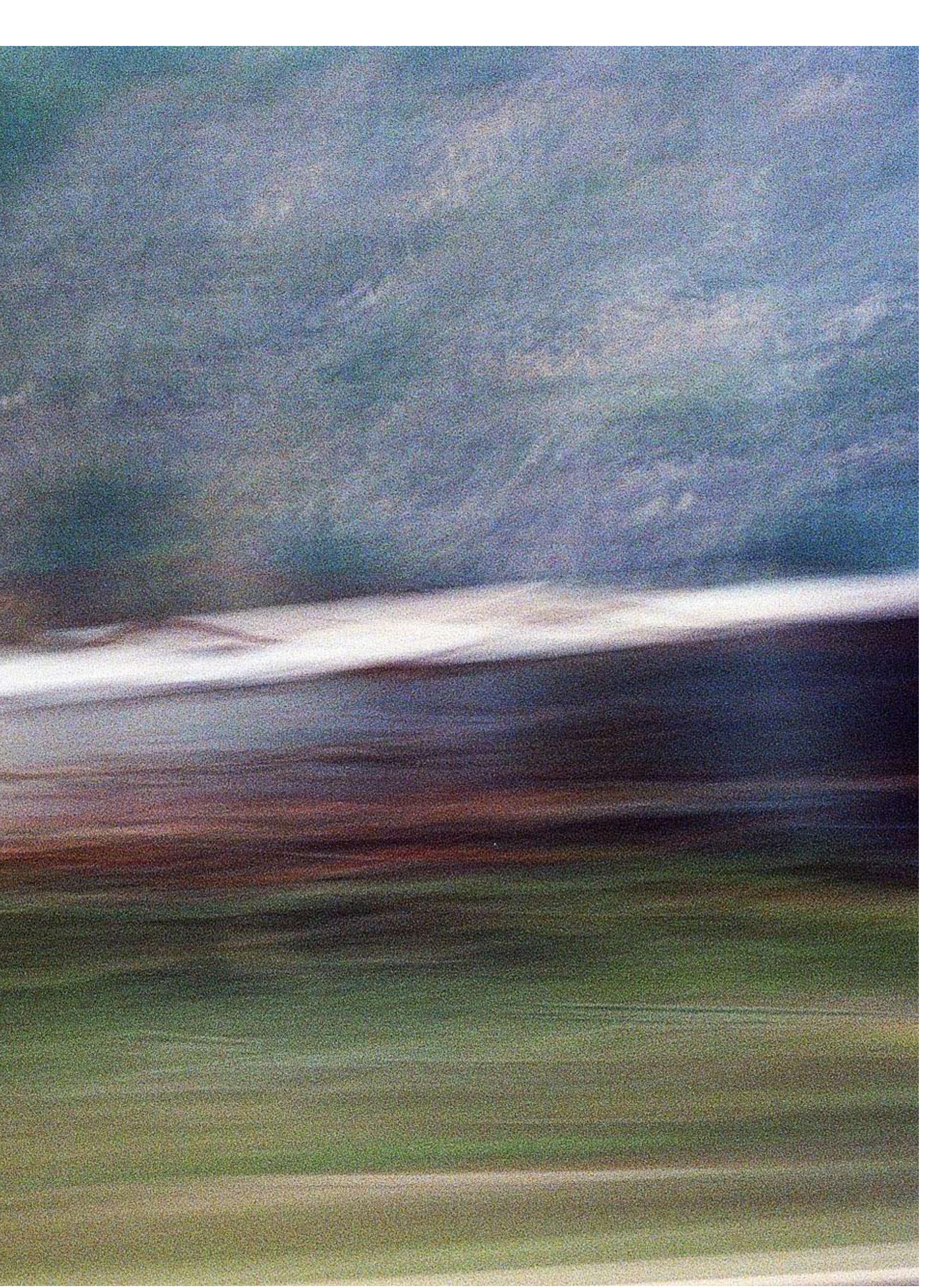
Allie Lewis @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg



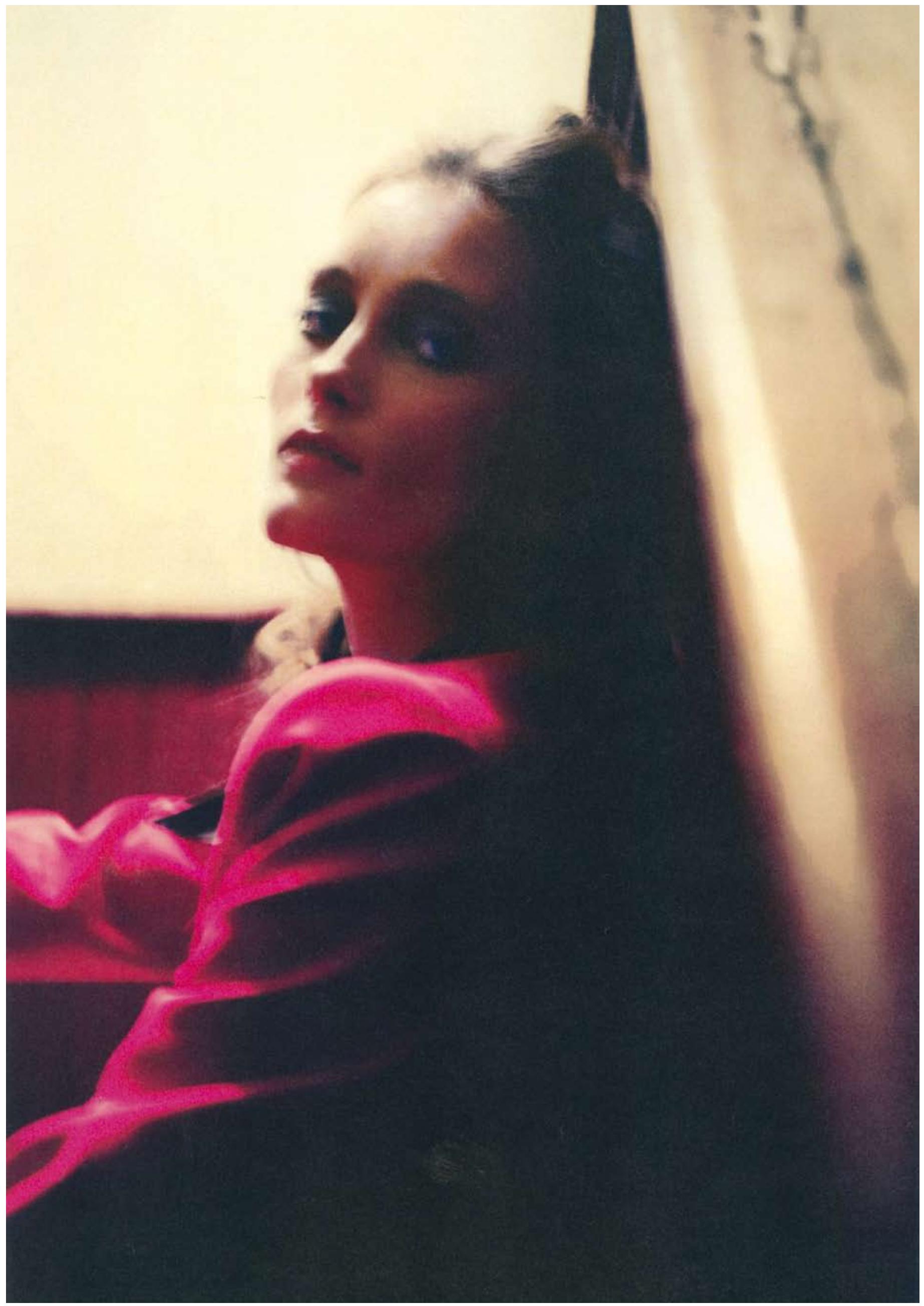


Emily Jean Bester @ Next by Dylan Forsberg





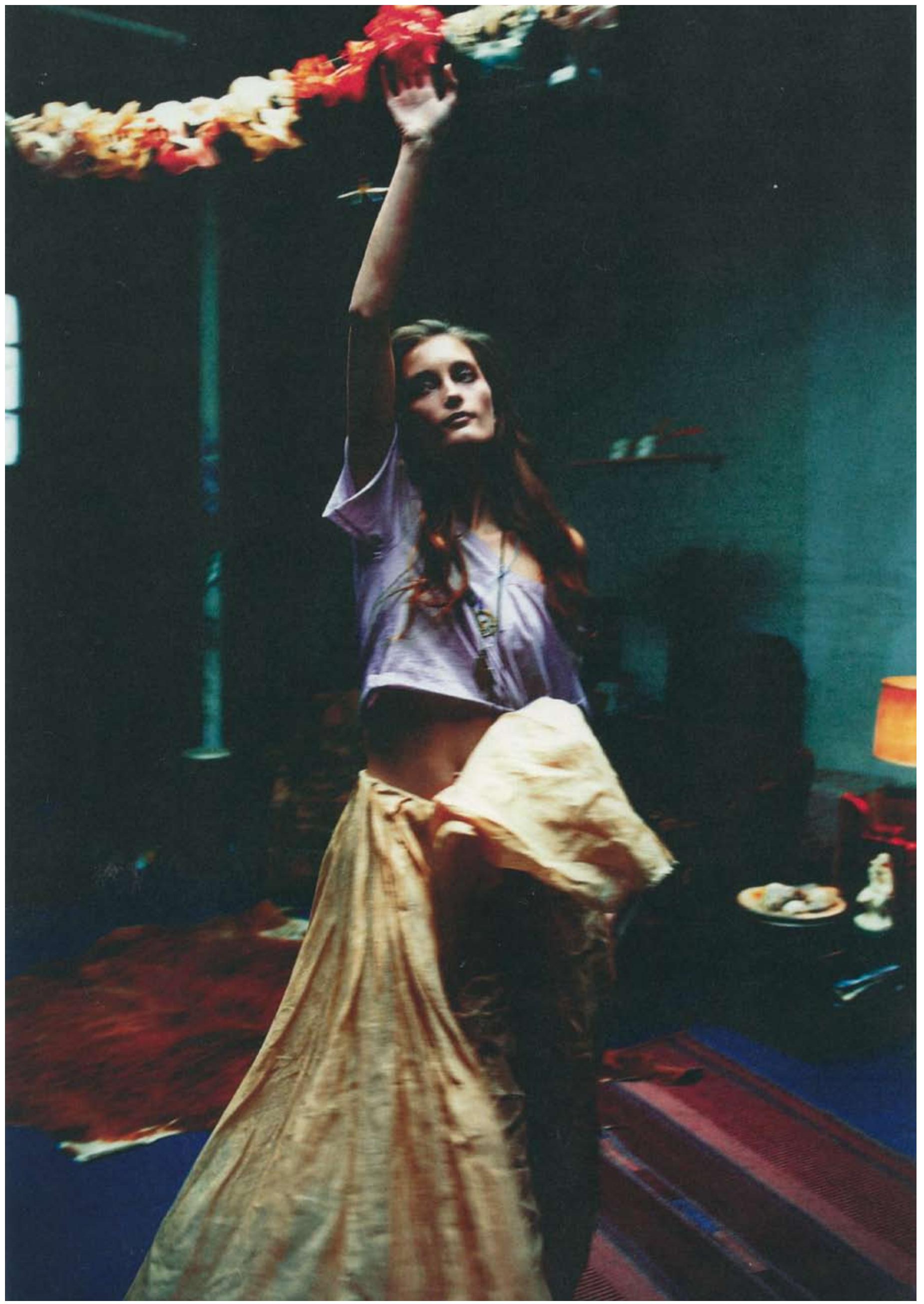
Dylan Forsberg









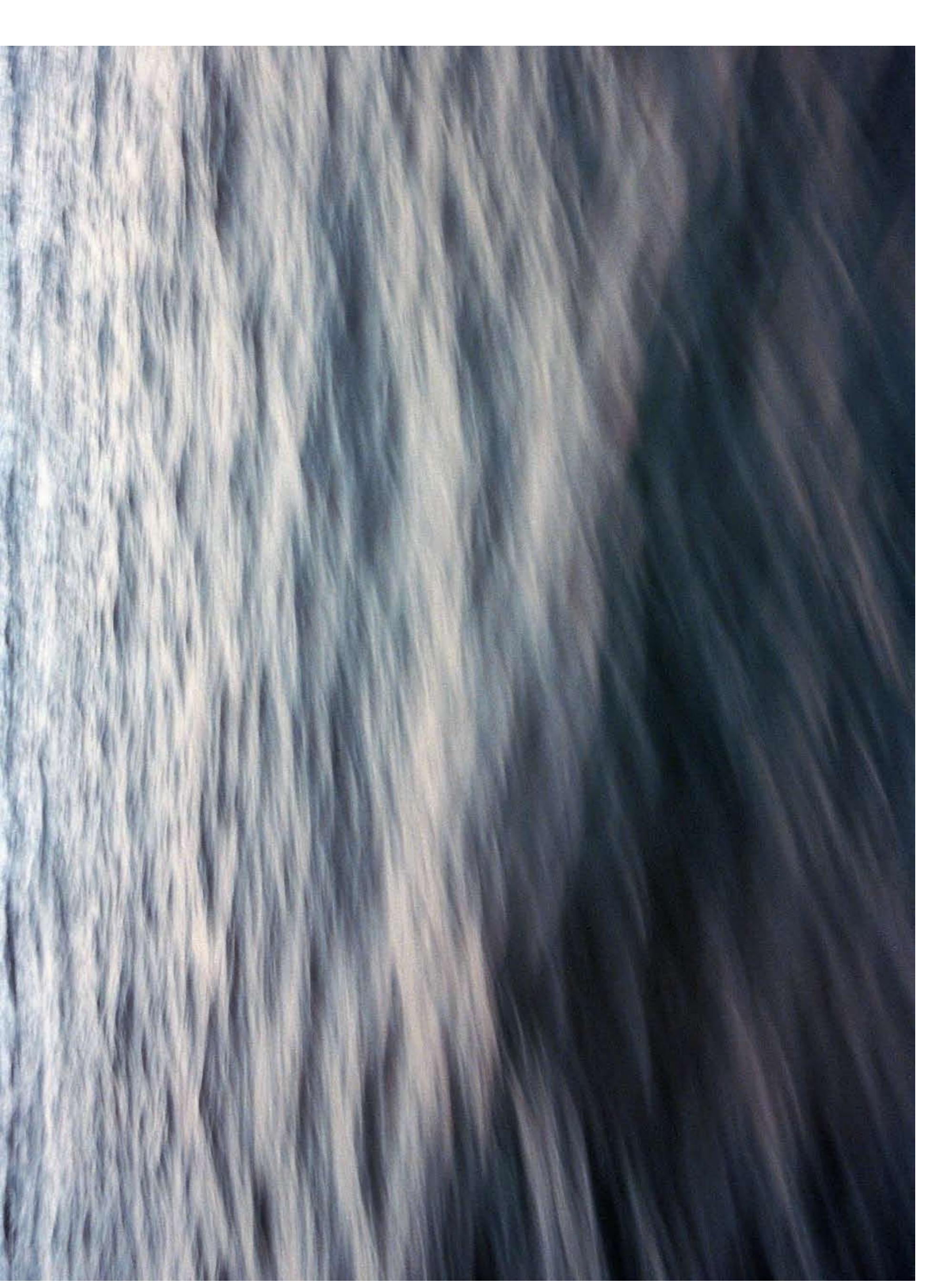


Produce: Sarah Lalena Kazalski | Style: Rebecca Palmer | Make: Christine Cherbonnier @ Art Department

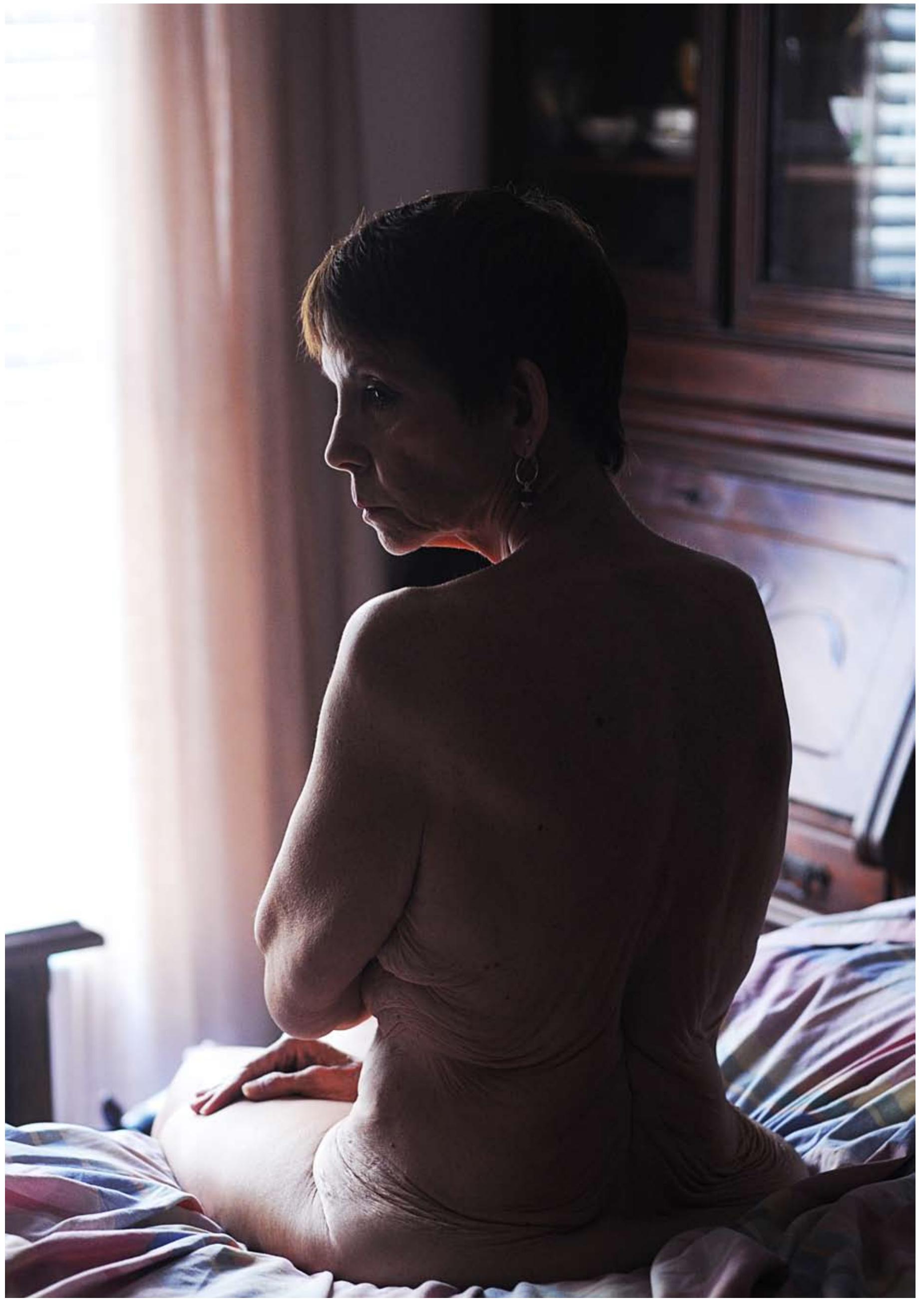


Iekeliene Stange @ Marilyn & John Swiatek by Joachim Johnson





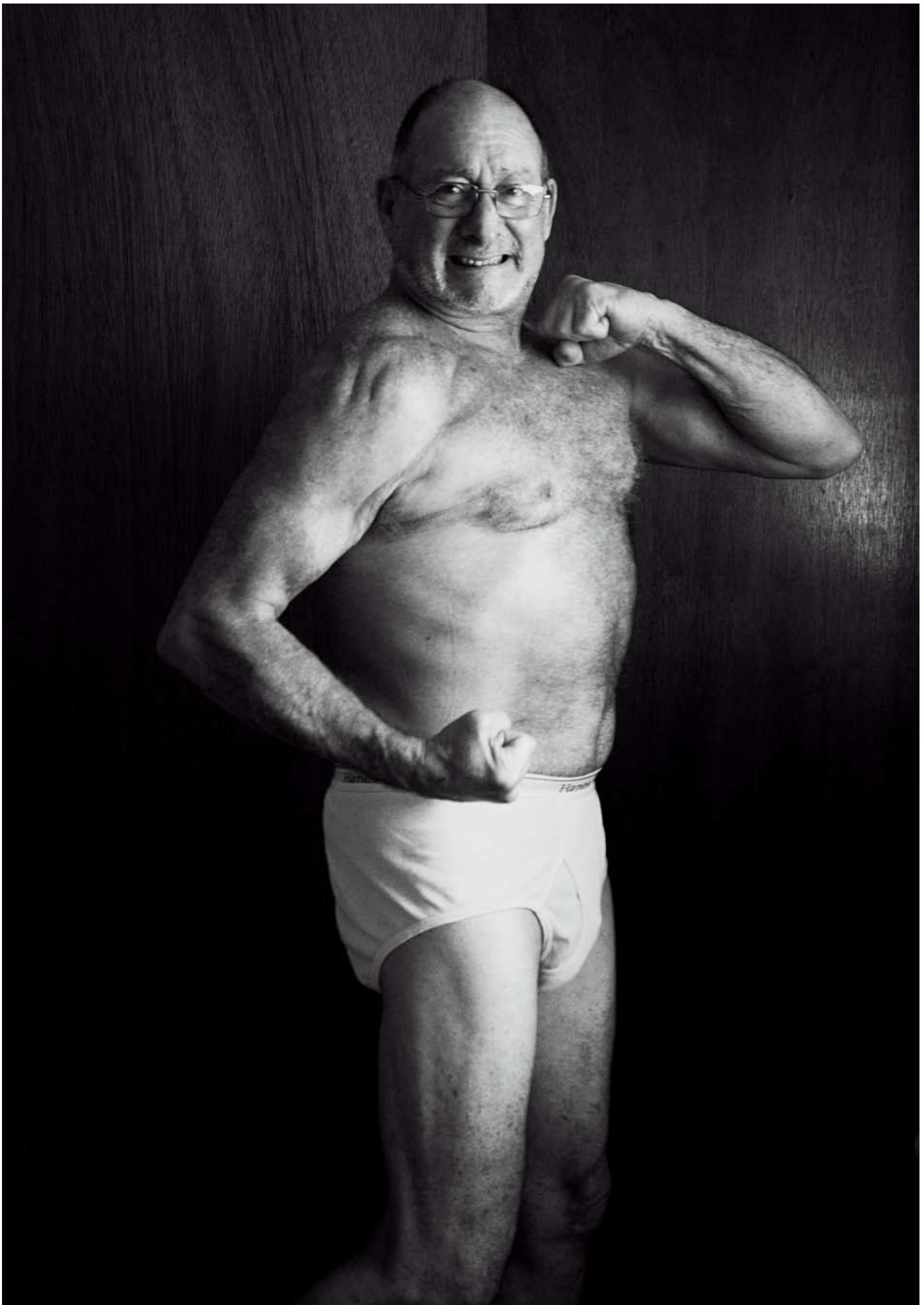
Dylan Forsberg



Linda Pitchon by Hadar Pitchon



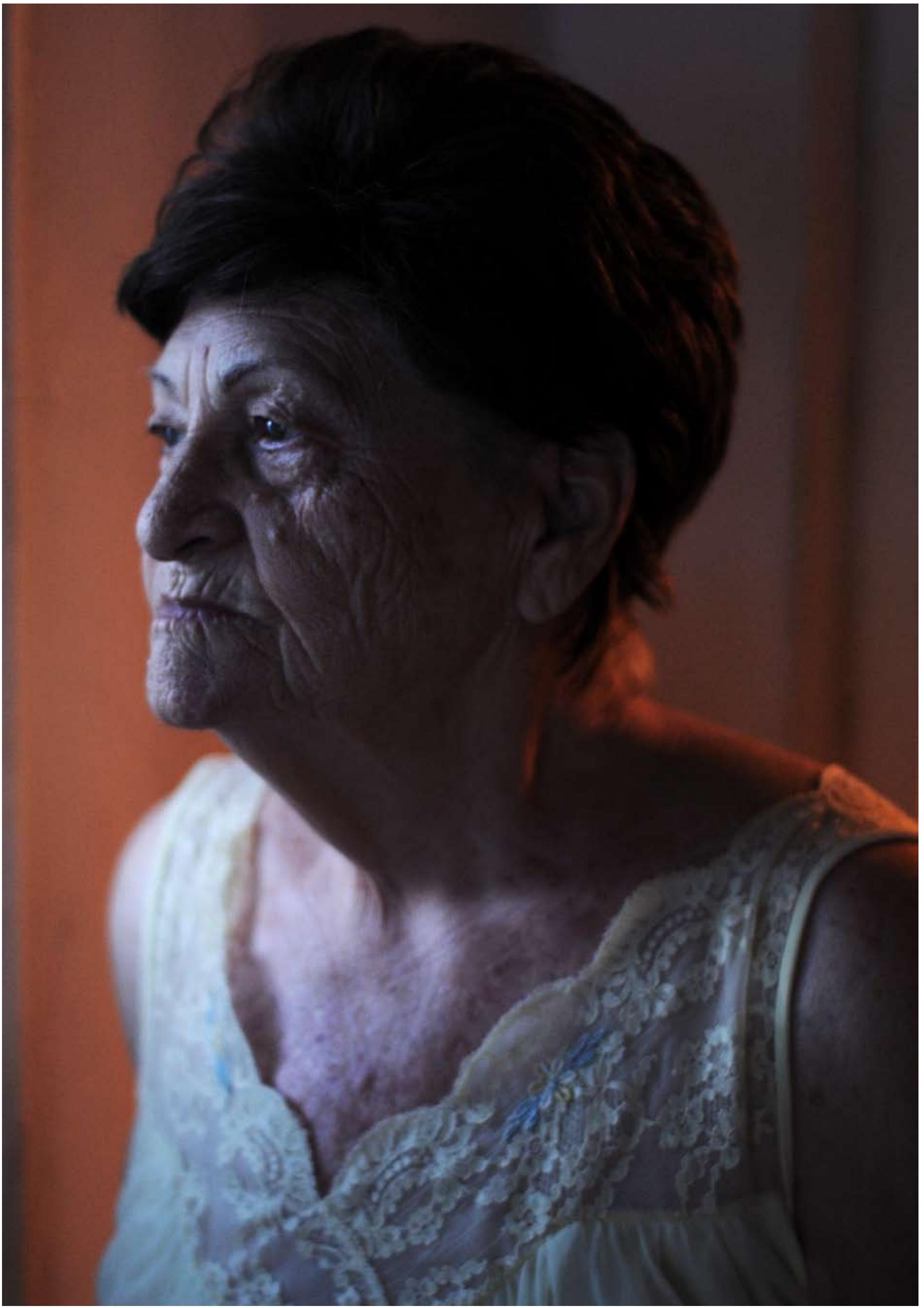
Liam Dean @ Red by Hadar Pitchon



Victor Pitchon by Hadar Pitchon



Graham Reese @ Red by Hadar Pitchon



Garmaine Pitchon by Hadar Pitchon



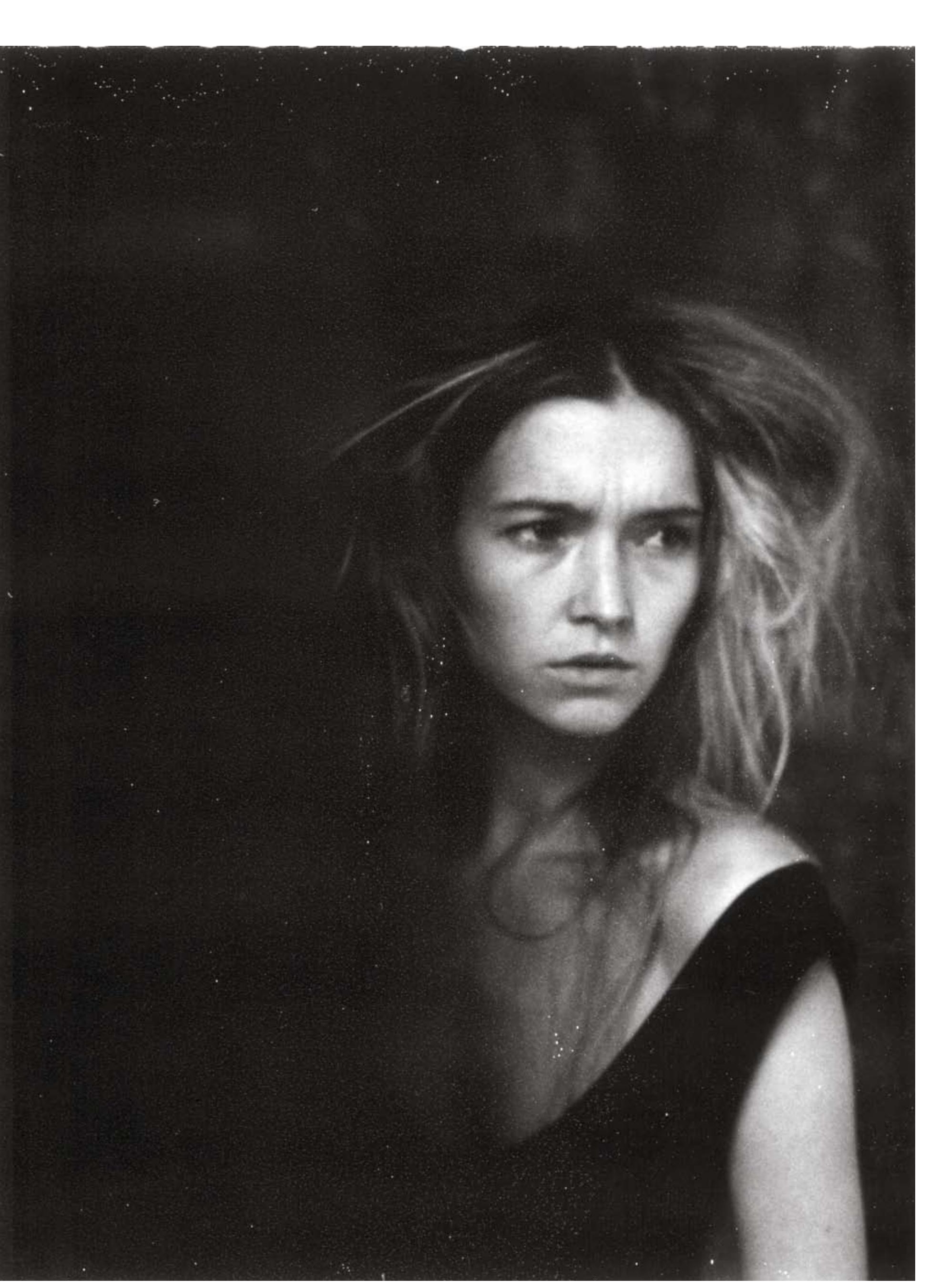
Louis Mayhew @ Red by Hadar Pitchon





Dylan Forsberg













Nina De Raadt by John Ciamillo





John Ciamillo

ENJOY





THE

SILENCE



Elsa Hosk @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg





Dylan Forsberg





Elsa Hosk @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg





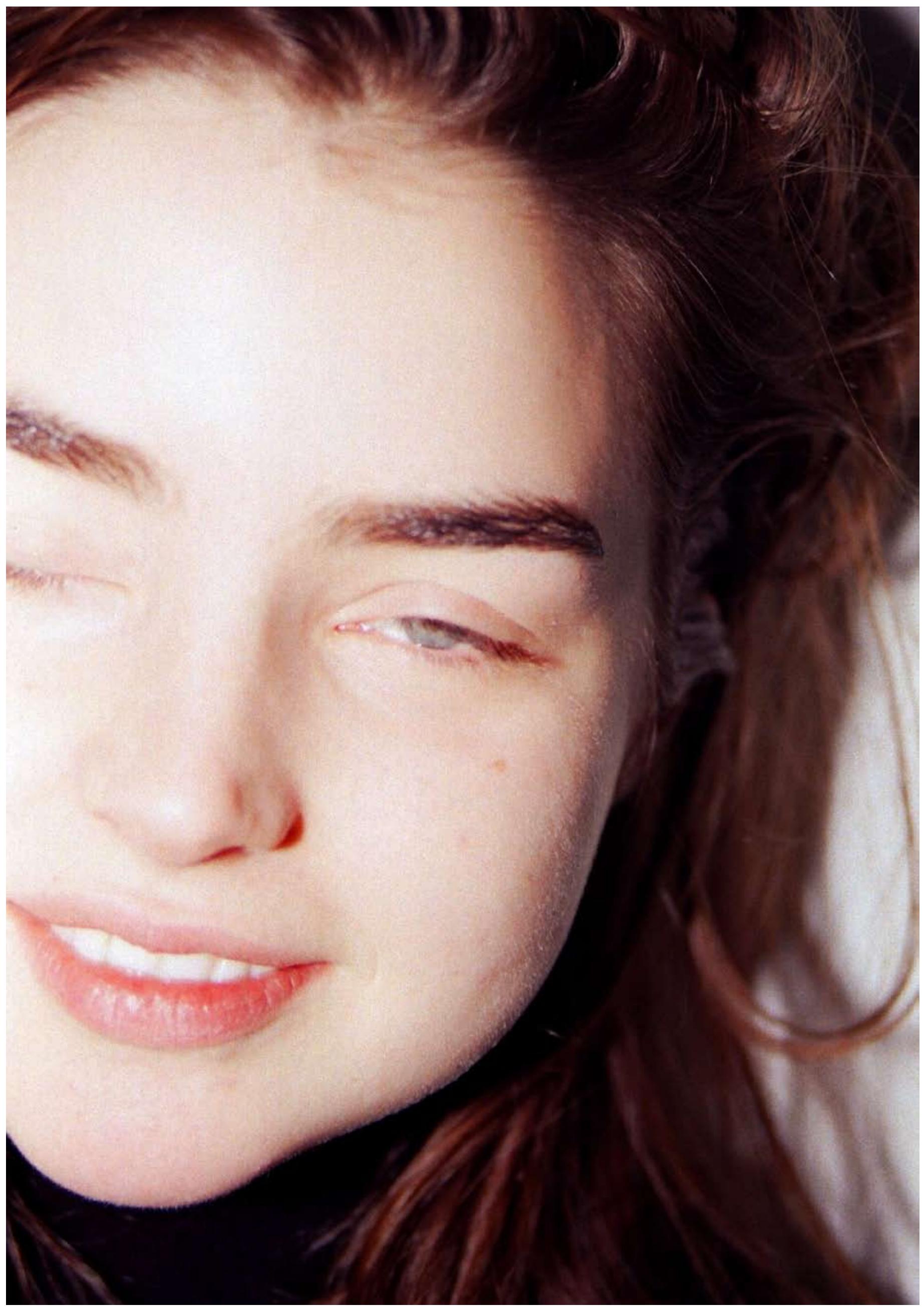
Dylan Forsberg



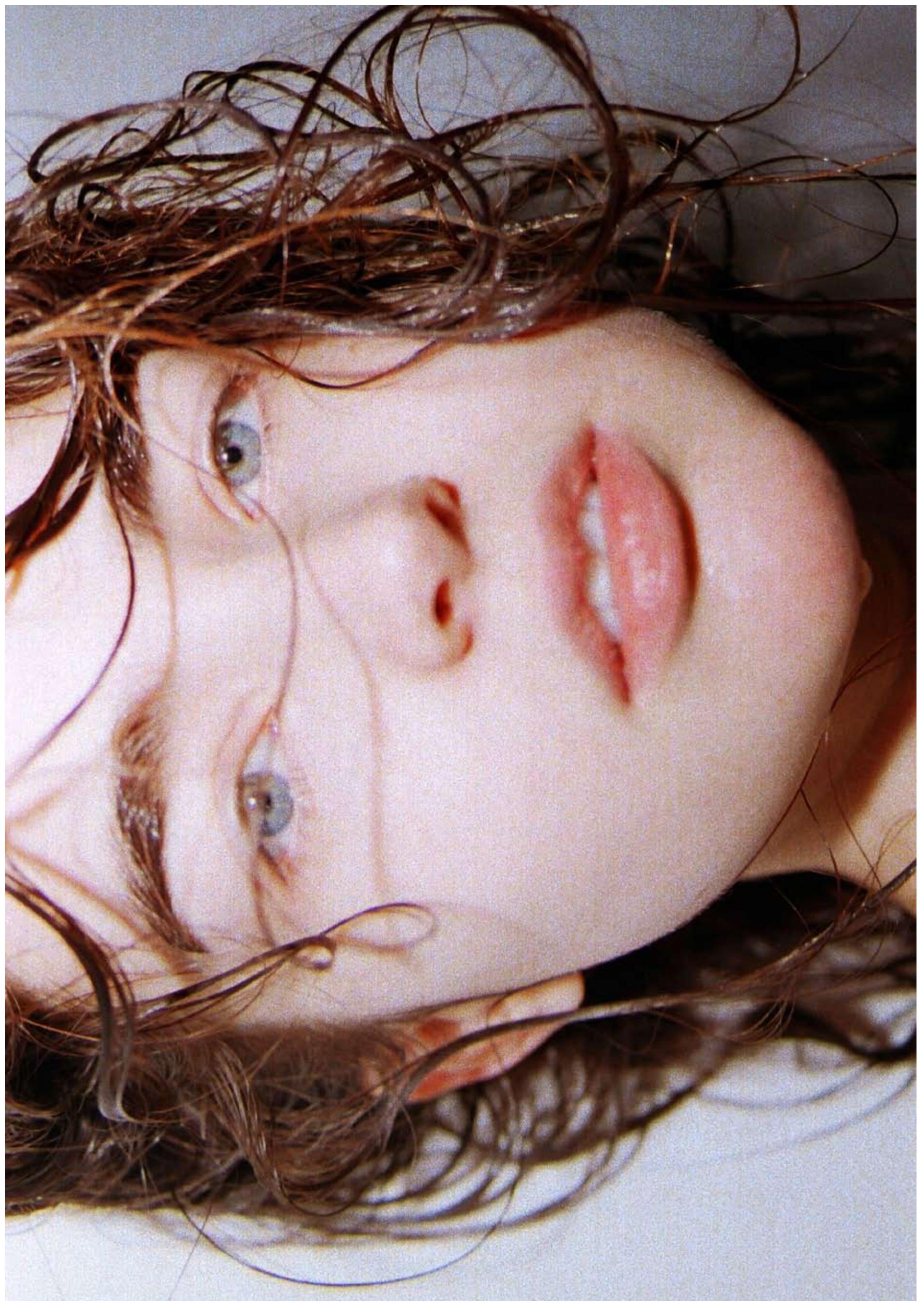
In everything I quickly saw the opposite, the contradiction, and between the real and the unreal the irony, the paradox. I was my own worst enemy.

There was nothing I wished to do which I could just as well not do.





I had nothing
but ups and
downs. Long
stretches of
gloom and
melancholy
followed by
extravagant
bursts of gaiety,
of trancelike
inspiration.
Never a level
in which I was
myself.



Ali Michael @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg





Dylan Forsberg





Ali Michael @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg





Dylan Forsberg



K by Kathy Lo







Matthew by Kathy Lo





K by Kathy Lo



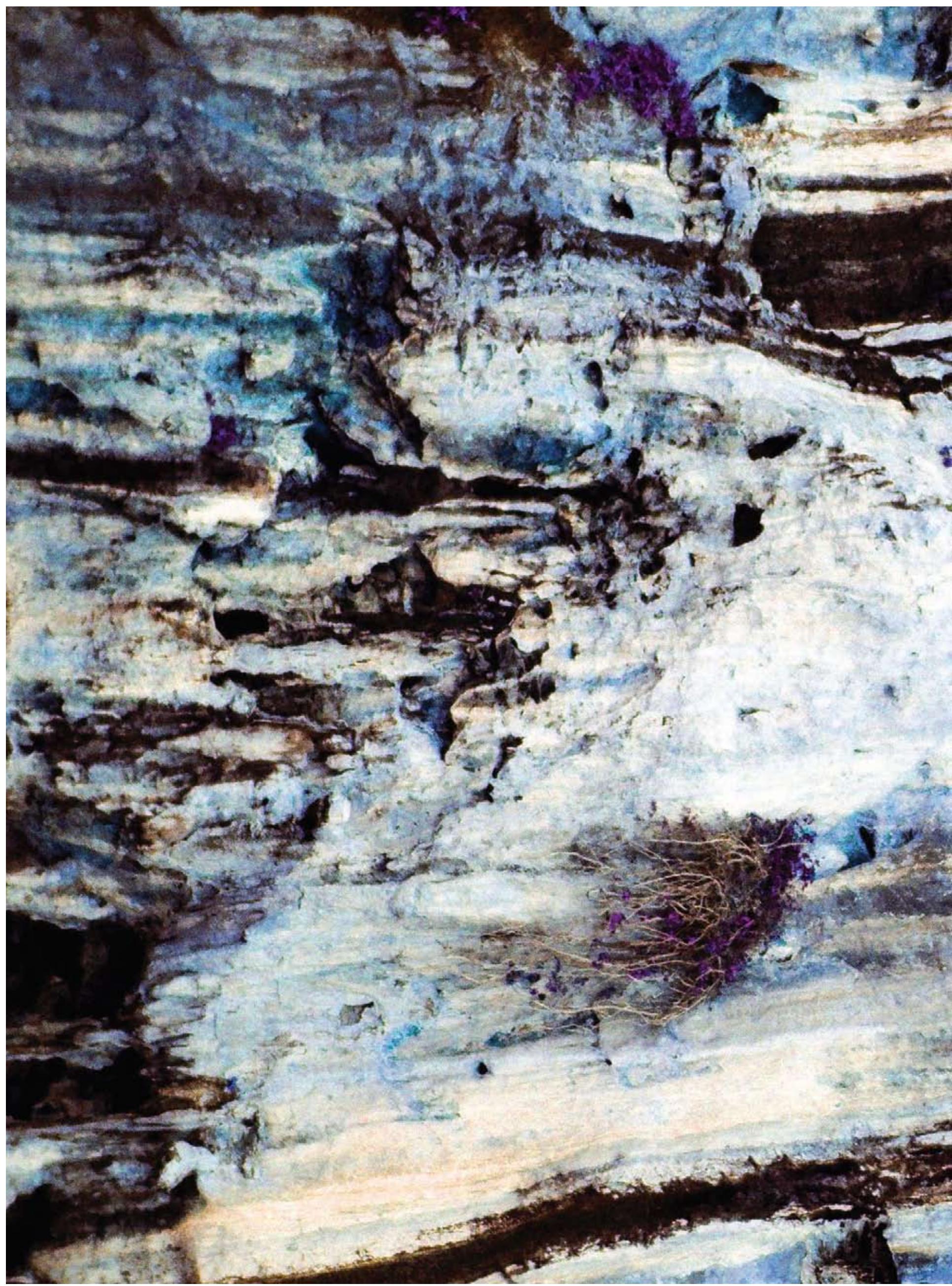


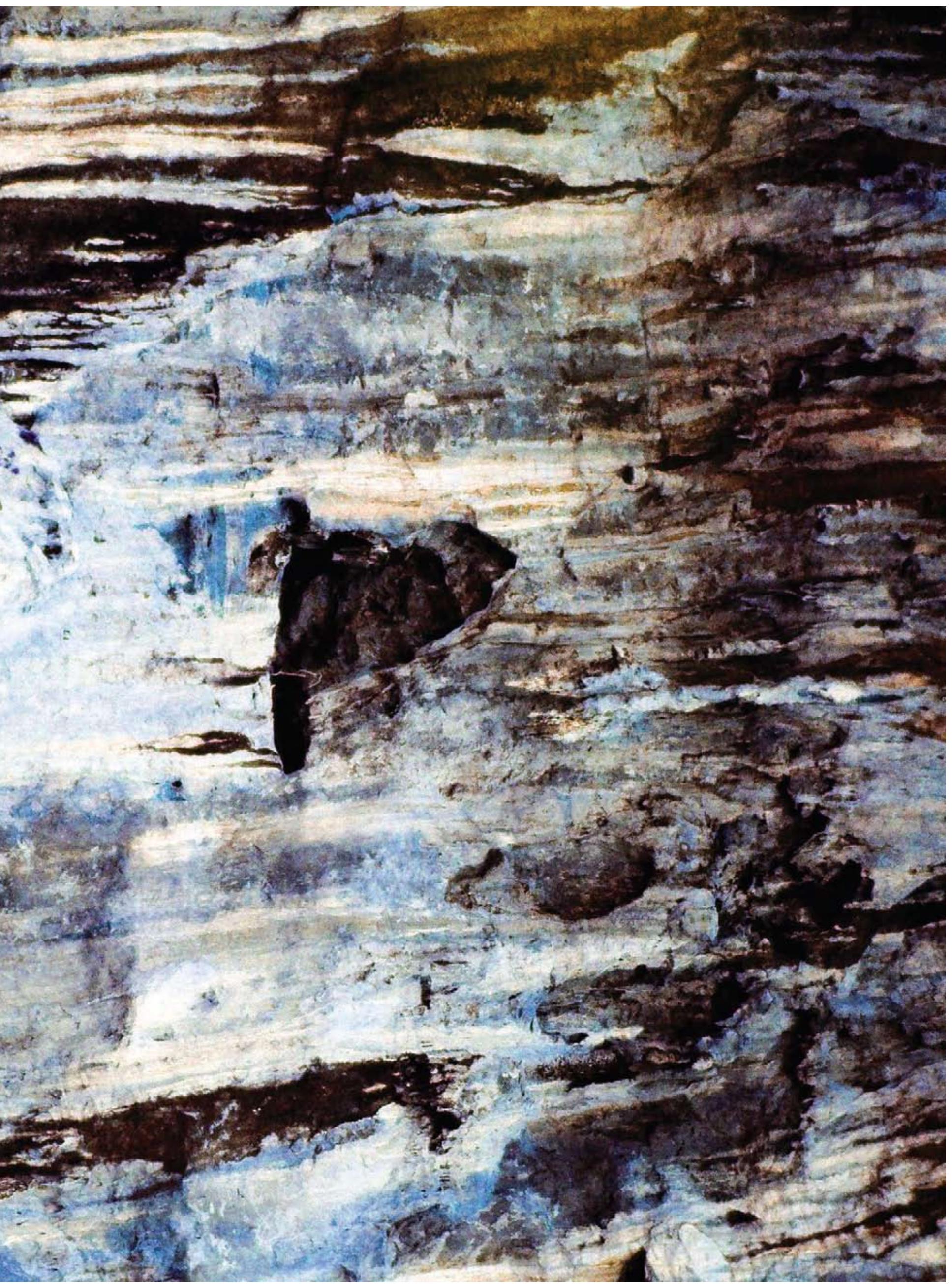
Kathy Lo



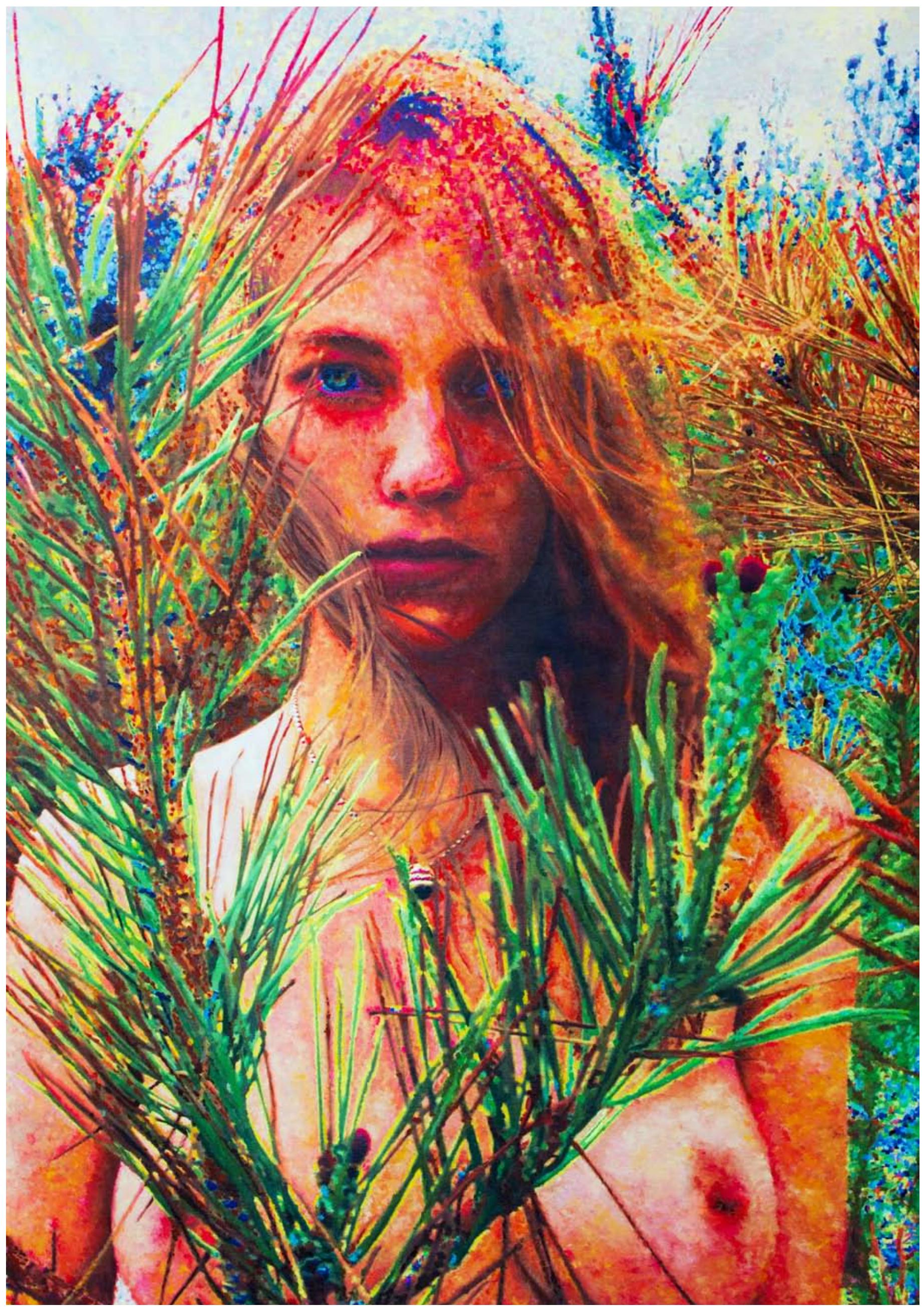


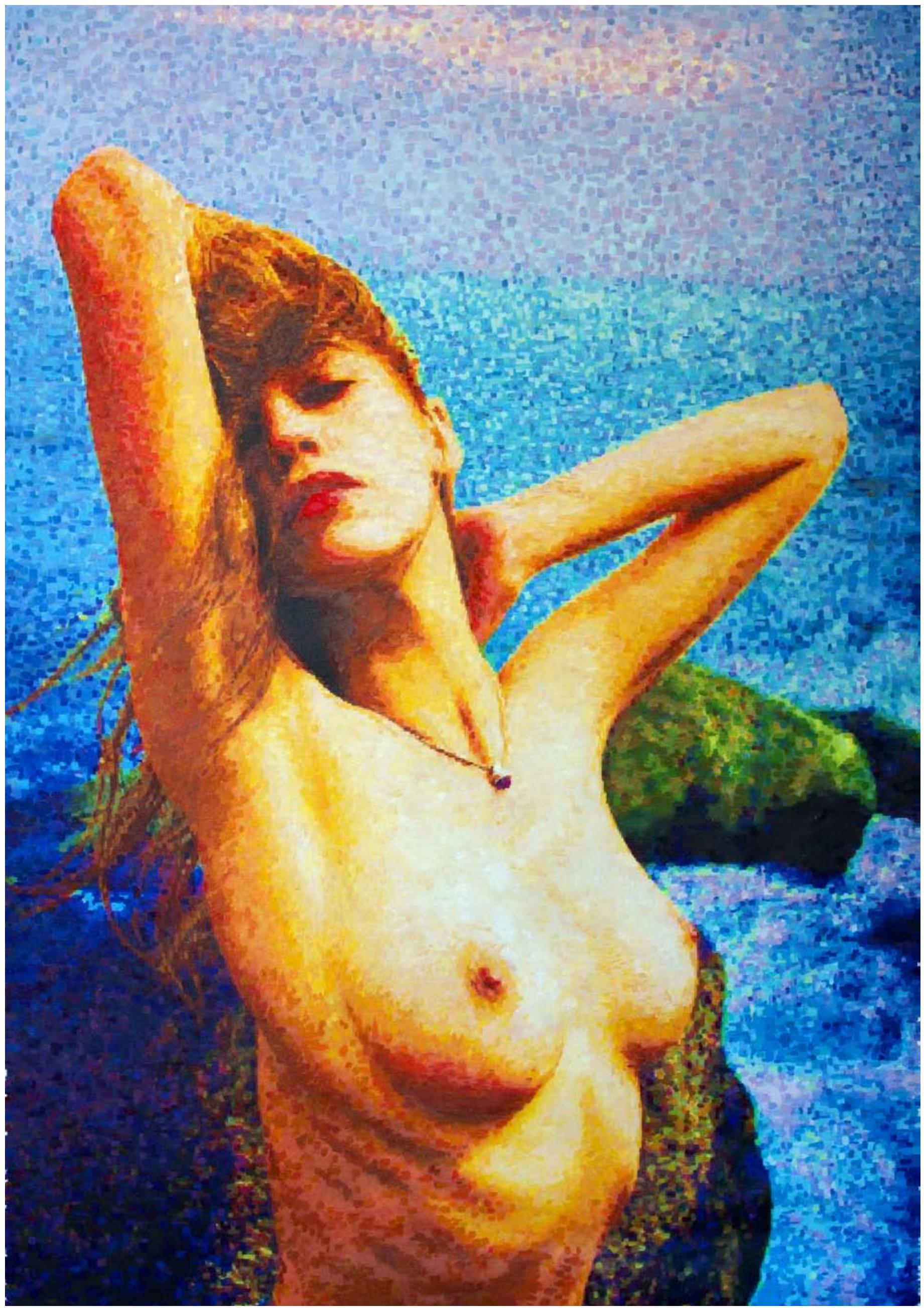
Samantha Gradoville @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg



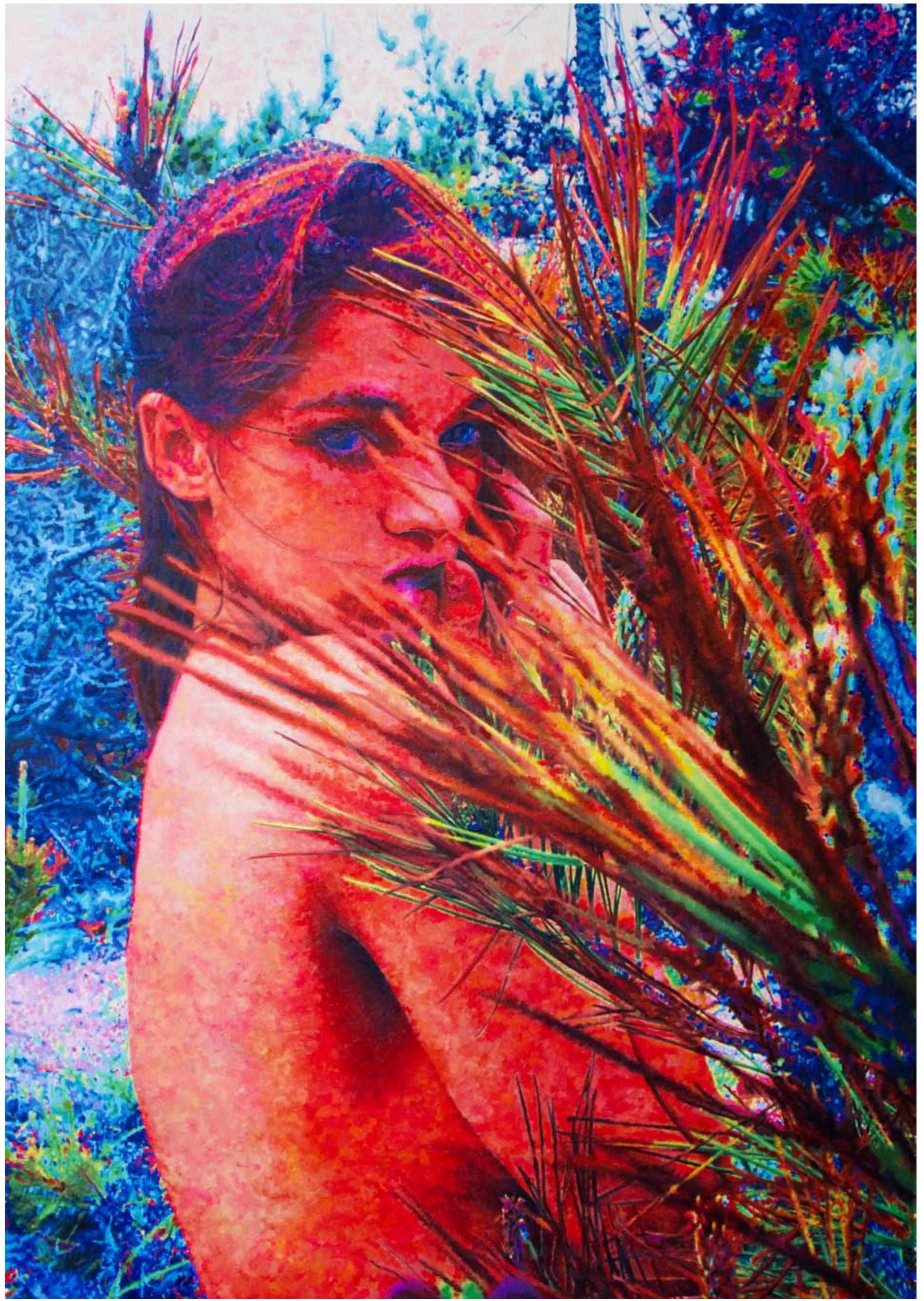


Dylan Forsberg

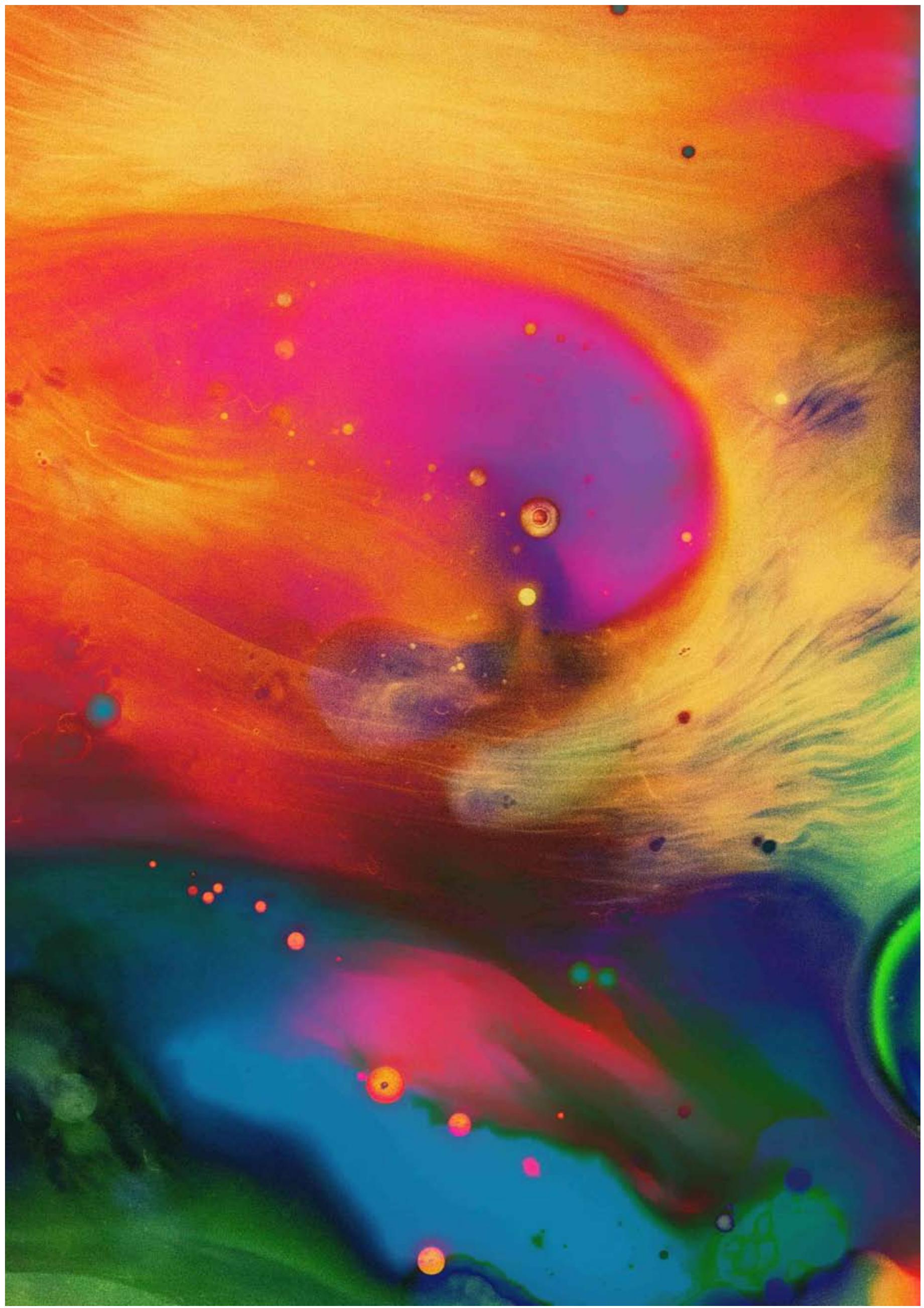






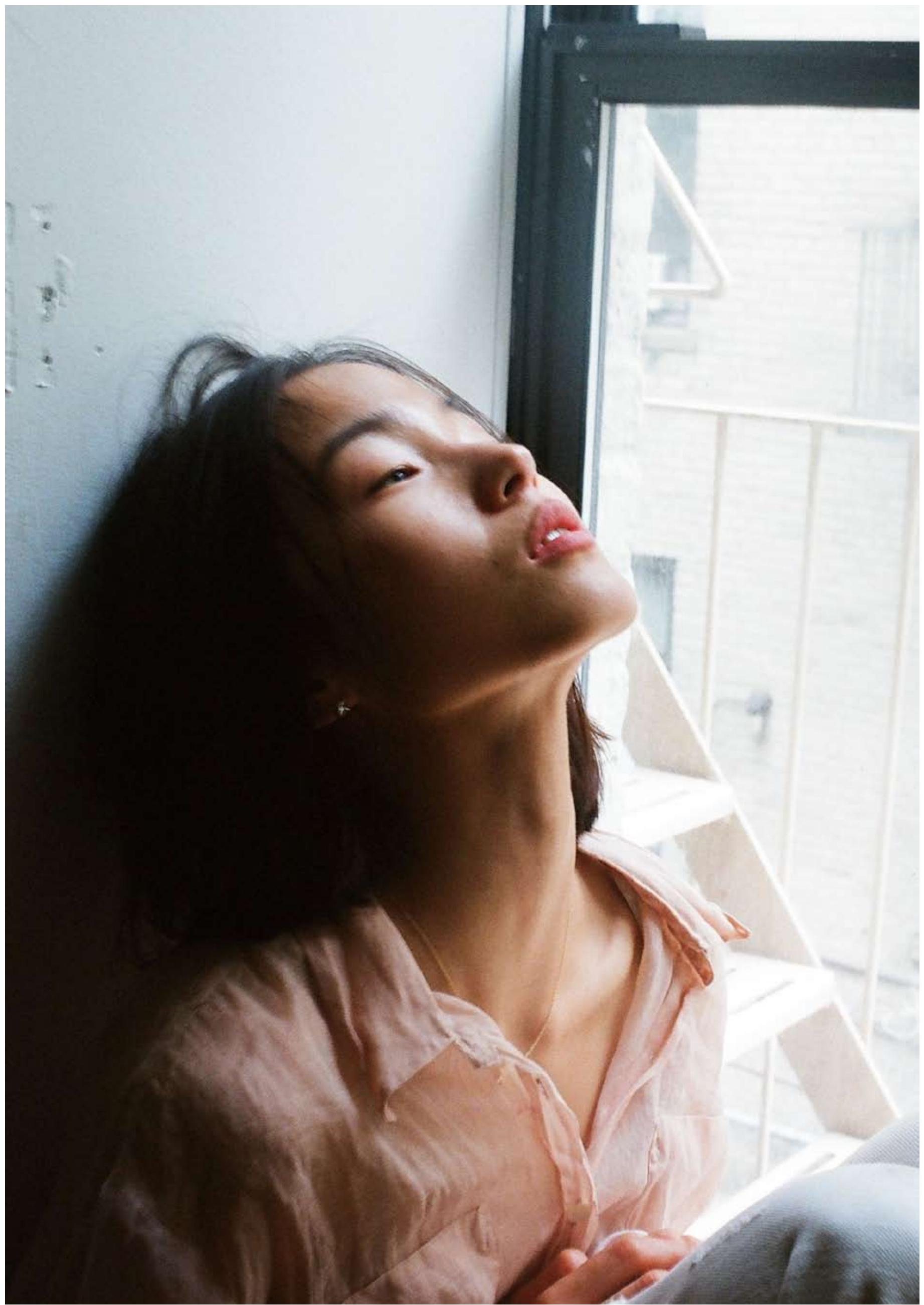


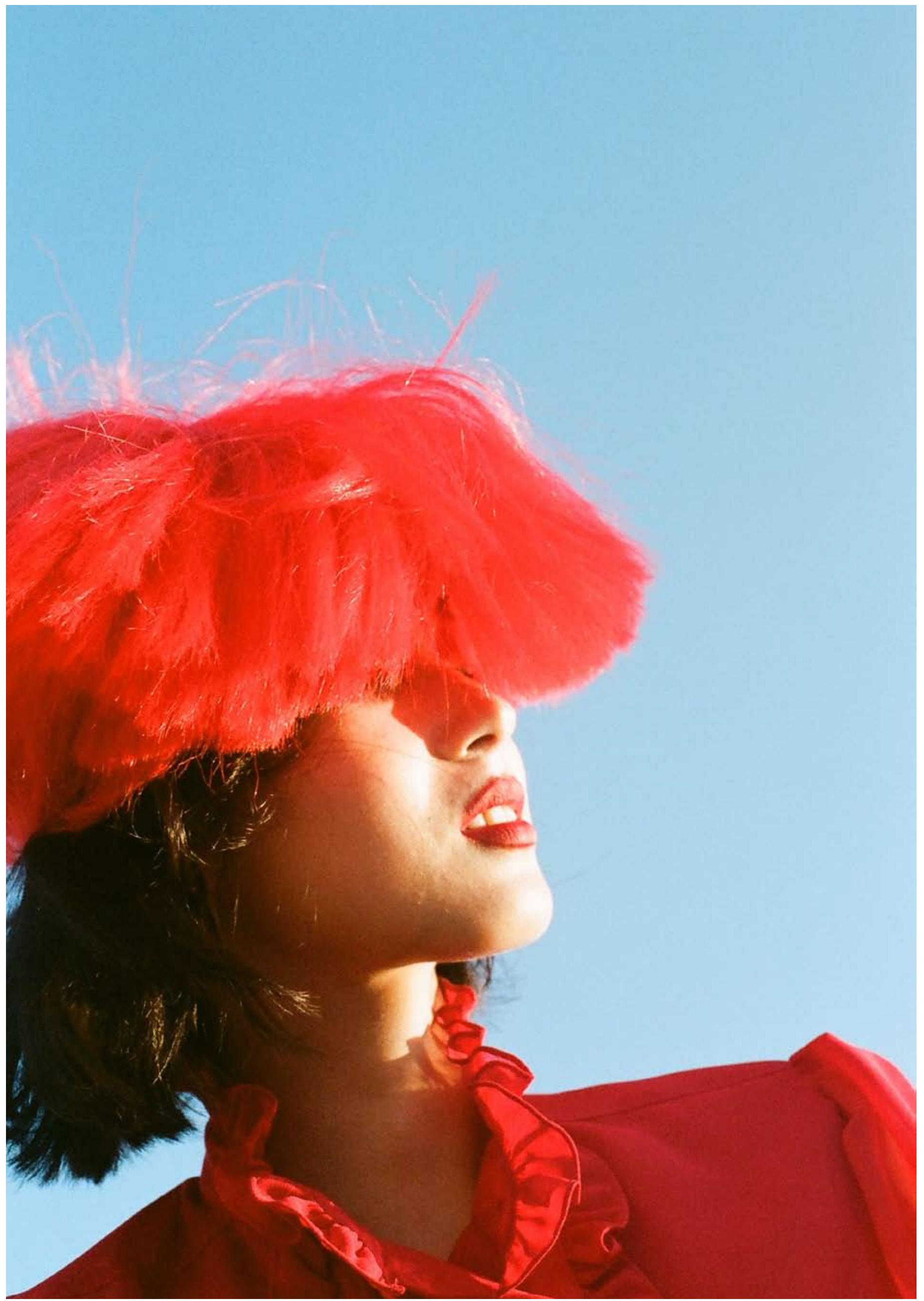
Samantha Gradoville @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg | Oil rendition by Emerald Rose Whipple





Jack Hardwicke









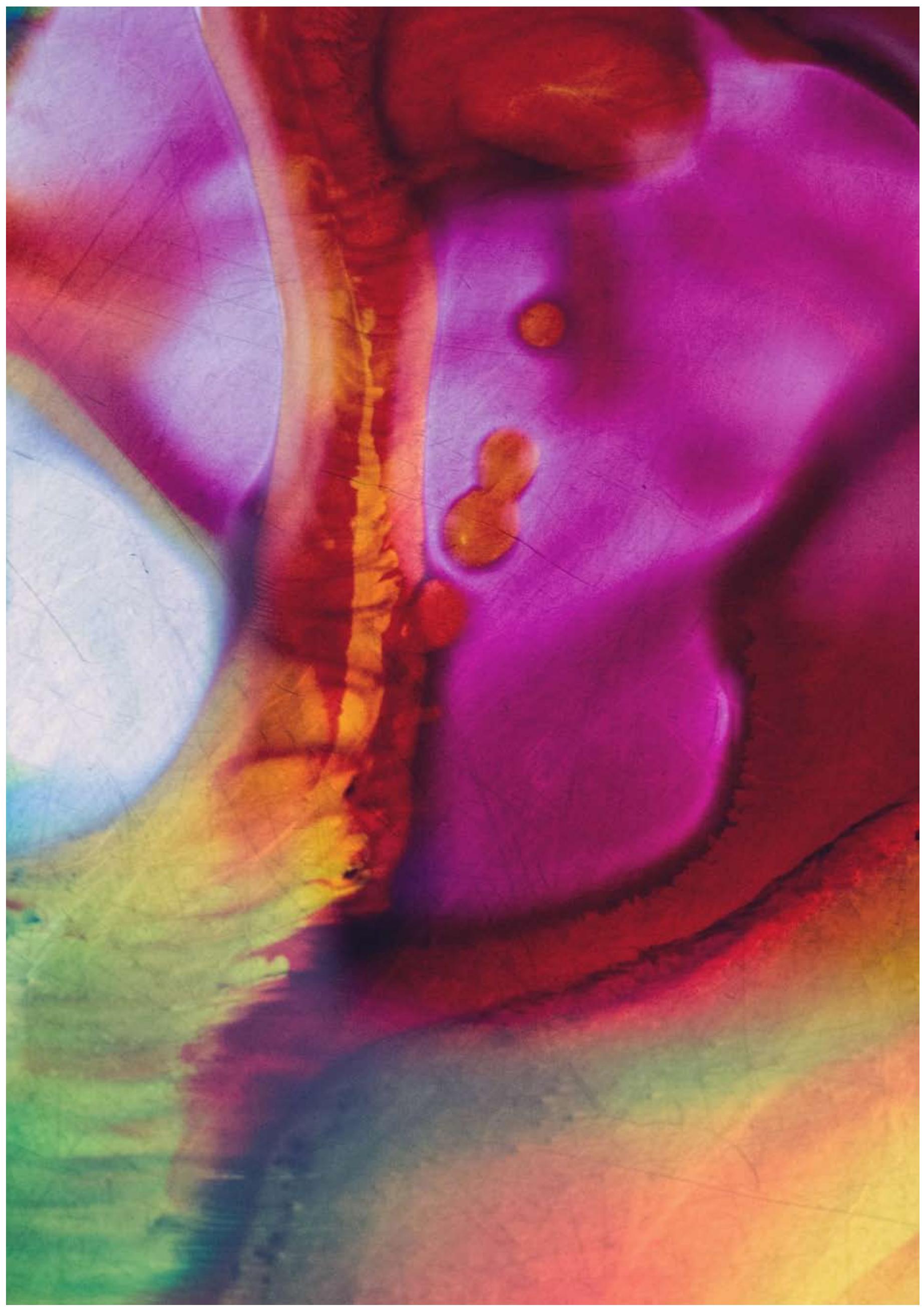


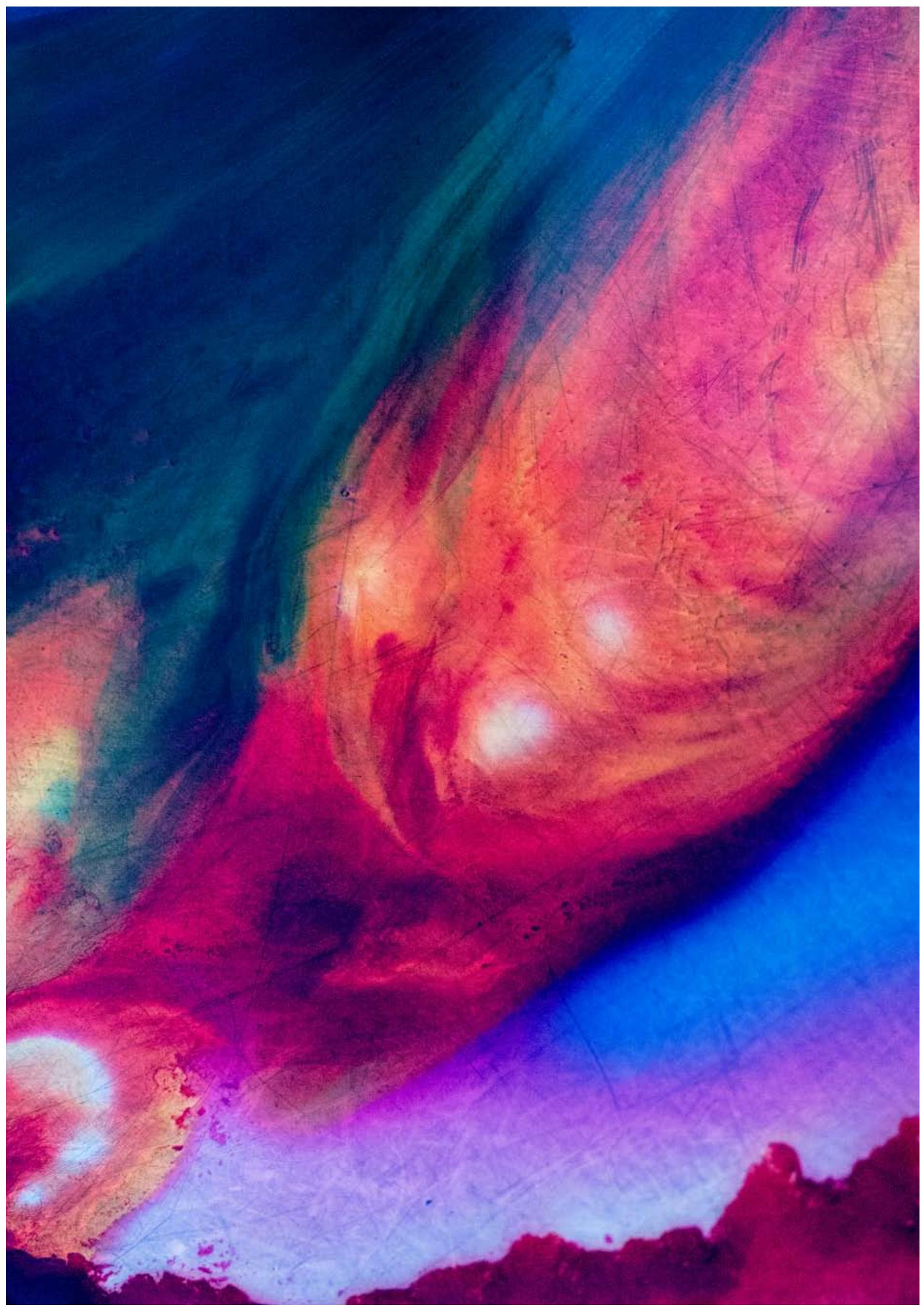


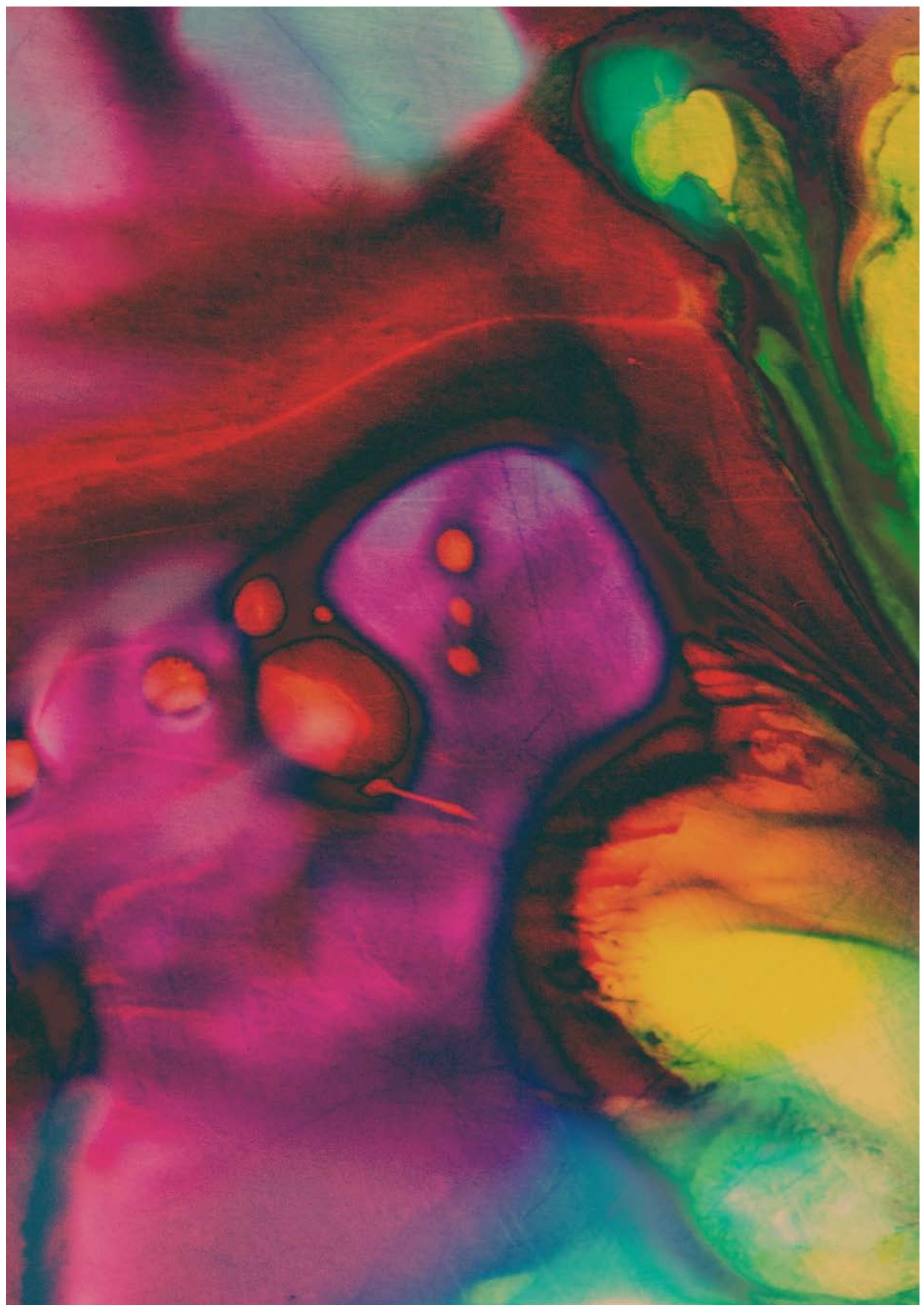


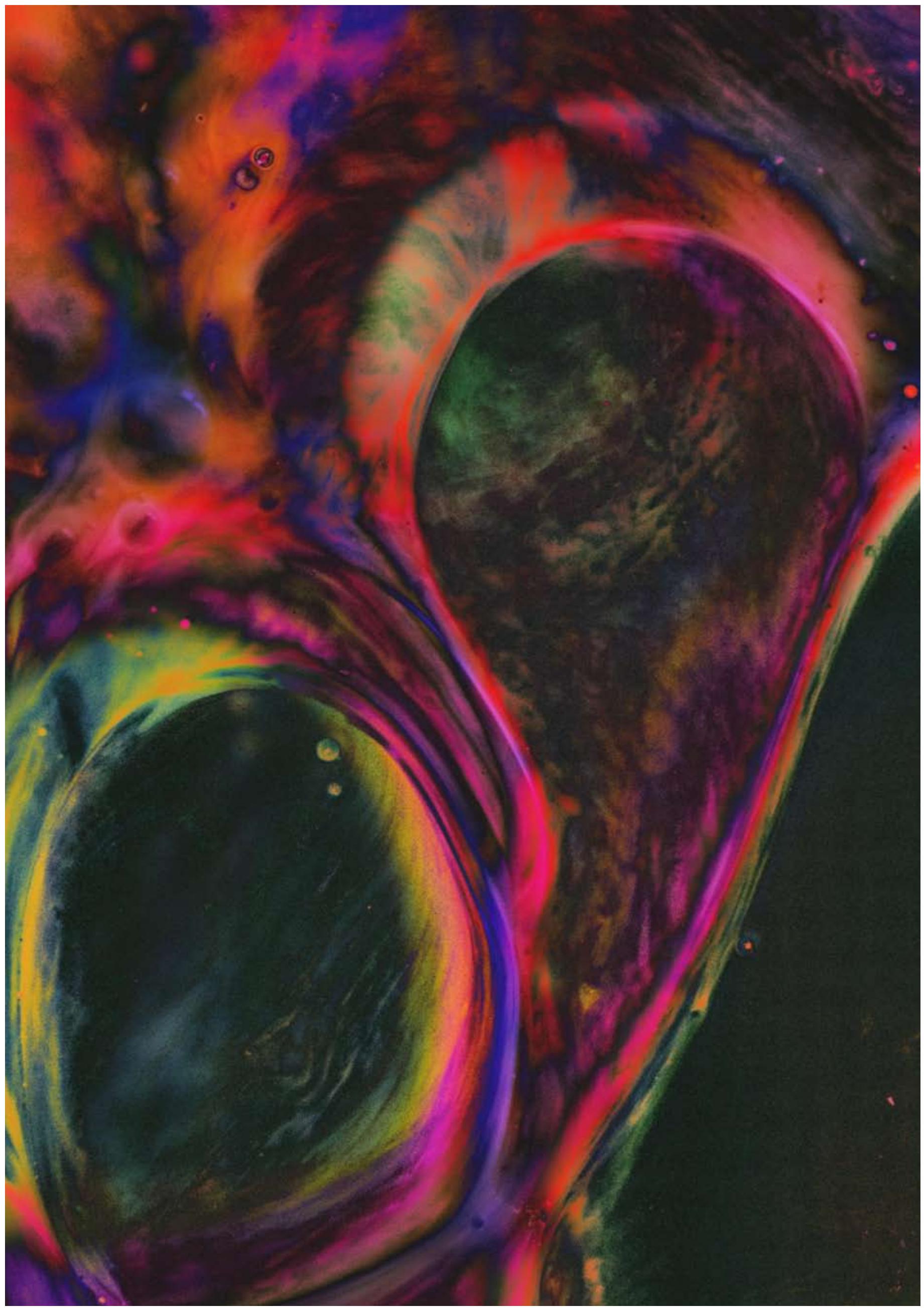


Cover: Xiao Wen Ju @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg | Make & More: Tracy Alfajora @ Art Department





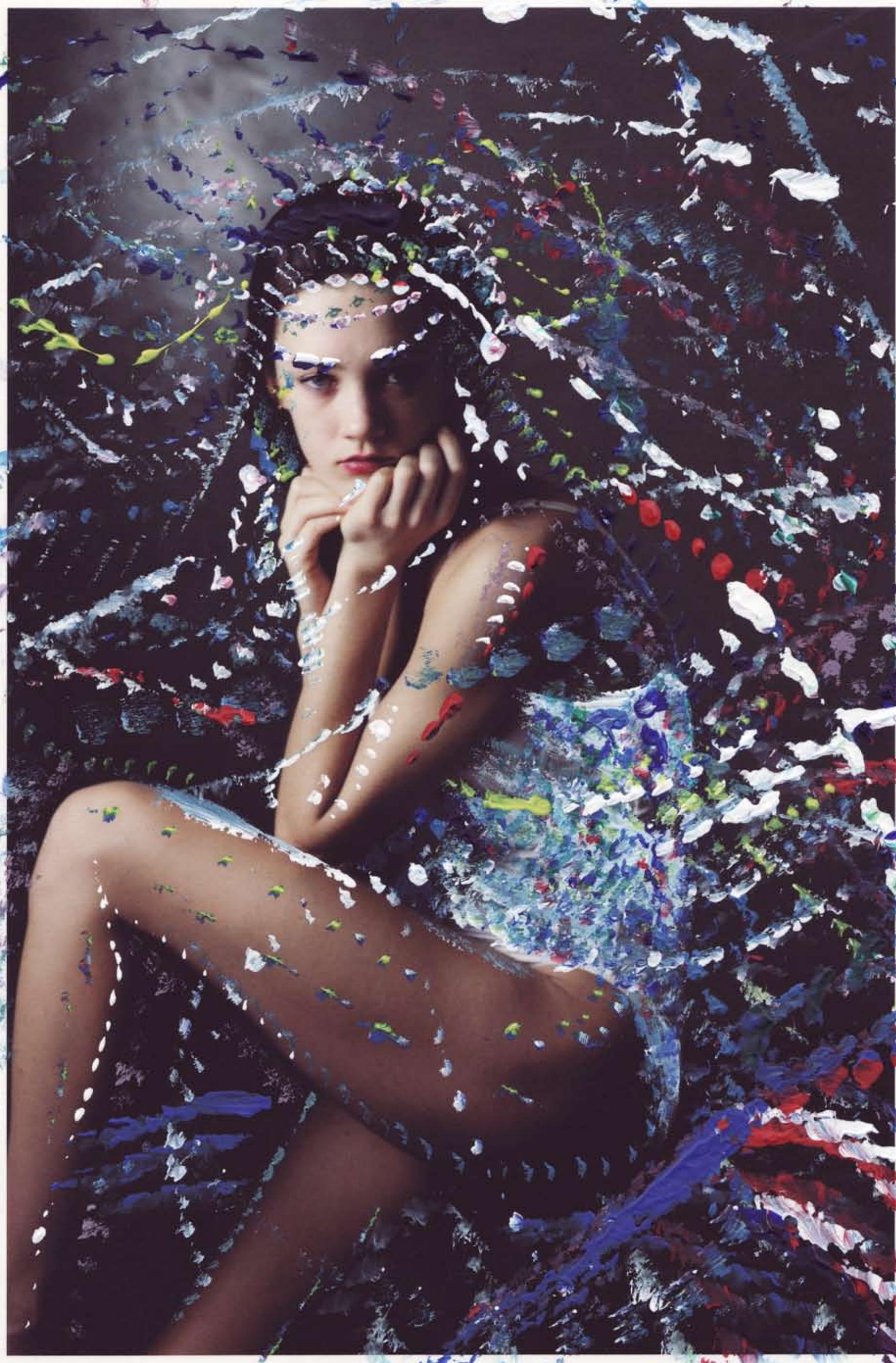


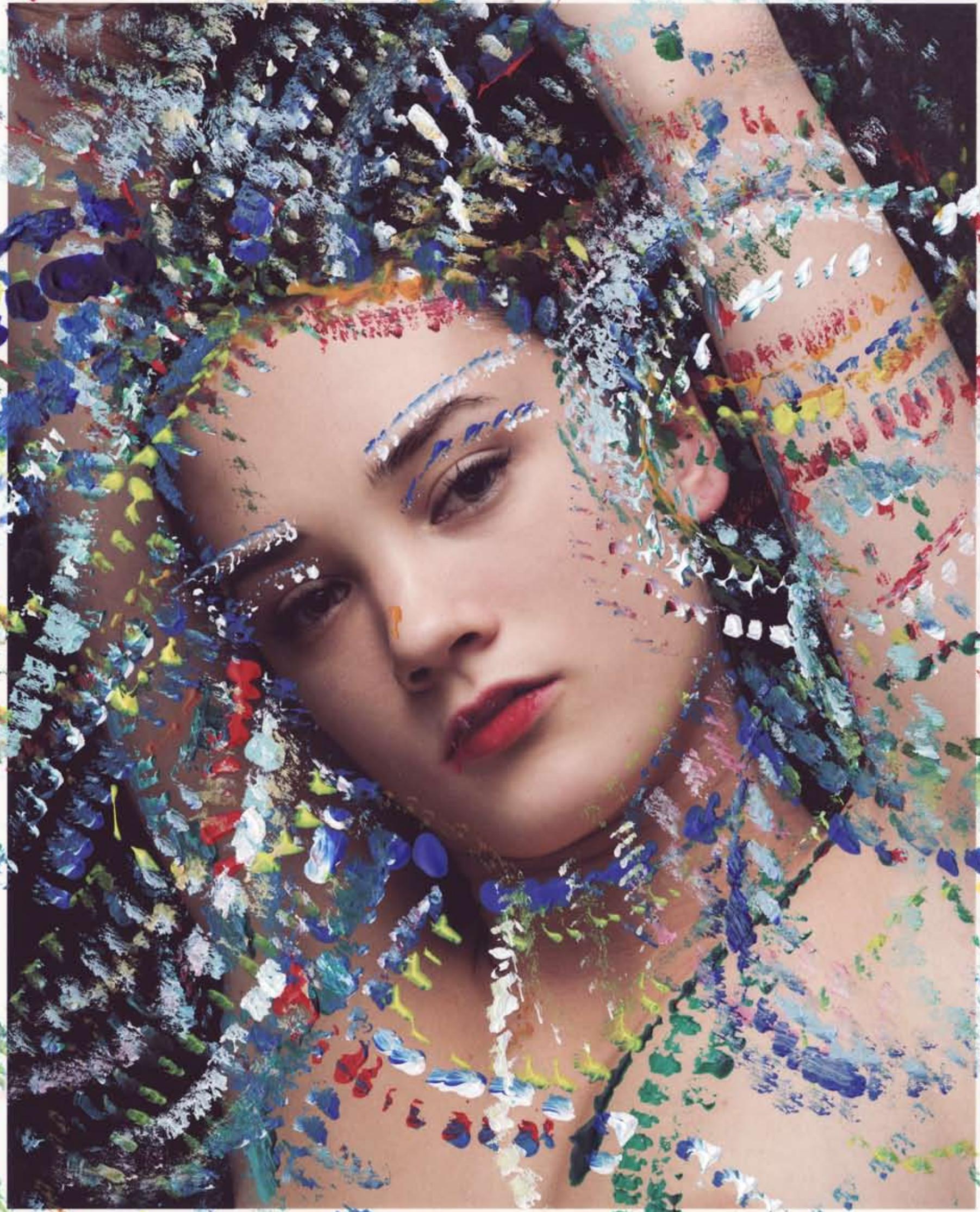






Jack Hardwicke









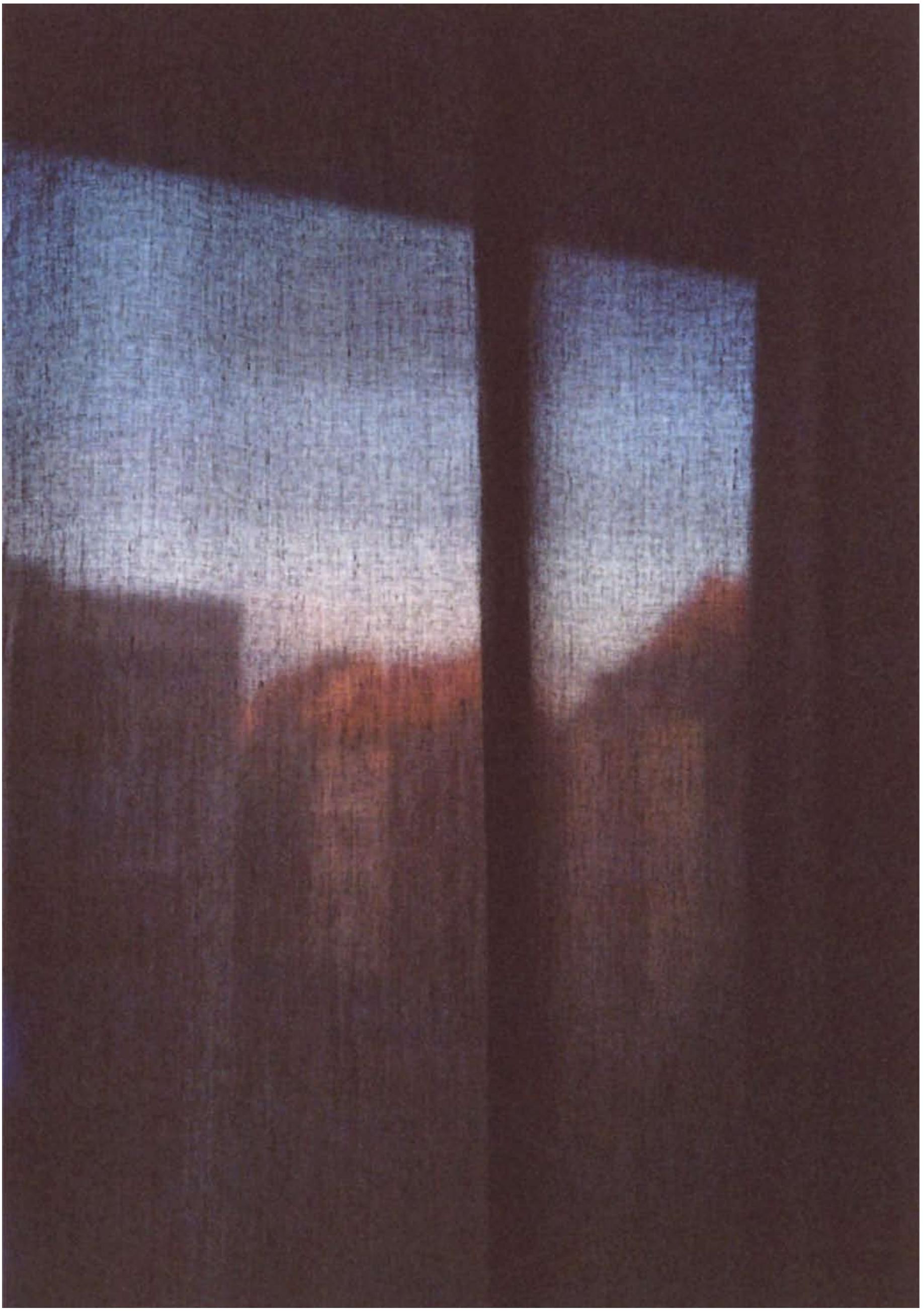
Laragh McCann @ Marilyn by Alen Macweeney | Paint: Laragh McCann













Marina Richter





I grow light, light as a feather, and my pace becomes more steady, more calm, more even. What a beautiful night it is! The stars shining so brightly, so serenely, so remotely. Not mocking me precisely, but reminding me of the futility of it all. Who are you, young man, to be talking of the earth, of blowing things to smithereens? Young man, we have been hanging here for millions and billions of years. We have seen it all, everything, and still we shine peacefully every night, we light the way, we still the heart. Look around you, young man, see how still and beautiful everything is. Do you see, even the garbage lying in the gutter looks beautiful in this light. Pick up the little cabbage leaf, hold it gently in your hand. I bend down and pick up the cabbage leaf lying in the gutter. It looks absolutely new to me, a whole universe in itself. I break a little piece off and examine that. Still a universe. Still unspeakably beautiful and mysterious. I am almost ashamed to throw it back in the gutter. I bend down and deposit it gently with the other refuse. I become very thoughtful, very, very calm. I love everybody in the world. I know that somewhere at this very moment there is a woman waiting for me and if only I proceed very calmly, very gently, very slowly, I will come to her. She will be standing on a corner perhaps and when I come in sight she will recognize me - immediately. I believe this, so help me God! I believe that everything is just and ordained. My home? Why, it is the world - the whole world! I am at home everywhere, only I did not know it before. But I know now. There is no boundary line any more. There never was a boundary line: it was I who made it. I walk slowly and blissfully through the streets. The beloved streets. Where everybody walks and everybody suffers without showing it. When I stand and lean against a lamppost to light my cigarette even the lamppost feels friendly. It is not a thing of iron - it is a creation of the human mind, shaped a certain way, twisted and formed by human hands, blown on with human breath, placed by human hands and feet. I turn round and rub my hand over the iron surface. It almost seems to speak to me. It is a human lamppost. It belongs, like the cabbage leaf, like the torn socks, like the mattress, like the kitchen sink. Everything stands in a certain way in a certain place, as our mind stands in relation to God. The world, in its visible, tangible substance, is a map of our love. Not God but life is love. Love, love, love. And in the midmost midst of it walks this young man, myself.



Mathias Lauridsen @ IMG by Dylan Forsberg





